

BRIDGE OVER THE BUSSEIN-TOBEL.

JOHN BARNARD

Switzerland

AND

THE BAVARIAN HIGHLANDS



ILLUSTRATED WITH

NUMEROUS FULL-PAGE AND SMALLER ENGRAVINGS

LONDON: VIRTUE AND COMPANY, LIMITED, 294, CITY ROAD

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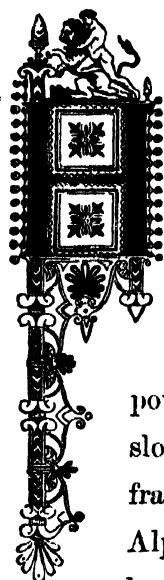
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SWITZERLAND

ITS MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS

INTRODUCTORY.



HIGH above the silvery peaks and the blue lakes of Switzerland hovers the eagle of liberty. The mighty storm-wind, on its powerful pinions, sweeps across the glaciers, bringing life and refreshment in its train, as it shakes the bold tops of the ancient forests, and loosens from the soaring peaks the great masses of snow which have accumulated in the course of the long winter, sending them rolling and thundering down into the valleys. The giant mountains are a source of blessing to all lands, for these latter derive all their vital power from the beautiful glacier-streams which flow so joyously to north and south. The green slopes and the valleys through which the waters rush are bright with a thousand beautiful and fragrant blossoms, some of the sweetest of which—such as the Alpine rose, the edelweiss, and Alpine violet—are to be found on the very verge of the eternal snow; the lively sound of the herd-bells is to be heard on all sides, and the voice of the cowherd is answered by the shout of the fisherman as he floats on the waves of the smiling lake. Add to all this the stirring, bustling, cheerful, and primitive lives led by its inhabitants, and you have all the elements which go to make up Switzerland. She has long since won the hearts of her own people, and she exercises a strange fascination upon those of other countries, whom she compels to come and spend happy days in her midst. In this favoured land they find beauty combined with hospitality. Every arrangement is made to insure the comfort of visitors; and, in fact, the sorrowful and the suffering—those whose hearts have been sickened by the chill touch of death, those who are choked with the dust inseparable from the work-a-day life of our large towns—may here find a cure for their sorrows and refreshment for their souls. Here they may lay up a store of inextinguishable memories, and provide themselves with a gallery of pictures which can never be surpassed for sublime beauty and grandeur. So beautiful and so sublime are they that authors and artists have combined to transfer them to paper by the aid of their pens and pencils, and so render them permanent. They have responded enthusiastically to the appeal made to them; and, having together concerted their plan, they have been devoted and untiring in their endeavours to carry it to a successful conclusion. They have dived into every valley and scaled many a height; they have sought their subjects under the limes of venerable mountain villages, on the shores of gleaming Alpine lakes, and in the streets of Swiss towns, which are beautiful too in their own peculiar fashion. The animal and vegetable worlds of Switzerland have each found those who could do justice to their several beauties; nor have the strong-limbed, genial-tempered Swiss people themselves been by any means overlooked.

Trees and animals, landscapes and scenes from human life, combine to form a most beautiful and varied

series of artistic drawings; the text which they illustrate has been newly written for the occasion; and together they present a picture of Switzerland such as no work has hitherto equalled, and certainly none surpasses.

The names of the artists alone are a sufficient guarantee of its excellence as a work of art; and, as the engraving has been intrusted to the far-famed atelier of A. CLOSZ, it is evident that no pains have been spared to render the whole as perfect and beautiful as possible.



AWAY TO THE MOUNTAINS!



FATHER, is there any land where there are no mountains?" Thus spoke little Walter Tell, as he and his father stood together in the market-place of Altdorf; nor could he have chosen any more appropriate spot for the question. For, on reaching Altdorf, the traveller enters immediately upon the most rugged and mountainous part of the canton of Uri; where the snow-crowned heads of the Overalpstock, Spitzliberg, Galenstock, and Uratzhorner, some of the mightiest giants of the range, look down into the valleys below, and whence the whole of the rest of the world seems to be shut out by Titanic fortifications which kiss the clouds. The idea of a plain is one which it has never entered into the mind of the mountain shepherd-boy to conceive; and a world without mountains is, to him, no world at all, or, at best, but a Wonder-world—a sort of Fairyland, which his fancy peoples with beings of quite a different race from those whom he sees boldly climbing the steep cliffs in pursuit of game, or ascending the Alps in attendance on their cattle.

"Father, is there any land where there are no mountains?"

And the father's answer runs as follows: -

"Descending from these lofty heights of ours,
Lower and lower, following the streams,
We reach at length a wide and open plain,
Where wood-born torrents cease to rush and foam,
And gliding rivers run a placid course;
There you may gaze to north, south, east, and west
And still find nothing to obstruct your view."

SCHILLER'S *Wilhelm Tell*. Act iii., sc. 3

An answer which points us to the low-lying plain of Lombardy, or leads us, by way of the lovely Alp-born Rhine, down into the flat country on the shores of the North Sea, the plain of North Germany, where another child, as he wanders along with his hand in his father's, puts the eager question, "Father, what is a mountain like? Do tell me!"

If the father has no poetic answer ready, he strives to give the little catechist some idea of a mountain by pointing to the short, stumpy tower of the nearest church, and telling him to imagine two, three, ten, a hundred such towers piled one upon the other, until the head of the topmost one is lost altogether in the drifting clouds. He contrives, in this way, to build up a curious sort of mountain; but the boy turns giddy at the thought of it, and as he gazes with staring eyes at the imaginary height, he thinks within himself that it is far better to live in the plain where there are no stones to trip one up.



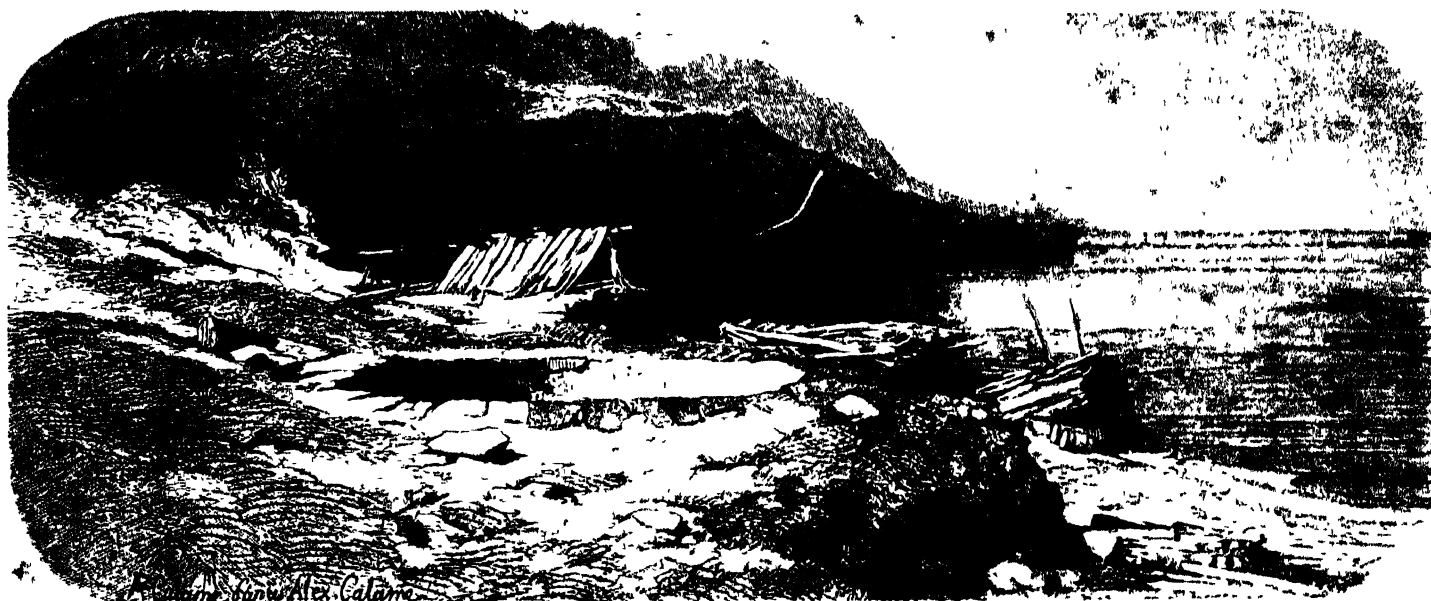
SCENE IN THE CANTON OF URI.

AWAY TO THE MOUNTAINS!

mountain climbers. It will be enough for us to read his splendid "*Hochalpenstudien*,"* and "*Aus der Firnenwelt*."† English literature, too, boasts some excellent works on the same subject.

Moreover, none but the Teuton knows anything of the charm and delight of a walking tour. While still a boy, the German takes a pride in climbing the hills around his home, and will swarm up the tallest tree on the top, that he may look down upon the well-known pond and the dusty high-road, and have the pleasure of feeling, for the moment, taller than anything else in the neighbourhood.

So it was—— but, as we write the words, a whole flood of remembrances pour in upon us, and we call to mind a long history of the steps by which one boy in particular was directed to the beautiful land of the Alps. How grand he thought it, and how dearly he learnt to love it, long before he had any personal acquaintance with it! His youthful aspirations were already fluttering



THE LAKE OF GENEVA, BETWEEN MULLHILL AND ST. GINGOLPH

their small wings in the direction of Switzerland when he was but a tiny schoolboy, piping to the world from the schoolroom-window, and warbling, in shrill tones, the lively air:

“Over hill, over dale,
With his arrow and his bow ”

William Tell Act in, sc. 1

Near the boy's home, there was a nobleman's estate; and here lived two Switzers, two genuine Switzers, who had entire charge of all the fine stock of cattle, having been brought from the distant mountains, and placed here by the owner of the property, that they might manage the Lowland dairy on the superior plan adopted by the Alpine cowkeeper.

They were a couple of tough fellows, thick-set, but as well-grown and sturdy as oaks. There was not an atom of poetry in their faces, and their blue eyes seldom looked bright, while they rarely opened their mouths to utter a word. But they got through their laborious work almost before you could look round; and in the evening, when it was finished and their short pipes

* "*Studies among the High Alps* "

† "*The World of Glaciers* "

SWITZERLAND.

were lighted, they would sit on the bench under the rows of climbing beans, and become more accessible. After a time, they would not only answer the boy's questions, but would even volunteer information about their beloved home.

To be sure, as the boy still stammered over his own native dialect, he had some difficulty in following the conversation; but though he might not understand the sense of the words, the unfamiliar sound seemed to him to be full of meaning, and he fancied that they conveyed to him an idea of the rocky mountains, the fall of the avalanches, the rush of the torrents, and



SHEPHERD OF THE MEGGIS-ALP, IN APPENZEL.

man's perpetual strife with the wild, untamed powers of nature. To him the language seemed to speak of vigour and strength.

"Ja, Buebli," sprach der Eine, "das ischt e Land, muesztest selber g'sche, wo die Berge mit de schneewisze Chöpfe in Himmel inne luege, und i de Thäler die wilde Bäch über d' Felse 'nabe bruse. Da ischt e Freud 'ufe z' chlettere und vo d'r Alp, wo me d' Wolche mit de Hände grife cha, in's grüne Land abe z' juchze, wo d' Chillethürm wie d' Glufe füreluega."

"Und Chüe het's da d'obe," fiel der Andere ein, "bi minem Eid, andri als die dürre Stäcke

die da so ärmtli umelaufe. Aber das chunnt halt vom Fuetter. Lueg, die Chrueter uf d'r Alm, des ischt e Pracht! Und wenn einen am Sterbe wär, die Chrueter bringe 'ne wieder uf Bei, und die Milch und der Chäs—die gent eine Chraft, und da chann er 's mit dem Bar und mit 'em wilde Manni ufneh'."

"Und de Maidle settescht g'sch," (hier stiesz er einen lauten Juchzer aus), "de Maidle, das isch 'ne Freud!" *

And the end of the story was that, in proof of their assertions, the men would bare their strong arms and exhibit their muscles for inspection.

"Lue, Bue, mini Arme! Die sind uf d'r Alp g'wachse. Druck emal!" †

And then, when the boy laid his little hand on the muscles of the upper part of the man's arm, it felt like taking hold of a stone, and his eyes sparkled with admiring wonder.

Then would follow many more questions and answers, until a whole panorama of Switzerland and Swiss life was unfolded by degrees; and when this was finished, poetry was not forgotten, and the two would by turns relate the most wonderful tales and legends about the Felsenjungfrau in the Simmenthal, and the burning heap at Zofingen, the Muserifrauchi in the Maiengrun, or the Heumütterli at Niederwil—from all of which it was very evident that the people were bound up heart and soul with their mighty mountains, and glaciers, and tall forests, and that their senses had been brightened and sharpened by the contact. Then there were songs—some merry, some sad; and children's ditties, with such a lovely, charming jingle about them that little ears speedily caught them up, and the little boy and his playmates would try, amid much laughter, to repeat them. But childhood is soon past and over! The boy left his home, and the Switzers returned to theirs. But a mightier than they took Switzerland in hand; no less a person, indeed, than Schiller, with his play of *William Tell*.

The fresh air of the Alps seems to breathe upon us from its pages; we seem to hear the bells of freedom ringing, and, as we read, a suspicion comes across us that, after all, liberty is something more than a mere madman's dream. Even the Philistine grows uneasy in his chimney-corner as he turns over the pages of the book, feeling the while much as if a wild, unruly mountain-torrent were rushing down upon him, and he pulls off his night-cap and tries to stretch his relaxed muscles. And the fiery youth who once sighed and wept for an ideal liberty, in a land "where they had not the courage to defend themselves, where no one dared trust his neighbour"—how could he refrain from exclaiming, with Tell's son:—

"Father, I feel stifled in the open country
I had rather live among the avalanches."

William Tell Act iii. sc. 3

Nor is it only the young who have felt its influence; even resolute, steadfast men have over

* "Ay, little fellow," said one "now, there's a land you ought to see for yourself, where the mountains with their snow-white heads, reach up to Heaven, and in the valleys the wild torrents rush down over the cliffs. It is a pleasure to climb there, with the Alps before you, where you can take hold of the clouds with your hand, and then to shout down into the green land below, where the Chillethurn and Glute lie before you."

"And there are cows up there," interposed the other "on my word, very different from the withered creatures that wander about here, looking so miserable. But cattle take after their pasture. Only look at the plants in the meadows—they're splendid! If you were dying, they would set you on your legs again, and the milk and the cheese—they make one so strong that one is a match for the bears and the fierce wolves."

"And the girls! you ought to see them!"—here he uttered a loud huzza—"the girls, they do one good to look at!"

† "Look, boy, at my arms! They were grown on the Alps. Just feel them!"

and over again been roused to enthusiasm by this sublime drama of liberty, which contributed more than anything else to turn the attention of the German people to Switzerland, and awakened their sympathies at a time when they dared neither utter the word "freedom" nor venture, even in their dreams, to tell themselves what it meant.

"Make way for liberty!" was the cry, even in the Middle Ages; and it came from the lips of a man courageous unto the death, who thought not of wife or child, nor all that he held most dear, as he pressed to his noble heart the lances uplifted against his country by her foes.



LAKE CONSTANCE.

"Make way for liberty, and give liberty an asylum!" was once the cry of our own age; and then the best and noblest of every nation, who were persecuted at home and driven from their families, found a home and refuge at the hospitable hearth of the Switzer. Here, safely entrenched behind the mountains, they breathed such air as kings could not stomach, and sang in ecstasy to the heights around:—

"In mute yet speaking glory
 God's wonders here have shone!
 To misery thou hast brought me,
 Old Pedlar, now begone!"

But, in the course of a decade, the fame of Switzerland's beauty had penetrated far and wide, and was proclaimed aloud by enthusiastic poets and painters.

In thousands, in hundreds of thousands, and from every quarter of the inhabited world, from every island, and from the other side of the ocean, they came, the confiding youths! And they found what they sought for—a land teeming with natural beauty of all sorts, in richest abundance and most glorious variety, a land where strength and sweetness are combined in a way not to be found elsewhere. Thus, for many a year past, Switzerland has been the Mecca of all lovers of nature, and will become so more and more, as long as the lakes sparkle and the meadows are green, and the everlasting mountains rear their snow-white heads to the clouds. Those who



AN INTRUDER

have never been there, long and struggle to go; but whoever has once breathed the air of the mountains, thenceforward feels his heart swell with home-sickness, and will return again and again to sojourn by the still waters or ascend the majestic heights where the heart is invigorated as well as cheered and refreshed by the pure charms and pleasures of nature. When the hard, dreary winter has come to an end, as soon as ever the last dirty snow has melted in the streets of the gloomy northern city, and the first primrose has been seen in the meadows without the gates, and the cherry-tree has put forth its first blossoms, then the invalid begins to breathe more freely. He hopes that the awakening zephyrs will bring some change to him as well as to the rest of the world; and then suddenly all the newspapers seem to speak words of comfort and encouragement

to him, as they mention the names of all the beautiful places in Switzerland which begin to put forth their attractions with the first spring birds. In the course of the new year now begun, he hopes that the use of their baths, the drinking of their medicinal waters, and the breathing of their pure air will help him to



VIEW OF THE JUNGFRAU.

regain his health. His eye will probably fall first on Ragatz and Pfäfers, lovely places stationed beside the rushing Tamina, and fully worthy of the praise so freely bestowed on them. He may choose between St. Moritz, a verdant and charming lake-idyl in the Engadine, and Tarasp-Schuls, the pearl of the river Inn, which lies magnificently set between Alvenca and Leuk. Breaths of delicious air, bringing promises

of restored health, seem to be wafted to him from far-away Samaden, Davos, Klosters, Bellaggio, and Lugano. Or, if he does not wish to go so far, there are baths in pleasant proximity, which were famous even in the time of the old Romans, such as Riedbad, which overflows with sociable gaiety, and Weissenburg, and the baths on the beautiful Lake Constance. But after all there is no place which surpasses the old Rigi; and the difficulty is how to choose when a hundred places beckon us in different directions. However, a learned medical adviser comes to the rescue, and, after carefully weighing the pros and cons, issues orders which the hopeful invalid is glad to obey, although they restrict him to some particular locality. But to the traveller, whose mind and body are both strong and healthy—

“To the traveller belongs the world
In all its broad extent.”

Wherever he can find a footing, there is his kingdom; every road, every mountain, every lark in the air belongs to him. The farther he goes the farther he wishes to go; and when, at the end of a happy summer, he is brought to an unwelcome halt, it is only because time fails him and the lucky purse of Prince Fortunatus has been gradually exhausted by constant hotel bills.

He sits over his map of Switzerland, like a child in a strawberry bed, carefully scanning it, and feeling quite at a loss to determine what beauties he shall pluck this year. The winter lamp is very probably still burning when he spreads it out before him on the table, so that his eye may take in the whole of it at once—that grand land of the Titans, which after all is but of Liliputian size. It is but one small mesh in the great network of degrees covering the globe, and yet it contains some of the world's most mighty giants. When the Spirit of creation was at work in the olden times, he chose this spot as the scene of his labours; and here, high above sea and land, he raised a mighty stronghold, a temple of nature that cannot be shaken, and of which the poet sings:—

“Thou hast raised up thy pillars,
And founded thy temple”

The tower which failed at Babel here raises its head high above the clouds, and looks east and west, south and north. Long ages ago, the neighbouring Germans, Italians, and Frenchmen appointed certain members of their own respective races to be its warders, and here at its foot they still dwell together like friends and brothers, and all alike claim ancient fellowship with Switzerland.

Gazing eastward from its glittering turrets, you can look far into Austrian territory and see how the Tyrolese mountains advance close up to the very portal; but between Switzerland and Tyrol there is a rampart formed by the mighty torrent of the young Rhine. From this point the frontier-line is coincident with the river, and passes through the lovely Bodensee, or Lake Constance; and if you look across its blue surface northwards you have German territory before you; while still farther on, the river Rhine again forms the northern boundary. Peaceable German and Swiss towns stand opposite one another on its banks; German tones and German songs resound equally from both sides of the river, nor do they die away until we reach the west, where the French tongue reigns predominant; for to the west lies the Empire of the French, whose language has quite gained the upper hand in that region, most favoured of the gods, which lies about the Lake of Geneva; and French is to be heard in all the neighbouring districts, though the inhabitants are all members of the Republic. Beautiful as a garden is the land into which the watchman on the frontier hero gazes; but southwards, towards Italy, the towering peaks are again piled higher and higher till

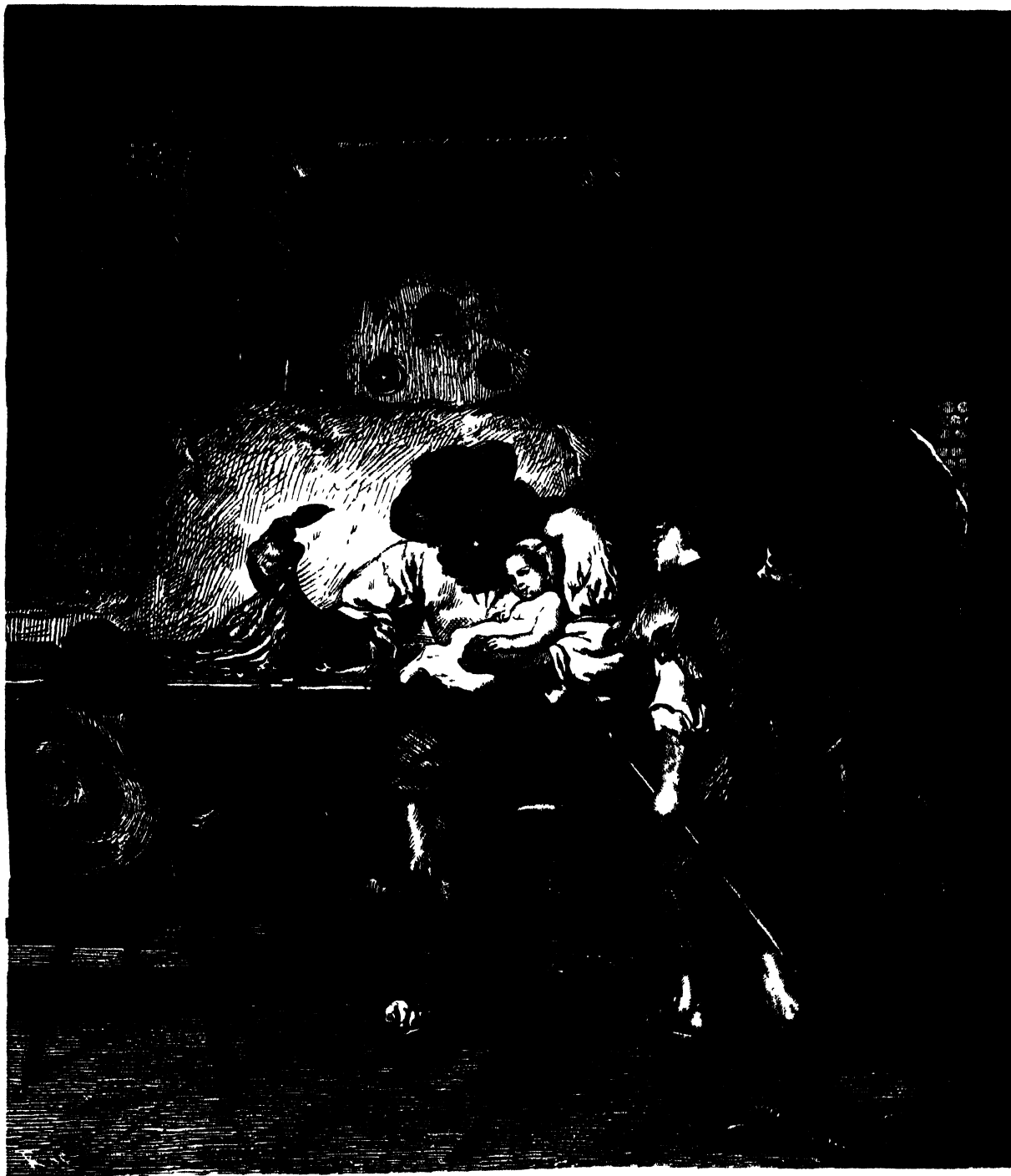
they threaten to storm the heights of heaven. There the eternal glaciers gird the land closely in an indissoluble coat of mail; and the sentry points the gazer in one direction to the giant battlements



GROUP OF SIBERIAN PINES.

of the St. Bernard, the Dent d'Herens, the Matterhorn, and Monte Rosa; and, in the other, to the proud walls of the Engadine highland, the wild beauty of the Bernina group, and on to the Peak of Ciavalatsch, the most advanced outpost on the eastern side.

Many a messenger from the Siren-land comes laden with greetings and caresses from sun and flowers, and strives to penetrate the rocky fortress in his desire to embroider the inflexible stone walls with the charming verdure and blossoms of the south. Italy tries to open the iron gates with the golden key of lovely Chiavenna; and soft, lulling breezes, such as once intoxicated kings, are wafted



IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND

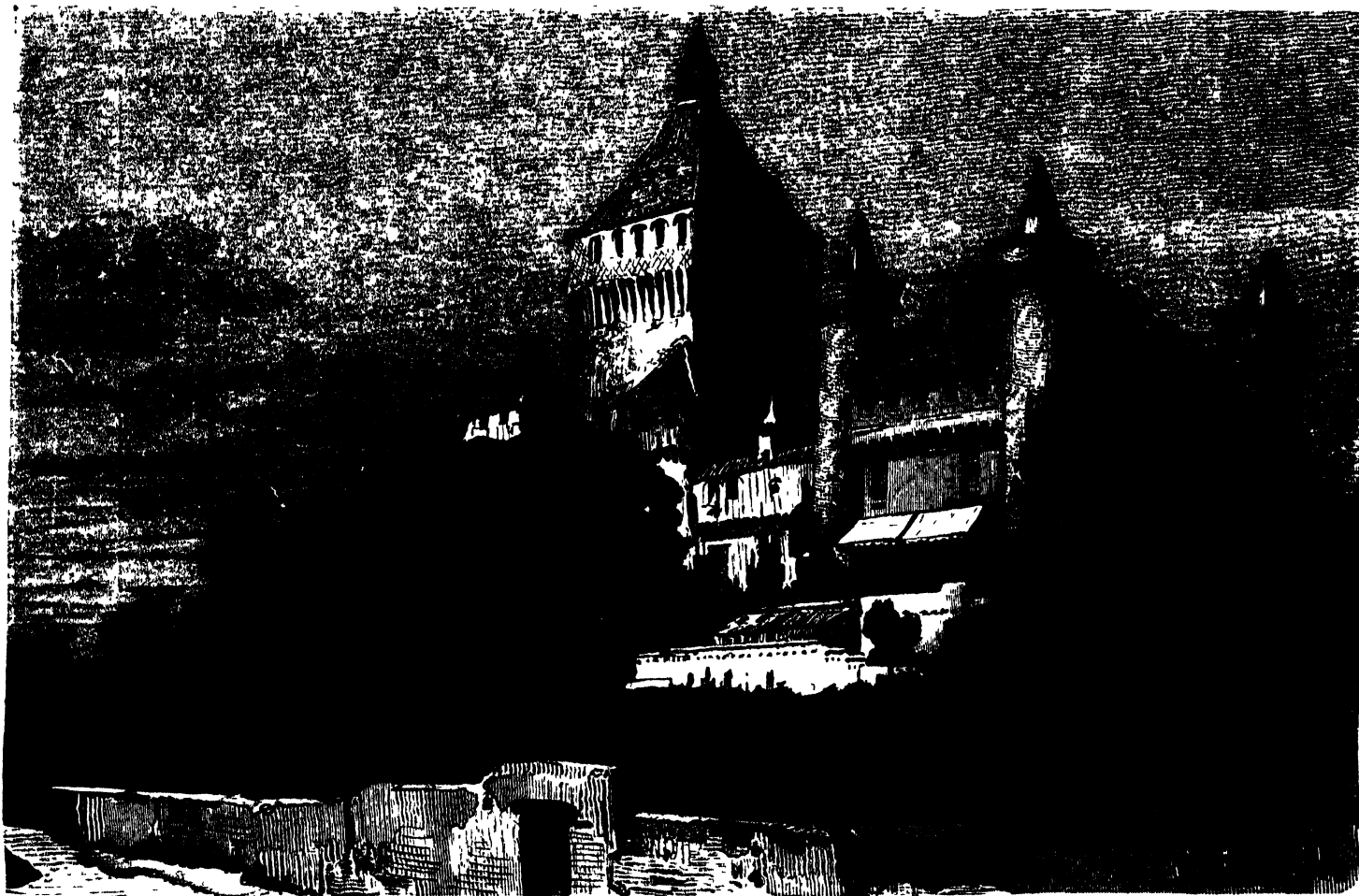
up to the watchmen from Mendrisio, Lugano, Locarno, and Bellinzona. But they are never off their guard; and although Italian is the language of the district, people are as glad here as they are on the borders of France to belong to the Confederation and to be free citizens of Switzerland.

Switzerland is nearly fifty (German) miles long from east to west.* The green Jura constitute her

* About 230 miles English.

less lofty bulwarks to the north, and extend from the borders of France to Lake Constance in several parallel lines; and her principal rampart is formed by the Central Alps opposite, which spring from French and Italian territory, and, after crossing the battlements of the Bernina and the mighty watch-tower of the St. Gotthard, where they tie themselves up into huge knots, they pass over into the Tyrol.

Between these two mountain-ranges—the Jura and the Central Alps—lies the largest valley to be found in the whole continent of Europe. It rises gently from the southern foot of the Jura to the northern foot of the Alps, and is as large as a small kingdom, but as highly cultivated as a lovely garden. In ancient times the waters rushed violently through it from the north side



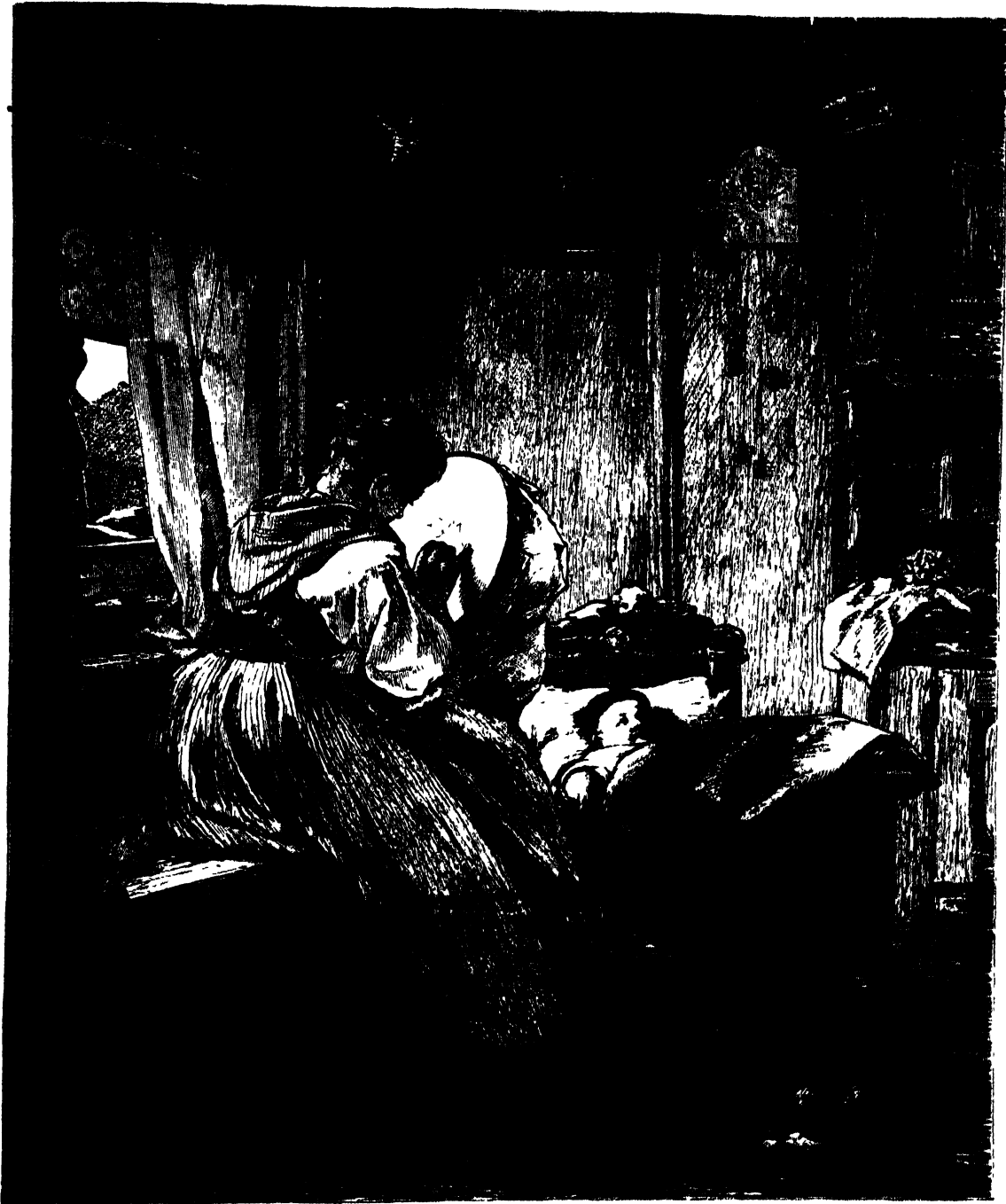
CASTLE OF VUFFLENS, MORGES, ON THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

of the Alps, and the glaciers ploughed it up; and between them they shaped the furrow-like valleys we see at the present day, they piled up the hills, made the entire soil, and left behind them a legacy of wonderful fertility. The great valley is still intersected by innumerable streams and rivers; and these, together with its lovely lakes, have turned it into a *terra incantata*, an enchanted land, than which there is none more bewitching to be found in any quarter of the globe.

Nowhere else in the world does water assume such enchanting forms, and whether we see it in the shape of glaciers or eternal snow, fresh, glad some springs, tumultuous rivers, dashing waterfalls, or quiet lakes, we feel that, combined as it is with the fresh verdure of the meadows and the varied hues of the rocks, its charms are certainly more powerful here than anywhere else. To the west

FIGURE AND SERIES REPRODUCING

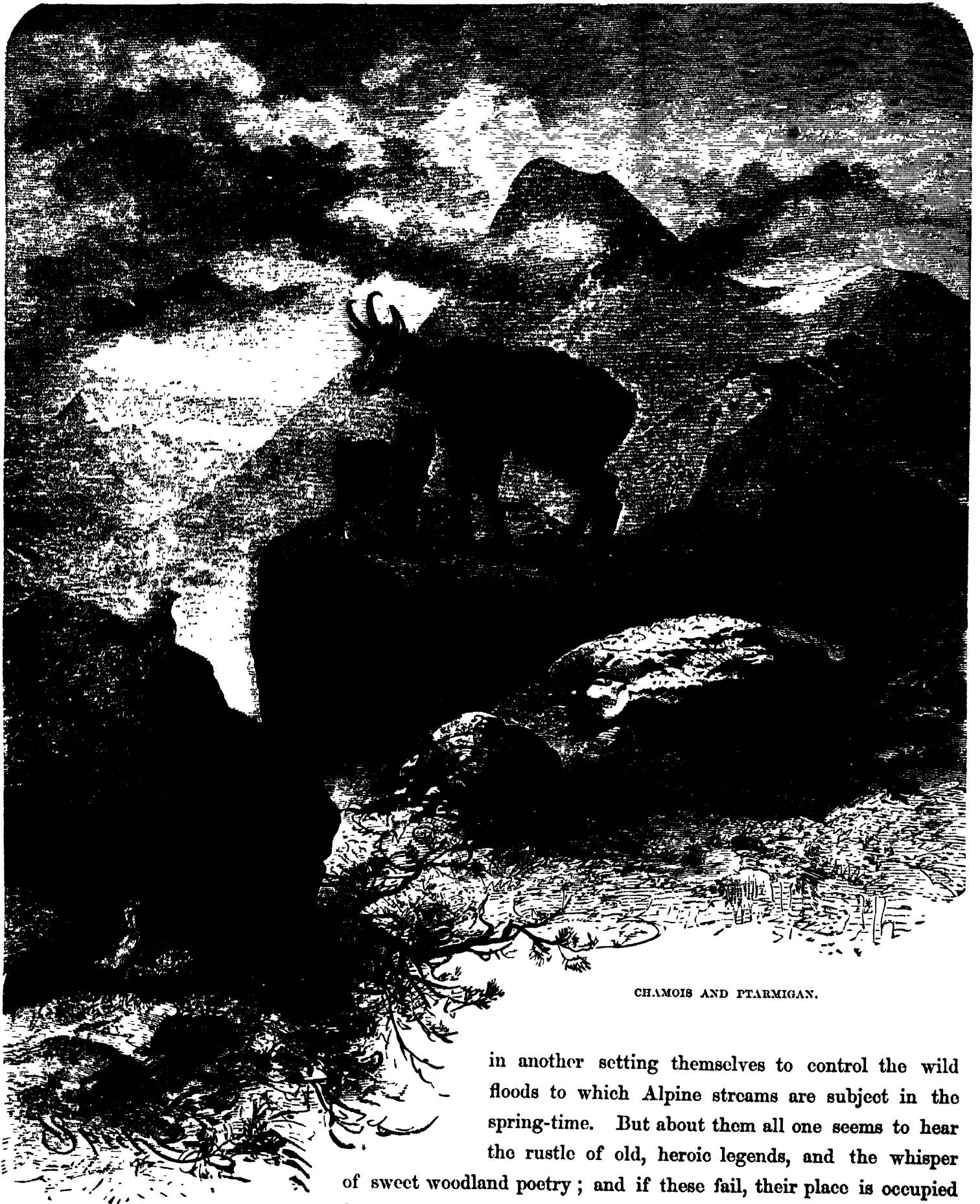
of this blooming region lies the Lake of Geneva, towards which hurry the mighty waters of the Rhone system. Does it not resemble a festal goblet, filled with champagne, crowned with flowers and vines, and redolent of life and enjoyment? Then, in the east, we have Lake Constance, reposing in calm, grave beauty between her well-wooded, pastoral shores, and surrounded by a hard-working,



EMBROIDRESS OF APPENZELL

busy population. But, between these two, and winding in and out of the mountains and valleys, lie the lakes of Zurich and Zug and Vierwaldstatter,* the glorious Walensee, and farther west, Thun, Biel, and Neuenburg. There they lie like a set of gems, sometimes looking dark, at others gleaming with blue and greenish gold; lending themselves in one place to the requirements of active trade, and

* Lake of the Four Forest Cantons, i. e. Lucerne



CHAMOIS AND PTARMIGAN.

in another setting themselves to control the wild floods to which Alpine streams are subject in the spring-time. But about them all one seems to hear the rustle of old, heroic legends, and the whisper of sweet woodland poetry ; and if these fail, their place is occupied by various flourishing branches of industry, which look forth from smiling windows in many a pleasant spot. Far away from here, on the other side of the

towering wall of Alps which seem to kiss the clouds, the waters of Lugano and Maggiore lie rippling at the base of the mountains on the frontier, and their shores are adorned with all the bewitching charms of the south.

But the great father of the whole, the primæval founder and originator of the Alps and of the



OLD HOUSES IN ST. GALL.

whole country, is, beyond question, the vast mass of the St. Gotthard. The Bernese and Rhenish Alps to the north, the ranges of Valais and the Grisons to the south, lean against and spring from him, after the manner of colossal buttresses; and besides this they form the grand aqueducts through which his waters flow down into the surrounding country, and to all points of the compass,

where they are known by the several names of the Ticino, the Reuss, the Rhone, and the Rhine.

“This is the birthplace of rivers;”

here these wild infants are nursed at the white bosom of the glaciers, and then leap down the fissured sides of the Alpine precipices to prove their strength and bring blessings and sometimes ruin upon the men who dwell in the plain below.

And thus, as we take a bird's-eye view of it, Switzerland lies beneath us, a wonderfully organized, self-contained whole, fortified on all sides; and if the contrast between it and all the surrounding countries seems to need explanation, we can only account for it on the principles which explain the presence of an island-mountain in the midst of the ocean.



ALPINE FLOWERS.

The suitable clothing of the giant structure which Vulcan and Neptune had combined to rear was undertaken by Nature; and accordingly she and Death had a struggle for the mastery, which they pursued even up into the regions of everlasting ice; the one for ever trying to quicken into life, the other for ever seeking to destroy. Her success was, however, speedy enough in the hilly district in the centre, where the soft, well-watered soil soon brought forth magnificent trees and clothed itself with plants and shrubs. The meadows at once bloomed forth into rare beauty and luxuriance; and when man came upon the stage at a later period, it was mere sport for him to substitute the golden grain of Ceres for the wild grasses. The thick, leafy woods gave place to orchards of fruit trees, which now cover large surfaces of the country; the wild brushwood sacred to Pan gave way to the gladsome vine of Bacchus, and places which in ancient times produced nothing but dismal bog-

weeds, are now converted into fragrant, blooming gardens, whose bright blossoms rejoice the traveller's eye.

Higher up among the mountains, where the more tender plants could not follow her, Nature was accompanied yet some distance farther on her way by the beautiful maple, the beech, the holly, the ivy, and the hawthorn; but, after that, she apportioned this region to the more hardy pines, which boldly and bravely struck their roots into the rocks, and pressed onward victoriously, till they reached an elevation of some 6,000 feet.

Life is a solemn matter to these trees, and their vesture is dark and solemn too in colour, like the rocks they are intended to clothe. Life with them is a solemn matter indeed, for the icy powers of destruction, which make a mock of life, have conspired together against them. Down from the heights above swoops the storm on its iron pinions, breaking their heads or tearing them to pieces

in fierce delight, though their roots hold fast to their stony anchorage. In the spring, the avalanches dash down into their midst; a whole mountain-side slips down and subsides into a valley; wild torrents of water from melting snow and glaciers tear and tug at their stems; but they defy them all for many a century, and afford shelter to the human beings who dwell in the valleys below, while they send out the brave Siberian pine and the larch as their pioneers higher up the Alps. The poor, cowering dwarf-fir, which looks as if it were crawling upon all fours, makes its way to still greater heights, and is met with on the very verge of the empire of snow.

But these hardy climbers are not without charming and winsome little companions in the flowers which gladden their ruinous way, and exhibit a splendour and brilliant sweetness such as the degenerate blossoms of the lowlands know nothing of. Short is their spring and short too is their participation in the fair joys of existence; and therefore is it that they adorn themselves with all the beauty of the sun while they bathe their tiny leaves and roots in the cool snow-water. Look at the tufted blossoms which the gnarled, weather-beaten stem of the Alpine rose* has put forth in honour of lovely spring, the gala season of the Alpine world; what a glorious veil of purple they have cast over the dark rock! Which of us gathered them for the first time to adorn his travelling-cap, without a thrill of triumphant delight?

The Alpine tourist loves the Alpine rose as dearly as the Alpine violet, with its lilac blossoms, and the gleaming white fairy-flowers of the Edelweiss, which are in such great request. But though these three may be the best known, they are lost amid a profusion of other mountain flowers. In a life which is solitary to an almost pathetic degree, they come before us with a special charm; and as they grow on their lonely heights, are quite calculated to captivate the heart, not merely of the professional botanist, but of every true friend of Nature.

What glorious colours and forms are exhibited by the different varieties of Primula, the sumptuous Gentians, the Potentillas,† Saxifrages, Campions,‡ Ranunculuses,§ Milfoils,|| Anemones, Veronicas and Campanulas, interspersed with soft, swelling cushions of velvety moss and the delicate blossoms of slender grasses and rushes. But they have one and all donned such array as is suited to their elevated situation; there is no obtrusiveness or impertinence about any of them, but their limbs lie close pressed to their bodies, their leaves nestle close to the ground, their whole growth is stunted and compact, and they very well know the reason why it is so. Their brothers and sisters, who ascend to still greater heights, bend yet closer to the ground, and grow behind and even under the stones, without venturing so much as to put forth a stalk. They are tough little people; but many of their race must have perished in the course of centuries, before these, their remote descendants, learnt how to resist the long winter, which often lasts for nine months. But they do blossom, even though it be but for a short time; and, because they open their large bright flowers close to the snow and ice, the botanist gives many of them the surname of *nivalis* or *glacialis*. Their lot is shared by no living thing save mosses and lichens, the latter of which are Nature's seal, impressed by her on the most elevated peaks, in token that she has been there on her life-giving mission, though she has failed to gain a footing. The traveller is both touched and astonished to see these traces of life,

* *Rhododendron ferrugineum*.

§ White Alpine Crowfoot.

† Cinquefoil

‡ *Silene*

|| *Achillea*

casting a tinge of golden-green or dusky-grey over the hard stone of the barest and loftiest peaks. The lichen which grows on the bare peaks of the Jungfrau, in the kingdom of eternal frost, nearly 13,000 feet above the level of the sea, is called by the botanist, *Umbilicaria Virginis*, and is the last sign of organic life to be met with.

Two powers are for ever wrestling with one another among the Alps. Life struggles up from the green valleys beneath, and Death comes down from the heights above. Light and warmth are the weapons of the one, and he fights by day and in the summer; the other wars by night and in the winter, and brings cold and darkness in his train. The kingdom of light has won a



BERNESE HOUSES.

thousand victories, as is testified by the crumbling stones which lie, like the bleaching bones of the fallen, in the valleys and on the slopes, which were once ancient battle-fields, but are now clothed with kindly vegetation. Fresh victories are recorded every year, but the struggle will never cease.

Down here in the valley, gentle spring clears the last snow from off the meadows which it has been fertilising; but it still lies cold and dreary on the glacier-fields above, and the great mass, as it freezes harder and harder, only becomes more compressed and capable of greater resistance. Here, the summer rain falls in refreshing showers upon fields and pastures; but up above fresh snow is being repeatedly deposited upon the old; and when the whole mass has been

pressed and squeezed together, and gradually converted into ice by alternate thawings and freezings—then, slowly but surely, it begins to move and glide down the mountain ravines towards the scene of blooming life in the valley beneath. Such are the glaciers, whose demoniacal grandeur fills the soul with horror and astonishment. On their broad backs, which are sometimes several miles wide, they carry dikes of stone, and in the course of centuries pile them up into great walls of rubbish. Time is for ever gnawing and hammering at the lofty pinnacles of rock, and the result of his labours is shown in these fragments of stone, which he detaches and throws down upon the moving ice. Thus, day and night, summer and winter, the work of wild destruction is carried on by the hands of Titans, with a noise like the roar of thunder. Every now and then great masses, like prodigious frozen water-spouts, come racing and tearing down; with wild phantom-like springs, they sweep over the precipices and the forests, and down the



EVIAN, ON THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

meadows to the dwellings of men, bringing ruin and destruction with them. These are the avalanches.

Life and death are nowhere brought into such close proximity as in Switzerland; and this its inhabitants have learnt to know full well in the course of the hundreds and thousands of years which have elapsed since first they, from their valleys, entered upon the wild conflict. They have never beaten a cowardly retreat in any one quarter of the great battle-field. Inch by inch and foot by foot they have won from their iron foe the soil on which to build their huts, sow their corn, and keep their cattle; and, accordingly, the hilly country of Central Switzerland and the Lake-district is abundantly blessed with corn and wine; industry raises large factories, engines rattle, numerous chimneys send up their modern tribute of smoke to the god of labour, and where once the wretched Lake-dweller sunk his piles and reared his wooden dwelling among the sedge, there now stand handsome villas and richly decorated châteaux, which bear eloquent testimony to the prosperity as well as the taste of their owners and inmates.

If you be your mother's spoilt child, you may look at the hundred-gated palaces, where luxury walks in gold and silver. The tap of your golden finger will cause the doors to fly noisily open, and a troop of ministering spirits in gala-attire will be ready to obey your orders.

If, on the other hand, you be the child of simplicity, you will pass the Siren palace by and find all the accommodation you need at the village inn, kept by a comfortable-looking, rosy-faced landlord, or a plump landlady. Believing that they cannot advertise the good cookery afforded by their establishment by any means more effectual than the exhibition of their own well-rounded figures, they stand at their doors in snow-white aprons, inquire kindly and anxiously how the weary traveller finds himself after his day's journey, ascertain all that he needs for body and spirit, and then conduct



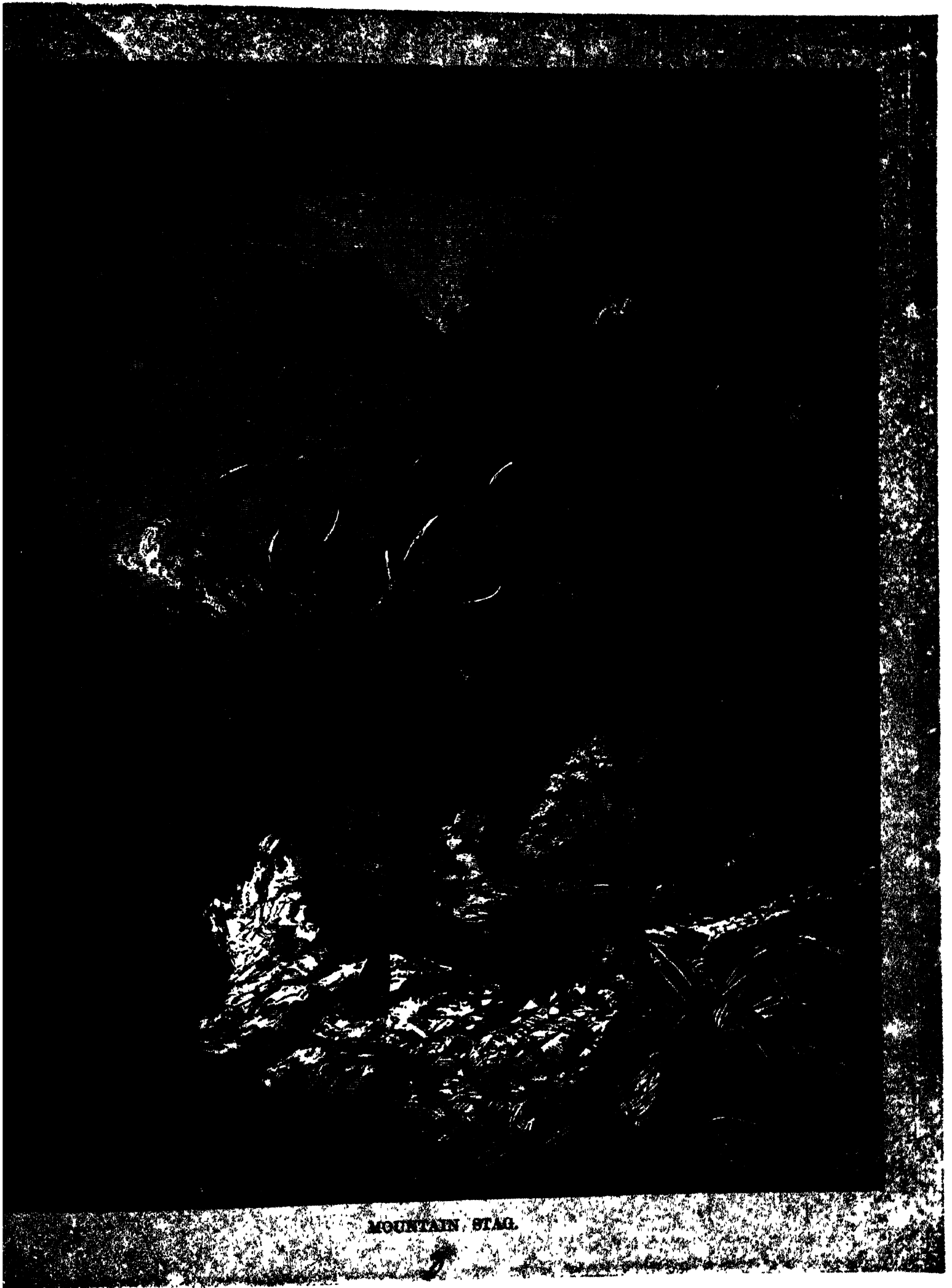
CLOUDS OF MIST IN THE MOUNTAINS.

him with hearty, old-fashioned hospitality into some bright, cheerful little room with an oriel window looking out upon a bean-garden.

You will find accommodation everywhere; and no one ever yet died of hunger and thirst in Switzerland in the course of any reasonable journey, so that you may confidently dismiss from your mind any such intentions as those expressed by the student in the song:—

“And if I find no shelter,
At night I'll lie and sleep
With the broad blue sky above me,
While stars their watch do keep.”

And yet, let us hope the stars will keep watch, or, better still, your own lucky star, so that you may find a clear sky awaiting you in the morning, and may be wakened by sunbeams and not by rain pattering against the window, rushing down the water-pipes, and creating a new and nameless river in the midst of the village street. For, alas!—and the sigh will be echoed by thousands—the



MOUNTAIN STAG.

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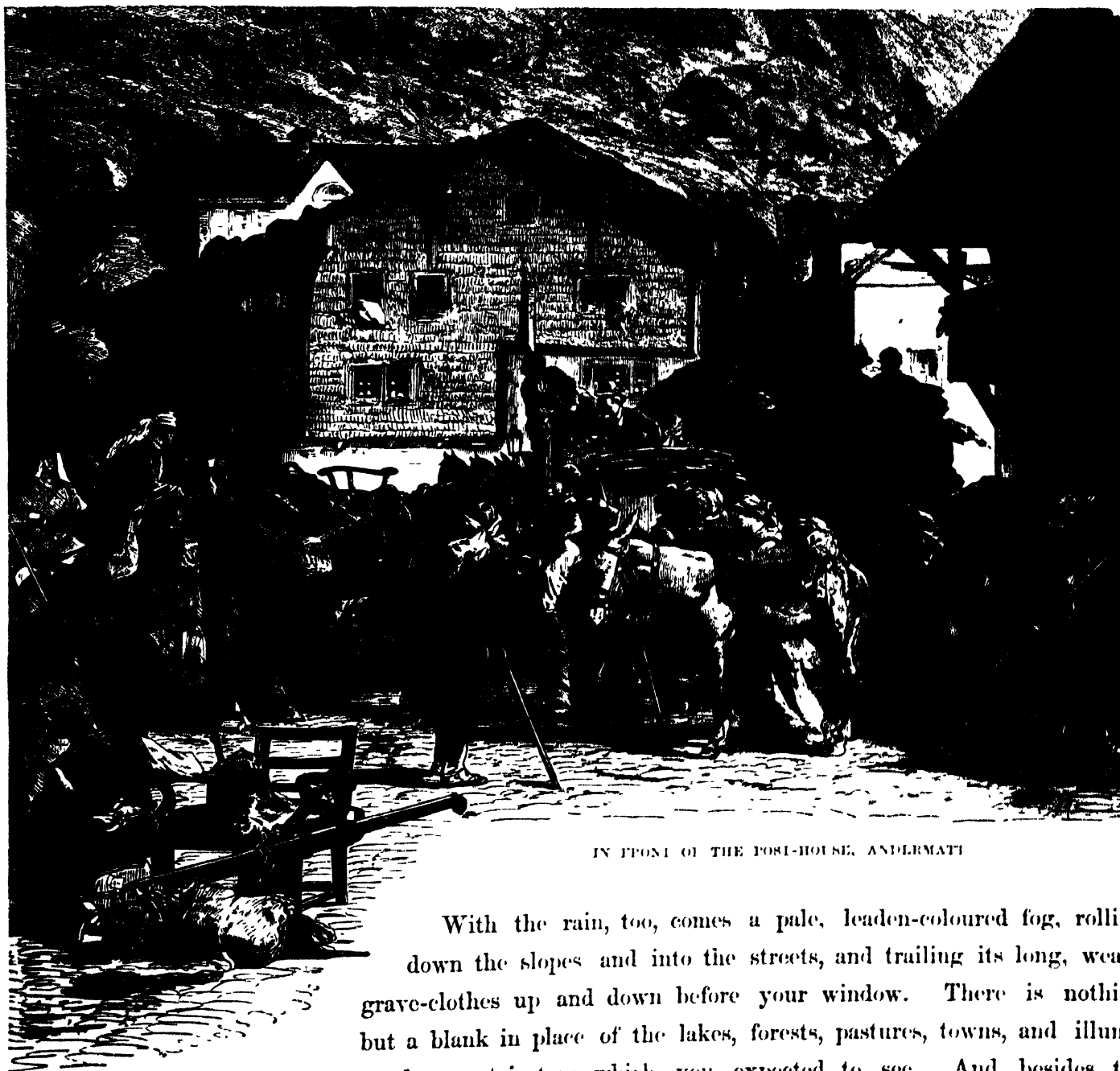
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climate of Switzerland is most unfortunately variable. The spirits who manage matters in the clefts and hollows of the mountains up above are busy enough brewing *something* in the mist and darkness. What it is no one knows, but they make a wild piece of work sometimes—such, indeed, as none but the patient man can bear with equanimity. Those who forget to provide themselves with patience as well as with easy walking shoes, will have an uncomfortable journey; they will go on their way with downcast faces and gloomy thoughts, and will find nothing to please them even in the cheerful bow-windowed room over the bean-garden. Oftentimes even Goethe's apparently true adage turns out to be false: "And when there has been rain enough, why, then it leaves off raining;" for often when there has been rain enough and to spare for weeks past, it still will not leave off.



IN FRONT OF THE POST-HOUSE, ANDERMAT

With the rain, too, comes a pale, leaden-coloured fog, rolling down the slopes and into the streets, and trailing its long, weary grave-clothes up and down before your window. There is nothing but a blank in place of the lakes, forests, pastures, towns, and illuminated mountain-tops which you expected to see. And besides the fog there is cold; the very children laugh at your summer clothing, and it makes you feel ridiculous in your own eyes. You may pull your hat down over your eyes, wrap your plaid more closely round

you, drink desperate quantities of Kirschwasser, or the still more famous Engadine Iva, smoke one cigar after another, turn over the Bernese *Bund*, take up the *Journal de Genève*, or try to amuse

yourself with descriptions of sunny expeditions among the mountains in the entertaining *Zürich Alpenpost*; but your mind is absent, and your eyes wander away from the page before you to the window, in the hope of seeing some dove with an olive-branch in her mouth announcing the termination of the deluge.

And lo, she comes !

The landlord has just returned from some expedition; and, as he stands dripping on the threshold, he announces his good news, which comes like an angel's message: "Ladies and Gentlemen, we may look for fine weather to-morrow. There's a change in the wind, and it is blowing sharp from the north. I think the barometer must be rising. Cheer up !"

And now, of course, every one rushes to the hateful thing in the window corner, which has so long stood obstinately at Rain, and it really has risen one-tenth of an inch. Moreover, there is a gleam upon the heights above; the mist is rolling away from the mountain-tops in long ribbons and streaks, and hovers in torn fragments round the jagged pinnacles. Shadowy trees are to be seen; then a bit of blue sky, about as big as a forget-me-not, appears in the midst of the grey, driving gloom. But it does not last more than a moment; and then comes a fresh shower of rain which, with most people, quite extinguishes the faint hopes they had begun to entertain. Those who understand the subject, however, know that the weather is now sure to improve; and their judgment is confirmed by the guides who stand at gaze or wander up and down before the door of the inn.

Preparations are accordingly made for the following morning—no great matter for the genuine Alpine tourist, who carries with him more good-humour than luggage, but a more considerable business for those slaves of habit who will not dispense with the same amount of ballast as is usually considered necessary in capital cities.

Then there is the engaging of guides and porters, the chaffering over horses and carriages, the arranging of plans and settlement of disputes; and the upshot of it all often is that ill-humour vaults



ASCENDING A MOUNTAIN IN THE RAIN.

into the saddle the next morning with the rest of the party, or takes possession of the best seat in the carriage. Any one who has been a quiet witness of such scenes as these—and they are of daily occurrence during the summer months at places of such resort as Andermatt, Fluelen, Brunnen, &c.—will be disposed to congratulate himself more than ever on being a pedestrian.

At length, early one cold foggy morning, we start for the mountains; our cheeks are wetted by the wings of the wind as it blows down the valley, and we hear the sound of the mountain torrents as they rush along rejoicing in their life, the rustle of the pines as they shake large heavy drops of mist down on our hats, and the song of the thrush as he whistles a merry greeting to us from some rocky perch.

On we go, up some steep ascent, higher and higher, over loose, slippery stones and paths flooded with rain; or perhaps our way lies through marshy, Alpine meadows, where there is no path at all, where the beautiful cattle stand close together in groups, and seem to welcome us by the tinkling of their bells. We have long since left the trees behind us, and the silver streams which issue like spun threads from the flower-strewn rocks become thinner and thinner as we mount upwards.

As the traveller stops for a moment to rest, the fog will perhaps divide, and far below him, all bathed in golden sunshine, he will see a grassy valley dotted with miniature houses, and the dark pine forest looking like so much fine brushwood; or he may look through the grey mist into a green mass of glistening ice, such as is to be seen in the grand region of the glaciers. But whatever it be, it is but for a moment, a tantalising moment, and then the curtain falls again. However, the traveller presses on towards his goal hopefully now, and his mind is filled with pleasant anticipations of the sight in store for him.

The grey chaos beneath rolls over and over, seething and heaving as if it were about to give birth to a new world, and then, as if it had heard once more the voice of the great Creator saying "Let there be light," the dreary, shapeless waste gradually vanishes. A gleam of blue sky appears overhead, and is followed by a ray of golden sunshine; and then, behold! there is a new, beautiful world before us, and the grand separation between moist and dry is accomplished. What look at first like little islands rising from out the seething flood, speedily assume the form of mountains and chains of mountains. The towering masses presently exchange their dark hues for shimmering silver, and at last are flooded with the golden light of the setting sun, while around their heads float cloudlets of pearly white and softest rose colour, looking like doves and Cupids. Outspread beneath us lie the green valleys, twining wreath-like among the mountains; and the sparkling lakes, the eyes of the landscape, shine brightly up into the clear sky.

Man, puny man, gazes in rapture at the fulness of beauty here at his feet, or allows his eye to follow the eagle in his flight upwards to those snow-clad peaks which crown the landscape so solemnly with their majestic beauty. Like kings they sit enthroned above, joining in the heavenly anthem and ever declaring the glory of God.

But the sublimest sight of all yet remains to be seen.

Down sinks the sun, and darkness covers the valleys; darkness creeps gradually up the sides of the mountains and night throws her mantle over them, and then, just when we fancy that the light has quite died away, it flames out again with fiery glow upon the topmost summits. Once more and for the last time, the sacred fires are kindled upon the mountain-altars by the far-reaching rays sent forth by the departed sun. There is a momentary blaze of glory; and for a short space we watch the Alpine glow in a rapture of delight. Then night begins her reign, sending forth the moon to glorify the silvery peaks, while she sets upon the brow of every mountain a gem-like coronet of stars.

Man, however, wraps his mantle about him with a shiver, for the wind blows keen and icy cold from the glaciers. He and his companions draw closer together over the hospitable fire in the snug little mountain inn, where they are joined by many a belated traveller in the course of the evening. Those who have missed the sunset hope to see the sunrise; while those who have seen both to perfection are quite divided as to which of the two ought to receive the palm.

For thou art ever sublime and beautiful, thou glorious land of the Alps! whether seen in the purple light of the setting sun, or in the chaste, golden beauty of early dawn, ever sublime and beautiful!

But what a sight it is to see all the roads and pathways teeming with life on some bright summer morning. Every favourite resort is a gay scene of bustle, and the artist will find capital subjects for his pencil in the various groups which meet the eye at every turn.

There is a wonderful sort of attraction about the different scenes one sees going on in front of the hotels; and how they make one long to travel! There are dusty old-fashioned travelling coaches with horses which stand pawing the ground impatiently; there are ostlers holding shaggy stamping steeds; brown-faced, long-bearded guides talking to pale, delicate-looking ladies; post-carriages rattling by, followed by a troop of yelping dogs; and among the timber which lies in the shadow of the great spreading lime-tree opposite, you may see all the boys of the village disporting themselves in their shirt-sleeves. But we must press upwards and onwards!

There is a little caravan winding in and out among the brushwood, as it makes its way up yonder steep mountain-side. The ladies are riding strong and nimble mountain ponies, whose bridles are held by sturdy-looking lads; and the men of the party are either chatting to the guides or are followed by porters carrying heavy loads of luggage. Presently the head of the procession disappears in the dark forest of pines, the blue veils flutter in the morning breeze, and fragmentary snatches of song float down the precipices and are answered far in the distance by a loud huzza from some merry Swiss throat.

The dark bull grazing on the slopes of pasture raises his broad head in angry curiosity, while the inquisitive red-brown cows advance close up to the hedge where the blue monk's-hood grows, shaking their heads till their bells tinkle again. The chalet which stands close at hand is grey with age, and from its open door pours forth a thick cloud of smoke which spreads like a veil over the green grass. Dark figures are to be seen standing over the fire in the background, where they are busy with gigantic black cauldrons.

The wind whistles keenly over the plateau; and as the evening clouds drift across the sky, the whole scene is lonely and desolate in the extreme. Among the Alpine roses stands the weather-beaten herdsman calling home his scattered cattle, which come hurrying over the rocks or plashing through the black waters of the little mountain lake till they gradually emerge from the fog with much bleating and bellowing. Higher up the slope wanders the botanist, laden with rare plants of all sorts and pursued by a flock of agile goats anxious to relieve him of his spoils. Perhaps he stops for a moment to talk to the gaunt, ragged goatherd, or sits down to warm himself at the fire which flickers before the entrance of some cave in the rock. On the highest pastures of all may be seen the silent, picturesque Bergamasque shepherd, with his flocks of beautiful sheep, lying perhaps close to the snow and ice and surrounded by great shaggy wolf-dogs. An eagle with outspread wings is hovering in the blue sky overhead, watching for any possible prey; and the timid, defenceless sheep press close up to the pens in their terror.

A little farther off you may see a herd of slender chamois darting at wild speed across the shining glacier. They are out of sight in an instant, but soon after there is the report of a gun, which

is caught up and repeated with crashing reverberations until it sounds like the roar of an avalanche. We encounter the huntsman a few moments later, carrying his booty across his shoulders and gliding at a rapid pace over the firm snow or along the narrow path on his way to the valley. There is nothing in the least showy about his sombre costume, but his figure is as sturdy as an oak and as tough as a fir-tree. Down he goes with a swinging step, holding his strong alpenstock firmly in his hand; and soon he too has disappeared from our view.

But there are lovely things to be seen in the valleys as well as on the mountains; and many a pleasant little idyl is to be met with under the porches and at the vine-wreathed windows. The genuine Swiss wooden house is seen to perfection at Berne, where it appears with overhanging eaves,



BERGAMASQUE SHEPHERD, NEAR THE MORTERATSCH-GLACIER.

the timbers and wainscoting brown with age, and with flowers and creepers in the balconies. It bears the same sort of relation to architecture as the popular song does to music, and its inhabitants look as if they had just stepped in bodily shape out of the old German Volkslied, where they have long been familiar to us in the spirit. It is a pleasure to the artist to take out his sketch-book; but, though thousands have done the same before him, the beauty of the country has not yet been exhausted, and the eye may always find something fresh to admire.

You, my fellow-traveller, when you have put away your alpenstock and have exchanged the brilliant tints of summer for the fog and gloom of winter—you, I say, will perhaps take from your pocket-book some of the withered flowers you have gathered on the Alps; and, as you look at them one by one, you will perhaps think pensively of the sunshine in which they once basked. But the

artist can boast a much fairer bouquet, and one which never fades. He can show you the beauties of Switzerland; and if, when your memory reverts longingly to the past, you take his drawing in your hand, the originals will seem to rise up before you. But we will not trouble ourselves about this just now. Our summer tour is just beginning! We are off to the mountains; and, when we have reached



ALIGHTING AT A CHÂLET.

the loftiest summit, we will join Meister Scheffel in making the valleys below us ring with some such merry song as the following :—

“ Heia! we’ve climbed up the snow-covered mountain,
The vale, with its windings, we’ve left far behind,
Like eagles we hover with air all around us,
High up above both the clouds and the wind.

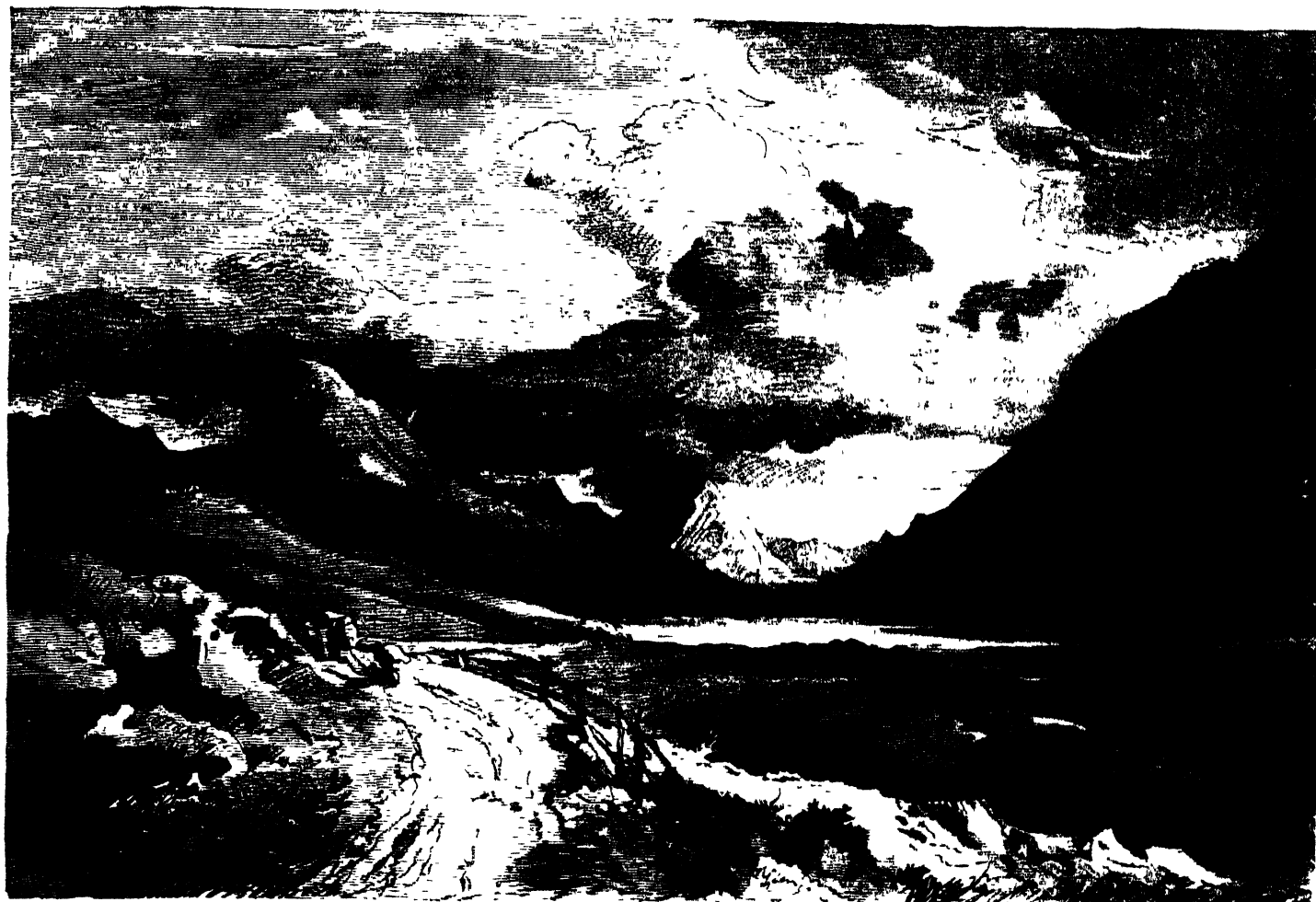
“ Here is a field and there is a village,
There is a river, meandering and bright,
There, like an eye, is a lake softly shining,
Far off we see them half-veiled from our sight.

“ Just for a moment they gleam and then vanish,
Shrouded in mist from our gaze here above,
Bright as a falling-star, bright and as transient,
Image of happiness, life, hope, and love.

“ But by the blazing fire safe we are lying,
We will not care for the troubles of earth,
Cold are our limbs, let us warm them and stretch them,
Make the wee dwelling resound with our mirth.

“ Keen is the mountain air, wine it is wholesome;
Reach me the drinking-horn quick, if you’re kind:
Minstrels are free to be thrice-thirsty mortals,
High up above both the clouds and the wind.”

And now let us be off and away to the mountains!



BERNINA PASS

ALPINE ROADS AND PASSES.

“The skul-clad hordes of Cimbrians ye have seen,
Rome’s eagle and the Hohenstaufen’s lance,
Crusaders, bowmen—who can reckon all
The crowds which once flocked here from south and north?”

“And now the last disturber of your peace,
The steam-horse, rushes through these aged walls
Like some wild demon, and the earth beneath
Trembles in terror——”



SWITZERLAND and the Alps are the central point of mid-Europe, and form the natural barrier between France in the west and Austria in the east, while at the same time they make a clear line of demarcation between north and south.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Switzerland was sore beset by flatterers on the one hand and armed foes on the other. She was hedged in on all sides by the intrigues and interests of France and Austria, who thought to make her their prey and divide her between them; but she managed to burst through the net they had woven so closely around her, and with the *morgensterns** and battle-axes of her pastoral population she drove her powerful foes across the frontier.

* “Morning-stars”—a sort of battle-axe

This put a stop to the current which had set in between the east and west. Happily, her northern and southern neighbours have been less greedy in their treatment of her.

The civilised countries of Germany and Italy can give and take upon equal terms, the industry and vigour of the north being fairly compensated by the arts and natural products of the south; and Switzerland stands between the two like a wall of partition, dividing the warm land from the colder, shielding the garden of Italy from the winds and storms of the north, while at the same time allowing the breezes of the south to blow upon her own icy crags and to be caught in her caverns of snow. Even in ancient times, however, the barrier was not utterly impenetrable, for birds and pilgrims and messengers and arts of various kinds found their way across it into rude Germany, and brought with them tidings of the blue sea and the blue sky which were to be found in the land of roses and vines and beauty. Very soon, too, did they arouse in the hearts of the northern barbarians a longing to descend into the luxuriant land of the south. Accordingly, it is more than two thousand years since the Cimbrians and Teutons crossed the Alpine rampart in their yearning for the green meadows of Italy; and it was in what may be called legendary times that the armies of the Gallic confederacy crossed the Graian Alps, descended into the beautiful, well-watered plain of the Po, and spread themselves over the wide district surrounding their strongly-built capital of Mediolanum, the modern Milan. Fresh hordes followed, and the stream across the Alps to much-lauded Italy flowed in ever-increasing volume till the end of the Middle Ages—nay, it has continued flowing up to our own times, though it has long ceased to be accompanied by the roar of desolating armies. Almost every century has seen an active search carried on for fresh passages across the Alps and for more and easier ways of communication with Italy.

But, if the Northmen soon cast their eyes upon Italy, the Romans were not slow in turning their attention to the land and people on the other side of the Alps; and they very soon penetrated the mountains and settled down in Helvetia and the districts of Germania.

In ancient times, however, there were but two important passages across the Alps from Gaul into Italy: one was the pass over the Cottian Alps by Mont Genève, which led to the region occupied by the Taurini; the other was by the Little St. Bernard across the Graian Alps, and turned off towards Aosta and Ivrea, the district occupied by the Salassi. This latter was Hannibal's route. The Romans, however, being masters in the art of road-making, and being moreover constantly on the march, in consequence of their many warlike enterprises, were not satisfied with the existing passes, but exerted themselves to discover fresh ones which they might adapt to their military purposes. The City of the Seven Hills was immediately connected with Milan by the Flaminian and Emilian ways; and from Milan there were five roads leading east and west and across the Alps as well. The Romans did not use the one over the St. Gotthard, which is now the most important of them all; nor those across the Simplon and Mont Cenis, which latter did not come into fashion as a military road till the Middle Ages, and all their roads were inferior to the modern ones. Their highways were as follows: one led over Mont Genève to Arles; another through Aosta by way of the Little St. Bernard to Vienne; a third, taking the same line at first, went on through Geneva and Besançon to Strasburg; then there was the great road from Aosta across the Great St. Bernard, which passed through Martigny, Vevey, Basel-Augst to Strasburg, and thence through Spire and Worms to Mayence; lastly, there was the road across the Splügen, which followed the same course as the modern road to Bregenz, and from thence went on to Basle and Augsburg.



MOUNTAIN PASTURES.

But the Romans did not love the Alps. We children of modern times, when we stand upon the roof of Milan Cathedral and see the whole horizon filled with the sublime cloud-like forms of the silvery Alps, feel our hearts swell with longing for the mighty mountains and all their grand beauty, nor are we in the least deterred by Goethe's "Know'st thou the land?" or any other terrible descriptions. Quite unmoved by them we still cry, "Thither, oh thither!"

But it was otherwise with the Romans. They gazed with very different feelings upon the same scene. If they never felt the German's love for a life lived with nature even in their own fair and genial land, certainly they never undertook a journey among the mountains for pleasure. They saw the Alps and cursed them; for, from the many thousands whom duty and hard necessity had forced to cross the mountains, they knew well enough what horrors threatened the traveller among the fields of ice, what dangers from avalanches, snow-storms and falling rocks. Livy speaks of the terrors of the Alps in terms such as these, and Silius Italicus describes them as a horrible stony wilderness, devoid of all vegetation; while the poet Claudius Claudianus speaks of crossing the Splügen as of a deed of unprecedented daring. Nothing but sheer necessity ever took them across the Alps; and so, with the decline of the Roman empire, the procession from south to north came to an end, while that from north to south went on. Fresh passes and roads were constantly being opened up into Italy, and the different valleys of Switzerland were also brought into closer communication. The hand of Nature had traced out the great leading lines, and the hand of man has rendered her such valuable assistance, that instead of the solitary foot-passenger and the mule picking his painful way through the fog, carriages with four horses now roll safely and merrily along, and are followed by baggage-waggons richly laden with merchandise, while along the steep faces of the cliffs the white mist is darkened by the flutter of the black flag which streams from that bond of nations and promoter of civilisation—the locomotive engine.

Moreover, Switzerland has long ceased to be a mere thoroughfare, and has become the bright and beautiful object of the traveller's journey. Crossing the Alps is now a pleasure in which delicate women and young children can participate with the greatest ease. The passage of the Alps by way of the well-made artificial roads across the Simplon, St. Gotthard, Splügen, and St. Bernard has long lost its terrors, for Nature has been subdued by the strong arm and powerful mind of man.

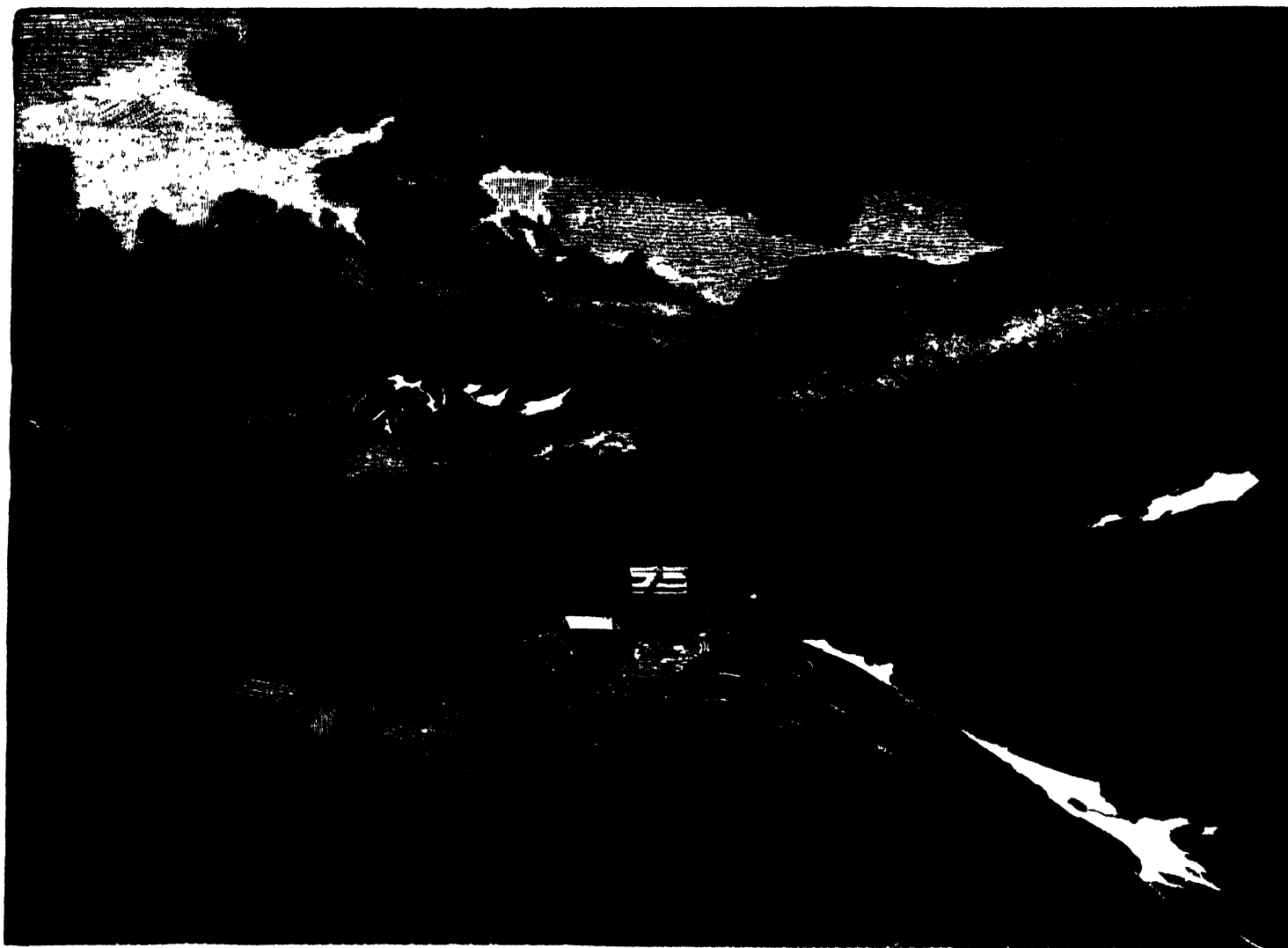
What are the wonders of the ancients compared with the gigantic works of Mont Cenis and St. Gotthard?

" Nations of dusky slaves once toiled and wrought,
Scooping out mountains in the Magic-land,
Labouring to raise some mummy's giant-house,
And rearing pyramids aloft upon the sand.

" Here freedom toils for living men, and through
The ancient mountains she for them has made
A way which binds the nations close in one
Sing loud the triumphs then of science and of trade."

There is one peculiarity about the Swiss Alps, which is not seen to the same perfection in any other mountain-country. It is this: the crests of her mountain-ranges are not of uniform height all along, but are interrupted by numerous great gaps or depressions, through which it is easy to cross from one side of the chain to the other. Another peculiarity is the shape of the valleys, which, though

often many thousand feet above the level of the sea to start with, slope gradually upwards till they reach the most elevated regions. Here, instead of losing themselves or terminating in an impassable wall of rock, they offer a means of communication with the other side of the ridge by leading up to those mountain-gates or portals which we call Passes, Cols, or Forks. The roads through these passes sometimes serve to connect merely two neighbouring districts, while in other cases they may lead diagonally across a whole range of mountains and unite different nations, such as the German and Italian. Their value for purposes of traffic varies, the most important being those splendid artificial roads, to construct which much money has been expended and the science of the engineer taxed to



PASS OF THE FURKA.

the utmost. The mind is filled with astonishment when we see how man has forced his yoke upon Nature, in the shape of the suspension-bridges he has flung so boldly across abysses, which it makes one giddy to look at; how he has looked to the heights above and to the depths beneath, and has built buttresses and gallerics as a protection against the threatening avalanche and the violence of the torrent; what sudden bends and turns the road takes, here skirting the rock, there piercing it, but, under all circumstances, carefully secured against any sudden outbreaks of the powers of Nature, which are lying dormant indeed, but not destroyed. Schiller's beautiful mountain-song contains a description of just such a road as this, given in a few broad, bold touches.

"The giddy bridge leads o'er the darksome abyss,
'Twixt life and 'twixt death it doth hover,
By menacing giants the lone path is barred,
Who thee with destruction may cover;
And would'st thou the slumbering lion not wake,
This journey of terrors in silence thou'lt make."

The narrower roads, however, along which vehicles of small size are continually rattling from one Alpine valley to another, are of considerable importance so far as the lighter traffic is concerned;



A GUIDE FROM THE ENGADINE

so too are the bridle-paths, where there is only just room for the sure-footed beast of burden to make his way with his pack; others, being mere mountain-paths, made irrespective of obstacles, and leading across difficult and dangerous glaciers, are of no use to any but the herdsman, hunter, smuggler, and suchlike fleet and nimble folk.

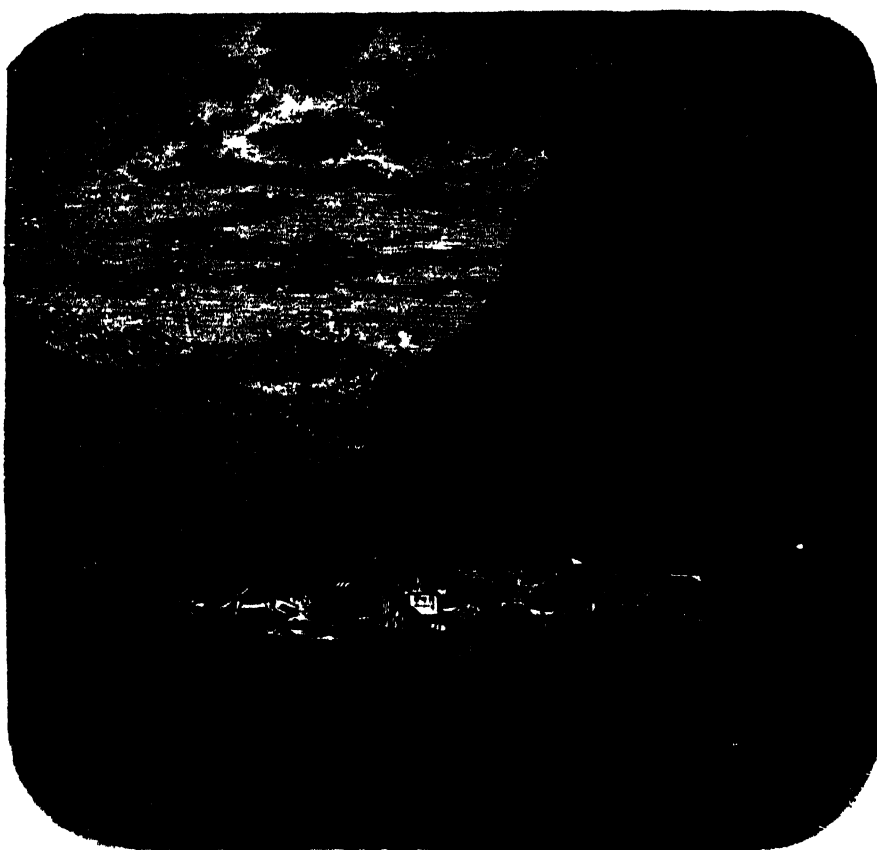
Lastly, many a road has been swallowed up by the glaciers or has fallen into disuse; nevertheless, the number of mountain-passes open at the present day must amount to nearly seventy, and along some of the most important of these we will now take our way.

Communication along the Alpine chain, east and west, is maintained by the beautiful Valais road which runs along the valley of the Rhône, crosses the celebrated Furka Pass, traverses the Urscrental, climbs the Oberalp Pass, skirts the Oberalp Lake, whose waters form one of the sources of the Reuss, and so enters the Grisons. Another road, also bearing east and west, starts from Chiavenna, and, after crossing the wild Maloja Pass, from which there is an extensive view of the beautiful Val Bregaglia, runs by the side of the lovely green Inn, which intersects the Upper and Lower Engadine, and turns off at the defile of Finsternünz, through which the river passes from Switzerland into Tyrol. On the other side the frontier, both road and river continue their course through Imperial territory under the mighty protection of Austrian fortresses old and new.

Throughout her luxuriant spring and rich summer, beautiful Valais is pervaded by breezes from

Italy, and many a road leads down into the latter country; as, for instance, the bridle-way across Col Ferrex, the Pass of the Great St. Bernard, that of the Matterjoch or St. Théodule,* which is the highest in Europe and not passable at all times, the Griespass, and a road turning off from it to the ridge of the Nufenen,† the Pass of St. Giacomo, and the splendid artificial road across the Simplon.

Of the above routes, that by the Griespass is especially interesting and much favoured by tourists, but the most important is that across the Simplon, which is of world-wide fame and reputation. If the traveller proposes to cross the Griespass, supposing him to start from the Lake of Geneva or Lake Constance, and



SIMPLON.

pass through Chur (Coire), he will leave the great Valais road at Obergestelen and descend into the Eginenthal, where, some way farther on and before he reaches the Gries, he will see a path which strikes off to the left and leads over the Nufenen Pass. On reaching the summit he crosses the Gries glacier, and then descends into the miserably poor and bare-looking valleys of Bettelmatt and Morast, from which he is led by the wildly romantic and beautiful Val Formazza into the valley of Antigorio, where he finds himself in the midst of Italian vegetation. Thence he may proceed to the thoroughly Italian town of Domo d'Ossola, and so onwards, farther and farther into the smiling land of Italy.

* Also called Mont Cervin.

† Called Passo di Novena on the Italian side.

The Simplon comes next, and of it we may say—

“All who have crossed it
Have had their cup of joy filled to overflowing.”

Planted exactly between Piedmont and La Valais, it bears aloft upon its mighty back one of the finest of all the Alpine roads; that, namely, which starts in the valley of the Rhone from the pleasant little town of Brieg, whose tin cupolas are so conspicuous. Like the road over the Gries, just described, it leads to Domo d'Ossola; but this is the Queen of Alpine roads, and strides like a Titaness over the cliffs and through the cliffs, across the slopes, by the side of waterfalls, along the edge of precipices, and over nearly three hundred bridges, larger and smaller. The grand idea of constructing this colossal road sprang from the fertile brain of the first Napoleon, who, like a second Hannibal, wanted a way by which his guns and guards could pass over into Lombardy. Like many another Alpine pass, it has been watered with blood, and ambition and lust of conquest have many a time made it the scene of strife. It is much frequented, owing to its grand and picturesque scenery; and, in the height of summer, foreigners of all nations pour across it in troops on their way to Italy.

Man has had little or nothing to do, on the other hand, with the construction of the passes across the Bernese Alps, which have merely been worn by the use of centuries, and are still nothing but bridle-paths, steep, toilsome, and stony. They are the Col de Pillon, Sanetsch, Rawyl, Gemmi, and Grimsel. The two latter are in everybody's mouth. Every one is sure to have crossed the Grimsel, and those who have penetrated a little farther into Switzerland, are sure to have ascended or descended the wonderful Gemmi. In fact, both passes are sure to be always alive with tourists, for one must cross them in making the great oval “Around the Jungfrau,” as Zittel calls it in the pleasing little book he calls by this title.

On leaving Interlaken, where you can see the proud Jungfrau beckoning you enticingly southwards, you turn either east, along the beautiful lake of Brienz, past the soft loveliness of Meiringen, up the valley of Hasli, with its rustling pines and the wild Aar rushing through its midst, and ascend higher and higher till you reach the dreary pass of the Grimsel; or, turning to the west along the lake of Thun, you pass through the quiet and pleasant Kandergrund, by Kandersteg, and so up to the Gemmi, whence you make a precipitous descent to Leuk, and proceed along the broad valley of the Rhône past Brieg to the Rhône glacier.

Uri and Unterwalden are approached from the Bernese Oberland by two bridle-paths and one carriage-road, that over the Brünig, the loveliest of all the Alps. Those who have crossed it in the middle of summer and in bright weather, will surely never forget the pleasant impression made upon their minds by the various tints of the wood which clothes the mountain right and left and the villages nestling amid shady orchards by the side of lakes or streams. The Brünig Pass leads the traveller by the easiest possible route from Interlaken or Meiringen into the lovely district about the Lake of Lucerne, or *vice versa*. The bridle-paths before mentioned are those across the Engstlenjoch, the pass of the Susten, and that of the Surenen, which are covered with snow all the year round.

Proceeding from west to east, the grand St. Gotthard road leads across another pass which is only second in importance to the Simplon. The broad mass of the St. Gotthard is set in the very midst of the other great mountains, as if it were the heart and core of the Alps, a sort of mysterious sanctuary, the foundation and corner-stone originally laid by the hands of Titans. Towards this point, as if

it were some magnetic centre, the numerous ray-like chains of mountains converge from all sides like gathering crystals. Instead, however, of being absorbed into the mass, they stand round it in a circle, like so many lofty buttresses placed there for the support of the sanctuary, or giant halberdiers keeping guard around the great monarch of the Alps. They are knit firmly together by fields of snow and ice, and they maintain a watch over the thirty lakes, larger and smaller, which are set within their sovereign's dominions. They also watch the interests of the four rivers and give them egress towards the four points of the compass by four several portals, through which they rush forth into the world. The carriage-road passes through the gateway in the northern battlements, and crosses the St. Gotthard district in a southerly direction. It follows the course of the mountain-streams, and connects the whole of Urtschweiz* with the Italian lake-district, thus enabling the

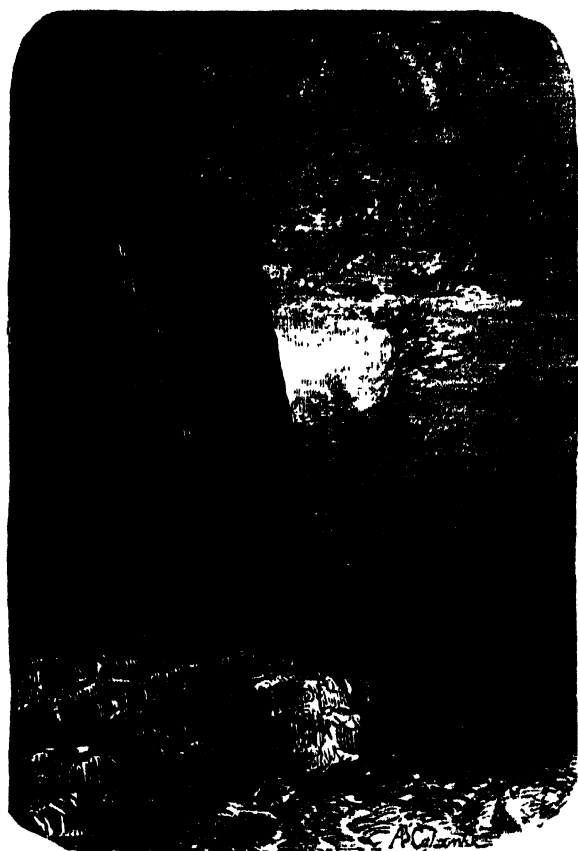
Germans and Italians to communicate with one another by the most direct and easy line.

The name of the St. Gotthard Pass does not occur till the year A.D. 1162, and both the man who first trod it as well as the man who constructed the first narrow road with its wooden footways and small bridges are lost in the mist and darkness of ages; but from the fourteenth century onwards it is certain that the pass was frequented by the packman and his horse, and that the intercourse between Italy and the young Confederacy became more and more lively.

It took usually from five to six days to get from the Swiss lake to Lago Maggiore; but, in bad weather, or at an unfavourable time of year, these days were multiplied indefinitely. This state of things, of course, could not meet the requirements of modern times and constantly increasing traffic, and accordingly the cantons of Uri and Tessin, having the wit to see what was to their own interest, joined hands towards the year 1820. After nearly ten years of gigantic labour, they constructed a broad and beautiful road; and carriages may now accomplish the distance be-

tween Urtschweiz and North Italy in from sixteen to eighteen hours. Travellers pass along this road in numbers every season; and, in 1874, 65,000 visitors chose this route, whereas only 28,000 went by way of the Simplon and Splügen.

In these days of hurry and bustle, however, sixteen or eighteen hours are far too much for travellers and merchandise to spend upon the passage; and besides this, the road is damaged and blocked every autumn by snow-storms, avalanches, and land-slips. This will have to be obviated, and the peaceful intercourse of the different nations will have to be carried on under the auspices of the locomotive engine, which will carry them along the smoothest of roads, unhindered by the snow, ice, and fog which sit enthroned on yonder heights. Accordingly, the ancient spirit of the



ON THE WAY TO THE GRIMSEL.

* Uri, Schweiz, and Unterwalden formed the first Swiss Confederation.

mountain, as he sits listening in the depths below, may now hear the human moles at work in his subterranean dominions, cutting, boring, blasting, and burrowing in order to construct a tunnel ten miles in length, through which, by means of the steam-engine, people and goods may be dispatched



DEVIL'S BRIDGE, ON THE ST. GOTTHARD ROAD.

in a few short hours from the north to the brighter south, without being exposed to the inclemency of the weather.

The waggoner has already a foreboding of his fate, as he slowly mounts the innumerable zigzags of the beautiful road in his heavy, creaking waggon drawn by six or eight panting horses; the post-boy

too knows what awaits him, though the hard, bare walls of rock still re-echo merrily with the sound of his whip. A few years more and they will cross the mountain no longer. When the last blow has been struck in the tunnel, the far-famed road will become a legend. Devil's bridges more daring than that across the wild Reuss, which is the only one famous at the present date, will swing from cliff to cliff; the old galleries, buttresses, and bridges will fall to pieces; snow, mountain-torrents, avalanches, and all the wild demon-race of the High Alps will strive to efface the line once scratched by human hands on the face of the hard rock. None but the poor and insignificant will continue to



FLUELA PASS.

make use of it, though they, no doubt, will ride and drive across the mountain as long as it is possible to do so.

The Gotthard group occupies a sort of middle position between the Alps of the west and the east. In the west all the transitions in the landscape are sharp and abrupt, and the deep hollow of the valley is closely succeeded by the precipitous height of the mountain without any intermediate gradations. In the Rhætian Alps, on the other hand, there has been a general upheaving of the ground, and you pass by gradual stages from lowland to highland. In the west, the roads which lead up from the valleys to the mountain-passes are steep and difficult; but in the east, the valleys

themselves are high up among the Alps, and a gradual, often easy ascent leads the traveller from what are lowlands in appearance only, to the higher region above, whence the descent on the other side is just as easy.

As the valleys are more numerous and more developed among the Rhaetian Alps, that is, in the east, than elsewhere, so too there are more passes across the mountains here than in the west. There are roads and bridle-paths leading in all directions, from the wildly romantic valley of the Rhine to the neighbouring canton of Tessin, which is so blooming and fruitful, to the more rugged Engadine, and into Italy itself. Some of these were formerly the most important of all the Alpine passes, and came into use long before the Gotthard road or the roads across the Western Alps.

The venerable pass across the ancient Mons Avium is well known to us by its name of Bernardino;



PACK-HORSES

the old narrow road was made by Roman cohorts, the modern one was constructed shortly before that of the St. Gotthard. Then there is the equally venerable road across the Splugen. Both run from Chur (Coire) into the gloomily beautiful defile of the Via Mala, and divide to right and left as soon as they reach the little village of Splugen.

The one which strikes off to the left is the splendid Splugen road, which, after ascending uninterruptedly to the summit of the pass, leads us abruptly down from the bleak, bare mountains to lovely Chiavenna, with its luxuriant groves, and to Colico on the margin of Lake Como. The sister road winds to the right, across the Bernardino, and terminates south of Lago Maggiore.

The Septimer Pass too was formerly of the utmost importance, being the ancestor of all the roads among the Rhaetian Alps, and owing its origin to the Romans; so, too, was the mysterious Julier Pass,

which at different periods of its history has seen both the Roman toga, the habit of the Crusader, and the purple mantle of the German emperor; neither must the Albula and Flüela Passes be forgotten. Their first and immediate use is to connect one valley with another; but some of the roads are carried far on into the lovely south.

That of Flüela, for instance, joins the highway which leads through the Prättigau and Davos-Dörfli, and so brings the Schienon road, which runs from Lake Constance, and, in fact, the whole of North Switzerland, into communication with Chiavenna and other places in Italy. The lovely valleys of the Rhine, the districts of Prättigau, Davos, and Montafun, are connected one with the other by various passes across the mountains which separate them. Between Davos and Prättigau is the Kloster'sche Stütz, which is crossed at Ober-Laret by the post-road from Wolfgang. The Rhætikon ridge is crossed by the narrow passes of the Schweizerthor, Drusenthor, Plassegger, and Schlappinajoch, which are approached by wild paths fit only for the herdsman or hunter. They lead from the green mountain-valleys of the Prättigau across a dreary desert, and descend into the valley of Montafun in the north, passing east of the lofty Scesa Plana. The great post-road across the Bernina is of more importance still. It unites the beautiful road of the Upper Engadine, which runs east and west from Zernetz to Chiavenna, with the great parallel road of the Val Tellina. The latter leads through the town of Sondrio to the Lake of Como, connecting Samaden and Pontresina with Poschiavo and Tirano, and the northern Inn with the southern Adda. This is indeed a very beautiful road, and takes the traveller through scenery of a grand character. Which of us will ever forget the impression made upon him by the old houses of the Bernina, the Diavolezza, with its glacier-slopes, Mont Pers, the Cambrena glacier, the two wonderful White and Black Lakes on the very summit of the pass, the glorious highland-valley of La Motta and La Rösa, Alp Grün, and the glistening snowy peaks of Piz Palü and Zupo? This road, moreover, is one of the main arteries through which the excellent wines of the Val Tellina stream forth into all the valleys, all the hotels, and all the way-side inns of the Engadine, and yet farther. Horses, waggons, and sledges convey the noble fluid across the pass at all seasons of the year, and bring Italian merchandise of various kinds at the same time.

A little farther to the west there is another though less convenient road—namely, the bridle-path across the Muretto glacier, which passes through the Val Malenco and comes out at Sondrio.

We must also mention in this place the passes of Buffalora and Cruschetta.

Man is for ever striving to discover fresh means of communication. Canals and tunnels are being everywhere made for this purpose, and the grand object of finding out the shortest and most direct route is always kept well in view. Now that people live in such ever-increasing hurry and bustle, a few hours saved are worth millions of money; and Switzerland, like the rest, is constantly on the look-out to discover fresh routes, or to make the old ones more convenient. She receives some assistance in the work of exploration from the Alpine Club, whose members disperse themselves in thousands among the Alps year by year.

As fresh and shorter roads are discovered, the old and inconvenient ones are abandoned as a matter of course, at least so far as commerce is concerned; and so it may be that many passes get completely lost in the course of ages. But, besides this, the glaciers have covered or swallowed up some of them, and the advance of the ice has prevented their being of any further use. Huntsmen

or tourists may occasionally cross these ruined paths, just for the wonder of the thing; but they are utterly valueless for purposes of general traffic. Many, such as the pass between Grindelwald and Valais, from Evolena to Zermatt, and from Gadmenthal across the glacier of the Rhône, have become altogether traditional, but all these roads and passes once presented living pictures of great interest. Traders, clad in wonderful costumes, and carrying with them ornaments and arms of various sorts, passed backwards and forwards between Italy, Germany, and Switzerland, or met for rest and refreshment at the various hospices, where their hosts were solitary monks who had bade adieu to the world, and passed their lives amid the snow, ice, and thousand other dangers of the mountains. Here passed—

“The careful merchant, with his anxious brow,
The pious monk, the pilgrim light equipped,
The gloomy robber and musician gay,
The driver, with his heavy-laden horse,
Who hither comes from distant haunts of men,”

and smugglers, huntsmen, waggoners, soldiers, and bands of gipsies have in times past given an aspect of peculiar and varied liveliness to these roads. Nor has the liveliness decreased, though it may have lost something of its gay, mediæval colouring, and is more and more confined to the main roads. Even in these days, however, we constantly meet bright, hopeful-looking journeymen and mechanics, passing from one canton into another, herdsmen driving their cattle, traders from Lombardy, carriers in blue blouses, Italian shepherds and dealers in small wares. Most of those whom we encounter up here in the summer-time, however, are active, merry-looking tourists, armed with stick and knapsack, and carrying a tuft of *edelweiss* in their hats. They are for the most part diligently and eagerly intent upon studying the nervous system of Switzerland, its network of roads, of which there are a thousand meshes, and as they do so they utter a shout of triumph, and cry—

“There are so many roads which I have never paced,
There are so many wines which I have yet to taste!”





THE LAKES OF EAST SWITZERLAND.

LAKE CONSTANCE.

" Oh, the blissful joy of travel !
Late and early 'tis my cry ;
May and June, July and August,
They are nigh and summer's nigh !
Then the heart in every breast
Swells with rapture and unrest."

PSALTM.

How gaily and merrily the summer birds flit to and fro on the northern shores of this charming lake ! Here we see travelling costumes of all colours, straw hats, fluttering veils, and porters carrying luggage ; and there are brilliant hotels with steaming kitchens, bright-looking country-people standing at their house-doors, green trees, fragrant gardens, and the greenish-blue crystal waters of the lake sparkling in the sunshine ; while amid all this bright and busy scene we hear the constant whistle of the steam-engine and the ringing of the bell of the steam-boat.

On the opposite side we see stately castles and pleasant-looking villas, white houses and fishermen's huts, neat, prosperous towns and clean villages nestling in the midst of peaceful orchards, golden corn-fields, and green luxuriant meadows and vineyards, which contrast pleasantly with the dark wood which clothes the mountain-side.

Here we are on German soil, at Friedrichshafen, perhaps, or at Lindau, where trains are constantly arriving from the north and east freighted with summer visitors to Switzerland. They

come from gay Vienna and grave Berlin, from ancient Prague and Breslau, from Dresden and Leipzig, from smoky Hamburg, Bremen, Frankfort, and Mentz, for all these places are in direct communication with the shore of the lake, and this is the goal at which all meet. No lake has been so courted by commerce or so completely surrounded by a net-work of iron rails as this of Lake Constance.

It is well-nigh impossible to find one's way amid the confusion of lines which meet upon its shores. There are the Augsburg-Lindau and the Stuttgart-Friedrichshafen lines upon the German side; and, upon the Swiss, the Rorschach-St.-Gall, Zurich-Romanshorn, Zurich-Rorschach, Rorschach-Chur, and many others.

Men and merchandise are all hurrying across to Switzerland, and hotels as well as warehouses and granaries stand open day and night to receive whatever goods may be brought by land or water.



DEPARTURE FROM FRIEDRICHSHAFEN

Most travellers, perhaps, will think that there is more poetry to be met with on the shores of the western Lake of Geneva, and to many, the smooth tongue of France sounds more graceful than the honest German which is the language of this district. These persons, accordingly, hurry over the venerable "Swabian sea," like birds of passage, on their way to the Alpine valleys which loom in the distance, where they expect to find that which shall better satisfy their ideas of beauty. The good Bodensee is too plain and simple, and is too Swabian in character to suit them.

And yet it is full of beauty, only the beauty is of a kind which needs to be quietly enjoyed before it can be thoroughly appreciated. It does not thrust itself upon your notice with the French grace of more luxuriant Lemane, nor does it fill you with such ecstatic rapture as the scenery of Geneva. But the two lakes are brothers; both are children of one common father, and both

receive nourishment from the copious glacier-streams which flow forth from the venerable Gotthard. They are like moats placed east and west of the fortress of Helvetia; and from them the country slopes upwards till, after passing through various gradations of hill and dale, it culminates in the region of the Alps. There is a yet further resemblance between the two; for, as the navigation of the Rhine is stopped immediately on its leaving the Untersee, by the falls of Schaffhausen; so, too, the course of the Rhône is arrested, as it flows out of the Lake of Geneva, by the raging torrent of the Perte du Rhône. Two neighbouring powers meet on the shores of Geneva; but the Rhine, as it passes through Lake Constance, forms the boundary line between the lovely Swiss cantons of St. Gall and Thurgau, and no fewer than four other states—namely, Austria, as represented by Tyrol, Bavaria, Baden, and Württemberg.

The old lake has many times changed its name but never its colour. It sparkled, as now, in all its blue-green splendour when the Romans called it Lake Brigantinus, and their cheerful old town of Brigantia, the modern Bregenz, still lies hidden by the bay at the eastern corner of the lake. They gave the names of Venetus and Aconius to different parts of it; but in the Middle Ages it was called Lacus Podamicus and Mare Podamus, which the German tongue modified first into Bodam and then into Bodensee; the “Swabian Sea” was another of its names, and we, of modern times, know it as the lovely “Bodensee.” The ancient lake, lying amid fruit-laden orchards, is like a pleasant illustration of some of Hebel’s homely poetry; and is not the honest German tongue to be heard on both sides of it?

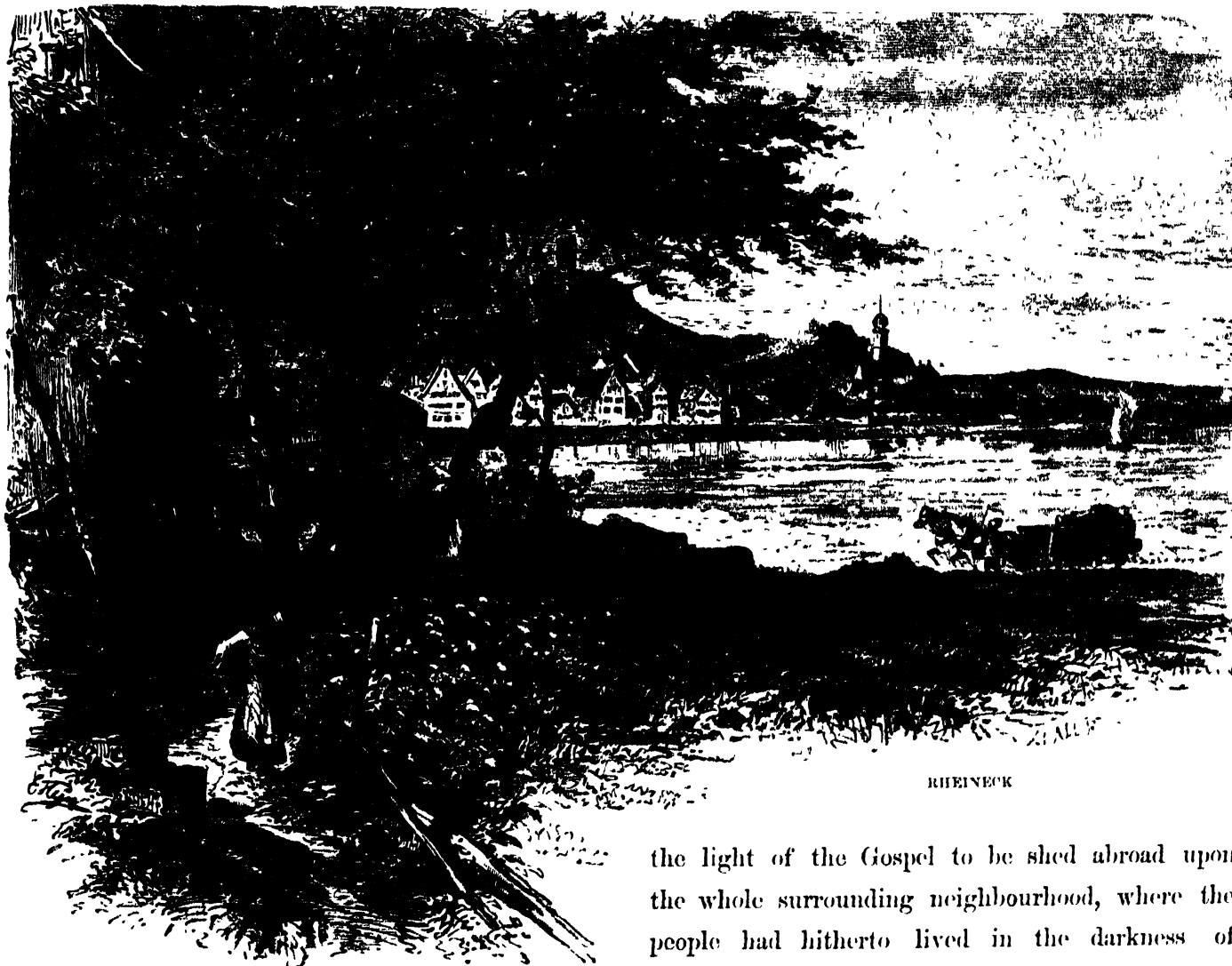
We are now standing on the shore of the lake, beneath the fragrant, shady trees belonging to the hotel of Friedrichshafen. It is a calm, still night, and the moon—“sleeping sunshine,” as some one has called her—is dreaming upon the waters. The air which blows across the gently heaving surface from the Thurgau shore feels softer and more summer-like, and the dark boats as they rock to and fro on the water look like cradles in a dream. There is what looks like a thin, pale mist rising along the opposite horizon; but to-morrow, when we see it in bright daylight, we shall find that it has turned into a chain of mountains which rise gently from the lower level about Zürich in the west, and culminate in the Glärnisch, the glorious Säntis, Altmann, and the heights of Kasten and Kamor. Looking south and east, we see the three sister-peaks of Mittagspitze, Widderstein, and Rhætikon, together with the mighty Scesa Plana of the Grisons, which is the loftiest summit to be seen from the Bodensee. We see too—— but for the moment we see only the waves gliding softly and smoothly shore-wards, each with a golden coronet on its head. They look as if they flowed from the sleeping moon which is now emerging from the depths below, and we are reminded of Hebel’s children’s song:—

“ ‘What does it do, then, all the night,
It keeps so very still?’
‘Why, don’t you see it’s making waves?’ ”—

waves and fairy tales!

As we listen to the murmur of the waters we muse upon the ancient days when the shore was bordered by thick forests, and the lake-dweller raised his habitation upon piles sunk in the water, and the bear and the primæval stag dwelt in the neighbouring thicket. Then followed the time when the Romans invaded the wilderness. Tiberius launched a fleet upon the lake, and forts were built upon the rocks along the shore as a defence against the warlike, liberty-loving Alemanni and

Rhæti. Later still, in the fourth century, the waters of the lake extended to where Rheineck now stands. But a great deal of water has passed through the lake since then, and the Rhine and Bregenzer Ach have together formed such an extensive deposit of slimy, reed-covered soil in the eastern corner, that Rheineck now stands inland an hour's distance from the shore. Christianity came and settled on the Rhine when the Romans were gone; and, strong in their faith, the foreign apostles Gallus and Columban entered the forests cross and axe in hand. St. Gall, the gentle Evangelist of the Alemanni, it was who, like St. Benedict in Italy, had the chief share in causing

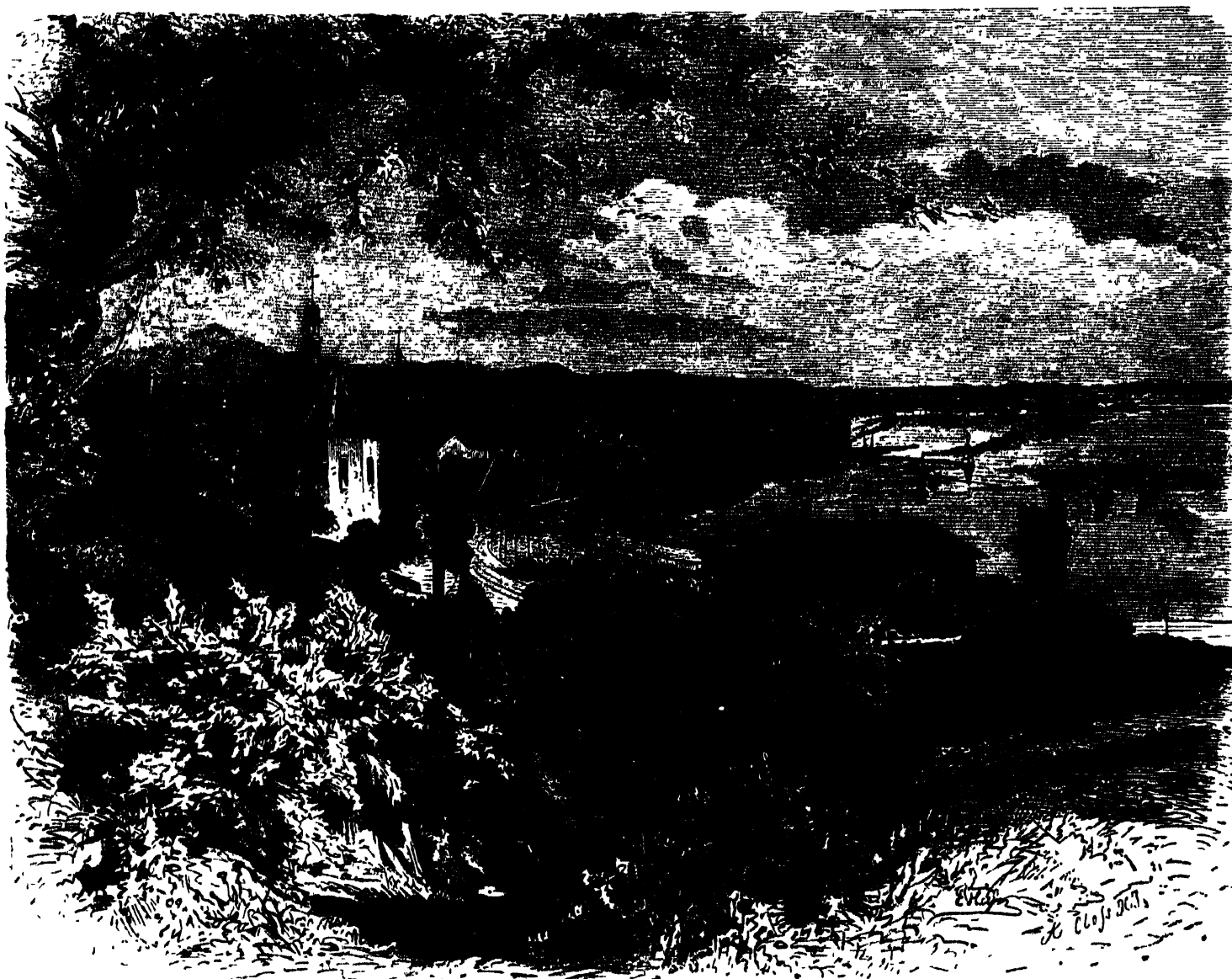


RHEINECK

the light of the Gospel to be shed abroad upon the whole surrounding neighbourhood, where the people had hitherto lived in the darkness of heathenism. The echo of his name still remains

and may be heard in the name of the canton which borders a part of the lake close to Arbon, where the Apostle took refuge in his last illness with Willimar, his companion in the faith. One monastery arose after another under the protection of the bold Merovingians and Carolingians. The Merovingians, indeed, were masters of almost the whole of Switzerland, and however much the Alemanni might kick, they could not shake off the Frankish yoke. After a time, castles rose above the monasteries, and the dark old ruined towers, which are still to be seen on the mountain-slopes of Thurgau and St. Gall, seem to speak to us in the language of the Middle Ages. An age of greater enlightenment succeeded; and we see the venerable figure of Barbarossa, the great Hohenstaufen hero,

riding along the lake. Sweet love-songs echo from the castles; and towns and villages spring up beneath the shade of the blossoming fruit-trees. The country around abounds in wealth, and the rich town of Lindau has been called the Swabian Venice. Here, too, the last of the Hohenstaufens, the fair youth Konradin, finds himself inspired to sing his graceful songs. He dwells yonder in the



RORSCHLACH.

castle of Arbon, and may often be heard playing the lute, while his skiff floats upon the waves of the "Swabian Sea." It was to him the poet alluded, when he sang:—

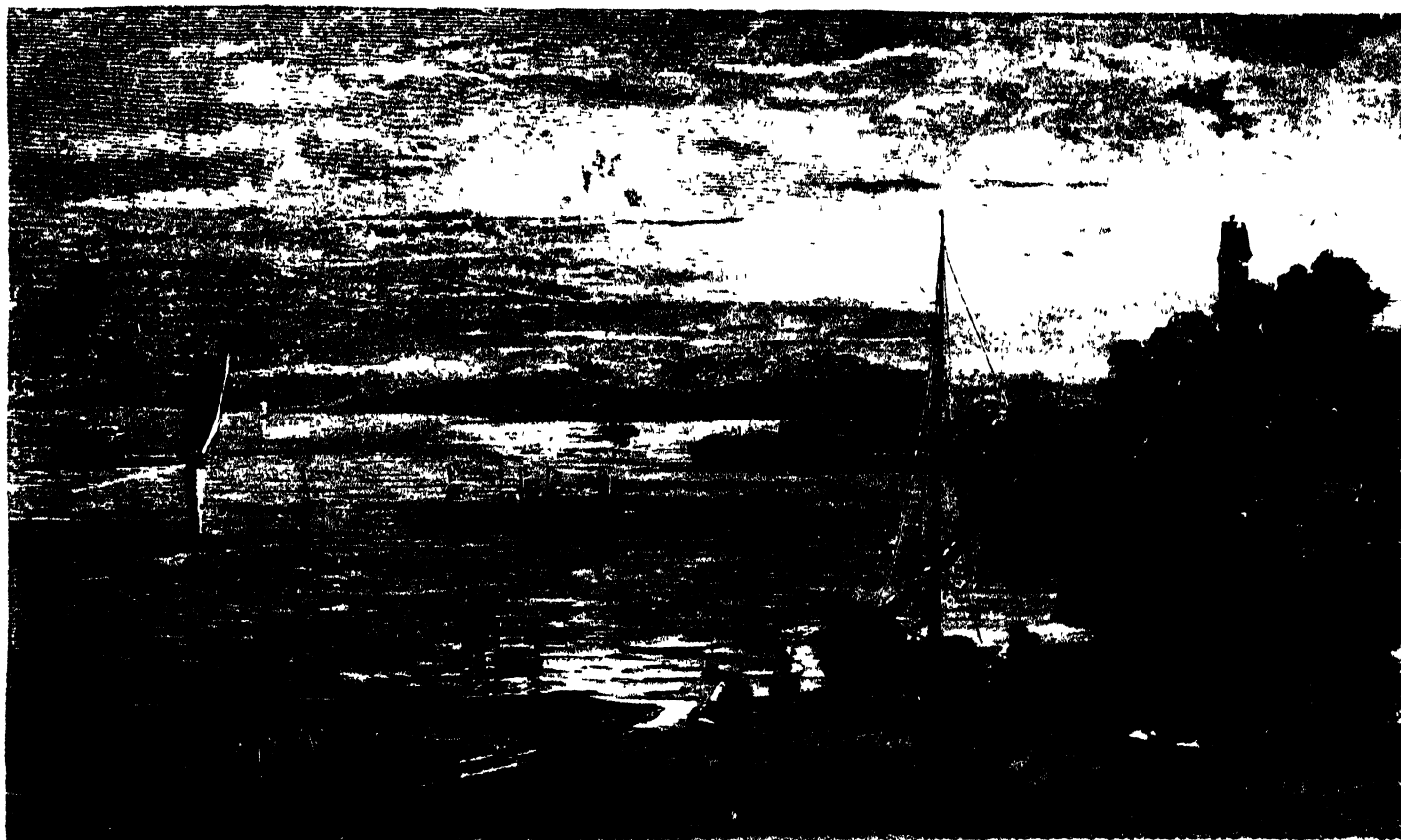
"The spring is only just awake,
Its bloom is still on tree and lake;
And blooming, too, in yonder boat,
A youth upon the waves doth float"—

a song which ends with the dismal rhyme of "scaffold."

After this the grey fog rolled back upon the shores of the lake, and an age of murder and bloodshed succeeded, while the haughty lords of the House of Habsburg contested the possession of Switzerland with the Counts of Württemberg. The powerful leagued with the more powerful, and

their alliances were severed by the sword; castles were besieged, captured, and razed to the ground, and the walls around the towns were laid low.

Then there was the "Swabian war," at the time of the first Maximilian, when the newly formed Confederacy was shaken by rude storms within as well as without. Then followed the stormy time of the Reformation, which cleared the air, and then came the Thirty Years' War, following hard upon the former like a reaper with a blood-stained scythe. The beautiful fields of Switzerland lay desolate and trodden down; the towns grew more and more quiet, and a dark atmosphere seemed to brood over the face of the whole country. The next storm came from the west; and, as in the time of the Merovingians, the Franks returned to the charge with the torch of insurrection and the flag of revolution in their hands. There was a general conflagration, and the Austrian and Prussian



ROMANSHORN.

winds fanned the flames. War raged yonder in beautiful Thurgau and along the shore of the lake as far as Constance; and now — there is the moon shedding her shimmering light upon the waters, and a profound peace broods over the entire landscape. No fiery beacon gleams upon the mountain-tops, startling the terrified peasant from his bed; and yonder distant horn is but the signal of the village-watchman, warning us that the hours are passing, even as the centuries themselves have passed away. The mists sink down, the moon rises gradually, and the dawn begins to break over the eastern Alps. We can hear the morning bells ringing on the Swiss shore across the lake, and, as we listen, the sound seems to merge into the long-drawn note of an Alp-horn, which fills our hearts with longing to pass over to the other side.

There is an old story which tells how long ago there lived at Gerlikon, in Thurgau, on the other

side of the Thur, a pious herdsman named Heinrich. He walked every day in the grey, early dawn, to the little church of Gachnang for the early mass. Heaven favoured him in a very especial manner; for, whereas the distance was so great that he could not naturally hear the church-bell at his home in Gerlikon, the sound was nevertheless borne to his ear clear and bright every morning, and then he would take his staff and pouch and go down to Gachnang.

Such is the story; and our longing ears are also preternaturally sharpened, so that they hear, or seem to hear, the enticing call of the Alp-horn. Accordingly, we set off in pursuit of the sweet illusion, and bid adieu to the life of captivity we have led in the close town, saying, with the yearning felt by the man who stood on the ramparts of Strasburg—

“I heard an Alp-horn surely yonder!”

We too cross over to the Swiss shore, and wave our last farewell to Germany.

And what do we see around us?

“A blue sea, stretching far and wide,
Meadows, nut-trees, in their pride,
Fishers' huts along the strand,
Waves that break upon the sand,
Snow-white mountain-peaks as well—
Traveller, yield thee to the spell!”

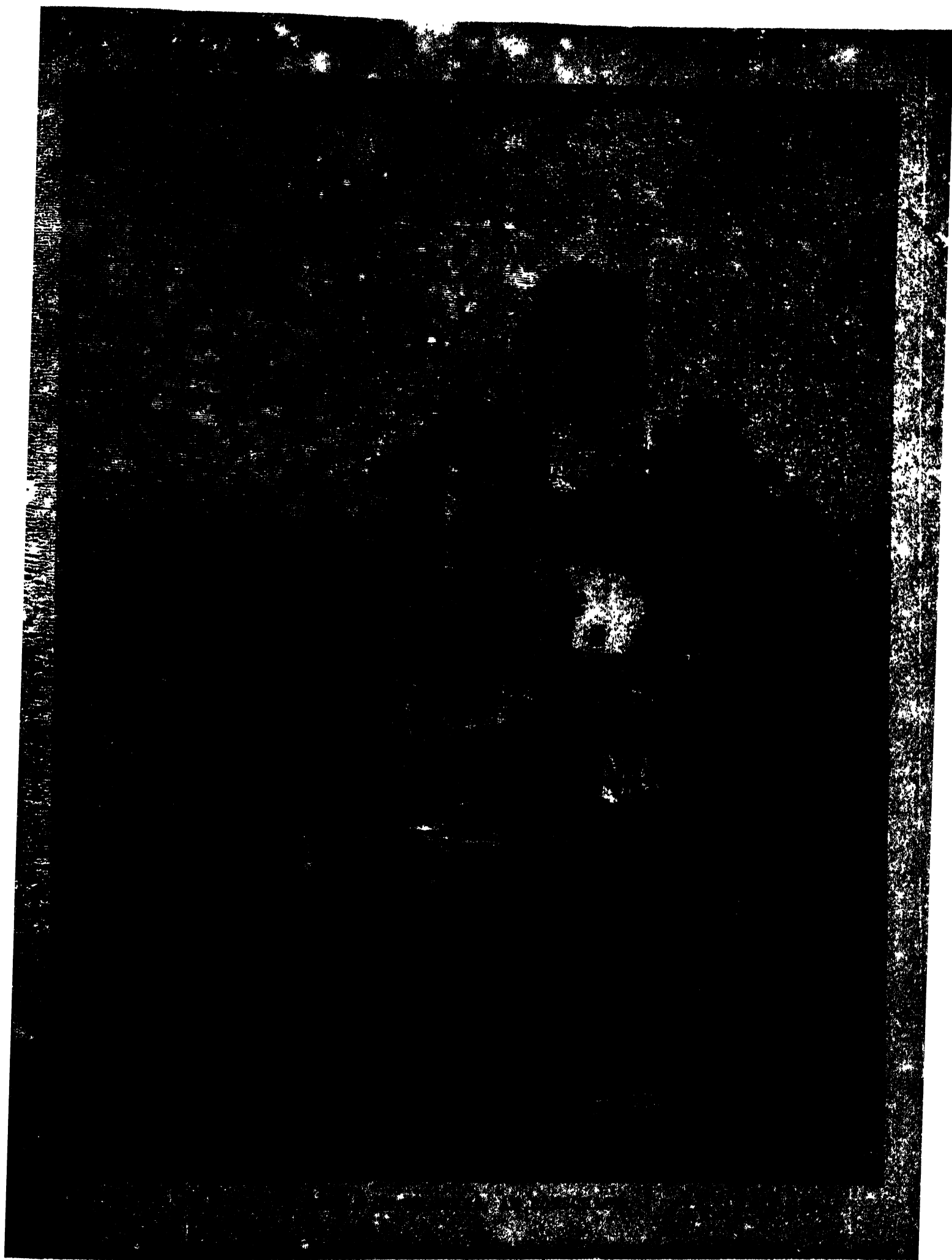
As we drive along the shore, the Swiss flag floats merrily above our heads; and, from vessels of all sizes, from castles and towers, the white cross on the red ground waves us a hearty welcome. It floats too from the harbour buildings of Rorschach, where our boat lands.

Rorschach is a busy manufacturing town, built out upon the lake as a sort of outpost of the canton of St. Gall; and, in spite of all the bustle, it makes a wonderfully pleasant and refreshing impression upon us. Properly speaking, the passing traveller sees nothing but a few large buildings, belonging to the harbour and railway station, but he cannot fail to be impressed by the comfort and cheerful prosperity of the place, if, from his boat or the window of his carriage, he gets a glimpse of the bright, often palatial-looking houses, with their gay gardens and orchards and shining windows, and this impression will be confirmed if he walks through the broad streets which will take him to the clean hotel upon the market-place.

“Rorschach,” as it was called in the Middle Ages, was then and has ever since continued to be the corn market of Switzerland and the station of her custom-house officers. In this, the granary of Helvetia, the golden corn was stored in gigantic magazines built on the shores of the lake.

The place has become of more importance still in these days, having grown to be the centre of a brisk export trade. There are three lines of railway starting from it: one which passes along the shore by Arbon and Romanshorn to Constance; another which crosses the green, pine-covered heights to St. Gall; while a third enters the valley of the Rhine and proceeds as far as Chur, from which place it has every inclination to cross the Splügen. Then, too, there are the ships, many of which daily put into the port, or leave it on their way to Schaffhausen, Constance, Ueberlingen, Meersburg, Lindau, Friedrichshafen, and Bregenz.

In former times Rorschach belonged to the Abbey of St. Gall, and sprang up at the same time as the town of that name. As, however, the citizens of St. Gall were always at war with the



abbots, one of these latter at length determined on breaking up his encampment in the rebellious town and rebuilding his abbey in the neighbourhood of Rorschach. This displeased the citizens of St. Gall, and they went down to Rorschach, accompanied by the Appenzellers, who were always ready for a quarrel, and whom they had invited to go with them. Together they set fire to the half-built monastery, spent the night in singing wild songs and making themselves tipsy with the wine which they had discovered by the light of the flames, and returned the next morning to their mountains as happy as heroes.

After this, St. Gall was allowed to retain her ancient abbey, but she had to suffer for her practical joke by submitting to various ecclesiastical penalties, and by paying a heavy fine in hard cash. The daughter-convent at Rorschach was rebuilt in spite of everything, and received the name of Mariaberg. It is now turned into a government school.

The whole neighbourhood of this lake-port is like a lovely garden; and, on the Rorschacherberg which rises behind the orchards, many an ancient castle is to be seen appearing among the dark woods. Wicken is one of these; Wartensee, which lies enshrouded in vineyards and is of the fourteenth century, is another. The nobles to whom the latter belonged also built Wartegg, which lies lower down; and the lords of Rorschach possessed, until 1450, what is now a desolate ruin called the Castle of St. Anne, so named in later times after the saint whose body rests in the castle-chapel.

Looking westward from the harbour, you see on your left hand several pleasant villages dotted along the lake and half hidden among fruit-trees. Such are Uorn, Tubach, Ober- and Unter-Steinach, and, a little farther on, dreamy Arbon, which juts out into the lake.

There is an old castle at Steinach, which once sheltered the Minnesingers, but which is now famous for the delicious grapes which grow on its slopes, and for the super-excellent wine which they produce. More famous still, however, is the tower of the castle at Arbon.

The Romans called the place Arbor Felix, the Lucky Tree; because it was said that on their first landing a miracle occurred, similar to that which attended the landing of Augustus at Capree, where the joyful news was brought to him that an old, withered oak had begun to put forth leaves the moment his foot touched the shore. That was the first Arbor Felix; that on the shores of Helvetia is the second. Germans, especially those who are given to dreaming over history, will find the place more interesting from its connection with Konradin, the last of the Hohenstaufens, who dwelt here in the castle which the Merovingians had built, sang the deeds of his forefathers, and dreamt of love and crowns while he waited for news from deceitful Italy. The little town enjoyed many privileges at that time, and was very flourishing until the last of the Hohenstaufens had passed away, when its prosperity declined. It is still sufficiently important, however; and during the time when heathenism, after being nearly exterminated, seemed to recover its strength and strike deeper root than ever, little Arbon was a sort of haven of refuge for Christianity. Here dwelt one solitary priest, who still worshipped the Christians' God in secret, and, on the arrival of St. Columban's disciples, he gave them a hospitable reception. This was in the year 609. Five years later, St. Gall penetrated farther into the country and founded his monastery at the end of the forest. The old Roman settlement had then been long destroyed, and a ripple from the great tidal wave of migration had passed over it. It revived again under Christian auspices, and, on the extinction of the house

of Hohenstaufen, passed into the possession of the lords of Kemnaten and Bodman, then into that of the bishops of Constance, and under the protection of their crozier it remained until the general revolution at the end of the last century. After passing through these different phases, Arbon is now the principal town in the canton of Thurgau. Between this place and Romanshorn the coast presents little variety, but it is clothed with forests of fruit-trees, and the slopes and hills bring forth the gifts of Pomona in richest abundance. If Thurgau be the fruit-canton *par préférence*, surely the district of Arbon is its very heart and core; and, for this reason, it is nicknamed "Must-Indies," the pears and apples being here converted into must. Looking at the immense number of casks which are filled with this favourite beverage every autumn, one is puzzled to understand how such great quantities of apples and pears can be dispatched from Romanshorn across the Swabian Sea to have their juice expressed by the ever-thirsty Suevi; but so it is.

Romanshorn is a second Rorschach, and who can tell whether the two flourishing towns may not look across at one another from their moles with something of envy? Like the sister-town, Romanshorn is growing up amid the driving smoke of railways and steam-boats, and its flashing windows seem to beam with confidence in the future.

Steam alters the course of everything. To be sure the fisherman's boat still floats on the lake, net and hook are still busy in its depths; and, though it may diminish year by year the catching of the "famous fish of the Bodensee," bream, pike, shad-fish, grayling, lake-trout, &c., will never entirely cease; but, of late years, many a fisherman has allowed his nets to rot and his hooks to rust, while he himself has turned into an inn-keeper, guide, driver, or owner of a bathing establishment, and finds his new business much more profitable.

The old clumsy sailing vessels seem to have almost disappeared, together with the large fish which used formerly to be caught in the Bodensee. Many an old boatman who was once terribly annoyed by the wild Föhn* has now a safe enough berth as sailor or steersman on board some of the many steamers, and laughs at those of his former comrades whom he sees still crossing the lake in their sailing boats.

All along the coast, between Romanshorn and the town of Constance in Baden, lie the villages of Utwil, Kesswil, Güttingen, Altnau, Münsterlingen, and Bottlikofen, like sea-pearls strung upon a green thread, all in the canton of Thurgau and the land of fruit-trees. The church-towers peep out above the trees; and close by every church stands a tap-house, where, on Sundays and holidays, the men and lads stand about in their shirt-sleeves, playing at nine-pins and singing the nonsense-rhymes with which the cider inspires them.

"At Zita I'm a careless youth,
At Zita I am good,
At Zita I have socks and shoes,
At Zita I've no hat!"

Our steamer carries us farther on, however, to Constance, and we smile as the bright old song rises to our lips:—

"Constance lies on the Bodensee;
If you don't believe it, go there and see."

And in very truth there it lies, the grave, ancient Constance of history, rising from out the waters

* A sort of sirocco.

as if she were the bride of the lake; and this, perhaps, was the idea in the minds of the French, when they named the Bodensee after her. We salute the venerable matron in passing, and make the sign of the cross, as we emerge from amid the black shadows cast by those who tortured John Huss and his companions.

Following the course of the Rhine, we pass under the bridge and into the Untersee, the second division of the lake. The German shore is on our right, and the Swiss town of Gottlieben on our



THE UNTERSEE, FROM ARENENBERG.

left. Helvetia and Germania seem for a short time to have changed places, Constance has crossed over to the Swiss bank on the left, while Schaffhausen, both town and canton, are on the right.

But for the danger of getting the rheumatism by remaining too long upon the lake, the traveller might profitably spend more time in exploring the Untersee and the Ueberlingensee. The name of Untersee is given to the wonderful expanse of water between Constance and Stein, but it is also called Zellersee from the charming town of Radolfzell on its northern bank. It can hardly be said to

have a right to the name of Bodensee; but at least it is the lovely daughter of a lovely mother—

“And many a fair and lovely pearl within its depths doth rest;”

the most beautiful of them all being the island-garden of Reichenau. But Reichenau belongs to Baden, and we are not to go beyond Switzerland. Here, too, nature has been lavish of her charms, and the left bank of the Untersee is adorned with villages, castles, and villas, some picturesque, some celebrated, which, with a background of wooded hills, combine to form such a landscape as cannot fail to excite our liveliest admiration.

Close by is Gottlieben, already mentioned, an ancient castle built and fortified by the Bishops



WAREHOUSE IN STECKBORN.

of Constance as a place of refuge in time of need. Its foundations are still strong enough to resist the raging fury of the Rhine, which has made some encroachments along the shore. In the same year, and in the same month of the year, a pope and a heretic were confined in this castle. The pope was John XXIII., and the heretic was John Huss. Altogether there is a good deal of church history connected with this neighbourhood, and almost all the villages round once belonged to church dignitaries. Ermatingen, for instance, a royal estate some little way farther on, was given to the Abbot of Reichenau by Charles Martel with as little ceremony as if it had been an apple.

The whole shore of the lake was once occupied by lacustrine habitations built upon piles, and the bed of the Untersee has already yielded some remarkable information; but the peasants of the

neighbourhood have more to say about the wonderful events connected with some of the châteaux which lie surrounded by gardens and park-like grounds.

Pre-eminent among them all is beautiful Arenenberg, where once dwelt a youth who sat and dreamed of an empire, much as Konradin had done before him at Arbon. The star of the Imperial house had set, and Hortense, the ex-queen of Holland, waited here with her son in the hope of its rising again. She did not herself live to see it, but her son, Prince Louis, president of the Thurgau Rifle Club, after a while deserted his safe cyrie "because his time was come," and went to Paris, where he hid his melancholy past beneath the folds of the imperial mantle.

Once more the star has set, and once again an imperial widow waits here with her son, and watches impatiently for the dawn. Very different stories these from those of the lake-dwellers!

And yet the beauty of the landscape would seem to be too soft to suggest ideas of conquest or deeds of violence. The view from Arenenberg of the Untersee and the glorious island of Reichenau is like some lovely poem. The island rises but a little way out of the blue waters, which placidly reflect its châteaux, convents, tiny villages, woods, fields, orchards, vine-clad hills and pastures. Near Arenenberg also lies the kindred château of Eugensberg, whose name reminds us of its founder, the Duke of Leuchtenberg; and farther on lie the bold-looking Salenstein, Sandegg, Hard, and Wolfsberg, all of which are pleasantly adapted for the enjoyment of quiet and repose:

"No sound is heard of sword or shield."

Light and air, tree, coast, and water have combined to produce such a landscape as may well make every one long to build his cottage or his château here, as the case may be. What perfect bliss it is merely to float along in one's canoe!

"Mortal man can never give us—
Even love cannot bestow it—
Such a life, so warm with sunshine,
As unto our soul here speaketh
Only let our boat float onwards
'Mid the beauty all around us!
The Great Architect has surely
Ne'er created spot more lovely!"

SCHIEFFEL.

Ancient history, church history, and modern history repeat themselves all along the coast like the refrain of some song. We have now reached Steckborn, which, like the rest, has had its lacustrine habitations and its lordly abbots with whom it fought and struggled; and now, like its neighbours, it joins in the general march forward. It was formerly called Steckbären, and still boasts the "tower" belonging to the time when the abbots before mentioned girded on their swords over their stoles and were quite capable of therewith collecting and defending their *jura stolar*. The tower is now used for a general warehouse.

As our little vessel glides down the lovely Rhine, whether we look to the Swiss or to the Swabian side, our attention is constantly arrested by fresh picturesque views, and by the "castles on the mountains," of which there is a grand series between Gaienhofen and Oberstaad on the one hand, and Glarisegg and Freudenfels on the other. The excursion down the river and through the Untersee to Stein and thence to Schaffhausen, is unquestionably one of the most beautiful which North Switzerland

affords. The artist will find an abundant supply of dainty subjects for his pencil, all compressed within a small space, and it is to be regretted that the district should so generally escape the notice of tourists. But, little known as it is, and unfamiliar as most of the names are to the ear, every one has at least heard of old "Stein am Rhein." A picturesque old nook it is, with much to remind us of the Middle Ages, in its solemn, ancient houses, with their broad gables, weather-beaten coats-of-arms, snug oriel-windows, and walls covered with faded frescoes and long-forgotten names, and in the



STEIN ON THE RHINE.

groining of the old roof of the court-house, which was once the guildhall, "Zum Klee." To complete the picture, the rocky height at the back of the town is crowned by an old ruined castle belonging to the Von Hohenklingen, which looks far and wide over lake, shore, and river, as if it were a mounted sentinel.

Small as it is, Stein has a long history, beginning with the Romans, who had a camp on the little Rhenish island of Werd or Wörd, from which there is said to have been a bridge to the shore

of the Alemanni. Traces of this bridge are, it is said, still to be seen in the bed of the Rhine at low water. Burg, on the left bank of the river, a suburb of Stein, with which it is connected by a bridge, was anciently called Gaunodurum, and was in existence before the Romans came to the spot. In the Middle Ages, Stein was turned into a sort of stronghold by the dukes of Swabia, and the convent of Hohentwiel was removed thither from Singen.

It is interesting to observe how the most remote places are affected by the course of the world's history; how the foam from the surge of great public events gets hurled into the most secluded valleys, and flakes of it even touch the recluses who dwell among the mountains. The little town of Stein has had full experience of this. The Thirty Years' War sent one wave over it; for the Swedish General Horn passed through and laid it waste, on his way to the siege of Constance; and another similar wave rolled over it at the close of the last century, when the Austrians committed equal havoc, firing, burning, and plundering, as they passed by on their way into Switzerland. After this Stein was given to Schaffhausen, having previously belonged to Zürich, with which canton it had had some dispute on the subject of recruiting for foreign armies, which it had unlawfully sanctioned; and, in fact, with Stein we have reached the canton of Schaffhausen, which lies almost entirely on the right bank of the Rhine. Its friendly neighbour, Baden, encircles it on three sides, and Thurgau and Zürich join it on the south. Switzerland does not always look like Switzerland, at least not like what the generality of tourists

imagine it to be, and there is little that is Swiss about the scenery of Schaffhausen. There are no striking or romantic features in the landscape throughout the whole of the canton, which presents a very matter-of-fact aspect to the eye. The population, however, is extremely active and industrious, and quite independent of all foreign assistance, for the products of their own soil are amply sufficient



TOWER IN SCHAFFHAUSEN.

for all their bodily wants. The arms of Schaffhausen are a black ram on a field of gold, and aptly symbolise both its strength and wealth. The Reformation found a ready entrance here, and the flag of liberty waved from every tower. The Randen and Reiat, northern offshoots of the Swiss Jura, subside in the canton of Schaffhausen; but the Jura of Schaffhausen form many valleys, such as Klettgau, or "Chläggi," as the peasants call it, which is covered with vines and fruit-trees; and Neunkirch and Hallau, at the foot of the Ober- and Unterberg; the Hemmen, or Hauenthal; and the valley of Merishausen, in which lies the little village of Barga, Switzerland's northernmost outpost.

Formerly there was nothing to be heard in this canton but the lowing and bleating of cattle and sheep, the ring of scythe and sickle and the pressing of the wine in autumn; no banners were to be seen but those flung out by the blossoming fruit-trees. But now, the sober, smoky flag of industry floats over the roofs of factories, where steam and water are hard at work driving wheels; the rattle of engines is everywhere to be heard, and, within the last quarter of a century, Schaffhausen has begun to be a busy, flourishing town. Besides this, the famous juice of the grape, which has such a good name throughout Switzerland, still flows as of old, and those who have tasted it at the fountain-head will say that "Schaffhuser," Thaynger, and Hallauer are very fine fellows. "Don't forget the Kirschwasser," add those who understand more potent beverages.

There is something indescribable about the good town of Schaffhausen; it is like some grave, able, yet jovial man, who prides himself in a dignified sort of way on his family-tree and on the punctual discharge of his duty as a citizen. With all this there is moreover a certain mediæval rudeness and roughness about it; and any one who looks up from the steamer at the pyramid of grey walls, roofs, and pointed gables which culminate in the old tower, or wanders through the lonely streets and alleys in the dim twilight, gazing at the projecting oriels, will be inclined to think he has stepped backwards a few centuries into the Middle Ages. Wandering over the uneven pavement of the old imperial city, he will muse in a dreamy sort of way on the—

"Sober men, black-cloaked, white-ruffed, wearing chains of honour,
With long swords girt at their sides, and visages long in proportion—
Maidens in rustling silk, slim figures, their blossom-like faces
Set in a modest frame of small black cap and gold tresses,
Which escape from beneath—cathedralwards they are tripping,
Urged thereto by the bells and swelling tones of the organ."

There are two old churches belonging to the twelfth century in Schaffhausen—namely, the venerable old Minster and the Church of St. John, which have for centuries past been the burying-places of the patrician families of the town. Many of them, such as the Stockars, Mandachs, Meyenburgs, Imthurns, Peyer, &c., are still flourishing, and their arms are to be seen on many an ancient house, while their family history is bound up with that of Schaffhausen, and is contained in its interesting chronicles.

Schiffhausen (Skiff-houses), or Scaphusae, as it was formerly called, was founded by boat-men; but its importance was greatly increased by the monks of All Saints, a monastery built by the pious Count Eberhart von Nellenburg in 1052. Towards the end of the thirteenth century it fought for and obtained the rank of a free Imperial city. Then the Hapsburgs tossed it about among them; and then—ay! who can tell all the many feuds which followed? The watchmen never left the ramparts, and the warders in the gloomily defiant stronghold of Unoth had something fresh to report every day.

17



But the city survived it all; and not only survived, but rose to greater and greater eminence, and her honest sons have always shown themselves most devoted and disinterested in their endeavour to do her honour.

The noblest of her sons was Johannes von Muller; but the most original was the famous preacher



A STREET IN SCHAFFHAUSEN.

Geiler von Kaisersberg, who was born here in 1445. Johannes von Muller attended the Gymnasium in 1760, when he was a boy of seven years old, and passed thence to the *Collegium Humanitatis*. He bequeathed his fame to his native city; and to his native land he gave his splendid "History of Switzerland."

He may indeed be called the father of Swiss history. Müller's writings seem to reflect some of the peculiarities of Schaffhausen itself, and throughout he has remained faithful to the dialect of his native place.

But all the summer travellers who come to Schaffhausen nowadays want to see the water-fall, the largest if not the highest in Europe. They will look for it in vain at Schaffhausen, however.

The Rhine begins to be troubled as soon as it has passed the town, it seems to have some foreboding of its fate, and to shudder as it rushes over its uneven bed between the steep rocks; but for all that you must go as far as Neuhausen, about three miles farther down, before you come to the falls. Those



COSTUME IN THE CANTON OF SCHAFFHAUSEN.

who wish to enjoy the sight under the most comfortable circumstances possible, may find quarters in the elegant "Schweizerhof" Hotel, opposite the Castle of Laufen. This may be called having a place in the front row of the great theatre; and none but grandes can afford to taste the pleasures of nature with the accompaniment of morning and afternoon coffee on the shady terrace of the hotel. Here, on making special request, nervous people may also be supplied with whey to fortify them for the presence of the great giant who agitates the air like a huge fan. "Ah's!" and "Oh's!" are to be heard on all sides and in all languages. Old Thunderer! don't be angry. No doubt you have had a great deal to put up with from enthusiastic goose-quills and ecstatic pencils, which have tried to transfer you to paper and canvas, but you are still the same mighty Titan as of old. Old Thunderer! you have nothing to fear from me, I am not going to sully your shining foam with ink, or gaze upon your mysteries with the eyes of a reporter. In your

presence I close my note-book, and will do no more than greet you in the name of your sublime brother at Terni; * whatever else I say shall be in the words of the poet:—

"Keep, O traveller! a firm and powerful hand on thy heart now:
 Mine well-nigh slipped from my hold as I stood here trembling with rapture.
 Mass upon mass is hurled with ceaseless roar as of thunder,
 Till both the ear and the eye are deafened and dazed by the tumult;
 And, should a giant be cast upon yonder rock out of Heaven,
 Truly he would not hear his own cry of rage and of fury!
 Steeds of the gods they are, in headlong career rushing downwards—
 One o'er the other they dash, and scatter their silver manes round them."

Yes, they are very beautiful verses, but what do even they express? and what idea is conveyed even

* Fall of Velino.

FALLS OF THE BRIDGE AT FALLS OF THE BRIDGE

by the description of a Heinse, when his pen is bristling with enthusiasm?—"It is as though a world of waters were rolling away into an abyss beyond the reach of the laws of nature. The arch of foaming waters trembles, and across the boiling cataract hangs a glowing rainbow, looking like some spirit of wrath; but no effort of memory, no flight of fancy, however bold, can convey the impression produced by the actual reality. Nature here displays herself in all her grandeur. Her omnipotent strength urges the seething flood downwards with the noise of thunder, and makes the vast mass of waters move with the speed of lightning. No human mind can conceive of strength more mighty or energy more tremendous than that which is here to be seen."

And so it goes on for pages! but the truth is that "great men and grand objects are less calculated than people think to awaken grand thoughts; and, when once the facts respecting them have been stated, you will only weaken the impression by anything more you may add." Accordingly we will slink away and say with Faust:—

"Ah! the vision was so stupendous
That I felt like nothing but a worm!"

But before we go, we must cross over to the lovely little Castle of Laufen, which is situated upon a pleasant, shrub-covered height, and looks like a haven of refuge raised on high beyond the reach of the powers of desolation and destruction. Below the castle there are two places, whence, for a trifling payment, you may see the lion rage; and, though separated from him by bars, you may be so close to him as to be wetted by the spray. And then—"Oh! have you seen the Falls through coloured glass? No? Oh! then you must! it is perfectly lovely." *

Yes, indeed, it must be beautiful; but may I ask, have you ever dived into its mysteries by the light of a full moon? But stay, we will not begin to dream, for we have had a much more practical example set us by the honest man who wrote the following classical verse in the Album of the Falls of the Rhine:—

"As I stood just now by the Falls of the Rhine,
I was suddenly seized with a fancy divine,
I thought to myself—'If these Falls of the Rhine
Instead of water were all of wine,
I should certainly choose them for Falls of mine!'"

In which case we too would fill the largest goblet to be found in the Rathhaus of Schaffhausen, and would drink an old-fashioned German toast to the enchanted land of the Bodensee, which lies between Rheineck and Schaffhausen.





THE REALM OF THE SÄNTIS.

“O Sântis! thou dost rightly wear the crown,
For seven princes stand about thy throne,
And boundless is that merry realm of thine
E’en Tyrol flashes icy greeting back,
In token of allegiance—Yea, what court
Can bear the least comparison with thine,
My proud and hoary monarch of the Alps!”

A. V. DROSTE-SÜSSHOFF.

“In the midst of the village of Appenzell
There stands a green linden-tree”

AND under the green lime-tree sit fresh-coloured, well-knit lads, and neat maidens in snow-white sleeves, decked with gay kerchiefs and ribbons. How they laugh in the summer sunshine! As for the boys they are perfectly wild, and sing their lusty songs at the top of their voices, making the air ring again.

The old men, who are mostly thin and sunburnt, stand leaning against the bean-covered garden-fence, puffing away at their short wooden pipes, and sending the smoke of their strong tobacco into the fresh, hay-scented air. The married women sit at the oriel windows, with glittering necklaces round their throats and red silk hoods on their heads, either looking out over their bouquet of Sunday flowers, or else gossiping busily, in their broad, kindly patois, with any of the companions of their week’s toil who may happen to be passing.

Shrieking swallows are sailing about the dark-brown wooden roofs; and from the soft green meadows which rise behind the houses, are to be heard the merry shouts of the young people, the bleating of the goats, and, farther off, the rumble of carriages full of tourists or visitors, who are coming to undergo the whey cure.

St. Gall presents a different scene at this same hour. Here the well-dressed fashionable citizens are either walking or driving comfortably out of all the gates of the town on their way to the Freudenberg, to



ING BANADU

WOMEN OF APENZELI.

Bernegg, Frohlichsegg, and Vöglisegg, to enjoy their Sunday view of the green realm of the Santis, which extends as far down as the Glärnisch. The factory chimneys stare smokeless into the air, as if they were astonished at themselves; and the long rows of windows in the mills where cotton is spun and muslin woven look at the Sunday sky as if they found the time tedious. Nothing is to be heard but the incessant



THE SANTIS.

whistle of the railway engine, and the sound of the hotel omnibus as it rattles noisily over the pavement, for the town is taking its ease like a comfortable citizen.

Each of these two principal places may be taken as fairly characteristic of the respective cantons of Appenzell and St. Gall.

St. Gall encloses the little district of Appenzell as the nut-shell encloses the kernel ; and, on looking at it in the map, one is disposed to think Appenzell must be something very special to be so carefully guarded. But those who expect to carry out the comparison of the nut and the shell will find themselves mistaken ; unless, indeed, they be thinking of a silver nut in a golden shell, then they will be right enough.

The two neighbours indeed sometimes have a friendly argument as to which is nut and which shell ; and in that case the Appenzeller, who is famed for his witty sayings, has the laugh on his own side. "Come now," says he to the native of St. Gall, who is reproaching him with the insignificance and worthlessness of his canton, "Come now, St. Gall is the apple and Appenzell's the core, isn't it ? But if the core is rotten, how long will the apple last ?" But the air is so pure that neither "Bitzgi" nor "Epfel," neither core nor apple, have ever turned rotten, and it hangs fresh and juicy on the tree of the Confederacy, looking like fruit of golden promise. Appenzell deserves to be compared, not with the core, but rather with a certain jewel, concerning which there is the following tradition :—A shepherd of Brullisau, near Appenzell, had gone with his flocks to the Brulltobel, one of the most bleak and desolate upland valleys of this little mountain-district. In the night he saw something in the stream which shone brightly. It grew larger and larger until it illuminated the whole spot. But he was afraid ; and, when he went to the place at daybreak, he could not find the precious stone, for which he ever afterwards sought in vain. But the beautiful, gleaming gem has been found, and the little canton of Appenzell is itself the sapphire, and St. Gall is the golden setting which holds it fast,

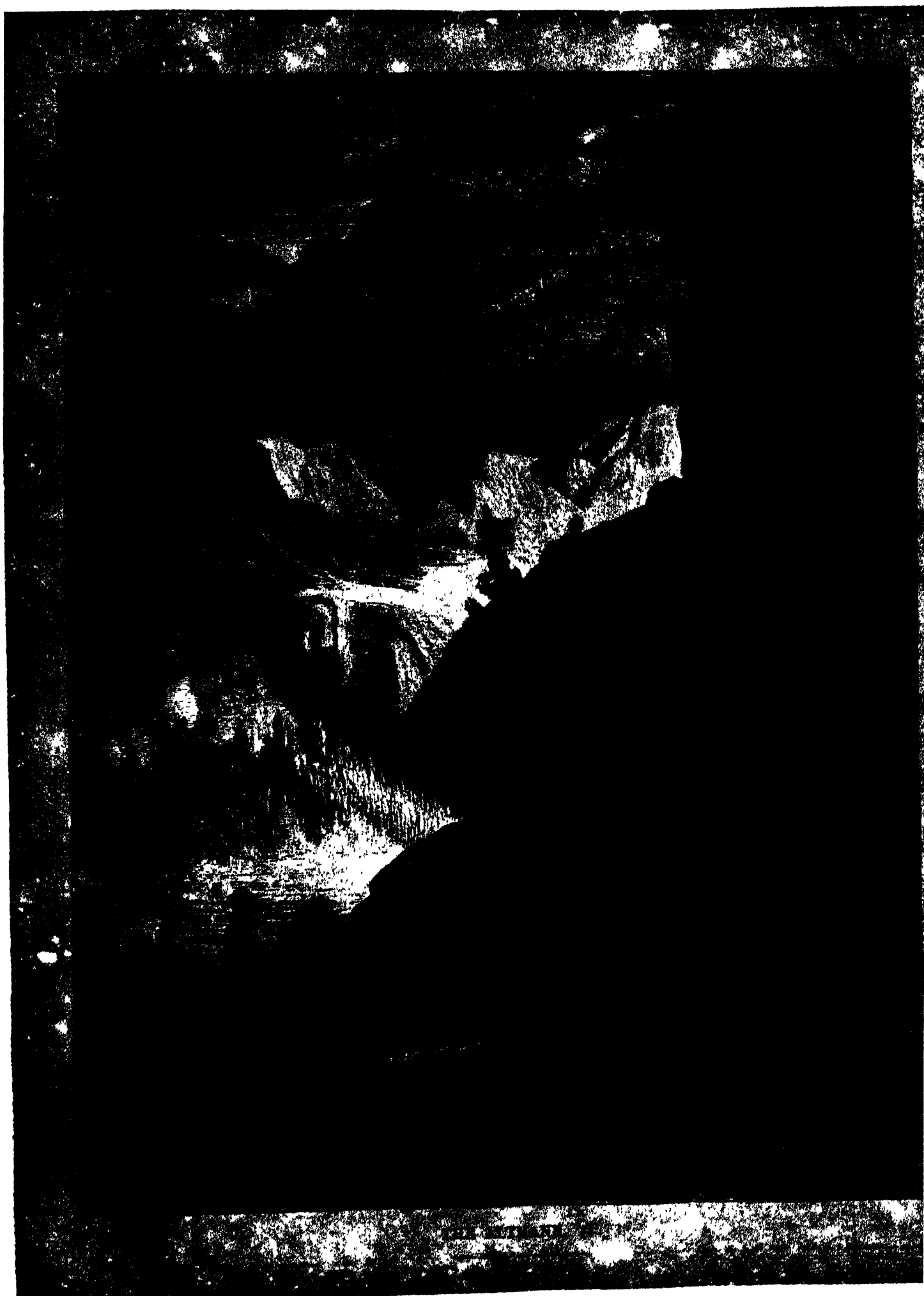
"As the ring its diamond."

Thur, Sitter and Rhein may be said to be the encircling ring, and the most prominent point of the stone is the lofty Santis.

It shines out over the whole surrounding country, and can be seen by the Germans on the other side of Lake Constance and by the Tyrolese in the Vorarlberg. It is like some knight of the olden time, or a patriarchal shepherd-king, looking down with calm dignity from his lofty throne upon the meadows which unroll their bright green carpet at his feet. The service of his court is performed by the shepherds who feed their flocks on the mountains, and by the peasants who occupy the pleasant cottages in the neighbouring valleys and spend their days in laborious toil. He gazes contentedly northwards, where the land slopes down to the blue Bodensee ; and he looks over his shoulder to the south, where his standard-bearers, the seven Churfirsten, raise their heads on the northern shore of the Walensee (Lake of Wallenstadt). All the many places he counts within his dominions, such as Trogen, Herisau, Appenzell, Gonten, St. Gall, Werdenberg, Sargans, and the rest, are just so many busy centres of industry. But where people are industrious, they are pretty sure to be peaceful and light-hearted ; and accordingly wherever we look, the whole land seems to be so full of mirth that it cannot help smiling. There is a cheerful look about the flower-trimmed windows of the neat little towns and villages ; the women and girls sing over their work and as they stand at their doors ; and the brisk, sturdy shepherds make the valleys ring with their joyous shouts, as they ascend the mountains.

The whole landscape of Appenzell and St. Gall looks as if it would fain open its mouth and utter a kindly "God bless you !"—to which our hearts warmly respond, "May He watch over thee, beloved land !"

Before the formation of the Alps, the country hereabouts was a broad plain ; but when they arose, pressing and forcing their way into the land, a royal edifice sprang up, with pillars of colossal size. Yet



COLABORA

side by side with this still flourishes the more modest hill-country round about the Sântis. The Sântis has no geological connection with the Alps, inasmuch as it belongs to the Chalk formation, which in ancient days extended over the whole plain. When the pressure from the south came, these strata were folded and bent upwards and forced higher and higher until they became colossal arches, many thousand feet in height. As the pressure continued, the sides of the arches drew closer together until at last they touched; and when the strain became too great the arches cracked, and the movement of the whole mass ceased. Traces of this violent pressure are, however, clearly visible in the jagged appearance presented by the summit of the mountains. The several ranges of the Sântis stand one behind the other, looking like the waves of a lake which are being driven along by the Föhn. Three of them are clearly distinguishable. They run from south-west to north-east and are defined by two valley-like depressions, the Secalp on the one side, and the Fahlen and Santiser pastures on the other. The most prominent peaks beside the Sântis, which is some seven thousand seven hundred feet high, are the Gyrenspitz, the rugged Altmann, the Schafberg, and the much-frequented Kamor and Hohe Kasten. The most northerly chain ends in the delightful Alpine pasture of the Ebenalp. Wherever the force exerted was insufficient to produce such considerable elevations as these, it raised hills larger or smaller, and the whole district abounds with them accordingly; in fact, we may apply to this locality in general the description usually given of Inner-Rhoden alone, namely, that there is not a place where you can set down a bowl of milk without its running over on one side or the other.

The whole face of the country presents a most diversified appearance. The rounded dome-like height is followed closely by a hollow ravine; furrows and ridges are studded with peaks and inequalities, and yet it looks as though the sculptor had no sooner finished his work than he dashed it to pieces again. Numerous brooks and streamlets trickle thread-like through the many cracks in the limestone and reappear lower down forming through stony gulleys and ditch-like channels.

The whole country between the Lakes of Zürich, Wallenstadt, and Constance is remarkably fertile, and the fertility extends to the cantons of Appenzell and St. Gall, especially to the hilly district in the northern half, while the southern portion is more mountainous in character.

The canton of St. Gall seems to have been formed in much the same way as the conglomerate which we call 'pudding-stone,' and the Swiss 'Nagelfluh,' which is composed of rounded pebbles of various colours firmly cemented together. Just so St. Gall grew up by degrees out of the ruins of various small principalities which lay within its territory and had been shivered to pieces by the dire effects of revolution. It was much hindered in bringing matters to a final settlement by its many neighbours, *i.e.*, Thurgau, Germany on the other side of the Bodensee, Austria and Liechtenstein, the Grisons, Uri, Schwyz and Zürich. Moreover, its little dominions were shared by various lords, spiritual and temporal, bishops, counts, and princes, as the fifteen districts into which it is divided at the present day testify; and when we hear the names of Sargans, Werdenberg, Rheinthal, Ober-, Neu-, and Alt-Toggenburg, we know how much red blood it cost to cement the various fragments of the pudding-stone into one homogeneous whole.

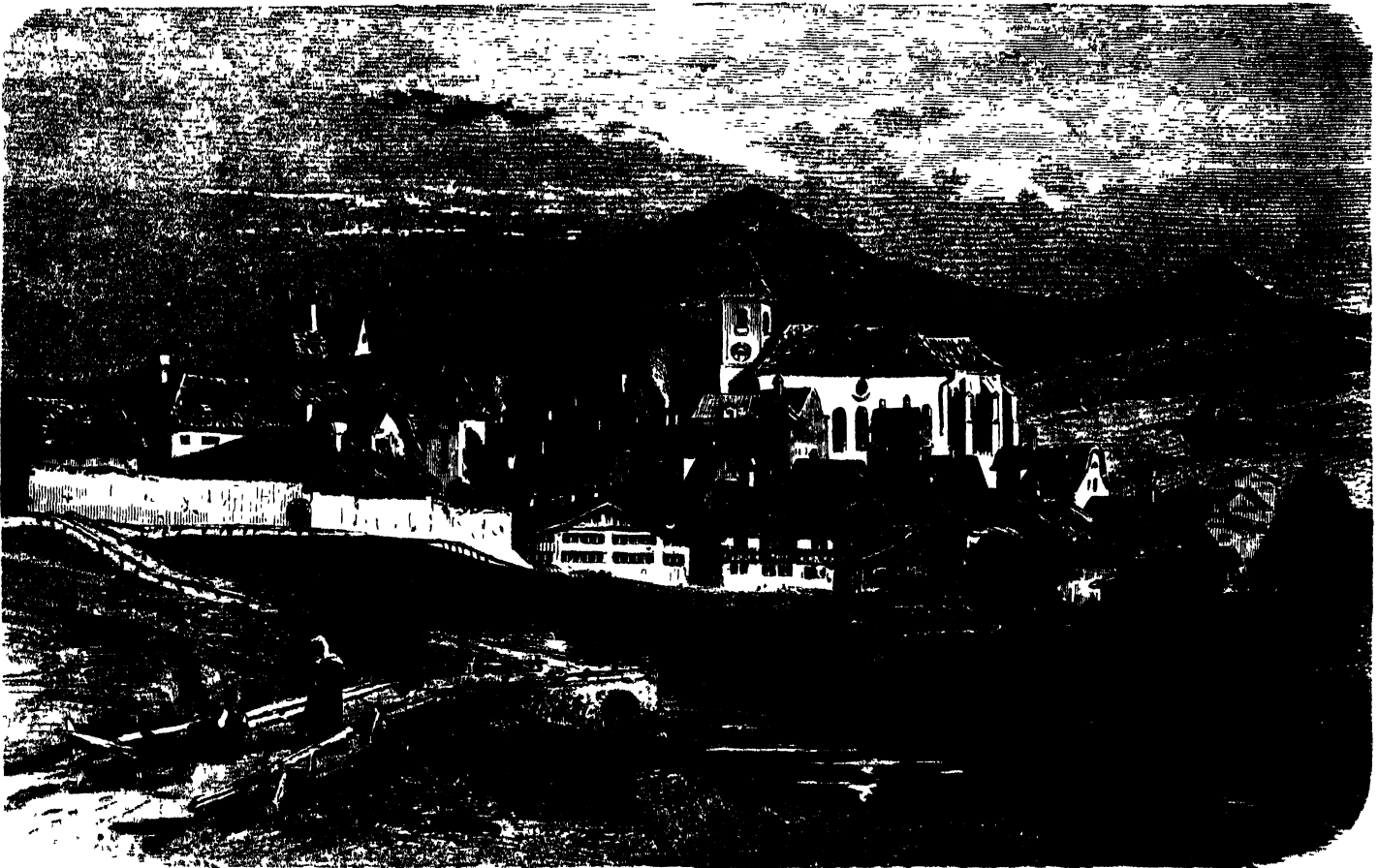
For, although these small populations lived so close to one another, there was as much difference between their manners, customs, laws, and dialects as there is between chalk and granite,—a difference which has not yet been altogether effaced, in spite of their many years of common history.

The Werdenberger is quite unlike the inhabitant of the valley of the Rhine, and there is a marked

distinction between the Wangserberger and the Gasterländer, and between him and a citizen of St. Gall, and so on.

The largest pebble in the conglomerate is the little land of Appenzell, but even this is divided into two parts, Outer-Rhoden and Inner-Rhoden, which are as clearly distinguished one from the other as if they were marked white and black. Whatever may be the case with the rest, these two are only in the course of amalgamation, and have a good many angles yet to rub off as regards their social, religious, and political relations.

The shield of St. Gall displays the Roman fasces on a green field; and, just as the bundle of sticks cannot be broken, so the various elements of which the canton is composed have long since laid to heart the



APPENZELL.

proverb which says: "Concordia parvæ res crescunt!" And the bear in the arms of Appenzell points to the unbroken vigour with which this is to be accomplished.

Truly there is no lack of vigour or love of labour either in St. Gall or Appenzell, and both alike take part in the pastoral pursuits which are carried on upon the green mountain-slopes, and in the silk-weaving, embroidery, and linen and cotton manufactures which employ the inhabitants of the valleys: in fact, trade is in a most flourishing condition. There is nothing to enervate the people in the climate, and nature renders them all the assistance in her power by giving them a good supply of water. The rivers Sitter and Saar, Seetz and Linth, Tamina and Thur, Glatt, Neckar and Steinach, all flow through their territory, which includes the Lake of Wallenstadt and is bordered by the Bodensee and Lake of Zürich.

"The inhabitants of this land," as an ancient little book says,* "are rough but upright, daring and dauntless whenever danger threatens their fatherland, as is sufficiently testified by the long war they have carried on, and by their heroic deeds. They maintain themselves by weaving linen, and grow rich on the produce of their cows and goats."

A more severe judgment than this had been passed upon them previously by the holy Notker, who lived about A.D. 900. The land did not please him at all, and when on one occasion the Abbot of Reichenau asked him what he thought of St. Gall, he answered, "*Dura viris et dura fide, durissima gleba*" (the people are coarse, their faith is rude, and the soil very hard).

The person who reports these words adds apologetically, "This may be a natural result of the mountain



THE OLD PARSONAGE AT ST. PILTERSZELL.

air; for, as it gives greater strength to all sorts of plants and animals, that is, more astringent juices and stronger fibres, its effect upon human beings must be of a similar character, and in proportion as it invigorates them it must make them less pliant and less susceptible of cultivation."

In those days the whole country was a desert or covered with primeval forest, where foxes and owls barked and hooted at one another.

The shepherds attached to the monastery of St. Gall, who wandered about this neighbourhood, and are described as such particularly fine, grand-looking men, with beards down to their waists, that strangers often took them for noblemen, were obliged to understand not only their pastoral duties, but also the use of

* *Germano-Helveto-Sparta*, by Joh. Caspar Stenern, 1684

spear and sling, and had to be constantly on the *qui vive* lest they might receive a visit from some of the bears and wolves, great numbers of which still haunted the forests on the right bank of the Sitter. The pastures were chiefly in the neighbourhood of what we now call Appenzell, Urnäsch, and Hundwyl.

In those times people used to call places that were just springing up by the names of their primitive inhabitants, who were even ruder than the populations described by Notker. This was the origin of Barnegg (Bears' nook), Barenbach, Bärenalp, Barenthal, Barloch, Bärenmoos, Hirschberg, Wolfhalden, Rehtobel—places which still remind us of the old savage state of things.

It is all very different at the present day, for there is very little game throughout the district. There are a few chamois, the number of which is accurately known; about a dozen deer; hares, foxes, and the usual birds which frequent the Alps. The latter, however, are becoming as scarce as the foxes and marmots.

When St. Gall journeyed through the great forest of Arbon and into the mountains in search of a spot where he might live in quiet retirement, he was accompanied by one of Willimar's deacons. This man, besides being a deacon, was a mighty hunter and was well acquainted not only with the paths through the forest, but with the haunts of the wild animals. St. Gall's choice fell upon a spot in an upland valley where the little river Steinach flows over the rocks; but of this the deacon did not at all approve. He saw that the holy man in his defenceless state would be exposed to great danger from the bears and wolves; and perhaps he had learnt by experience that these creatures have no respect either for the cross or the religious habit. He spoke seriously to his master accordingly, but the latter had no fears. Putting his whole trust in God, he immediately consecrated the place and erected a cross of hazel-wood.

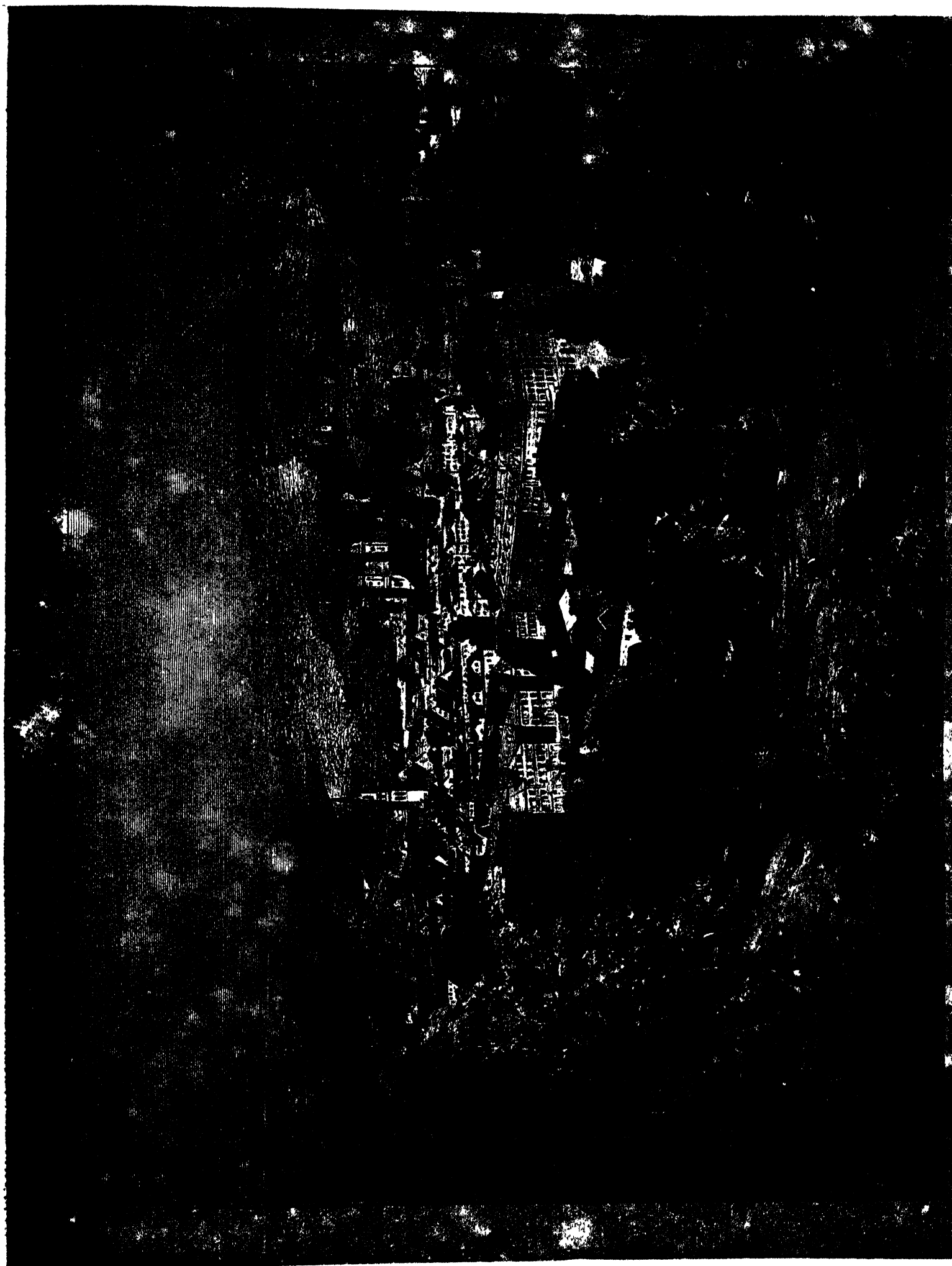
To be sure a bear paid him a friendly visit the very first evening, but this did not disturb him. With the greatest naïveté he offered the animal a share of his supper, and then Bruin trotted quietly back to the green shades of the wood.

With the assistance of only two disciples, Mang and Theodor, the saint now set to work with axe and spade to clear the ground and build himself a meagre log-hut and a little wooden chapel on the very same spot where the abbey church now stands.

The small seed grew and increased. The king's chamberlain, who was attached to him, soon made St. Gall a present of the land upon which he had hitherto sojourned only as a foreigner and visitor. The Bishop of Constance and the criminal judge of Arbon supplied him with woodcutters and agricultural labourers. The number of his disciples increased to twelve, and by degrees a busy little settlement gathered round the solitary log-hut. The adjoining land soon came under cultivation, and a narrow road was made through the wood to Arbon. But the main object of the mission, that of rooting out the belief in the old German and Roman gods, was vigorously pursued at the same time. St. Gall instructed the wild people around him, but devoted yet more attention to the training of his disciples as teachers and preachers, in the hope that through them he might reap a more abundant harvest.

The untiring old man pursued his labours in this district for six-and-twenty years, and he was ninety-six years old when he died. His work, however, survived him. His grave in the lonely wood soon attracted people from far and near, for the old man was reputed to have worked miracles, and many valuable bequests were made to St. Gall. It did not, however, attain to much importance during the first century.

Before long the convent enjoyed the favour of the great. Pepin endowed it handsomely, and secured



all sorts of privileges to it, especially the power of choosing its own abbot. Estates were bestowed upon it in Alsace, Breisgau, at Basel-Augst, in Swabia, Thurgau, and particularly on the shores of Lake Zurich; and others it acquired for itself by purchase.

In those days of brawling and robbery, however, no property could be considered safe, and the evil, daring, and envious men who lived near the monastery had no scruple in plundering it of its possessions. Still, all and more than all it had lost came back to it; and, as its riches increased, the monks, being thoroughly well versed in the arts of building and decoration, began to think of replacing the church and convent by buildings more worthy of the purposes to which they were dedicated. Step by step St. Gall reached the highest pitch of prosperity, and became distinguished for its enormous wealth, part of which accrued to it from its estates, but the greater part of which was gained by the cultivation of letters.

Grimald the Chancellor, who was made Abbot of St. Gall by Ludwig the German, laid the foundation of the great reputation the monastery afterwards gained for learning. In those days, Otfried von Weissenburg, Rabanus Maurus, and Walafried composed their works and dedicated them to Grimald; and, when Charles the Fat was emperor, there was a great burst of intellectual activity among the monks. The library contained a valuable store of literary treasures which were constantly being added to. The emperor and empress were supplied with what books they needed from thence, and were often glad to correspond or converse with the learned monks, of whom we might give a long list. There were Marzell, Iso, Werinbert, Richbert, but above all the noble Notker, Rapert, Tutilo, Salomon and Hartman, followed in later times by Waning, Gerolt, and the four Ekehard, among whom Ekehard II., called Palatinus, the countier, was especially conspicuous. This latter it was who gave lessons in Latin to the learned Hadwiga, the wife of Duke Burkard of Swabia, and explained Virgil to her. A thousand years have come and gone since then, and yet these names are still distinguished in the learned world, while the works their owners have left behind them are preserved in the present Convent library, and are reckoned among the greatest treasures contained within the walls of St. Gall. The library grew out of the record-chamber, established by Abbot Gotzbert in 843, and still contains about fifteen hundred old documents and writings. Many of these bear witness to the great learning of their authors; as, for instance, Salomon's "Encyclopadia," Germany's oldest lexicon, which consists of 1070 pages, and is entitled "Vocabularium Salomonis." Others again show enormous industry and the highest proficiency in the art of caligraphy; and among those we may mention the works of Sintram and Folkart—that Sintram, concerning whose superexcellent handwriting Ekehard reports: "Omnis orbis cisalpinus Sintrammi digitos miratur."

The convent-school became a first-class university in the ninth and tenth centuries; it was even considered one of the most distinguished in Europe, and numbered among its students many members of the highest nobility.

But then troublous times began. The Huns overran the country, and even the abbots were obliged to wield the sword and to wear iron casques beneath their hairy cowls. Pens were accordingly thrown on one side.

People in Germany were founding towns and building walls, and St. Gall followed their example. It too was declared to be a town, and in 953 Abbot Anno began to build a strong wall with thirteen towers. In the evil times which followed the land was well-nigh turned into a wilderness again. The Huns were succeeded by the Saracens; and after war came fire, dearth, lawlessness, and want, which reached such a

height that the abbey was often in a state of famine. The ink of the learned dried in the inkstand and blood flowed in its stead.

Under the rule of the foreign Abbot Nortbert the kingdom began to be divided against itself, and to indulge in private wars. The monks quarrelled with the Bishop of Constance, and burnt, plundered, murdered, and laid waste the fields to their hearts' content. They revelled and caroused in the refectories, and, in short, the beautiful blossom had brought forth corrupt fruit. All learning was at an end, and it was all the abbot could do to provide a teacher for the necessary instruction of the young.

It was at this time that Appenzell sprang up. In a deep valley among the mountains, where three streams rush forth from three valleys deeply furrowed in the rugged sides of the Säntis, Abbot Nortbert founded a church on a spot of ground which had only recently been cleared. There may very likely have been a chapel previously for the use and benefit of the shepherds and others belonging to the monastery who might have business here; and very probably, too, it may already have been known by the name of "Abtes Zelle" (*abbatis cella*, abbot's cell), but there is no mention of it until now. The ecclesiastic who was placed here received the tithes of the district between the Hirschberg, Meglisalp, Bärenthal, Kronberg, Buchenbach, and Rothbach.

Another "Zelle" also took its rise about the same date, namely, Peterzell. It lies in a deep valley not far from the source of the Neckar, and owes its origin to the Abbey of St. Gall, and its endowment to the lords of Rorschach and the counts of Toggenburg. It is chiefly noticeable for the old buildings once occupied by the Capitular of St. Gall, which are now used as a parsonage. In the other parsonage lives the pastor of the Reformed Church, for half the community are Romanists, the other half Protestants.

As the convent decayed the prosperity of the town increased; and as the monks degenerated the citizens became more powerful. Many of the latter indeed were in the service of the abbots and held fiefs of them; but those who preferred to be independent were also tolerably well-to-do, thanks to their various trades and crafts. We have now reached the close of the thirteenth century, when the light of freedom was beginning to dawn upon the citizens, and many concessions were necessarily made to them in consequence. They were allowed, for one thing, the free control of their own houses, which was considered a great matter; and they were also permitted to elect their own councillors and to build them a town-hall of their own—*Domus supra Prætorium*. Merchants begin to settle in the place, others come to the market, and the linen trade begins. The meadows round the town serve as bleaching-grounds, and the slopes outside the walls look as if they were covered with snow. "This cheerful, fertile spot is," as we are informed, "peculiarly adapted for bleaching purposes, and the inhabitants supply Italy, Spain, France, and Germany with great quantities of linen." Nor were the citizens deficient in feeling, for the two hospitals existing in St. Gall at the time we are speaking of were both founded by well-disposed citizens. The people of St. Gall are evidently fond of their gardens now, and they were so then, for the whole town was surrounded by kitchen-gardens and orchards. A mill was built in the valley of the Steinach, and there was a small bathing place outside the little town.

The description given above affords a tolerably accurate picture of what the town was in the thirteenth century. Its prosperity was on the increase, as was also its longing to be freed from the restraint of the convent; and it was gathering strength to shake off the yoke.

In the year 1314 a conflagration destroyed almost all that man had laboured so industriously to build. The convent was burnt down, so were the numerous churches and chapels and the houses of the citizens,

only eight of which were left standing. For a time there was a doubt as to whether St. Gall should be rebuilt, and many of the citizens prepared to seek a home elsewhere.

From this time and for several centuries, the people, their country, and their history are all enveloped



MARKT-STREET IN ST. GALL.

in a thick cloud of smoke and vapour, from which issue sounds of confusion, the clash of arms and the cries of victor and vanquished. The veil becomes thicker and thicker, and much goes on beneath it which is hidden from our view.

And now, in this present century, let us lift it up !

Look ! look ! The summer sun is shining brightly, and there runs a railway-train with its panting engine, climbing up from Rorschach to the green, wooded mountains about Steinach. A bad bit of road that was to make, for there were so many old ravines and gullies to be crossed. But the higher the railway mounts, the more the prospect widens ; and the eager passengers cannot help being delighted as they gaze from the windows at the golden landscape, the well-cultivated fields, and the white country-houses which gleam out upon the slopes.

And the town yonder, see what a beautiful photograph it makes, with the sun shining upon it ! that

town is the St. Gall of the nineteenth century. There is a look of the utmost contentment, comfort, and prosperity on its countenance ; and it is evident at the first glance that the blood courses vigorously through its veins, and that its muscles have all the strength of ripe manhood. Such, in fact, is the case.

“St. Gall is putting on city airs and graces !” is the exclamation which rises involuntarily to the lips of the stranger as he passes through the grand west-end on his way from the railway station to the heart of the town. The confined and crowded quarter of the old monastic town, after having been inhabited for many a long year, was found altogether insufficient for the requirements of modern times, and has been supplemented accordingly by the massive and tasteful buildings which advance close up to the terminus. This new district lies on the north, and owes its existence to the flourishing state of the town’s trade, which is now of world-wide extent, and is still increasing ; as is also the population, which, from being eight thousand at the end of the last century, is now reckoned at nearly eighteen thousand.



COSTUME IN THE CANTON OF THURGAU.

In these modern times people do not care to hide behind walls and towers, or cling to an abbot’s robe, or nestle close to a monastery. Their motto is “Liberty, Space, and Light” for all ; and thus the hoary walls and towers have fallen, and the ditches have been filled up, and their place is occupied by cheerful summer-houses and rows of bright flowers, where the citizen takes his pleasure on holidays, and the children disport themselves in their play-hours. The green meadows slope down almost into the very streets ; or, perhaps, we should rather say that the town stretches up to them, reaching as far as Rosenberg on the west and Freudenberg on the east. The altered names of these two mountains show what progress

has been made; for in the Middle Ages they were called Waltramsberg and Notkerberg, after the governor and the monk. Here some of the neighbouring villages seem to advance half-way to meet the town and appear very much inclined to merge themselves in it. There is one great charm about some parts of St. Gall, namely, that it combines the advantages of town and country, just as in some others it combines the mediæval age with the modern. Wherever there is an opening between the houses, you have a view of green, velvety meadows and hilly pastures, crowned by dark woods; and there is quite a country freshness about the air in the suburbs of Bleichele, St. Jakob, and Speiser, where the neat little houses in the Teufene and Constanze Strasse have gardens filled with sweet-scented flowers in front and pleasure-grounds laid out with turf and plantations at the back.

A few steps lead us away from the modern buildings into the midst of the venerable old houses which date from the Middle Ages, with their projecting turrets, charming oriels and gables, oddly shaped doors and windows, and often very artistic iron scroll-work. What with these and the ancient statues and family arms, we shall find many a really beautiful old house to admire; and as for the artist, he must feel his heart swell within him. In the principal street, however, we again come upon a succession of large modern shops, which make a grand appearance too in their way.

Streets and houses are swarming with people, all of them as busy as bees; and if the old monks were still here, they would feel as if they were the drones in the hive. The buildings belonging to the monastery are now diverted to a different use, and the court of the abbot's palace is only a large open space. Adjoining this latter stands the cathedral, an imposing-



LACEMAKER OF THE CANTON ST. GALL

looking building, dating from the second half of the last century. It has two immense bell-towers, and belongs to the Roman Catholics, who form about a third part of the population. Close by stands what was once the monastery, which is now divided into the old and new palace. The old palace contains the grand old convent library already noticed as containing so many enviable treasures; the Roman Catholic school of the canton occupies another portion of the building, and the remainder serves as a residence for the Roman Catholic clergy and the bishop who was given them in 1847. The new palace affords accommodation to the various public offices connected with the government of the canton. The Protestants

possess four churches, St. Leonhard, Linsenbühl, St. Mangel, and St. Laurenz, the latter of which is a fine edifice in the Gothic style, and is built upon the venerable remains of the ancient church.

The most ancient part of St. Gall is to be found about the market-place and the old town-hall; and the market on a Saturday presents the busiest of scenes. Carts and waggons begin rattling over the pavement early in the morning, and by the middle of the day they form a sort of waggon-rampart, while in addition to these the hotel omnibuses are perpetually passing and repassing with loads of passengers from the railway station. There are crowds of country people carrying baskets and pitchers; there are dealers in fish from Lake Constance, and dealers in fruit and vegetables, all exhibiting their goods. You see the greatest possible variety of faces, some most original ones, originality being indeed characteristic of the people in general; here and there you may see a strange costume worn by some woman or girl from Thurgau or more distant parts of the canton, such as Appenzell-Inner-Rhoden; and you cannot have a better opportunity of studying varieties of dialect, as well as varieties of countenance. The bustle becomes still greater if a cattle-market chances to be going on at the same time.

Then Appenzell and the surrounding villages send in droves of splendid-looking bulls, cows, and small cattle, hundreds of which are to be seen accompanied by their drivers—short, strong, lean herdsmen, with bony, leathery faces, who enliven the place with their shouts and cries and show that they come from the Alpine pastures, both by their costume and the image they wear on their breasts.

These matters, however, are but of secondary importance, as the chief trade of St. Gall is in cotton goods and embroidery, raw material and manufactures, either bleached or unbleached. The markets are but small coin compared with the gold which is turned over in secret. Manufacturers and workmen know where to find one another; and the space before the house-door, or the little counting-house in the master's own residence, serve, as they have done for ages past, for their place of meeting. Zurich, Thurgau, and Aargau are the principal seats of the cotton manufacture, besides Appenzell and St. Gall; but of the hundred and seventy thousand hundredweight of cotton goods now exported, St. Gall owns by far the greater share. At noon, on market-days, there is lively work at the table d'hôte of the famous old Hecht Hôtel, also at the Stag, Lion, Ox, and other animals popular in natural history, whose names recall the ancient tenants of the Arbon forest at the time of St. Gall.

On other days the town is quiet enough, for all who have hands are hard at work preparing for the next market.

The St. Gall citizen, however rich he may be, makes very little display; in which, indeed, he resembles the majority of Swiss citizens. He likes to adhere, so far as he deems fitting, to the habits and manners of his forefathers, and they passed their days in industry, piety, contentment, and thrift. Not that this in the least stands in the way of his moving on with the times; for the virtues inherited from his ancestors have all conduced to the progress which commerce has undoubtedly made; and in 1454 St. Gall was one of the most active places in the Confederacy.

The town stands higher than almost any other in Europe, and an easy ascent leads the traveller to the top of one of its natural watch-towers, whence he may obtain an extensive view of the country round. The Freudenberg, as this height is called, is a very favourite resort of old and young, and is much frequented on bright Sundays and holidays. There is a lovely panorama to be seen from the wooded summit. Immediately beneath lie the roofs and church-towers of St. Gall, and the citizen sees with pride that his beloved town is spreading in every direction. If you are a German you may look across the green

fields of Thurgau and away over the mirror-like Lake of Constance to the Swabian land; and then you must look at the heights around. We are in the realm of the lofty Sântis, and the monarch himself and all his court rise before us to the south; but his dominions are overlooked by other distant mountains, and on bright evenings you may distinctly see the peaks of the Tödi and Glärnisch, the mountains of Schwyz,



A PEASANT OF APPENZELL.

Mont Pilat and the Rigi, and may receive a short, gentleman-like salutation from the glistening Eiger of the Bernese Oberland.

But there are more attractions for us in the immediate neighbourhood, and we want to make closer acquaintance with the cheerful green meadows of Appenzell.

We pack our knapsack, and the following day finds us at the Hecht or Löwen in Appenzell. If we had come merely to reconnoitre the place itself, we should soon have had enough of it, for there is nothing remarkable about its architecture; and as it lies in a green cauldron-like valley, intersected by the Sitter, it cannot be said to be romantically situated. In the Bernese Oberland you have one or more giant mountains facing your hotel window, and you hear the constant sound of grand waterfalls, whereas here

you will find only monotonous, gently swelling green hills, not overlooked by a single neighbouring peak, not even by the Säntis. There will be nothing, except perhaps a few little picturesque bits, to attract those who remember the beautiful timber-houses of the Prättigau, or the mediæval architecture of the interior of St. Gall.

The town is crowded, angular, mean-looking, and irregular; and the houses seem to be getting in one another's way. To be sure we have wood-work all brown with age and projecting eaves and oriels; but the houses look as if they had been put together by persons who had no love for or pleasure in them, and they have little in common with the clean, neat, you may almost say shining, and certainly well-lighted dwellings of Outer-Rhoden. Somebody calls Appenzell "a grey speck on the face of the bright green."

The only buildings worth mentioning are the parish church, which is rather pretty, and two convents.



APPENZELL.

. But the light of modern times is beginning to penetrate even such places as this; and, as Appenzell is very well to do, we may expect to see her exchanging the unsightly garb of the shepherd or weaver for something more becoming, as soon as the railway comes up to her convent walls.

Those then who have come here to see a town, will yawn and go away again as fast as they can; while those who wish to study the people, will take up their quarters in one of the clean, cosy, home-like inns, where things are conducted in the good old style, and will ramble about the valleys and mountains of the neighbourhood every morning.

The people are proud of the name of "Appenzellers," and are thoroughly natural and unaffected. The traveller will see plenty of them without going beyond the village, should he have the good fortune to find himself there when the Assembly of the canton meets, or at the time of the great annual festival called the "Chilbe." "You see signs of the Chilbe everywhere, and then on a sudden, lo! it is here!" say the good

people of Appenzell; and we are in luck's way to-day, for the festival is just beginning. Prepare, then, you fine ladies and gentlemen, who are still loitering, maybe, at Gais or Weissbad, or elsewhere—prepare, this beautiful autumn day, to see what real gaiety is for once in your lives. The mirth is not exactly suited to a London drawing-room, it is true; and instead of kid-gloves and dress-coats, you will see shirt-sleeves, heavy hob-nailed shoes, and perhaps leather breeches; but the enjoyment is great, for all that. The majority of those present have been as entirely cut off from the world for some time past as the sailor upon the ocean, and many and various are the privations they have had to endure in their remote mountain dwellings. Now, however, the superfluous energies which have been pent up for months find vent at last, and the merry-makers feel that they have a right for once to break through all their usual habits, and run wild.

Don't let us grudge it to them; and you, gentle ladies, who have come hither for the whey-cure, I beseech you do not frown, though the mirth should seem to you somewhat too unbridled and disorderly; and do not smile at the cheap knick-knacks and glaring colours displayed upon little folding-tables and stalls in the streets, at which the lads and lasses gaze with longing eyes. People indulge themselves in all that their hearts desire on such a day as this; and if the girls' fancy is caught by velvet insertions embroidered with gold, the lads certainly do not despise the huge, bright-coloured cotton pocket-handkerchiefs, covered with their favourite rhymes, with a picture of a shepherd in his yellow leather breeches in the corner, and the dance of the Ranz des Vaches round the border. A twisted pipe is not a bad present, either; but, perhaps, an ornamental heart made of sweet-stuff is better still; and best of all—better than the sweetest Basle confectionery—are the real hearts and real kisses which are given away in the evening, when the dancing is over, and the company wend their way homewards through the dim village streets.

The shouts and hurrahs which are to be heard in the bright noonday are all prompted by the anticipation of the coming pleasures of the evening, the maddest of which is the dancing. But we have not got to that yet; the tables and benches are still standing in long rows in the lower rooms of the various inns, and the Appenzellers, with their wives and children, their friends and sweethearts, are still sitting closely packed together on the benches, ministering to their bodily wants, in preparation for the severe work which lies before them.

But it won't do to stand idly about in the door-ways. Sit down and put your feet well under the table, out of the way, for there is no room for any but the smart maids, and even they have to push their way through the throng before they can place the well-filled dishes and large flagons of cider upon the tables. You will have an opportunity now of learning what drinking is; if, that is, your respiratory organs will allow you to stay. It is strange that people whose weather-beaten faces show that they are exposed all the year round to the fresh air of the mountains, should take a real delight in breathing, laughing, joking, and singing in an atmosphere so thick that you may cut it with a knife, an atmosphere laden, moreover, with the mingled odours of food and wine and the fumes of the most pungent tobacco.

Ah! people may say what they like about the peasants of Inner-Rhoden, but you have only to watch them at a merry-making, such as this, to see that they are true sons of the excellent mother-country; and I only wish that every one could enjoy himself once in the year as heartily as yonder half-dozen bony old men, who will drink up a whole river in the course of their smoky revel.

All sorts of old jokes and witticisms are being raked up, and the people laugh as those only do who laugh but once a year, while ever and anon, by way of emphasising the matter in hand, some fist, which

has grown hard and horny in dealing with blocks and logs of wood and in taming wild cattle, is brought down on the table with such a bang as sets the glasses ringing. People are allowed to romance as they will on such a day as this; and if one man has a story about the wonderful crop of fruit in Thurgau, saying that the must was but just poured into the cellars, when it was broached and found fit to drink immediately, some one else is sure to outdo him by relating a yet more wonderful tale of some gigantic pears, which were rolled to the storehouse by the help of poles and there simply had a tap inserted in their sides at once; and a third will probably send the stalks of these same pears to the saw-mills, there to be cut up into planks! The conversation never flags, and the merriment is of the liveliest description.

Those who wish for less boisterous entertainment may withdraw to the dignified grandeur of the master's own private room, where they will at least have the advantage of making acquaintance with the hostess. The true pearl of Appenzell, the far-famed hostess of the Pike, has departed this life, but she is not forgotten, and there are many still living who take a melancholy pleasure in talking of her. She was a splendid specimen of womankind, and the glories of her costume and her powers of keeping up a lively and interesting conversation are still fondly remembered. But the hostess of the Lion makes a worthy pendant to her, though she is no longer a young woman; and, as she sits in her arm-chair ruling her household like some shepherd-queen, she looks every whit as dignified as Maria Theresa on her throne. She too wears a handsome costume adorned with rich lace, embroidery, rosettes, and chains, which makes her look almost as coquettish as a young girl. These two thriving dames show what the Appenzell woman would be if she were better cared for; but alas! the cows receive far more loving attention than she does. When you are making polite inquiries as to the health of a man's family, you will do well to ask first after the cows and then after the rest of his household. The women are born to great hardship, and most of them retain no trace of good looks save the beautiful deep-set eyes, which seem common to most of them. They are generally small, weazened, feeble and delicate; their figures are bent and their demeanour timid. Their whole lives are spent in hard toil at the work-table or tambour-frame, so it is no wonder that the young girls look old before their time; but it must also be confessed that their costume is not such as to set them off to advantage.

Most of the men and women exhibit clear traces of their German origin, and though there may be some admixture of Roman blood in their veins, brown hair and black eyes are the exception, and the generality have blue or grey eyes and flaxen hair of that peculiar shade which no exposure to sun and rain ever alters. The men and lads are not tall, and one cannot call them handsome with their leather-like, wrinkled faces and insignificant noses; but they have race, if they have not beauty, and one knows what the Appenzellers can do, especially those who dwell among the mountains, when it comes to a trial of their strength. The well-known costumes are disappearing more and more, and have quite vanished from Outer-Rhoden, though they are still to be met with here and there in Inner-Rhoden. But money grows scarcer as calico and manufactured goods become cheaper, and accordingly the expensive national costume is dying out more and more everywhere. The same observation applies to Italy, which was formerly so rich in costumes; and, in fact, the same may be said of almost every country.

It is said that there was once a time, immediately after the division of Appenzell, when the cross and rosary were the only marks by which the inhabitants of Inner-Rhoden could be distinguished from those of Outer-Rhoden. In those days the whole male population wore the old-fashioned shepherd's costume, which consisted on working days of a curious under-waistcoat, something like a short jacket with sleeves, black canvas trousers reaching up to the shoulders, and a little dark leather cap on the head.



On holidays these garments were exchanged for short leather breeches as yellow as butter, and a gorgeous red waistcoat with shining buttons, snow-white shirt-sleeves rolled up above the elbow, and a waistband adorned with the figure of a magnificent cow in brass which was polished till it glittered again.

You may still see the cow-keepers of Inner-Rhoden wearing this costume, though it has disappeared elsewhere. But if peculiarities of costume have vanished, peculiarities of character yet remain in full force. The Appenzeller still possesses plenty of mother-wit, and invention, and great quickness of comprehension; he is active and industrious, though certainly somewhat *pénible*, distrustful of strangers and yet excessively inquisitive. The other cantons indulge in many a proverb at the expense of the Appenzeller. Thus they say of people who cling to old-fashioned ways and habits, "They live by the blessed old-style almanack, like the Appenzellers;" or, as Appenzell was, as we know, the last canton to join the Confederacy, a person is said to "Come like an Appenzeller," when it is meant that he is always behindhand. Then, again, they say what, if we have read the interesting history of this little corner of the world, we shall surely consider no disgrace, "The Appenzeller may be led, but he can't be driven."

But he will not be affronted at your pushing him, and so you may elbow your way through the close-packed throng if you like, though it requires something of the courage of a Winkelried to fight one's way up the stairs to the dancing saloon; for the dancing has begun, as is evident from the jingling of the glasses, and the tones of the hackebret,* an angry bass, and an intoxicated fiddle, together with the wild Homeric shouting and stamping which make the house groan and quake to its very foundations.

Eyes, hearts, and pipes are all aglow; and, as fresh crowds press in through the open door, a stifling cloud of dust and smoke pours forth. Within—well, it is utterly impossible to distinguish any separate couples; you see a confusion of white shirt-sleeves, bare arms, red waistcoats, and flying petticoats, and a mass of figures all keeping time with the music, as they jump up and come down again upon the creaking boards with a grand crash in unison. The lads hold their partners round the waist with a grasp as firm as if their two strong arms were an iron vice; and, as there is no elbow-room, they jump up and down, not without incurring a good deal of rough friction with the hard backs of their neighbours. And now the astonished stranger perceives why the women wear a thick ugly roll, generally stuffed with strong mountain-hay, round their waists. It answers the purpose of armour, and without some protection of the sort, their bones would stand a good chance of being broken by the hard knocks they receive.

But there is no protection for one's unfortunate ears, and with a deep sigh we entreat our imperilled tympanum to hold out a little longer.

The mirth increases and so does the shouting, till suddenly the four narrow walls are rent by a cry such as would waken the echoes of a dozen valleys, if uttered on the mountain. Six, eight, ten voices give a simultaneous shout, which becomes louder and louder as the feet spring higher and higher. All at once the music stops, and the people press back against the walls, or are pressed back by the young men who stand arm-in-arm, making an impenetrable ring round two heated, angry lads. They have had a quarrel about some maiden, and now, according to ancient custom, they are going to settle it in a regular and proper manner, by a wrestling match, called in the dialect of Appenzell "*hosalupf*."

They begin by shaking hands, as a sign that the contest is to be an honourable one, and then they set to work with all their might and main, in thoroughly business-like style. They thrust at one another with

* A musical instrument constructed on the same principle as the harmonicon; the keys are usually of cork, and are struck by two hammers, whose heads are covered with silk.

their heads, as if they were a couple of wild bulls, their two hard skulls are pressed tight together, their muscles are strained to the utmost, and their veins swell till they stand out like cords; but this is all there is to see, and as they stand there, leaning forward with their knees bent, they might almost be cast in bronze, so utterly without motion are they. Their hard breathing, however, shows that the struggle is a severe one, and at last there is a sudden crash, both have fallen down; but only upon their knees, and they are on their feet again in a moment. The excitement among the throng of spectators becomes more and more intense, and every one has his "favourite," whom he thinks certain to prove victor. On this occasion, however, nothing is decided. The heated, panting wrestlers separate, shaking one another by their horny hands, in token of peace and goodwill—an act of chivalry which seems to show that there is something more in the contest than the satisfaction of mere barbarous passions. The difference is adjusted this time by the purchase of some wine; the bottle circulates freely, the old-fashioned mountain hackebret strikes up some merry tune, the bass joins in, the fiddle squeaks, and soon the noise and mirth are as mad as before.



WRESTLING MATCH.

On descending to the lower room we find a gay assembly seated round the table, singing and drinking. The voices of the girls and women sound as clear and fresh as bells, as they sing in parts their beautiful *jodels*, or national melodies. It makes one's heart swell to listen to them, and one feels as if he were gazing upon an expanse of sunny country from the top of some lofty mountain. It is very different from the worn-out consumptive tones which are to be heard at the Giessbach on Lake Brienz; but then here the people have only themselves for their audience.

As we hasten out into the clear night air, fragrant odours are wafted up the street from the meadows and hay-stacks. The little stars twinkle peacefully and happily in the sky, and the white shirt-sleeves of the lads gleam every here and there through the darkness, as they stand chatting or whispering with their arms round their sweethearts' necks. In the distance we can still hear the fiddle scraping away at a dance-tune, and we are reminded of the dancing-song in Faust—

"And from the linden far and wide
Resounds the loud 'Juchhe!'"

as, all through the night and until the morning dawns, we catch the sound of the "Juchhe," or huzzas, re-echoing from the far-away mountain-paths and meadows.

At other times the village is as quiet as possible. The men are in the meadows, away in the country, or up in the mountains, toiling hard with axe and scythe, milking the cows, or gathering up the hay and carrying immense loads of it from the mountain-pastures down into the valley. The women are busy with their weaving and embroidery; and their labours, especially in the latter department, have had the chief share in raising Outer-Rhoden to its present state of prosperity. Inner-Rhoden, on the other hand, in spite



OLD WOMAN FROM APPENZELL.

of all the industry of its poor female inhabitants, remains poor and needy. The grand ladies of Paris, London, and Berlin, and the rich daughters of free America, congratulate themselves on the beautiful work which adorns their collars, handkerchiefs, trimmings, &c.; but they little guess at the vital power, health, hunger, tears, and misery which are interwoven with the graceful wreaths of flowers. You may go into some of the houses of Inner-Rhoden, and find a little party of women met together to work in company, and you will very likely hear them chatting and even singing over their "light and easy" occupation; but do not allow yourself to be deceived. Look at their pale, wax-like complexions—look at their hollow

cheeks, contracted chests, round backs and high shoulders—look at the stunted growth of their children—and then hear from yonder poor, tottering, red-eyed old woman what a life of want and privation she has passed through! Ask her how many beautiful, fine wedding veils and pocket-handkerchiefs she has embroidered, and just glance for a moment at the miserable fare upon which these poor embroideresses subsist—coffee and potatoes, or potatoes and coffee, day after day without variety—and then you will wonder that all lightheartedness and mirth have not long since flown away from them over the mountains. It is a remarkable fact that one so often finds poverty and distress soothed by the gentle and consoling presence of poetry. Amid all the want and misery of the mountains, where neither corn nor fruit-trees will thrive, poetry plants her ever-green shoots, and twines them about the miserable huts until she has completely covered them with the colour of hope.

The songs of Appenzell are genuine popular songs, with plenty of freshness and boldness, and sometimes not a little impudence about them. They are older than any of the grandfathers or great-grandfathers now living, and the schoolmaster has not at present succeeded in exterminating them here, as he has done in most of the other cantons. They bear a great resemblance to the famous “Schnadahüpferln,” and the melodies to which they are sung are likewise similar; but it is difficult to present them to the English reader, as most people would find the Appenzell dialect well-nigh unintelligible, while their peculiar characteristics must needs evaporate in a translation. Here, however, are one or two specimens:—

“A year is not long,
Then married we’ll be,
And I’ll be thy husband,
And thou my wif-*ie*.”

* * * *

“Black hair, dark-brown eyes,
And a dimple in her chin—
Now you know the sweetheart
That I hope to win.”

* * * *

“We wander through the shady wood,
Where many a bird doth sing,
We sit us down to rest awhile,
And watch them on the wing.

“We take each other by the hand,
We kiss each other too,
In token that until we part
We will be fond and true.”

* * * *

“My house has no door,
And my door has no key,
And I’ve lost my sweetheart—
’Tis all up with me!
And now that I’ve lost her
I’m glad to be free,
And I quite mean to find
Some one else to love me!”

But, although the people love their cattle enthusiastically, they have hardly any genuine pastoral songs. A great many of the expressions in use at home and abroad, numberless proverbs and phrases, have reference to or are drawn from the various experiences of the cow-herd’s life, and the very children have no more favourite game than that of “playing cows,” where one child is the herdsman, another the cow-boy, and the rest cows; but all this has had no influence whatever on the popular poetry.

People often talk of the famous “Chüerciha,” literally “Cow-rows,” better known as the “Ranz des Vaches,” the song which the cow-herds use to call their cattle home; but even fifty years ago it was beginning to die out, and very few young herdsmen of the present day can sing it correctly. The words are not particularly poetical, but the peculiarly plaintive, long-drawn melody used to fill the hearts of the Swiss with a profound feeling of home-sickness if they chanced to hear it when far away from their own land. So powerful indeed was its effect that it caused some of the soldiers on foreign service to desert, which led to its being prohibited in France on pain of death.

It contains some rude and scornful remarks upon matrimony, for the herdsman nowhere feels so free

and happy as when he is among the cows he loves so tenderly, and it winds up with the glorification of their merits.

The following is a literal translation of the famous old "Ranz des Vaches" of Appenzell, the metro of which is quite irregular and unrhymed, except as regards the two stanzas at the end :

"Come hither, come hither, Loba !
 Call them together by their names, the old and the young.
 The old all together, Loba, Loba — — , Loba, Lo — — — ba !
 Cows all together, together, together, Lo — ba, Lo — — — ba !
 When I to the cattle am piping, am piping, am piping,
 The kine all together haste homewards, haste homewards—
 Ay, homewards—yes, homewards.
 They are lovely and free,
 And sweet are they, too. Loba, Loba !
 Were it well to give up our singing,
 Have a cradle stand in the room
 For the man to keep it rocking,
 While the wind blows through every hole !
 Lo — ba, Lo — — ba, Loba, Loba, Lo — — — ba !
 Drive them hither—ay, hither, together, all together ;
 There are Hlinked and Stinked,
 And Bblotzet and Gschegget,
 Gflocket and Blasset,
 Schwanzert and Tanzert,
 Grossbuch and Ruch,
 Langbeneri and Haglehneri—
 Drive them hither—yes, hither, now hither.
 Loba !

"Since I've been married
 I've had no bread,
 Since I've been married
 My luck has fled.

"Our cows they are better
 Than any folks alive,
 They drink of the running brook,
 And long may they thrive !"

The mountaineer's own favourite beverage is what he calls "sufa," a mixture of whey and milk, but he compliments his beloved cows on their better taste.

All things considered, it is not astonishing to find that the setting out for the mountain pasturages in May and June is a very bright and joyous time to the herdsman and his intelligent animals. Very early in the year, as soon as the first soft breath of air seems to whisper that spring is awaking, though the snow be yet lying deep in the valley, a strange sort of restlessness seems to seize both the cattle, who are weary of their dry food in the stable, and the herdsman, who is sick of the long winter-months which he has spent in smoking in the chimney-corner, not much more alive than if he were a dormouse. The cows show their longing for the spring by lowing at unusual times in loud tones, and the herdsman gives more frequent pulls at his leather-cap, and goes out oftener to the garden-fence, where he stands craning his neck and gazing intently at the mountains by the quarter of an hour together.

The animals and their masters now dream of nothing but green pastures, mountain air, gushing springs, and the aromatic herbs which grow upon the Alps. And as soon as May has unlocked the

mountain gates, it is as though a flock of wild birds had been suddenly released from a cage. The joyous throng press on and on, up and up; and, though they often have to go through the snow, the day of their departure is a regular fête, observed with ringing of bells, wearing of gala dress, with flowers and songs and loud huzzas, and, in fact, with all the pomp and show that circumstances permit.

The return to the valley at the end of the summer bears the same sort of relation to this festival that All Souls' Day does to Easter. It is a day of mourning, and both men and beasts walk along with hanging heads, as if they were weighed down by the more oppressive air of the valley.

With the advance of civilisation it cannot but be that these pastoral festivals will lose much of their



TIMBER HOUSES IN HEIDEN.

wild, original beauty; and, though it may be a long time before the head-herdsman puts on a dress-coat and white tie to accompany the procession, we can guess, by descriptions of what the departure for the mountains used to be in the olden days, that the thirst for gain will soon leave but little time or inclination for such extravagances. Already the dairy has its influence upon the stock-exchange.

There is a great falling off, too, in the other pastoral festivals, such as the wrestling matches, and the fêtes called "Stoberta," where girls and lads met together on the Alpine meadows and amused themselves after a rude fashion with antique dances, hurling the stone and other vigorous games, and where various kinds of bread, cakes, confectionery, sausages, and native beverages had a great part



GENERAL ASSEMBLY IN EAST SWITZERLAND.

to play. All this is now altered and modernised, except in Inner-Rhoden, where old customs are still faithfully adhered to, and where the "Stoberta" held on the Meglisalp, Seealp, and Patersalp have always been very famous and considered to be extremely well worth seeing.

These festivals enter so deeply into the life of the dweller among the Alps, that he reckons time by them. Thus you will hear him speak of the "time of the General Assembly," by which he means the end of April and beginning of May; or he will say "such and such a thing took place about the time of 'Funkasonntig,'" or "at the annual spring fair," "when the cattle set out for the mountain pastures," "after hay-harvest," "after the second crop," "at the autumn fair," &c. &c. These festivals are so many luminous centres, from which all the other days of the year radiate.

"Funkasonntig," which we have just mentioned, is the Sunday called in the Roman calendar *Dominus invocavit*, and its observances, like those of St. John's Day or the summer solstice in Tyrol, are of ancient pagan origin. In both places huge bonfires are lighted on the mountains, all sorts of wild pranks are indulged in, and a sort of game is played with discs of burning wood. In former times the heaps of faggots used to be fired at nightfall amid merry peals from the church bells, and more superstitious practices were in vogue than is the case at the present day.

The annual meeting of the Assembly of the canton is hardly to be called a festival, though regarded as such as soon as the serious business is dispatched. It is a glorious institution; but it now survives only in Inner- and Outer-Rhoden, and the cantons of Obwalden, Nidwalden, Glarus, and Uri, its ancient character being most thoroughly maintained in Inner-Rhoden. The sovereign people come together in the open air, they are their own judges and law-givers, and they still administer and exercise in this primitive and direct fashion the ancient rights which their forefathers won with their blood, and they have themselves since vigorously maintained.

The General Assembly reminds one of the ancient "Thing" of the German races, where the freemen met armed at the place of sacrifice beneath the sacred tree to choose their district counts and judges, and to make their laws; or it recalls the Campus Martius and Magicampus, the March and May meetings of the Franks, which were attended by all those capable of bearing arms out of every district, and consisted of a review of the forces and a free discussion of the question of peace or war.

The Extraordinary Assembly meets only on special occasions. The Ordinary Assembly comes together on a certain Sunday in spring, when all the inhabitants of Inner-Rhoden go up to Appenzell like one man; those of Outer-Rhoden go up one year to Hunds-*wyl* and the next to Trojen. The custom is a very ancient one; for the people of Appenzell—and, indeed, each separate parish—were in the habit of assembling as early as the sixteenth century for an annual inspection of arms, those being times when the sword needed to be always sharp and the halberd always bright. Towards the end of the seventeenth century, it was again impressed upon the people that every respectable man who was capable of wearing arms should carry magnificent long side-arms; and even at the present day, though the persons of most distinction wear decent modern swords, you may still see the Appenzeller striding along at the Assembly with some bent, rusty, often very curious weapon which has belonged to his ancestors, and has slumbered peacefully all the year round under the bed. He probably knows no more of its use than what he has learnt from the history of his native province, whose inhabitants were only too often obliged to defend their lives. The sight of an old man bent with years and toil, weather-beaten and white-haired, marching along to the Assembly, with his sword under his arm, and his well-starched Sunday collar standing up so stiffly above his short green frock,

may seem absurd; indeed, the whole procession looks somewhat as if it belonged to the carnival, as it moves on to the "chair," preceded by the band wearing impossible uniforms, half white and half black, and crashing out the strange "Assembly March" on their drums and fifes. Some people might be disposed to laugh at the whole proceeding, but they will soon be serious enough if they turn to the history of Appenzell, or glance at its constitutions.

Hats off! These are the descendants of the brave heroes of Speicher, Häuptlingsberg and Wolfshalde, who, undismayed by the superior numbers of the foe, wielded sword and battle-axe to such good effect



PEASANT OF APPENZELL IN HOLIDAY COSTUME.

that the yoke of the tyrannical masters who had so long oppressed them was shivered to atoms. This was the time of which the old chronicler spoke with admiring wonder, saying, "It should also be known that the most strange and wonderful thing happened with regard to the Appenzellers that ever occurred in this land—in a short time they became so powerful as to drive away all the nobility."

And then throughout the whole land there was "one staff, one court of justice, one assembly, and one standard;" and to this present day, the only earthly superior they recognise is their own constituted authority as embodied in the person of the "Landammann," or chief magistrate. Those here assembled are

the main-stay and bulwark of the country, they feel themselves to be one homogeneous whole, and none are excluded from their ranks save those who can boast neither arms nor respectability.

And now the Landammann, as being the leader of the people and president of the council, mounts the platform, which is draped with the national colours of white and black, and has two mighty, ancient-looking swords crossed in front of it. On his right hand stands the apparitor or herald, who puts the questions under discussion to the vote, and on the left stands the clerk of the council.

The Landammann takes off his hat, and every one present follows his example. A profound silence falls upon the assembled thousands, which shows that the people look upon the meeting as a very serious affair. Then comes the greeting to "our trusty, faithful, and beloved fellow-countrymen," which is heard far and wide by all the many spectators gathered around the large circle of voters. Thanks are offered to Heaven for having preserved them to meet together once more, and mention is made of the heroic deeds of their homely ancestors. This introductory act closes with general, silent prayer, which never fails to make a deep impression upon strangers unaccustomed to the practice, such as the inhabitants of Outer-Rhoden, where the whole proceedings are conducted in a much more calm and dignified manner.

Then follows the business of the day, the rendering of accounts, and the elections or the voting upon important matters; and here one characteristic of the people, namely, their political ability and parliamentary tact, are most conspicuous. Almost everything goes on as well as in a well-ordered parliament-house, and often a great deal better. To be sure the day winds up with a great drinking bout at the best taps in Appenzell; but town-halls have everywhere been famous for their cellars for centuries past, and refreshment is doubly needed here, where the people have been waiting

about for hours, and have had their throats parched by the raw air of the snowy mountains. Possibly the young men, who are entitled to a vote at the age of eighteen, may indulge in too much of a good thing, and perhaps the old broad-sword which figured so grandly in the morning's parade, may commit some acts of violence before the evening is over; but there is more than this. The day following is devoted to the "Fools' Parliament," a parody of the General Assembly, where one vies with the other in the playing of foolish practical jokes. Dancing and folly of all sorts are carried to a wild



HOUSE IN APPENZELL.

extent, and result in such misdemeanours as make one feel that the whole thing is an unworthy sequel to the solemn proceedings of the previous day. But, says the proverb, "The General Assembly



INN "ZUM AESCHER," AT WILDKIRCHLI WITH VIEW OF HOHE KASTEN AND KAMOR.

and the Fools' Parliament each have their day," so we must shut our eyes to what we had rather not see.



SCENE IN A COURT OF JUSTICE IN ARGENTINA

The object of the General Assembly of course is to insure the common weal, and the officers there elected have to do with the whole state; but each separate parish or community is also at liberty to take measures for its own exclusive well-being. Each is its own master, and as each has been permitted to pursue the path of progress without interference from its neighbours, a noble spirit of emulation has been evoked. All are ready to make sacrifices for the public good, and the working of the whole system has been such as to bring about brilliant results in every department of the Government. Most of the offices are honorary and bring in little or nothing, so that they offer no temptation to those who are greedy of gain, and many occasions of strife are thereby avoided. The administration of justice, and, in fact, everything, is ordered, settled, and arranged as in a family, and a meeting of the authorities is like a family-council. Every native and every Swiss citizen who may have settled in the canton is eligible for office, provided he have attained the age of eighteen, and have received regular religious instruction. None are excluded but the disreputable and those who do not bear arms; but there are certain patriarchal laws which provide that father and son, brothers, father-in-law and son-in-law, uncle and nephew, may not both have a seat and vote in the administration of the community or in the communal court of justice at the same time.

The administration consists of "captains and councillors" who are elected from among the parishioners, and their number must not exceed twenty-one, nor fall short of seven. When there is no special court, they have authority to pronounce sentence and to punish lesser offences; and on such occasions they wear the solemn, old-fashioned mantle as a badge of office. Formerly, according to ancient custom, the apparitor who delivered up the prisoner asked for an advocate for him, and if his request were granted he chose one from the bench of justices. But the delinquent's friends, relations, and pastor were also allowed to plead for him. According to an old decree of the fifteenth century, they had a right to ask, and the justices power to grant, an alteration or mitigation of the penalty, even were the sentence one of death.

There is no imposing apparatus of judges, counsel, barristers, all looking as stiff as the traditions of red tape can make them. One man holds a pen, he being the clerk of the commune, and he discharges the same duty when a special tribunal is appointed, the latter consisting of from five to eleven members, whose sole qualification is that they are worthy men.

Other functionaries are the "Ehegaumer," among whom are the pastor of the parish and the two "captains," and their business is to keep watch over the habits and conduct of the people. They advise, warn, or call them to account, and keep husbands and wives, parents and children, up to their respective duties one towards the other. Jurists may smile and shrug their shoulders; and certainly the little canton of Appenzell would find no place in their great schemes of legislature, for its laws have grown out of the peculiar habits and customs of its population, and are the outcome of its struggle for independence and autonomy. Its administration may not be altogether free from certain knotty excrescences; but that is rather an advantage than otherwise, and it will last so much the longer, as beneath these knots there is a thoroughly sound and healthy stem.

The manner of life led by the people resembles in many respects their own lovely canton, and we shall not understand it aright unless, before taking our final leave of it, we turn away from the singing and dancing, from the Assembly and the Fool's Parliament, and make one more expedition into the most characteristic part of the district. We ought to go to charming Wildkirchli, and the fine elevated pasturage of the Ebenalp, and to—— but, alas! we may well sigh—it is impossible to see everything, and there is very much to which we can but point with longing eyes. Fortunate and much to be envied are

those persons, provided they be not confirmed invalids, who have spent the beautiful summer months at some of the baths or places famous for the goats'-whey cure, drinking in strength with the warm whey, and health with the fresh mountain air, till they have become so invigorated as to be able to enjoy the varied beauty around them.

This is what many hundreds do and delight in doing ; but there are many hundreds more who, though they might do the same, prefer to array themselves in faultless toilettes, and sit with closed windows, turning over the pages of the last new novel, until they are ready to die of *ennui*. And yet can anything be more charming than Gonten, sunshiny Gais, or the golden-green nook of Weissbad, where the nymphs of the Sitter have their habitation ? And what can be more delightful than the bright-looking village of

Heiden ? Gonten lies nestling at the foot of the Kronberg ; and here one may be well satisfied with having nothing but the view from the windows to look at, for you can see the Sitter flowing towards Appenzell, and the peaks of the Hohe Kasten, Kamor, Alpsigel, Altmann, and Säntis, without making any exertion.

At Gais, too, a place of universal resort for the whey-cure, people will find all the charms of home, combined with all the advantages of a sojourn abroad. At the fine inns, dedicated respectively to the Ox, Lamb, and Crown, you may have every comfort, as well as warm goat's-whey brought direct from the Alps every morning. There are easy walks in the neighbourhood, such as that to Starkenmühle, which is much frequented, and there are delightful views from the Hohe Wiese and somewhat unpoetical "Hog's-back." Those who are desirous of writing an historical poem will make a pilgrimage to the Chapel of Stoss, where four hundred Appenzellers once inflicted a sanguinary defeat upon twelve hundred well-armed Austrians.

One pretty spot is called Freundschaftsitz, "the friends' seat," and other noteworthy places in the neighbourhood are Klausenbühl, Hohe Kelle, and Guggei. These walks are within the reach even of the invalid ; but those who are more robust will don their elegant Alpine costumes, and ascend the Kamor and Hohe Kasten to Wildkirchli and the elevated pastures of the Eben- and Seealp, and will return home in the evening bringing with them lovely bouquets of Alpine flowers for the ladies—unless, indeed, the latter have preferred to gather them for themselves.

But of all these various resorts we must give the palm to Weissbad, which nestles in the most charming of shady green nooks at the foot of the Säntis, where the three small torrents of Bärenbach, Schwendibach, and Weissbach unite to form the river Sitter, which is said to have received its name (*sit ter una*, or *sitrana*) from St. Gall in honour of the Blessed Trinity.



WILDKIRCHLI.

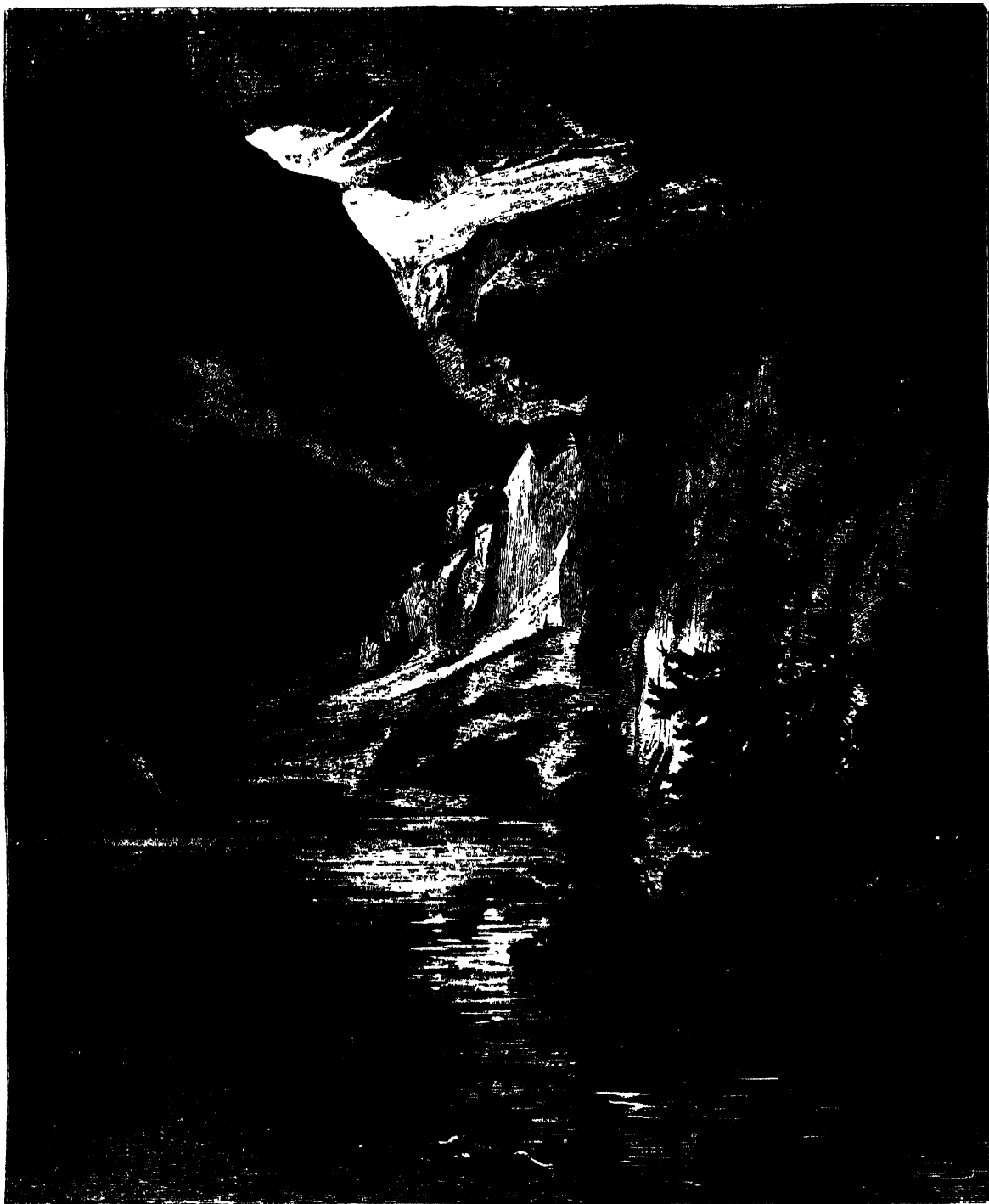
It is a very lovely spot, surrounded by green meadows, clumps and rows of shady trees, wooded hills and grand mountains at various distances, which shield the valley from the north and temper the warmth of the south wind. Numerous easy paths lead across the Alpine meadows and into the mountains, and they always afford abundance of pleasure and entertainment, being much frequented by healthy tourists as well as invalids.

But we must not forget Heiden. Its pleasant, clean, rather imposing-looking houses may be seen from the other side of Lake Constance; and, when we have reached the elevated plateau upon which the village stands, we may let our delighted eyes wander at will over the lake, among the mountains of Tyrol, and the ranges of the Liechtenstein and Vorarlberg, over the forest of Bregenz, in and out the mountains of Glarus, and on to the distant Rigi and Mont Pilat. Immediately round about everything looks green and pleasant, and the hilly canton of Appenzell lies outspread beneath us, dotted all over with its white houses, either standing singly or gathered together in clusters and villages. These scattered cottages seem to justify the tradition that the devil was once flying over this neighbourhood with a sackful of houses, and, when he had reached the top of the Sântis, he tore a hole in the sack, and so by degrees dropped all the houses in the canton of Appenzell, where they have ever since remained, scattered one here and another there without the least order or design. The "Wild Chapel," or Wildkirchlein, as it is called, must surely have dropped out of the sack at the same time. How else could it have got into its present position, in the midst of a thicket of Alpine roses on the face of a steep precipice?

Leaving Weissbad, we wend our way across the sloping green meadows of the Valley of Schwendi, and ascend the fragrant mountain pastures where the snow-white goats are feeding; and, as we gaze from the Bodmen Alp at the steep and ever steeper wall of rock which rises perpendicularly to such a tremendous height before us, we may well wonder how we shall ever reach the top. But up we must go, for, on the face of this wall hangs the Wildkirchlein, the object of our expedition, and upon it or behind it stretches the famous pasturage called the Ebenalp. This precipitous and inaccessible ridge of rock is the most easterly outpost of that one of the three ranges of the Sântis which lies farthest to the north, and forms the throne of the hoary monarch. It stands in an isolated position, being completely cut off from the "realm of the Sântis" by an abrupt precipice. As we wander on among the trees and shrubs, enjoying the calm beauty of the scene, and looking at the sweet Alpine flowers which grow among the fallen débris, we hardly notice the height to which we have ascended, until, on halting for a moment and turning round, we see, to our astonishment, that the wood on our left has disappeared in a deep hollow, and the houses at the bottom of the valley look like the dwellings of pigmies, while above them rises a towering line of rocky cliffs, similar to that which we are ascending. These heights, called the Sigleten, are the gigantic advanced guard of the middle Sântis range, which culminates in the Altmann peak in the west. Between them and the Ebenalp block, deep down at the bottom of the valley, lies a calm, dark-green lake called the Seealpssee, which reflects the tops of the trees which clothe the mountains on either side, and the bright green meadows of the Meglisalp.

Great masses of detritus have been sent down into the valley both by the Ebenalp and the looser-made, chalky Sigleten; indeed, the heaps of rubbish often reach half-way up the cliffs, and are covered with the agreeable though hardy forms of vegetation common among the Alps. Where the rock forms shelves and ledges, the space is occupied by strips of light-green grass, which does not escape the scythe of the hay-maker; and where it overhangs, the water collected from the heights above trickles from it down into the valley in large drops or tiny streams.

The view to the left is so grand and lovely at the same time, that it would almost lead us to forget the object of our excursion, which is beckoning to us exactly overhead. And yet we shall see something still more grand and sublime when we reach the Ebenalp. As we mount the narrow pathway scratched in the rocks, we ask involuntarily, "Who was the first man who trod this path, and who conceived the bold idea



LAKE OF THE SEEALP.

of building a chapel up yonder?" He must surely have been a man of very simple piety, or else he was full of the faith which animated the builders of our grand cathedrals, before which the faithless nineteenth century stands and shakes its head in astonishment. We may, indeed, well stand and shake our heads in astonishment at this diminutive little chapel, though it be but as a tiny sentry-box outside some majestic

mountain watch-tower, whence the call to prayer re-echoes into the peaceful green vale down below, and reaches the shepherds on the pastures up above. It is the idea of the thing which impresses us so deeply, for the execution of it, though the work of pious hands, is poor and insignificant enough.

Tradition is our only available source of information with regard to the origin of the Wildkirchlein, and from it we learn that, in ancient times, certain dragons and witches, who were under the control of the Evil One, made such a disturbance in the caves of the Alpstein, that, on moonlight nights, people could hear the noise as far away as the Lake of Seealp. A cow-boy, however, having succeeded in putting a stop to these wild doings by invoking the name of the Holy Trinity, an altar with a cross upon it was



EVENING ON THE LERNALP

immediately set up in the most notable of the caves, and a solemn service was held up here every year on the feast of St. Michael and All Angels.

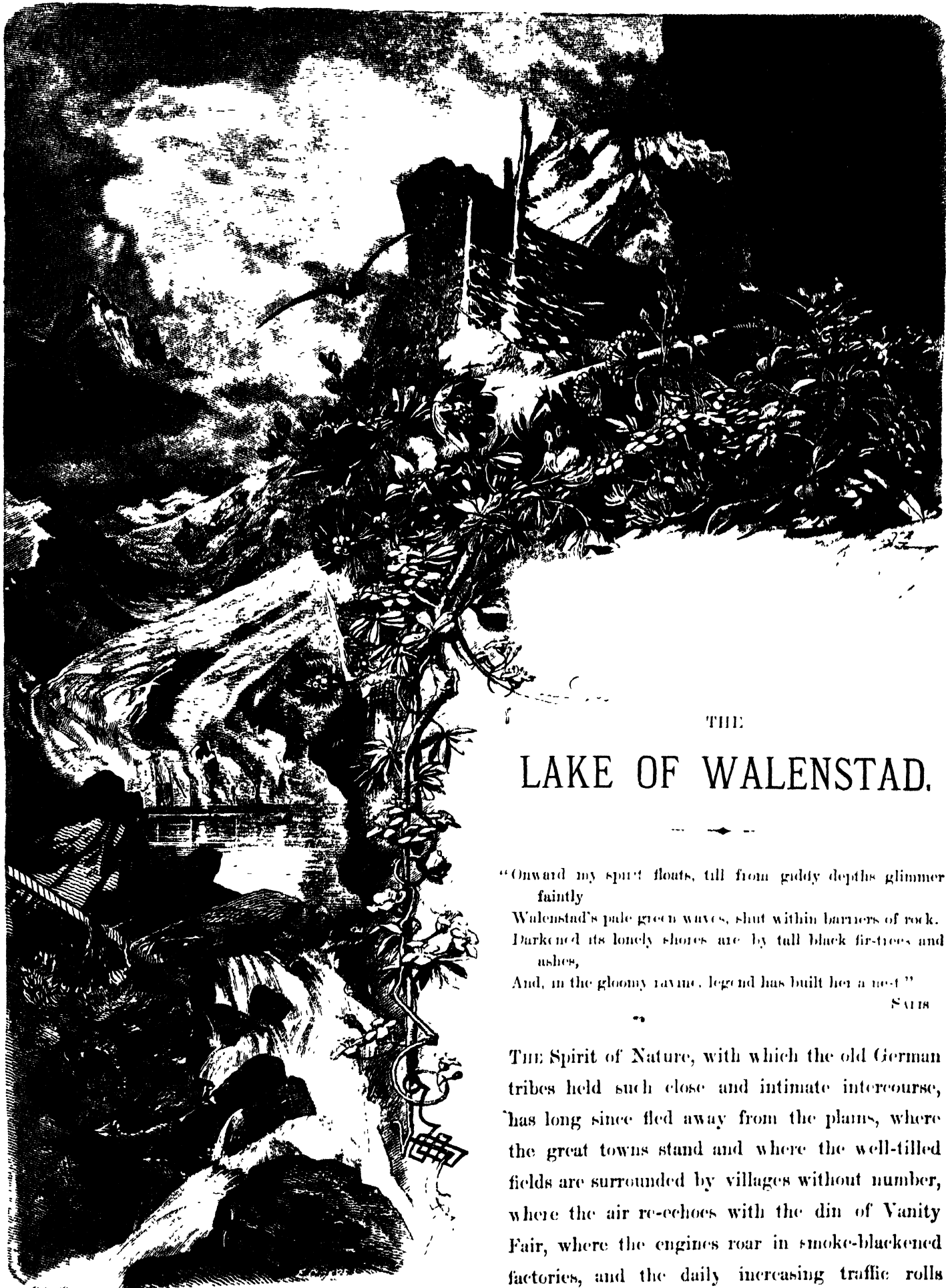
In the year 1621, Father Tanner, when he came to bless the pastures, recommended the spot as exceedingly well adapted for a hermitage, and the first hermit, Paul Ulmann, took up his abode here in 1656. In the course of the two succeeding centuries, some fourteen pious brethren dwelt up here in succession, and attended to the ringing of the bell which summoned the pious folk on the heights above, and in the depths below, to their prayers five times a-day. The race of hermits has now died out, and the shrewd tavern-keeper who has succeeded them looks down into the valley with the eye of a hawk to see whether the tourists are coming. Many thousands of them have already found their way up hither, and have indulged in many poetic dreams and much enthusiastic drinking, as the strangers' book will sufficiently testify to all future generations.

But St. Michael's day is still the special festival of the old Wildkirchlein, and is observed by the mountaineers of both sexes, who disinter their best clothes from the chests where they have long lain hidden, and wend their way up hither to adorn the chapel, altar, and benches with the sweetest Alpine flowers. In the forenoon there is High Mass, which they attend most devoutly, and the remainder of the day they devote to merry-making. Any one who cannot wait till Michaelmas should go up to the Wildkirchlein on the first Sunday in July; and, whether he be artist or poet, or merely a light-hearted, healthy tourist, he is sure to enjoy the sight of the primitive but gay and merry doings he will find going on there—very different doings, indeed, from those which formerly went on in these caverns when they were under the dominion of the wild spirits now for ever banished. There is no path of any kind beyond the last little wooden house near the chapel. How, then, are we to arrive at the Ebenalp? The herdsmen will tell you, in their own peculiar dialect, that, on the occasion before mentioned, "the Evil One slunk away in despair into the rocky cavern, followed by the cow-boy, who kept on repeating the three Most Holy Names. The devil, of course, could not stand this; so he went on farther and farther right through the rock, till he came out upon the Ebenalp on the other side." And we, at this distance of time, may venture to follow him without fear of harm. The tavern-keeper's torch will show us the way through the dark grotto, with its gigantic arched dome, where the spirits of darkness seem to dwell, and where, as our footing becomes more and more uncertain, and the red torch gleams more and more dimly, we are seized with a great longing for the light from which we have been so short a time shut out.

A small door is opened, a breath of most delicious air comes towards us, and suddenly we are in the midst of brilliant sunshine, with all the signs of joyous life once more around us. We are surrounded by flowers and fragrance, by the whirr of wings and the hum of insects; and when we are able quite to open our eyes, we see the fair land of East Switzerland spread out before us. There, too, gleams Lake Constance, and far, far away in the purple horizon, we catch a glimpse of Germany. The mountain-pasture upon which we are standing is the wonderful Ebenalp, which is so deservedly famous.

Those who intend to approach the monarch on his throne, the mighty Söntis, may do so from hence without encountering any very serious difficulties; but whether the old gentleman will give them a pleasant reception or not is another question, as he is very much addicted to wrapping himself up in his storm-cloak. We will pay our devoirs to him at a respectful distance, and will then wander along some of the many lovely paths which traverse the hills and dales within his dominions.





THE
LAKE OF WALENSTAD.

"Onward my spirit floats, till from giddy depths glimmer faintly
Walensad's pale green waves, shut within barriers of rock.
Darkened its lonely shores are by tall black fir-trees and
ashes,
And, in the gloomy ravine, legend has built her a nest."

SALIS

THE Spirit of Nature, with which the old German tribes held such close and intimate intercourse, has long since fled away from the plains, where the great towns stand and where the well-tilled fields are surrounded by villages without number, where the air re-echoes with the din of Vanity Fair, where the engines roar in smoke-blackened factories, and the daily increasing traffic rolls

comfortably, though hurriedly, along the wide streets—from all this the Spirit of Nature has fled away and has come to live among the mountains, where he still bears undisputed sway, especially in those wild and solitary districts whither the foot of man has great difficulty in following him.

We modern races strive to understand him ; but, though we may be poetical enough to be moved with sympathy by the rustling of the swaying tree-tops, by the song of the birds, and by the thousand blossoms which are the sweetest of all the tokens of spring, we rarely succeed in our endeavour when he shows himself to us amid the thunder of the glacier, in the fall of the avalanche, in the bold beauty of the



VIEW OF THE TODI.

caverns of ice, or in the awful desolation of some remote and rock-strewn valley. We are then apt to stand in fear and trembling, feeling ourselves to be strangers of very diminutive size and utter insignificance, in the presence of Titanic power. We are speechless, and we feel as we have never felt since our childhood—as we have never felt during all the long years we have lived pent up within the narrow bounds of the city. To us, the Spirit of the Mountains seems to be fettered by a thousand bonds of ice and snow, while a great weight of hard rock lies upon his heart ; and yet it is as if he were struggling to give expression to his feelings, as if he longed to make himself understood by us. But where are his eyes ? for in them at least we might be able to read something of the depths which lie hidden in his breast.

See! there is a lake, gleaming darkly from out its deep, rocky bed. Something in its glance seems to remind us of the old Spirit of Nature; and surely lakes are the eyes of the mountain, powerful eyes, which attract us irresistibly, and allure us to try and learn from them something of the mysteries of the lonely wood. We feel drawn towards them, and their smooth, mirror-like surface stirs a thousand thoughts within our breast. Like the fisherman, we let down our net into their dreamy depths, and draw thence treasures which are to us as precious pearls.

Here legends and fairy-tales have their habitation and rule supreme, and poetry wanders meditative along the shore, at one time smiling, at another weeping. The colours of the surface change with the



MURK, ON THE WALLENSÉE.

different hours of the day and with the varying seasons of the year; it is now blue, now green, now dark-green, now grey of so dark a hue as to be almost black; and, as the colours change and vary, so the impressions which the lake produces vary too, from the profoundest melancholy to the brightest, most sunshiny joy, such as causes the shepherd and the wanderer upon the mountains to shout for very light-heartedness.

Such is the poetry of the mountain lakes; and, though the wondrous Walensee or Lake of Walenstad, towards which we are now wandering, has been celebrated in many and various tones, its praises have not yet been exhausted. There is, in fact, no song worthy of it; for how can the melody of a little spring-ditty express what it requires a full-toned symphony to utter? The Walensee serves as a sort of

introduction to prepare the traveller for what awaits him farther on, in the more sublime parts of the country. The lake lies on the threshold of the region of the Alps, and receives the waters of many a swift-flowing stream. The Seez flows into it on the east, close by the little town of Walenstad; on the west, near Wesen, it receives the Linth, and on the south the Murg, all of which lead, if we will follow them, to the glorious Alps of Glarus and the lower part of St. Gall, to the snowy peaks of the Glärnisch, Clariden, Tödi, Hausstock, and Saurenstock, among whose glaciers they have their source.

We are now in the river-territory of the Rhine, and in the mountain-territory of the Tödi. The latter is monarch of the whole region, and a very splendid kingdom he has. Wishing to be an independent sovereign, he separated himself, just where the Oberalpstock rears itself on high, from the ancient monarch of monarchs, St. Gotthard, and drew away with him a numerous following of stately princes, such as the Windgälle, Scheerhorn, Clariden, and Bifertenstock and many others, whom he brought into the lake district, into the midst of the Lakes of Lucerne, Eger, Zurich, and Walen. Here he drew up his troops in order of battle, ranging them in three divisions. On the borders of Uri, Glarus, and Schwyz, looking towards the Muotta valley, he placed the range which have the Glärnisch for their chief and leader. The Schild, Mürtschenstock and Mageren reared their heads between the Rieseten Pass and the Walensee, farther to the east; and the bold peaks of the Seven Churfürsten formed his vanguard in the north, where they joined the precipitous cliffs on the north side of the lake, and sent forth outposts to the east as far as the Rhine, and even beyond it.

These latter belong to the herdsman's domain, and fain would he now and again call them "Kuhfürsten," "Cow-princes," while those who remember the ancient splendours of the empire have dubbed them the "Sieben Churfürsten," or "Seven Electors," one of the "princes" having even received the name of "Kaiserrück," "Emperor's Ridge." But they have nothing really to do either with cows or the election of emperors; they are independent gentlemen, and form the boundary of the ancient district of Churwalden, which stretched southwards as far as to the Adula group, in the glaciers of which the Hinter-Rhein takes its rise.

In the days when Churwalden was a separate Gau, or "district," there was still a sharp line of demarcation between the territory of the Germans and that of the Italians or "Welshmen," as they were called—the term *Wälsch* being applied by the Germans to all foreigners without distinction. The Germans had settled themselves at Wesen on the Linth, and along the Rhine as far as the right bank of the Iller, while the Walgau, or "Foreigners' District," reached up to the left bank of the same river. Between the Germans on the Linth and the foreigners in Churwalden lay a lake to which the former gave the name of Walensee, *i.e.* "Foreigners' Lake," while they called the opposite shore Walenstad, the "Foreigners' Shore," a name which has clung to it up to the present day. The foreigners themselves called the southern shore Riva, the lake itself Lacus Rivanus, and its chief port Portus Rivanus. The place in those days was just on the borders of the ancient bishopric of Chur, and was the starting-point for an important road which led from Curia (Chur) to Turicum and thence to Vindonissa, connecting Rætia with Gaul. The lake was then a very important link in the chain, and Portus Rivanus was of great consequence both as a landing and lading place and as a strategical point.

But, long before the Roman cohorts or German hosts passed along the road from Sargans and across the lake, a prince far more mighty than either of them, a free-born son of the mountains, chose this route

VS BAHADA

LAKE OF WALENSTAD.



for himself. This was no other than the young Rhine. We have no documents to show in proof of this, and many people no doubt will shrug their shoulders and put the idea aside as a fable; and yet, how very easy it would have been for him, before he had broken through the rocks between Gonzen and Fläscherberg, to turn aside to the left, and to flow from Sargans along the bed of the modern Seez into the Walensee. Thence he might have passed by way of the now reformed Linth across the marshes and into the Lake of Zürich, whence he might easily have found his way to Waldshut, along the bed of the Limmat and Aar, which is much too broad for the volume of water which flows along it at the present day.

Many people say, "That is what he did do;" while others reply, "Who can be so sure of that?" However, we have no fault to find with the present state of things, which is so beautiful as to leave nothing to be desired. Truly the whole extent of country around the lake, from the chain of the Churfirsten down to the Tüdi, is extremely beautiful and sublime. You may either wander along the southern shore of the lake and revel in poetry as you listen to the rustling of the luxuriant foliage overhead, or, if you are an active mountaineer, you may penetrate into the Glarus Alps; while, if you have come for the sake of the baths, you may take your fill of peaceful enjoyment at Stachelberg.

If the sun should happen to be shining brightly when the traveller reaches Wesen from Zurich or Sargans, his first glance at the lake is sure to make him close his eyes, overpowered by its dazzling brilliancy. But after that he will be seized with a perfect passion for looking and gazing, and the glorious view presented to him will fill his soul with a rapture of delight. To the north he sees a wall of yellowish grey, deeply-fissured rock, rising straight up from out the golden blue-green waters to a height of from four to six thousand feet; many a foaming mountain-torrent flutters down some dark rent in its side, looking as though it were the silvery veil of a water-nymph; in the chasm up above are some bright white houses, looking down upon the few little huts and cottages which cower below close to the waters of the lake; the southern shore is crowned with luxuriant flowers and foliage; the distant sound of the cow-bells and the shout of the herdsmen is borne down from the heights above, and over the ragged peaks of the Churfirsten an osprey hovers on outspread wings.

The wild mountains on the opposite side seem to look with defiance not unmingled with envy at the gentle slopes on the southern shore, and very often, in their dark moods, they will beckon the black clouds to come to them from far and near. And they obey the summons right willingly. At first their fluttering skirts are torn by the jagged peaks, and then they are hurled backwards and forwards in huge masses from the Leistkamm to the Selun, from the Selun to the Brisi, the Hinterruck, the Sichel-kamm, and the Ochsenkamm. Then gradually they fill up all the dismal hollows and ravines among the mountains, and descend lower and lower. Dark shadows flit across the lake, the waves of which are crested with glittering white foam; a hollow roar is heard in the recesses of the Churfirsten-chain, the sun is blotted out, and the north wind sweeps fiercely down upon the terrified waters. The angry, foaming billows rise higher and higher, struggling one with the other, and looking in their rage and terror as if they would vainly clamber up the cliffs and get out of the way.

This sort of tempest is what the natives call "Blattliser," a most unwelcome visitor to the beautiful Walensee, but one which never leaves it altogether at peace. Many a fisherman has fallen a victim to it; and one wild night in winter a steamer went down with every soul on board, and perished in the raging waters.

In fact, this storm-wind renders the Lake of Walenstad one of the most dreaded in all Switzerland, notwithstanding its great beauty.

There is many another story told of the wicked Spirit of the Mountains. But his own immediate empire is just as much the object of his violence as the lake, and the traveller cannot find a better place than the neighbourhood of the Walensee for observing the gigantic work of self-destruction perpetually going on among the Alps. Trees of various kinds grow here in richest abundance; there are lime-trees, birches, beeches, and maples and alders; round about the houses grow fruit-trees, vines, maize, pulse; there are wild flowers in the woods, and there are broad, terrace-like strips of green grass; but all this wealth of vegetation grows upon ruins. The whole soil has been formed gradually in the course of some thousands of years, from the heaps of rubbish constantly worn away from the sides of the mountains. In this spot the Murtschenstock has been the greatest contributor, but the same may be observed of the mountains from Kerenz to Müllihorn and Mols, and generally along the whole of the southern coast, whose fertile sloping hills are all so many great mounds of débris. There are many pleasant little villages clustered together on this side of the lake; but the hamlet of Quinten is the only one beneath the stern wall of cliffs on the north. The kindred villages of Terzen and Quarten lie on the south, and the names of all three seem to indicate that the Romans once dwelt upon the mountains, and that these places were military stations, where fires were lighted as signals from one side of the lake to the other.

Most of the places on the southern shore are now railway stations, among which we may notice Müllihorn or Mühlehorn, and Murg, which lie at the mouth of ravine-like valleys, and under the shade of a perfect forest of fruit-trees. You may see them reflected in the lake and half buried in greenery, as you walk along the delightful road which leads from the Kerenzer mountains through Geissegg to the beautiful glen of Murgthal, and you will then have the old "Fifth Station" immediately opposite you.

In later times, when these military stations fell into the hands of peaceful herdsmen, they all ceased to be of any consequence with the exception of Wesen and Walenstad, which continued to play an important part in connection with the navigation of the lake, and the constant transit of Italian and German merchandise. At one time during the present century, there were steamers constantly passing to and fro upon the lake, but they have been entirely superseded of late years by the railway which makes its way from Wesen to Walenstad, along the southern shore, with the help of tunnels and bridges.

The little village of Wesen stands at the western extremity of the lake, pressed close up against the cliffs, and climbing a little way up them, like a child half afraid of the water, which first puts its foot out and then draws it back again. Its terraces of carefully tended vines and blooming gardens make a perfect green bower of it; but yet there is shame and disgrace connected with the name of little Wesen, such shame as must ever be a blot upon the history of Switzerland. The disgraceful episode to which we allude goes by the name of the "Massacre of Wesen."

The battle of Sempach had been fought and won, but the Austrians were not yet driven out of the country, and the nobles in their castles were as haughty as ever. The valleys of Glarus were in a position of great danger, for Wesen held with the Austrians, and in this place, as well as in Sargans and Gasters, plots were laid to compass the fall of the liberty-loving inhabitants of Glarus. It was, therefore, necessary that Wesen should be disarmed, and a few small bodies of men set out from Zürich, Schwyz, and Uri, as

agreed upon, to join the alarmed men of Glarus. In the middle of August, 1386, they together stormed the little town, and succeeded in taking it in spite of its strong walls. The townsmen took the required oath of fidelity, and the four cantons appointed a governor to administer the affairs of Wessen in the name of the Confederation. But the place had no real sympathy with the Confederation, and wishing still to serve Austria, contrived secretly to receive some Austrian troops, who were smuggled through the gates in casks. They were lodged in the houses of the townspeople, who thus insured to themselves the help of the stranger's arm when the appointed hour should arrive. They were further egged on to the deed they



COSTUME IN THE CANTON OF GLARUS.

contemplated by Hans von Werdenberg, the Austrian captain at Sargans, who was to be admitted into the little town at midnight, to accomplish the murder of the Confederates, and to garrison the walls once more with Austrian troops.

On the night of the 22nd of February, 1388, six thousand men appeared before Wessen, and, as soon as those within were assured of the fact, they killed the Glarus sentries who were on guard at the gates and admitted the waiting Austrians, and soon all the remaining Confederates were murdered in their houses or in their beds. A very few escaped over the town-wall and swam across the lake. Such was the massacre

of Wesen. But, though cunning had triumphed for the time, the day of vengeance and retribution was not long in following. There is an old song of the period which says:—

“They who this murderous deed did plan
Will surely rue the day
When they forswore themselves, and thus
Did err from the right way.”

South of Wesen, at the entrance of the beautiful valley of Glarus, lies Näfels, the Roman Navalia, at



CHURCH ON THE BERGLI, NEAR GLARUS.

the foot of the threatening-looking Rautiberg, and with the market-town of Mollis lying just opposite, under the precipitous wall of cliff on the east. The wild river Linth flows between the two.

The Austrians were thoroughly put to the rout at Näfels in 1352, and their defeat sealed the union of Glarus with the young Confederation. But the eleven great stones still to be seen in the meadow of Rauti commemorate another great deed, and recall the memory of the Swiss Thermopylæ and the Leonidas of Glarus with his following of heroic peasants.

At early dawn on the 9th of April, Counts Bonstellen, Klingenberg, Sax, and Thorberg, advanced from Wesen at the head of 15,000 well-armed troops. Count Werdenberg, with 1,500 men, was to march from Kerenz and fall upon the rear of the handful of shepherds whom they expected to encounter at Näfels. But at the defences of Letzi, at the mouth of the valley of Glarus, lay the “Captain” Mathias

Ambüel, with just two hundred peasants clad in the homely garments usually worn by herdsmen. They were ill-provided with arms, but they were prepared to fight to the death.

As the sun rose they caught sight of the enemy's overwhelming numbers, and Mathias Ambüel ordered the little alarm-bell of Nafels to be rung.

The summons was echoed onwards from place to place, and one bell after another caught it up and repeated it till it was heard far up the valley of the Linth, and had penetrated to the foot of the Tödi, where the cow-herds dwell, and even into the ice-covered mountains of the Sernfthal. And all who heard it, whether men or boys, threw aside their crooks and their sickles, caught up axes and morgensterns in their horny hands, and in their linen blouses, with their sinewy chests bared, they dashed down to the scene of danger ready to meet death if need were. Ambüel's little handful of men was thus increased to five hundred. But the enemy had already broken through the defences of Letzi, and had advanced to Glarus, wasting and plundering as he went. Nafels was in flames, and Ambüel, raising his standard on high, called his little scattered troop of peasants to follow him to the Rautiberg, whence he determined to make the first attack.

"Call upon God!" cried the powerful voice of Albrecht Vogel, the Landammann. "He is merciful; He is a defender of the orphan; He can raise the dead, and He is able also to deliver us!"

And then a mighty storm burst upon the assailants, who were first received with a heavy shower of stones, and were then attacked with clubs and morgensterns. Great was the confusion of horses and their riders; but the assault was renewed over and over again. Ten times it was repeated, and the peasants were in sore distress, when suddenly was heard the loud battle-cry, "Schwyzerland hero!" "Schwyzerland here!" they shouted in answer. The men of Schwyz were coming! and the little hard-pressed band felt imbued with fresh courage. The new arrivals were but thirty in number, but their strength was fresh.

A shepherd had set off to Schwyz on the Tuesday night, crossed the dreary Prugel-pass, descended into the valley of Muotta, and reached his destination early on Wednesday morning. Fifty men were ready to start, and thirty of them set out at once, reaching the scene of action by Thursday.

The contest was renewed with the greatest fury, amid the battle-cries of the shepherds, the shouts of the knights and their followers, and the thunder of great blocks of rock which were rolled down from the heights above and brought great destruction into the ranks of the enemy. At last, finding themselves assailed on all sides, the Austrians were seized with a panic and fled in the wildest confusion. It was only nine o'clock in the morning, but on they dashed without stopping, until they reached the bridge of Wesen, closely pursued by the men of Glarus. The bridge broke beneath their weight, and many of the nobles in their steel armour sank and perished in the waters of the Linth. The event is thus celebrated in the battle-song of Nafels:—

The knights now for their lives do pay,
And gold and silver they would pay,
So they might be set free
In vain your wealth, were it untold,
In vain your silver and your gold,
Your lives must forfeit be."

The men of Glarus turned back from the pursuit, and, falling down on their knees, gave thanks to the Lord of all power and might for that, "through His mercy and succour they had been enabled to save

their houses and homes, and had preserved their fatherland, their goods, and their honour." About three thousand of the enemy were found dead upon the field, and the Swiss possessed themselves of eighteen hundred suits of armour and eleven banners. Fifty-five of their own men had died the hero's death.

The peasants still keep this glorious day in memory, and every year they go in solemn procession to the eleven memorial stones set up upon the ancient battle-field, to keep the love of the fatherland alive in the hearts of all future generations.

Notwithstanding their martial prowess, however, the arms of their canton exhibit no knightly emblems. They cannot boast either a lion or a bear, their symbol being a figure of the peaceful St. Friedolin, in honour of whom each family calls at least one of its sons "Friedli." Friedolin came from the kingdom of the Franks to preach the Gospel to the Alemanni some hundred years before St. Gall set forth on his pilgrimage. The first thing he did was to found the convent of Säkingen, in the Black Forest. Thence he wandered along the Lake of Zürich into the old Rhetian valley of Claruna, at the foot of the Glärnisch. A wealthy landowner named Ursus gave him all his farms and property, and Friedolin in turn bestowed them all upon his beloved convent of Säkingen, the abbess of which appointed bailiffs to manage the estates in her name.

Glarus was originally a pastoral canton, and is now one of the busiest in Switzerland. Until the sixteenth century its population lived altogether on the produce of their pastures, on what they earned by cow-keeping and cheese-making. One ancient product of its dairies is the green Glarus cheese, often called herb-cheese, which is well known throughout the whole civilised world, and is still dispatched to all parts, being everywhere considered a great delicacy. It is peculiar to the canton of Glarus and its immediate neighbourhood, and owes its colour and smell to a strongly aromatic blue melilot which grows here, and here only. Indeed, scoffers say that you may smell the little canton farther than you can see it.

Cow-keeping is still carried on in the more remote valleys, and some of the boldest herdsmen and huntsmen come from Glarus; but these occupations ceased to satisfy the population in the sixteenth century. Here, as elsewhere, many of the people left their homes and enlisted in foreign armies, and when they returned home their horizon was greatly enlarged, and they began to consider how they might dispose of the small products of their canton to the best advantage. The first of these, of course, was the green cheese, or Schabzieger, as it is also called; but, besides this, there were the slates and slate-pencils produced by the valley of Sernf, as well as dried fruit, and a mixture of medicinal herbs from the Alps, called Glarus-tea. These all were now dispatched down the Linth to the Rhine in boats, and so were conveyed to Holland. To these products was afterwards added wood for furniture, and whole forests of walnut-trees, and then trees of various kinds, fell victims to this new trade.

Things went on well, money flowed into the canton, and the people began to look out for fresh ways of getting gain. Then came the introduction of cotton and cotton-spinning, which at first was merely carried on in a humble way in people's own homes. Even so it was sufficiently lucrative; but in this nineteenth century it has become a manufacture of far greater importance than could have been anticipated. The whole country has, in fact, become one great factory, and those who work in it do so with a will and with entire devotion of all their powers. Rich and poor all work quietly and steadily, without any foolish hurry and without any idea of spending their gains on parade or luxury. Yes, Glarus is famous not only for its Schabzieger, but for its prosperity, which is better still; and evidences of its well-being are to be seen in the streets of all its towns and villages. In the spring of 1861 the chief town was all but

destroyed by a fire which left only two hundred out of its seven hundred houses standing; but Glarus arose phoenix-like from out its ashes; and there is no other canton more ready to spend its wealth with a free hand for the promotion of any good and worthy object.

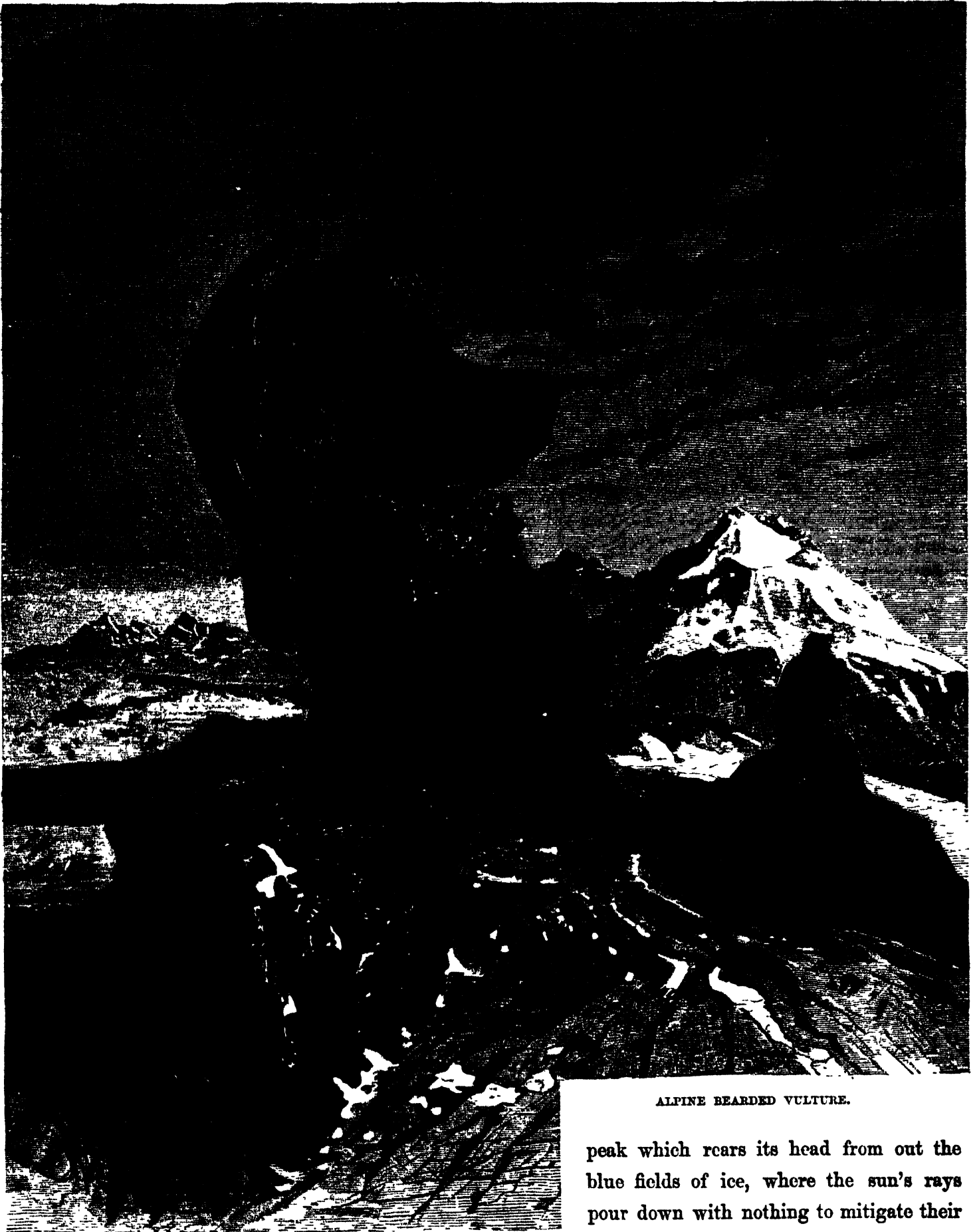
The factory hands, being descended from a long line of shepherds and peasants, still cling to the traditions of their ancestors, and like to have a bit of ground and a cow or two of their own; and when they have spent weeks in toiling at the looms, or in the printing and dyeing rooms, their hereditary attachment to the mountains seems to impel them to spend all their leisure time in the open air, collecting the wild grass with their own hands, as provender for their beasts. They very rarely pass a holiday without going up to the mountains around their home, where they revel in all the simple enjoyments of nature, or refresh themselves body and soul by making clambering expeditions in the neighbourhood; while their fellow-toilers in other parts of the world are spending the same time in playing cards in an atmosphere reeking of smoke and spirits.

If they cannot get to the mountains, the people of Glarus content themselves with going to what they call a "Bergli"—literally, "little mountain;" which is really a sort of tea-garden, where they sit in a green, shady arbour, and enjoy themselves after a fashion which the foreigner is often only too glad to imitate.

They like, too, to maintain their reputation for being good marksmen, and they have every right to be proud of their skill. Boys begin to practise shooting as soon as they are seven years old; but they are allowed to rest their rifles, if they cannot otherwise manage them, until they are twelve, though no longer.

Glarus used to be renowned for its chamois hunters, when the chamois was more plentiful than it now is; and three of these men, each of whom had shot over thirteen hundred head, are held in especial remembrance, owing to their tragic fate. Their names are Heinrich Heitz, Kaspar Blumer, and David Zwicky, the latter belonging to Mollis, the two former to Glarus. Zwicky met his death on the precipitous mountain meadows of the Wiggis, where his skeleton was discovered after he had been for some time missing; Blumer perished on the Vorder-Glarnisch. The people of Glarus are still very fond of sport—too fond, indeed, for the game with which the canton once abounded is gradually disappearing here as elsewhere. The last bear was shot in 1816, the last bearded vulture in 1820; foxes, badgers, and mountain-hares are very scarce, and lynxes have not even been heard of for some time past, the most that is seen being an occasional wild cat.

There is, perhaps, no need to lament the extermination of such sneaking animals as bears, lynxes, wolves, and foxes, which commit all their depredations under cover of the darkness; but it must be a matter of bitter regret to every lover of nature that such reckless war should be waged against the wild goat, chamois, vulture, and osprey, the ancient monarchs of the High Alps. The number of beautiful horns which formerly adorned the town-hall showed that the steinbock or wild goat was once common in the Alps of Glarus; and the frequent presence of the Alpine vulture, or Bartgeier, is shown not only by the number of stuffed specimens in the various museums, but by the names of places, such as Gyrenfluh, Gyrenbad, Gyrspitz, Gyrspang, &c. However, so far as Glarus is concerned, he is now as utterly extinct as the last of the Mohicans, and, therefore, the aid of pen and pencil shall be invoked to produce a memorial in some way worthy of him; though the proper place for any monument erected to him would be far above the broad, green valleys, far above the Alpine pastures, on the topmost summit of the loftiest

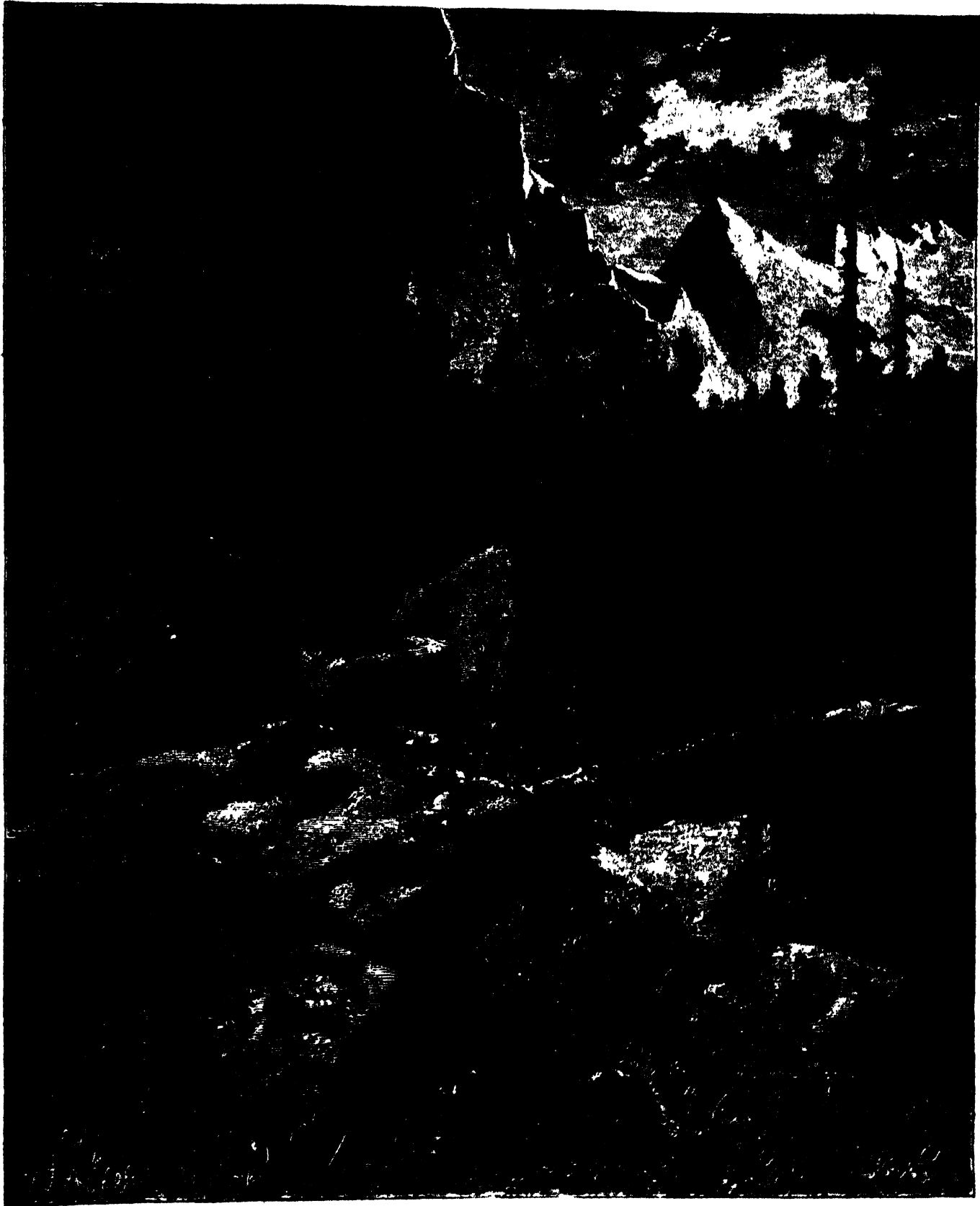


ALPINE BEARDED VULTURE.

peak which rears its head from out the blue fields of ice, where the sun's rays pour down with nothing to mitigate their intensity.

There he sits, the mighty robber-king, wrapped in his royal mantle of thick, dark plumage, dazzled by

the glitter of the glaciers, and looking, with his dreamy, blinking eyes, as though he were lost in idle



VIEW OF THE SCHIL AND MUEB'SCHENSTOCK, FROM THE KLOENTHAL.

thought. The whistling mountain wind plays at will with his brown, grey, yellow, and white feathers, the sun is reflected on his dark-brown back and broad pinions, or glitters golden on the rusty yellow of the

noble breast which has weathered so many storms. To look at him now, you would call him the "golden eagle," but for the horse-hair-like, bristly beard, which hangs so stiffly from beneath his beak, and gives him such a peculiar appearance. His companion on the other rock, his grandfather may be, is dressed in venerable silver-grey, and wears the snows of age upon his breast, back, tail, and wings.

But, see! the dreamer is awaking from his reverie: he shakes his quills with a noise like that of the wind, as it rustles among the trees in autumn; he stretches his neck, lifts his head, his feathers smooth themselves, and suddenly, with a shrill whirr, he has vanished from off the rock like the shadow of a black cloud. There was just a flash and a rush, and the royal bird is already hovering far over our heads. There he hangs motionless beneath the clouds, surveying the silent world, and his vast hunting-grounds, with drooping head. There are the mountain-pastures, musical with the bells of flocks and herds, the grassy banks on which the chamois feed, the marmots skipping about among the loose stones, and white hares and mountain-cocks darting in and out the copse of dwarf firs. All these once belonged to him, long, long before man came upon the scene with his bow and arrow, his gun and his rifle, and now the herdsman and hunter look upon him as an interloper, as a mountain brigand, or a daring, wild robber-knight. And yet his is not a mean nature. Hunger, or a longing for sport, makes him utter that sharp, shrill cry, which sounds so like a defiant challenge. The wild animals hear it, and stop feeding to hide themselves timidly among the rocks and stones. Yonder is a small troop of chamois, hurrying with fleet steps along the sharp ridge of rock to seek some safe place of shelter; but it is too late! He has darted down from the sky, and the shadow of his outspread wings is already upon the terrified creatures, and already they feel, as it were, the fierce breath of the tempest blowing upon them. There is a rush of air, and the strong wings rattle and beat like a hailstorm about the head of the chosen victim. It stands still and raises its head in self-defence, but the narrow path runs along the edge of a precipice, and a fresh attack sends it crashing down into the rubbish-filled depths below. The victor swoops down after his prey with a cry of triumph, and if he have shown himself the truly noble-minded eagle while animated by the spirit of the chase, his wild vulture nature breaks forth now in the desperate haste with which he gobbles and gulps down even the largest bones. Wild and excited by his frantic banquet he flies lazily back to his sheltering rock; but the terrible game is soon repeated.

He does not think much of the power of human beings, though he is afraid of their murderous bullets. Sometimes, in his wanton boldness, he takes it into his head to pay them a visit; but this is generally in the winter, when the whole region of the High Alps is covered thick with snow, and hunger drives him down to the meadows near the villages in search of any miserable fragments of food he may find. On such occasions he looks like some visionary messenger from an unknown land, inspiring people with a sort of weird feeling of alarm and wonder at his size and aspect, so suddenly does he appear and vanish again. Sometimes the huntsman's cunning is too much for him; and when he thinks he is only going to get a meal, he finds himself caught in a snare and reduced to slavery. Under these circumstances, however, he shows himself a truly noble animal, and bears his fate with the dignity and stoicism of a king. He does not rage and rave as inferior birds do, but bears his misfortune with proud self-restraint, and soon, with a sort of gracious condescension, he makes peace with his enemy, often even contracting a friendship with him which lasts until death. But the air of the plains is not his native element, and breathing it kills him. How often must he dream of the pure, sunny ether, of the storm which stirred his feathers, and carried him, the heroic aeronaut, in a few minutes from the icy peaks of the Rhætian Alps to the giant

heights of Berne or Valais. How he must dream of the old glorious time when he flew to meet the rising sun :—

“ He dives into the morning red,
He bathes in ether pure and bright ;
While night is dreaming still below,
He soars to meet the dawning light.”

In Switzerland his rocky throne is now almost everywhere vacant ; for, like the Redskins in the West, he has grudgingly given up his territory to his mortal foes. Now and then he may be seen in the Grisons, Tessin, Valais, and the Bernese Alps ; but it would be difficult to prove that he builds his eyrie even there, for he seems now to wander through the sky like a strange and lonely pilgrim. Those who want to look at him must go to the museums, where, in Switzerland alone, they will find some half-hundred specimens, most of them old and many of them moth-eaten. But at least they may learn from them the size of his powerful hooked bill, may admire the sharpness of his claws, and may measure his wings, which are eight or ten feet across when fully outspread. There, too, on neat tickets pasted upon the stands, they may read the numerous names by which he has been called. Some people have named him after the different animals which he makes his prey, as “Lammergeier,” or Lamb-vulture, Chamois-vulture, &c. He has not yet received the name of Child-vulture ; but the mountain herdsmen have many a tale to tell of his pursuit even of this tender species of game. He is called the Rock or Mountain-vulture, in reference to his habitation, and he has also been called “Geieradler,” or Vulture-eagle. But he is neither a vulture nor an eagle, being, in fact, a grand and entirely unique phenomenon in the ornithological world of the Alps. He belongs to a genus of his own, and of this genus he is the only recognised species, the beard being his most notable characteristic. The naturalist’s best name for him is *Gypaëtus Alpinus*, the “bearded vulture of the Alps.”

The chamois have been somewhat more fortunate, having had a refuge assigned to them in what are called the “free mountains,” between the Grisons and the valleys of Sernf and Linth, where none but certain qualified huntsmen are allowed to shoot them on pain of a fine not exceeding three hundred francs. The prohibition is, however, constantly evaded, owing to the want of keepers, and the gazelles of the Alps are becoming more and more scarce here, as elsewhere. A singular custom prevailed formerly, according to which, whenever a native of Glarus was married, the huntsmen of the Freiberge were expected to furnish a couple of chamois, in return for which the bridegroom gave them sundry presents. This, with many another patriarchal habit and custom, has vanished from the valleys of Glarus together with the ancient costumes, and even the dialect has lost many of its original peculiarities—a natural result of much contact with the outer world.

Such, then, is the canton of Glarus. Unfortunately—or, perhaps, one should rather say fortunately—it is still but little known, little visited, and but little the fashion ; but it deserves to be more so—as, indeed, does the whole neighbourhood of the Walensee. And people may make themselves very comfortable here. They have nothing to do but to put up at the Raven in Glarus, or at the Adler on the shore near Walenstad ; or, best of all, they may go to the beautiful baths of Stachelberg, in the upper valley of the Linth, where they may breathe the pure air of the Alps, and drink the life-giving waters, and be quite sheltered from the tiresome Fohn-wind, which frequently scourges the west of the Walensee, and makes such malicious attacks upon the whole canton from behind the Glarnisch.

Those who wish to go up to Stachelberg had better choose the middle one of the three Glarus roads—

that, namely, which leads up the Linth or Grossthal. There are two other valleys running parallel with it on the left and right—namely, the wonderful Kloenthal, with its lovely lake, on the east, and the slate-producing Sernfthal, or Kleinthal, on the right.

Quite in the background of the Grossthal, where it is shut in to the south by the broad stone blocks and glaciers of the Selbsanft, the Clariden, and the Todi, lies the beautiful valley of Linththal, and opposite it, on a meadow covered with low shrubs and surrounded by pleasant little woods, nestles Stachelberg,

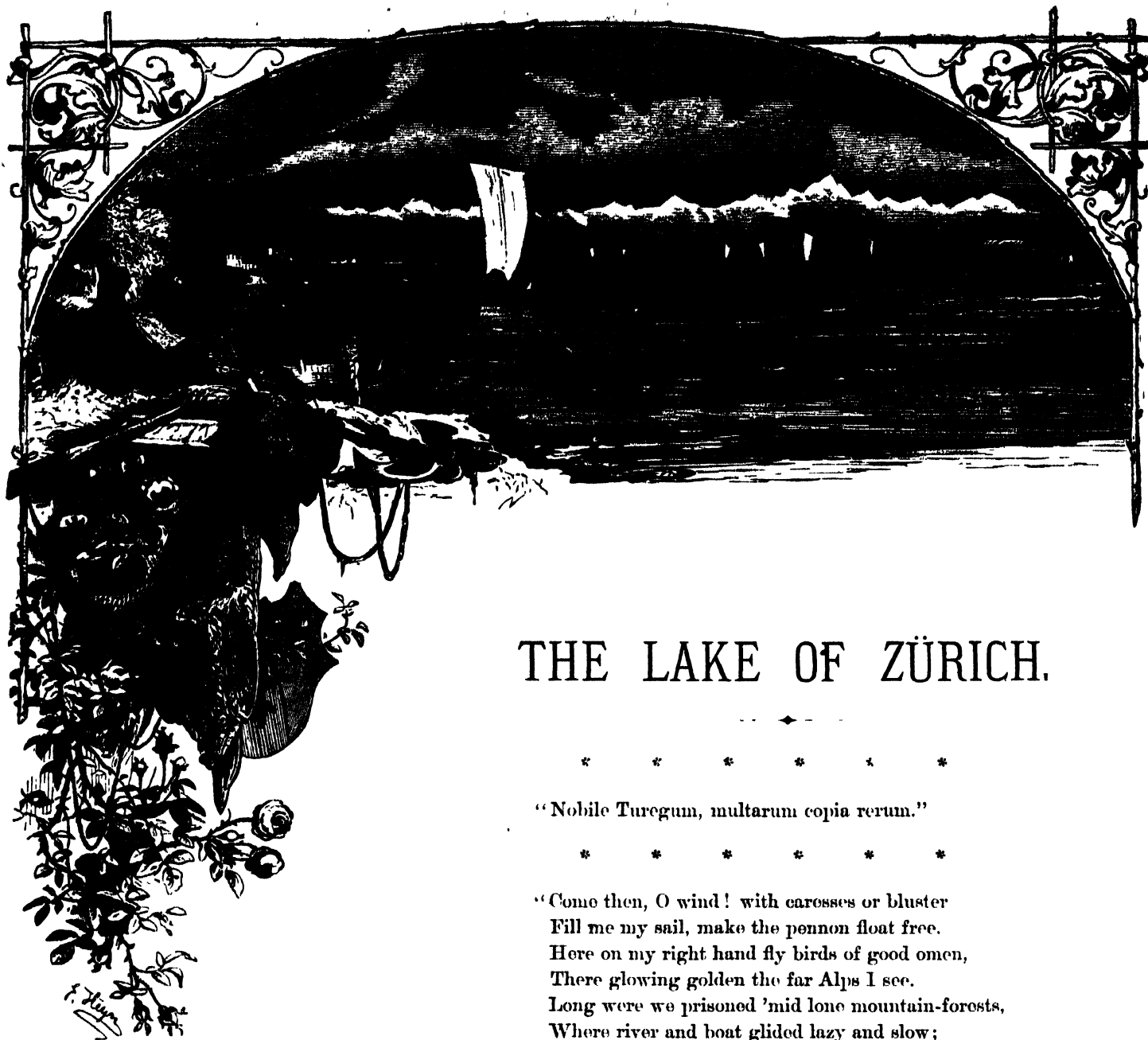


LAKE OF KLOENTHAL.

close to the Braunwaldberg, and looking far and wide over the valley and mountains from its sunny eminence. The tourist will find waterfalls, meadows, brooks, châteaux where he can get milk, villages nestling among trees, and lovely mountain views, all in the immediate neighbourhood. Everybody goes down to Luchsing, a very favourite resort, or up to the Braunwald, whence the views are very extensive, and probably no visitor to the baths has ever come away without revelling in the falls of the Diessbach, Fätschbach, and grand Leukelbach. But the tourist will naturally wander farther a-field, and, if he wishes to see a miniature Via Mala, he has nothing to do but to wander farther up the gradually contracting valley

till he reaches the modern Pantenbrücke—a bridge flung across the gorge at the height of some two hundred feet above the raging river Linth. It is not far from here to the Uelialp and Sandalp, and when you have reached these you have a whole panorama of mountains and glaciers before you. The great plateau of Urnerboden must not be forgotten, and when there, those who have a mind to do so, can descend into the Schächen-thal, in the canton of Uri, which is so full of historical reminiscences. The excursion to the Kloenthal, with its lake, is however far pleasanter, and is indeed well worth making. The valley is shut in on the one side by the stern cliffs of the Glarnisch, as well as by the Ruchen, Milchblankenstock, Nebelkäpplez, Feuerberg, and Brenelsgärtli, and on the other by the Wiggis and his train. The cliffs rise immediately and precipitously out of the lake, which is fed by the numerous streams of snow-water which trickle from their hollows. The valley, with its alternations of meadow-land, copse-wood, rock, and water, is a perfect pastoral poem, and the monumental stone erected to the poet Gessner could not have been more happily placed in any other spot.

The people of Glarus have a great affection for the valley and lake, and on beautiful summer days many a pilgrimage is made to its wooded shores, and the cliffs re-echo with the sound of merry voices. We might make many more excursions. Those who wish to go in a southerly direction may take their choice between three passes—the Sandalp-pass, Kisten-pass, and Panixer-pass, all of them rather difficult. They all three lie at the back of the valleys of Glarus and lead into the valley of the Vorder-Rhein. But there is another achievement greater than any of these—namely, the ascent of the Todi, which those who sojourn at Stachelberg will no doubt consider as their crowning feat. Many an eye has looked upon him with wonder and longing as the lord of the Glarus-Alps. The novice, gazing for the first time at the Alpine world from the Uetliberg in Zurich, is sure to have his attention immediately attracted by this magnificent mountain, which cannot fail to strike him both by its gigantic proportions and by its calm dignity. Its snowy crest is visible from the most distant mountains of Bavaria and Tyrol; and the whole of East Switzerland and the Northern Alps, from the Crispalt to the Calanda, look up to the Todi as their supreme and only monarch. The solid, mighty mass rises broadly and majestically to a height of more than eleven thousand feet, having its buttresses firmly planted in the Russein-thal, in the glacier-valley of the Bifertenfirn, and in the trough of the Sandfirn. Numerous ice-clad peaks stand around it like so many attendant vassals; but the Tödi, the high and mighty sovereign of the Northern Alps, gleams far above them all, and is always the first to be crowned by the golden beams of the rising sun.



THE LAKE OF ZÜRICH.

* * * * *

"Nobile Turegum, multarum copia rerum."

* * * * *

"Come then, O wind! with caresses or bluster
 Fill me my sail, make the pennon float free.
 Here on my right hand fly birds of good omen,
 There glowing golden the far Alps I see.
 Long were we prisoned 'mid lone mountain-forests,
 Where river and boat glided lazy and slow;
 Joyously now through the broad open country,
 By towns and by villages onward we go."

T. B. SCHEFFEL

AND now the sun had suddenly ceased to shine, for the frost-giant Hymir had made his appearance upon the world's silent stage. With the crown of his ice-bound head he touched the clouds, and at his approach the glaciers began to crack, and the waters of the earth froze and fled from before his advancing footsteps. All the luxuriant forms of life which had decked the meadows, the green grass and the rosy blossoms, fled from his presence or died away at the sound of his heavy tread; and then followed what we call the Glacial Age.

Who can tell how many thousand years have passed away since then! In course of time, the ice melted again and retreated to the loftiest mountains, the land re-appeared, and the waters formed themselves into lakes, streams, and rivers. As we see it now, the land looks smiling and radiant as the Garden of Eden, with its wealth of trees and flowers, its golden corn-fields, and its purple vineyards; and amid all this natural beauty, we see evidences of what cheerful industry and grave science have accomplished in the development and utilisation of all the resources both of hill and valley.

If the shores of the Walensee, as well as of many another little lake, are sacred to the dreams and meditations of the Muse of Poetry, the neighbourhood of the Lake of Zürich is surely the domain of the Muse of Science. Science has here been busily employed in investigating the secret of ancient times, and in deciphering the inscriptions which mighty Nature has left not only on blocks of stone at the bottom of seas or lakes, but on many another grand and imperishable monument. Nor has she been unsuccessful; the secret has been disclosed; one veil after another has been removed from the past; and we, who already knew a good deal about the old age of our ancient Mother, may now read and wonder at the four great books, which tell of her early life. These books are entitled respectively the "Glacial Age," "Stone Age," "Bronze Age," and "Iron Age."

Many of the principal scenes in these various acts of the great drama were played out in the neighbourhood of the Lake of Zürich, in the district lying between it and the Glärnisch and Tödi, and extending to the Rhine or even beyond. A gigantic stream of ice issued in former days from the Alps of Upper Glarus, and advanced through the Linththal and Sernfthal up to the Walensee, where it joined the left arm of the Rhine-glacier, after which the two flowed slowly but steadily northwards together. There was not a mountain to stop their course, for the Uetliberg and Albis, though rising more than 2,500 feet above the sea, lay buried deep beneath the enormous mass of ice. There was not a lake to be seen; for even the largest of them existed but in embryo, and they were all slumbering in bonds of iron. Patches of earth appeared island-like here and there, but the plants had all migrated, and so had the animals, except such as the marmot, mountain-hare, wild goat, and chamois, which are accustomed to glacial regions, and the reindeer, musk-ox, golden and arctic fox, and ptarmigan, all of which belong to the extreme north, and can endure frost and cold without inconvenience. The latest discoveries have also proved beyond doubt the fact of man's existence during this reign of death. Traces of him have been found, meagre certainly, but clear enough, in the great album formed by the slate-coal of Wetzikon.

But what sort of life could he have lived, the poor, thoughtless child of nature, in the midst of darkness, privation, and perpetual conflict; here flying before the advance of the glaciers, and there following them step by step as they receded from the bottom of the valleys? This dismal period, however, came to an end at last, and light and warmth once more prevailed over the earth; the glaciers retreated from the plains, and crept farther and farther upwards to their last refuge among the High Alps. But, wherever they had been, they left behind them tokens of their presence to show how far they had advanced; and, just as the inscriptions found on Roman coins and milestones tell the antiquarian in clear and unmistakable language that the Mistress of the World once held sway over this country and the other, so these monumental stones afford us certain information as to the extent of the glacier-world many thousands of years before the first dawn of the historical period.

These great solitary boulders, "erratic blocks," as they are called, are often huge masses many thousand cubic feet in size, which have been brought down from their birthplace among the High Alps on the broad backs of the glaciers, and have been deposited on the hills and lowlands of Switzerland, or have been carried even as far as Upper Swabia. Other monuments too there are, in the shape of heaps of stones and débris, called, according to their position, either terminal, lateral, or medial "moraines," which the glacier pushes before it or carries with it as it creeps onward. Rubbish of this kind is scattered over the whole district of Zürich and throughout the canton of Aargau, and the well-known "moraine of Zürich" alone measures more than twelve miles at Richterswyl. Nor is this all; for from beneath the glacier there

poured forth not only melted ice-water and the mud and detritus of the sub-moraine, but a constant supply of material which gradually filled up the valleys and produced a new soil of inexhaustible fertility. In some places a sub-soil was formed, often two hundred feet in thickness, in others the valleys were shut in by lofty ridges, like lines of entrenchment, and the large basins, in which the ice-water was stored, were divided into many small new receptacles and reservoirs. Thus, when the Rhine and Linth glacier had receded, there was, at first, no division between the Walensee and the Lake of Zürich; but the waters continued to rush down in a torrent, bringing with them disintegrated matter of various kinds, until in process of time a separation was effected here and a junction there, and the face of the country assumed its present aspect. And now many of the plants began to find the lowlands too warm for them, and returned to their previous haunts among the mountains, while others, having made themselves at home down below, there remained and flourished. Animals which had migrated hither from the north, not being able to bear the altered state of things, returned to their former haunts, while bears, wolves, lynxes, foxes, and wild cats still found themselves surrounded by all the conditions necessary for their continued existence. Man, too, found the earth a more pleasant place of abode, now that it was once more clothed with vegetation; and, indeed, vegetable life soon developed itself to such an extent that primæval forests grew up around the lakes, and firs, pines, oaks, yews, junipers, birches, ashes, hollies, together with a tangled mass of weeds and creepers, grew thicker and thicker until they formed an utterly impenetrable barrier. Even the sun's vivifying rays failed to pierce the darkness, and the black, boggy soil often penetrated to the very heart of the tree-stems. The wild beasts waded, swam, and scrambled about in the wilderness, but man dwelt upon the lakes, not certainly because he was at all sentimentally inclined, or had any fondness for reveries by the water-side—poetry was not then invented—but he was simply driven to live in this way by the hard and bitter circumstances of his lot.

Those were very ancient and remote times, when civilisation still lay enveloped in the shadowy mists which precede the dawn. And yet, in spite of the thousands of years which have elapsed since then, our scientific men know something about those ancient days, and have already filled many a volume with the information they have managed to collect upon the subject. Hoary relics belonging to that pre-historic period have been conjured up from their muddy beds at the bottom of the lake, and may now be seen standing in museums to be wondered at by the highly cultivated of the nineteenth century. Just as the vine-dressers dwelling at the foot of Mount Vesuvius knew of the existence of Pompeii long before it was suspected by the scientific world, so the fishermen of the Swiss lakes were long ago acquainted with the fact that there was a world buried beneath the waters. As their boats glided over the surface, and they looked down into the slumbering depths in search of their prey, they could see, among the weeds and rubbish at the bottom, rows of piles blackened with age, but arranged in regular order. Many a curse did these useless erections beneath the waters evoke when, as often happened, the fishing-nets got entangled in them; and many a net, too, brought up from the deep at different times gigantic stag-horns, strange-looking potsherds, and wonderful implements. The people looked at these things, shook their heads over them, and then threw them down in the sand on the shore; or sometimes the young people would ask their great-grandfather if he knew anything about the pile-work and other things, and would be told in answer that he could not remember anything about it.

But in the winter of 1853, it happened that the waters of the lake of Zürich sank lower than they had ever been known to do before; and the people of Meilen, who had seized this opportunity of completing

• some buildings along the shore, made the discovery that here, too, there were numerous old sharpened stakes, as well as pottery and articles made of stone and bone. The news soon reached the ears of the scientific world, and much zeal was shown in exploring the bottom of this and the other lakes of Switzerland; and the result of these investigations was that much light was thrown upon the "Pile-building period," as the German scientists have named it, an age which dates back more than five thousand years before the dawn of history, and had until now been completely hidden from us.

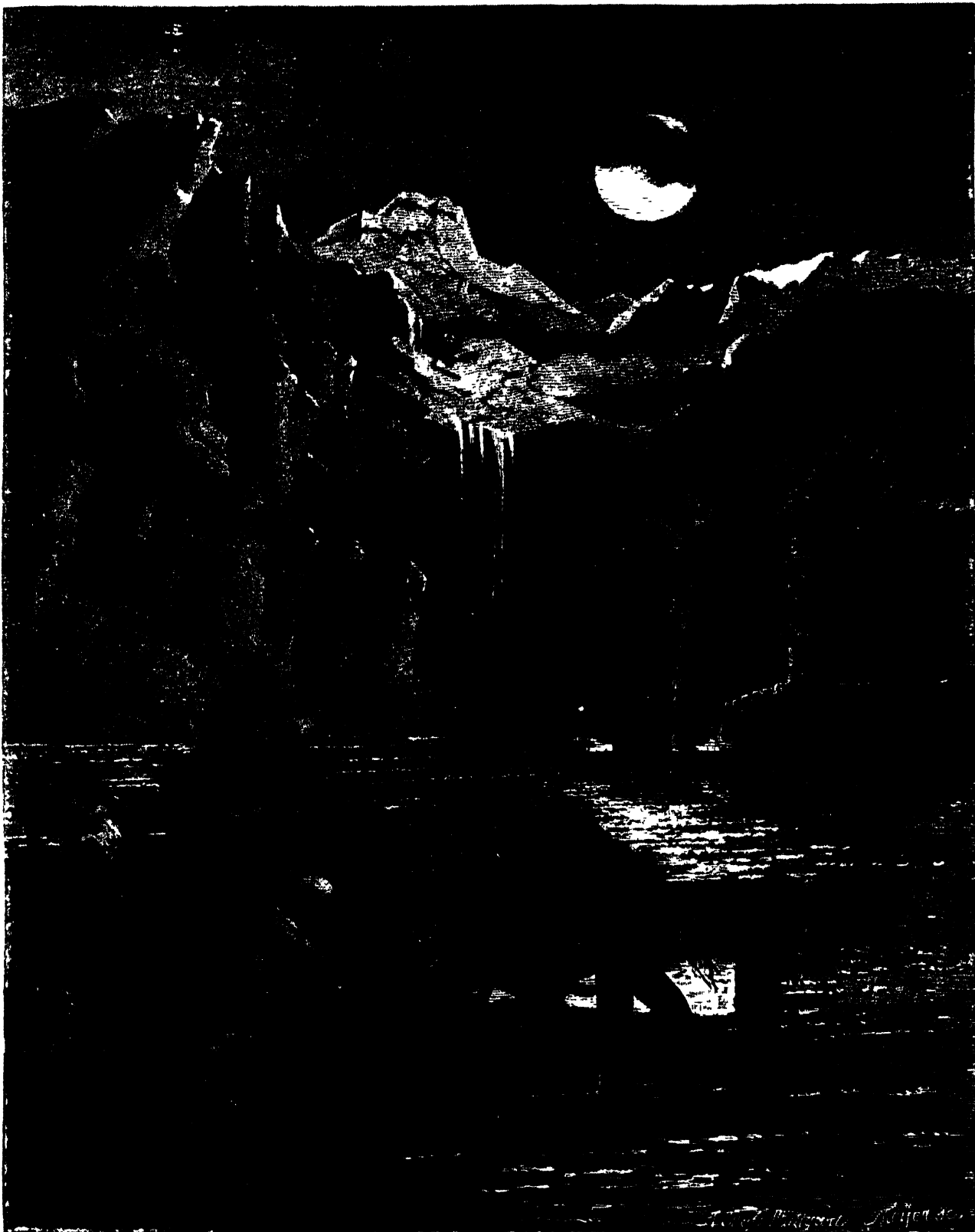
More and more discoveries were made. As soon as the dwellings of that time had been reconstructed—by no means an arduous task—the domestic utensils and hunting weapons, and the remains of plants and animals, all seemed to find their proper places. No doubt remained as to the manner of life led by these ancient people, and although we may have no positive assurance as to their name, we are able to divide the time of their existence into three well-defined ages, called respectively the Stone Age, Bronze Age, and Iron Age, according to the materials of which their weapons and implements were successively made. The Stone Age, of course, was the earliest; the Bronze Age showed some advance in civilisation; and with the Iron Age we come to the times of the Romans. All the lakes have yielded more remains of the Stone Age than of either of the two others; but all three periods may be best studied at Neuchâtel.

By degrees, whole sets of such things as went to make up the furniture of a pile-dwelling were recovered, and are now to be seen displayed in the museums of various Swiss towns. There are stone hatchets and hammers, spears and darts, all made either of flint, serpentine, rock-crystal, chalcidony, or jasper, and sometimes even of rarer stones; there are implements made of bone, clubs of stag's-horn, daggers of bone, fish-hooks made of the claws and tusks of the wild boar, needles, primitive ornaments for the throat and hair, part of a spindle, even a bundle of flax, yarn for weaving, woven stuff and netting of various kinds. To complete the picture, some ten different kinds of cereals have been found, various sorts of pulse, bits of apple, cherries, and raspberries, all of which having been turned into charcoal are perfectly well preserved. Both the fauna and flora of the period have been accurately determined, and from the bones found in huge quantities around the piles, it seems that the enemies and friends of man in those days were the bear, urus, bison, wild-goat, fox, wolf, horse, pig, cat, pole-cat, domestic cattle, and many others besides.

But the men of those days must have had a hard battle for existence with the rough, rude elements, the wild beasts, and the hostile tribes, "on the other side of the mountains." It was probably their fear of the latter, together with the marshy state of the soil on the shore, which induced them to build their dwellings over the waters of the lake. There could not have been much enjoyment of life; there could have been no light-hearted laughter, no sound of singing, as the lake-dweller in his canoe glided over the waters for the purpose of fishing, or went to the shore either to take game or to pursue the wearisome labour of cutting down wood with his flint-axe. The thin walls of his wooden hut afforded him very slender protection against the frequent damp fogs arising from the icy glaciers, and all the horrors of a long winter, in spite of his having built his dwelling close up against those of his neighbours, in spite of his having filled up the crevices with moss and clay, and in spite, too, of his having covered the roof with a thatching of pine-branches. There must have been a good deal of wind and plenty of thorough draughts, and, in fact, as says the poet: "The ancient history of Europe must have begun with colds, toothache, and swelled faces."

To be sure, among the materials of the huts are to be found hearthstones and traces of beds, but there

were certainly no comforts, and man's only real gratification must have consisted in feasting, to which he doubtless applied himself with all his might and main. The remains of great heaps of bones, which appear



A LACUSTRINE VILLAGE.

to have been gnawed and then thrown into the lake, give us some insight into the nature of his banquets, and even the bill of fare provided.

People fancy they have discovered, even in the Stone Age, some slight tokens of the existence of commerce, carried on, of course, by means of barter; there is no doubt that it was practised in the later ages, and contributed greatly to the general advance of civilisation. As their weapons improved, people



A STREET IN ZÜRICH

could venture, where the soil allowed it, to settle upon the shore; and if they still used the pile-buildings at all, it was as places of assembly, or for laying up their arms, implements, and winter stores, and such like purposes. Both the earlier and later pile-buildings were at last destroyed by fire; but where the fire

did not wholly consume it carbonized, and it is to this circumstance that we owe the preservation of many a sub-aqueous museum of antiquities.

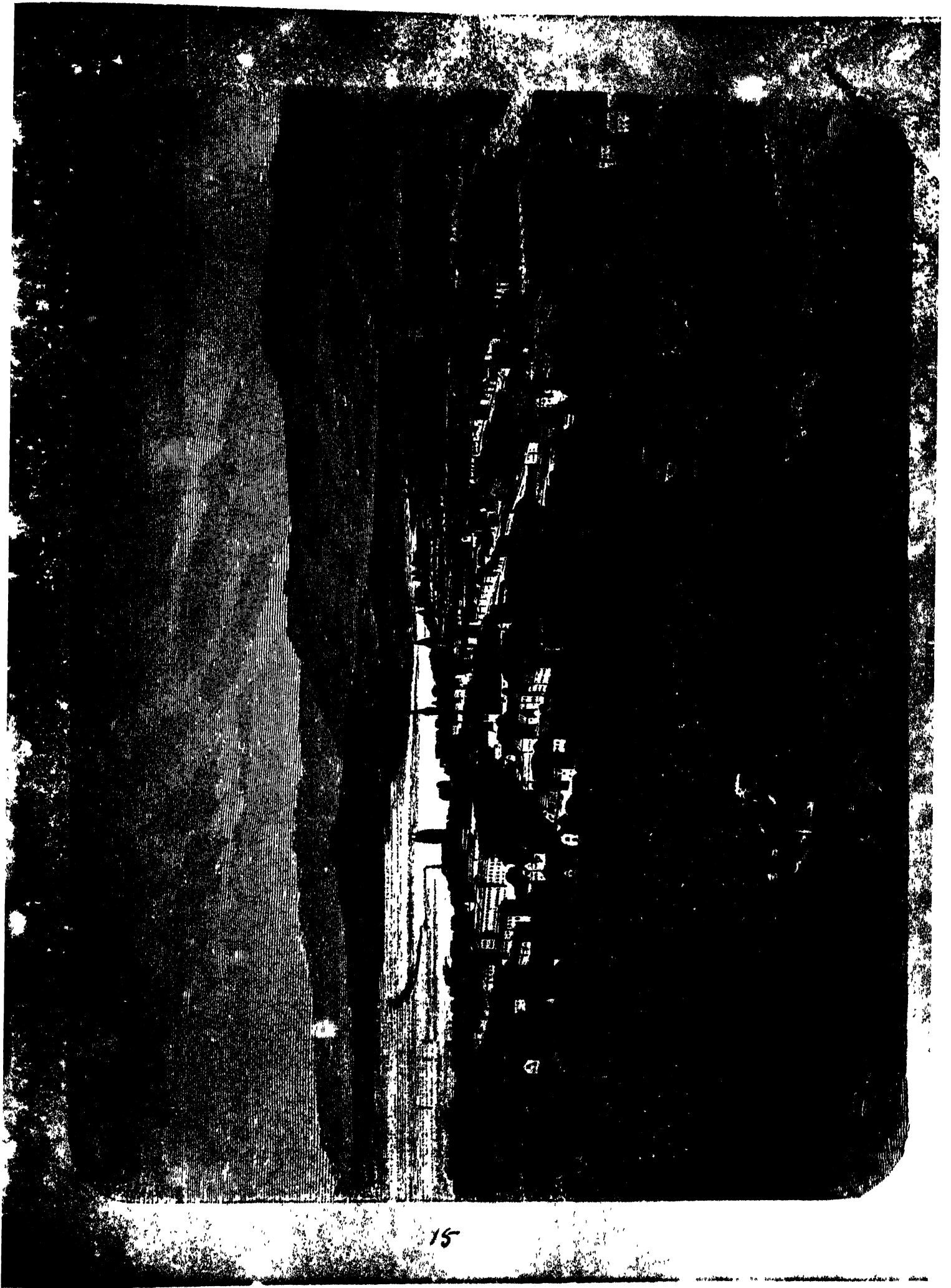
The river Linth has poured a good deal of water into the Lake of Zürich since those days; times have changed since then; so, too, has the face of the country. More and more débris was constantly brought down from the mountains; the forests grew thinner and thinner, the marshes dried up, and towns and villages were built upon the shore, or along the margin of the smiling lake. The land between the Walensee and the upper part of the Lake of Zürich was converted into one large orchard, through which the Linth flowed peacefully and beneficently. The river had a course of its own in those days, and passed the Walensee on one side, receiving its overflow but not touching it. Succeeding generations, however, sinned against the mountain-forests, and by so doing brought evil both upon the valley and upon themselves. When they had destroyed the trees which were nature's defence against the wild mountain-torrents, these latter would in stormy seasons rush down the open gulleys, and like the legendary dragon, bring desolation and destruction upon the peaceful valleys. The bed of the Linth rose higher and higher, the waters of the Walensee accumulated, and the inhabitants both of Wesen and Walenstad suffered more and more from terrible inundations. The meadows to the right and left of the Linth suffered yet more seriously. The river left its bed, and bursting through all bounds, spread itself over the valley, which was once more converted into the stagnant marsh it had been in ancient times. Poisonous exhalations arose from the unhealthy soil, and fever settled in all the villages of the neighbourhood, where numbers fell victims to it. Where the cheerful sound of the herd-bells and the song of the reaper had once been heard, there frogs and toads croaked forth their satisfaction with the morass in their own peculiar tones, and swarms of buzzing gnats enjoyed their mazy dance.

The distress was very great and grew greater year by year. Many complaints were uttered, but they died away unheard amid the manifold distractions of the time. To be sure, the Confederacy determined, at the beginning of the present century, to set matters straight, but a very vigorous spirit was needed to take the matter in hand. Happily for all succeeding generations, such a one was at length found in the person of a homely but energetic and scientific man named Hans Conrad Escher, of Zürich, who devoted his life to the work of setting bounds to the troublesome Linth. It was a great and bold undertaking, but it met with splendid success; for the Linth was turned into the Walensee by means of the Molliser Canal, and was then carried safely through the valley it had hitherto devastated into the upper part of the Lake of Zürich.

Then the land began to breathe again; the marshes dried up, and the fields and meadows flourished once more beneath the fertilising influences of the sun. Prosperity returned to the valley; the slayer of the modern dragon, or Lintwurm, as the Germans call it, received for himself and his descendants the honourable title of "Von der Linth;" and the name of Escher von der Linth is held in high and deserved estimation by all his fellow-countrymen. We shall often hear him mentioned as we glide down the Linth Canal, or take the railway from Wesen and pass through richly-laden orchards on our way to the pleasant and important Lake of Zürich.

It is a glorious and delightful thing to gaze upon a land so manifestly blessed by all the gods as are the borders of this lake. Klopstock was moved to enthusiasm by the sight, and exclaimed:—

"Beautiful, O Mother Nature! are the splendid devices
Which thou scatterest over the landscape."



Everything we see is in a flourishing state of prosperity, whether we look at the villages or the groves of fruit-trees, or the fields with their waving crops, or the vines which clothe the gently-sloping hills. Upon the waters, too, there is abundance of life. Like huge bees intent upon gathering honey, the numerous boats and steamers are perpetually crossing and re-crossing one another as they dart through the transparent green-blue waves, and touch at the countless little towns and villages which border the lake like so many white blossoms.

A poet has written thus of the aspect of the lake: "It is a smiling idyl, and reminds one of the land



FRUITSELLER.

of Jean Paul, full of light, and corn, and sunshine." Schiller must surely have seen these waters in his dreams before he wrote the lines beginning—

"The lake is smiling, it invites one to bathe"

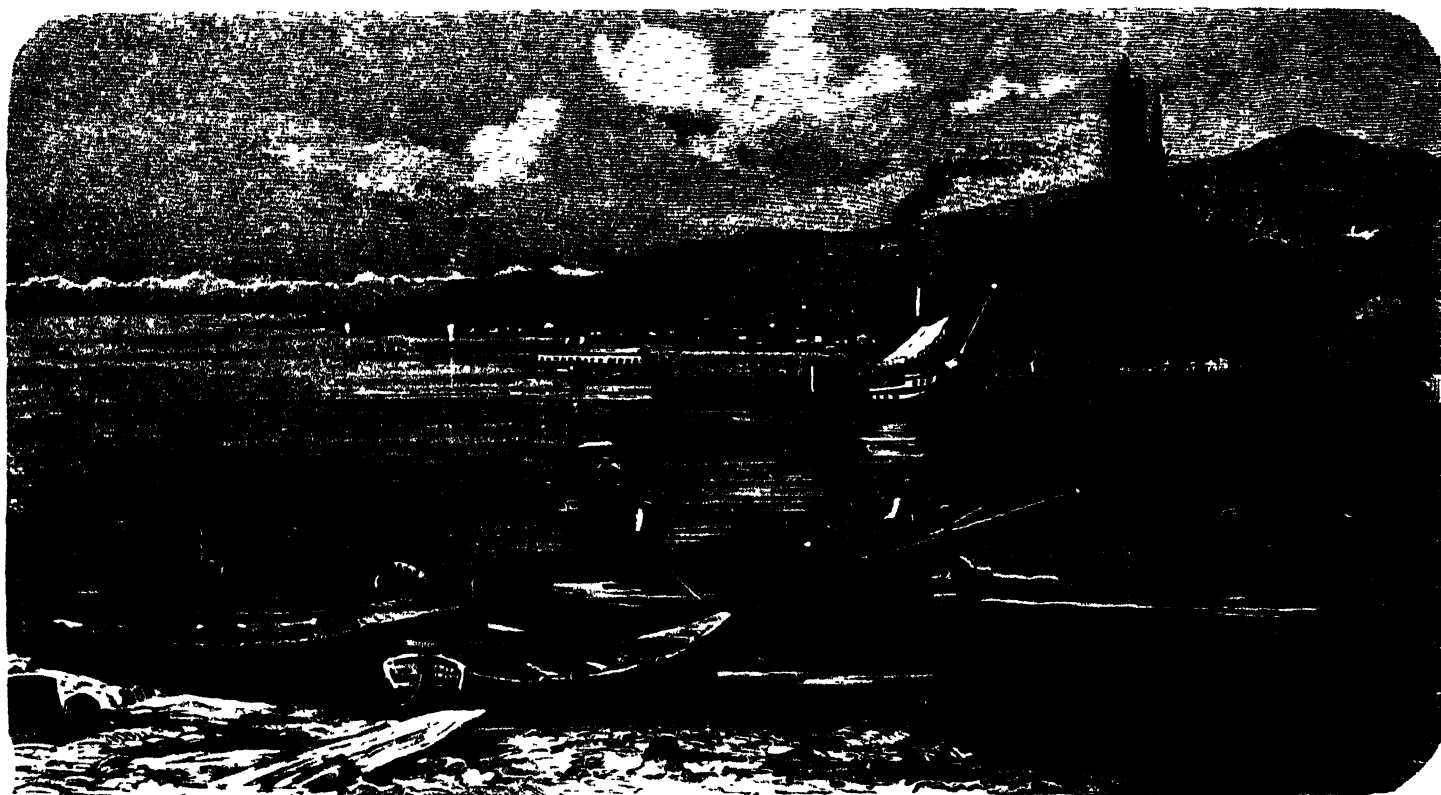
But both lake and shore invite one to do more than bathe; they seem to bid one be cheerfully industrious, and their bidding was followed centuries ago by those who chose this as the site of their town. By dint of the most dogged perseverance and the most tenacious of lime and mortar, they succeeded in raising a stronghold in which both labour and science might find shelter; and they have erected a lighthouse which

is visible above the heads of the most lofty mountains, in the most remote valleys, and has already guided many a vessel safely into port. The old inscription might still stand over the gates of Zürich—

“Nobile Turegum, multarum copia rerum”—

for she may still be regarded, and even more now than formerly, as “Noble Zürich, where many things are to be found in superabundance,” and she may justly be called “a very jewel of fruitfulness.”

As to the inhabitants, a dry chronicler of the seventeenth century was moved to write of them in the following enthusiastic terms: “It is only just to extol the wonderful courtesy, kindness, and civility of the people of Zürich, their liberality to the poor, their old-fashioned honesty and uprightness, their arts and manufactures, and their great success as well as assiduity in all matters of commerce.” And what she was



BAUSCHÄNZLI, ZÜRICH.

then that is she still, the chief source and the careful foster-mother of all the civilisation and prosperity of the neighbourhood. The town looks very beautiful as we come up the lake; but whether it be, as a modern English tourist has asserted, the pleasantest and most beautiful old town in our hemisphere, next to Damascus, and whether it would be altogether gratified by being compared with the town which lies at the foot of the Anti-Lebanon encircled by the many-armed Barada, is a question we must leave undecided. Comparisons are odious! To be sure, Damascus lies in the midst of a garden which is lovely to look upon and sweet with the perfume of orange-flowers; moreover, it is called the first of the four earthly paradises, and viewed from the outside it certainly is most captivating. But within!—there are the narrow, crooked, unpaved streets, the ownerless dogs, the dust, filth, laziness, and wretched spirit of *laissez-aller*, which go to make up the internal economy of all Oriental towns. In these particulars the comparison with Zürich would certainly not be at all flattering to the latter. True it is that in some of the old refractory parts, in

the heart of the town, there are still several dark streets and alleys, and damp shady nooks, streets where the sun never shines, and no shadows are cast even by the brightest of full moons; but the chief life of the place is concentrated upon the banks of the Limmat and the shore of the lake, and this is the Zürich which the stranger sees and speedily learns to love. Unfortunately, it does not receive much real attention from summer tourists, for, after halting at Lake Constance to recruit their strength, and gazing southwards from the banks of the Rhine, either at Basle or Schaffhausen, no sooner do they reach Zürich and get their first glimpse of the only too seductive glaciers, than they feel impelled to hurry on into the land of the Alps. The ordinary visitor, who comes to Switzerland for Alpine flowers and herd-bells, for mountain-forests and snow and ice, will take no delight in modern town-life, with its rattling cabs, servants in red



RAPPERSWIL.

and blue liveries, bustling streets, and roaring factories. He has all that at home; and accordingly Zürich is generally treated as nothing better than the vestibule of Nature's great temple among the mountains; and though the tourist may gaze upon the lake from the charming garden or terrace of that most splendid of all hotels, the Hôtel Baur, though he may be in the midst of the most fashionable society, and though the water-nymphs may put on their most bewitching smiles, yet he soon gets weary of it all when once he has fallen under the spell of the lofty mountains.

Those who wish really to study such towns as Basle, Winterthur, Bern, and Zurich, must come with other aims, and they must look at them with serious eyes if they wish to be pleased. But if they do come thus prepared, Zürich is sure to fascinate them more than all the rest, and they will be likely to endorse

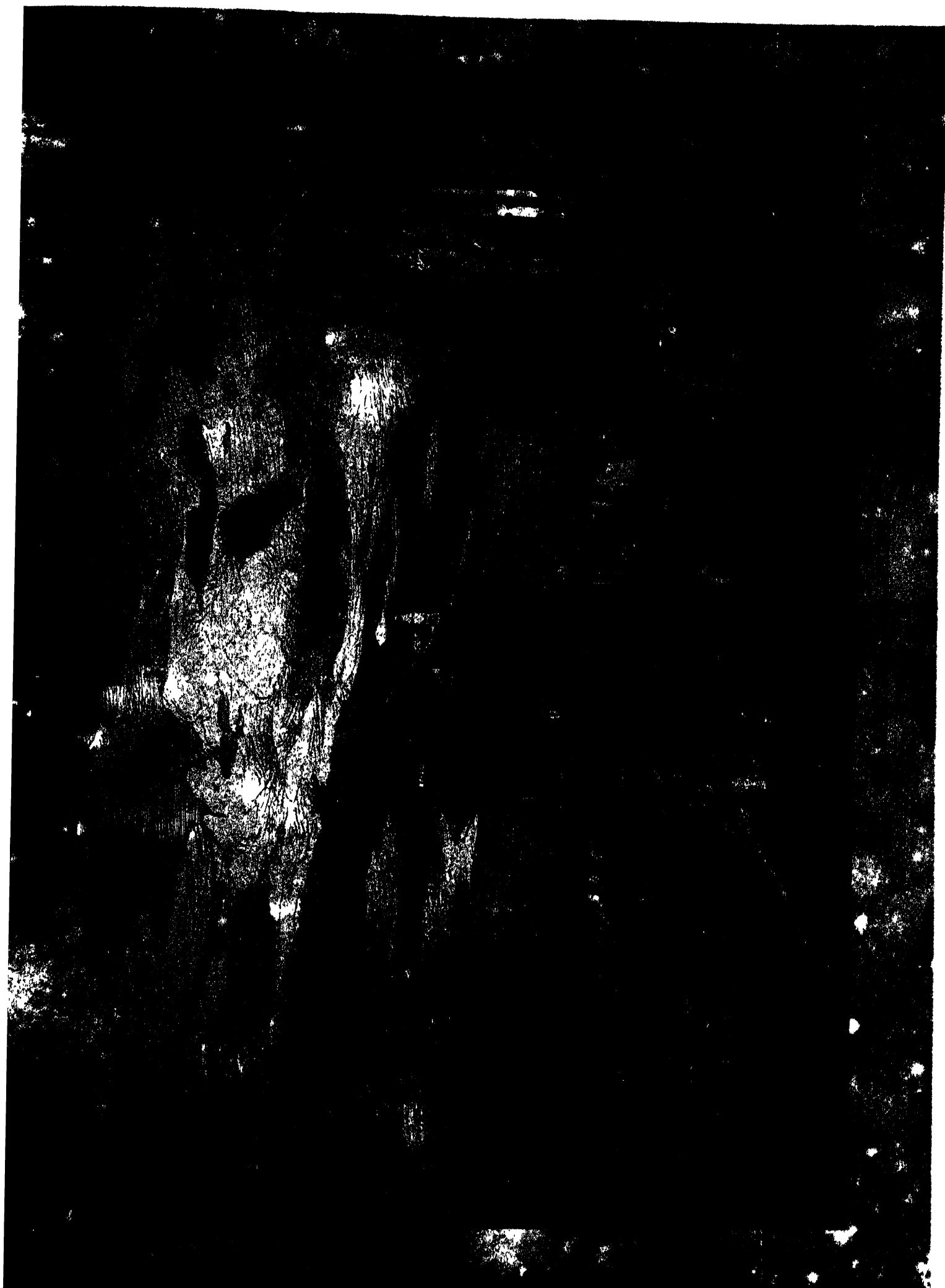
the verdict of Horner, the circumnavigator of the globe, who thus expressed himself:—"I have come back over and over again to my old opinion that Europe is the most beautiful quarter of the world, that Switzerland is the most favoured country in Europe, and that the pleasantest place in Switzerland for a man of cultivation to live in is, beyond all doubt, Zürich."

Even those who bestow but a cursory glance upon it must see that the town is the very centre and focus of a province which has a great destiny before it. It lies in the midst of one of the grand amphitheatres in which the great battle of civilisation is being fought out; and the arena comprises both the extensive basin of the lake and its immediate shores. Behind these the rich fields and meadows slope gently upwards into green hills covered with vines, among which are scattered many pleasant dwellings. Behind the hills rise dark, wooded heights, over which a torn, jagged wall of mountain looks solemnly down, and the horizon is bounded by the white glaciers of the High Alps. In the midst of this grand landscape lies the proud and commanding town of Zürich, which has attracted to herself all the life of the surrounding hills and mountains, and is the source and centre of all the strength and prosperity of which so many tokens are visible around. Zürich is the Queen of the Land, the splendid Lake-Queen!

If we take our way along the right bank of the Limmat, and look across to the other side when we are near the Meat-market, we shall see a group of dark, shady trees, growing upon a little hill which is surrounded by a wall and stands close to the waterside in the midst of a few unpretending-looking houses. The trees are limes, and the place, called the Lindenhof, is historically remarkable. If you have sharp ears you may perhaps be able to hear what the lime-trees say. They are very, very old—five hundred years old, it may be; but even were they still more ancient, they could not tell us everything; and if we wish for further information, we must apply to the grey stones which are embedded in the wall. From them we learn that this spot was once the haunt of some chiefs of the Tigurinus Pagus, a canton of the Helvetii; that the Romans walled round the lower slopes, built a castle upon the top, to intimidate the people, and placed there a præfect, whose business it was to collect tolls; and that in the Middle Ages, when the Romans had long since passed away, a residence was built here for the Emperor's officers. There the linden-trees take up the story and tell in many soft whispers of the free, dignified burghers, both men and women, who have come up this hill to take part in some hearty banquet, and to drink to the honour of their beloved and faithful Confederates; they will tell also of men in armour and of the noise of arms—ay, one of the oldest will even tell us that they have seen the maidens and matrons of the town clad in men's armour and bearing arms, not for any masquerading purposes, but that their large numbers might deceive and frighten their enemy, Duke Albrecht, who was then threatening the town. We might hear a good deal more besides, but there are other matters which must not be neglected. Truly, if all the old stones and walls in Zürich could speak, we should have a story without an end.

It is to be noted that the actual town of Zürich did not crystallize around the Linden-hill, in spite of its historical associations, but grew up about the Rath-haus and Gross Münster or Cathedral, on the right bank of the Limmat, and this part is still called the "Gross Stadt," while that on the left bank is called the "Kleine Stadt."

The main body of the true, genuine burghers, who knew what they were about, dwelt on the right bank; and here in their midst originated the germ of the town's subsequent history. Here were laid the foundations of that career which has won for modern Zürich the victor's wreath of myrtle, and here are still to be found the excellent Town-library, with the collection of the Antiquarian Society, the Cathedral,



Rathhaus, Museum, Hospital, Court-house, Theatre, and Meat-market; higher up are the University, the canton's school, and many other important buildings, both old and new.

In the days when ancient Zürich was struggling for her religious and political freedom, the *Kleine Stadt*, on the left bank of the Limmat, was the abode of various malcontents, recruited chiefly from the ranks of the clergy and nobility; and the *Frauenmünster*, or Cathedral of Our Lady, and the Churches of St. Peter and St. Anne were so many fortified castles, built for the purpose of arresting the progress of liberty. But the old stock gained the victory; and now we see the two trees united in root and branches, and both growing vigorously and loyally together into one perfect whole, all parts of which turn with equal eagerness to the light. The children have followed the example of their parents; and, as the suburbs of Riesbach, Fluntern, Hottingen, Hirslanden, Unterstrass, Oberstrass, Enge, Wiedikon, and Aussersihl spread to right and left, as many as five connecting bridges have been thrown across the river; nor do the people seem to think even these enough.

Each quarter of the town seems to have taken up one particular branch of industry, that on the left bank being chiefly devoted to manufactures, and that on the right to commerce; while for purposes of pleasant recreation we must seek the suburbs which fringe the lake, or slope upwards among the hills, where we shall find many a tasteful and even splendid villa, surrounded by its own well-kept gardens. In fact, the whole environs of Zurich are one large park-like garden, which seem to invite one to make holiday and enjoy one's self in the most delightful, though may be lazy, fashion. A

native of Zurich climbs the Zurichberg with a certain feeling of pride; and as he sits beneath the shady trees on the raised terrace of the *Hohe Promenade*, he congratulates himself on belonging to the bright-looking town which lies below. Visitors will return again and again to gaze at the delightful view of the lake and distant Alps which is to be had from the grand *Minster Bridge*; or they will go to the neighbouring "*Bauschanzli*," a small island, formerly a bastion, where they may sit in the shade of some tall trees and enjoy the fresh breeze from the lake, while they look northwards at the town, and southwards



CASTLE OF RAPPERSCHWYI

across the water at the radiant landscape, which rises higher and higher in the horizon until it culminates in the snowy Alps.

On the right bank of the Limmat towers the venerable cathedral, called the Grossmünster, which dates from the eleventh century. . It is a simple but noble structure, chiefly in the Byzantine style, though its two fine towers and much of the decoration were added at a later period. The statue on the west tower, representing an emperor with a crown on his head, is said to be intended for Charles the Great, who, as tradition says, conferred many benefits upon the town, and passed some happy days within its walls. Tradition has still many a pretty story to tell of those old times.

Opposite the Grossmünster stands its rival, the stately and splendid Frauenmünster, which is built in the form of a cross and is of the thirteenth century. What we see in front of it is the old staple-house, where business went on briskly enough in days gone by, until it was transferred to the large buildings near the railway-station. The edifice which you see reflected in the waters opposite the staple-house is an old church, formerly called the Wasserkirche, or "church by the water," which is now used for scientific purposes. Within its walls are contained the Town Library, the Library of the Naturalists' Society, and the Museum of the Antiquarian Society. Looking up from the Wasserkirche we see a row of hotels built in the most modern style, the grandest of them all being the Hôtel du Lac; and the background of the picture is formed by the four fine arches of the Minster Bridge.

The scene along the quay from the Wasserkirche to the Rathhaus is of the very liveliest description, and any one who wishes to count the heads of the two-and-twenty thousand citizens of the inner town, cannot do better than take his stand here at certain particular seasons. The Rathhaus has retained very few marks of antiquity, and is, indeed, one of the more modern buildings. Its two predecessors served their generation from the twelfth to the end of the seventeenth century, and the days of the present edifice are surely numbered, for if Zürich continue to increase as it has done of late, it will certainly need a new and finer Rathhaus before long. Its development, which is now so manifest, was for a long time restrained by the iron girdle which encircled it in the form of solid ramparts, dating from mediæval times. But one day the town drew a deeper breath than usual, burst her bands, and from that moment throve as she had never done before, and developed into perfectly symmetrical beauty; the country had long been pushing its way impatiently up to the walls, and now the two began to melt one into the other. Only a few fragments of the bastions and ramparts were left standing here and there, and these are now chiefly used as spots of vantage-ground whence to survey the surrounding landscape. One of these, standing in the midst of the Botanical Garden, is called the "Cats' Bastion," and from it you may obtain a charming view of the new world which has grown up and is still growing along the lake. The "Cat" is so beautifully situated in the midst of such pleasant green trees and shrubs, that it might well be our favourite spot but for the attractions of the Höhe Promenade and the Uto. The Uto, or Uetliberg, is the northernmost summit of the Albis range of hills; it is also the one which lies nearest Zürich, and commands a perfect panorama. The Albis ridge, which is really an accumulation of rubbish overspread by limestone breccia, rises gradually in the valley of Baar to the south, and then stretches along the western shore of the lake as far as Urdorf, in a line parallel with the river Sihl and the railway, a distance of more than twelve miles. It takes various strange forms in its course, being sometimes crested, sometimes flat, often perfectly bare, at one while destitute of water, and at another thickly wooded. Its chief summits are the Bürglenstutz, Hochwacht, Fallätsche, and Uetliberg.

People used to ascend the Uetliberg on foot and on horseback in somewhat ceremonious fashion; but now, like other Swiss mountains, it has fallen a victim to the railway, and the people of Zürich have one pleasure the more placed within their reach. For now, on fine Sundays, they can go in large family parties, with their wives and children, to the summit of the chief eminence in the canton of Zürich, where they may refresh the inner man at the various excellent inns which have taken the place of the old robber-castles of Boldern, Schnabelburg, Hütliberg, and Manegg, and may then join their neighbours or the crowd of tourists in gazing at the town and the lake, and the mountains far and near, large and small, and may try to identify all they see by reference to Keller's capital guide. What a view it is for the eye to wander over! The panoramic view mentions the names of five hundred grand mountains and chains of mountains,



RATHHAUS IN WINTERTHUR

from the jagged Säntis, which stands out so boldly conspicuous on the left, to the Bernese Alps, the Alps of Glarus, and the Jungfrau, who just shows her head, far away to the right, and the Faulhorn, which is well-nigh hidden in mist. People who give themselves the trouble to make out and identify every peak may certainly flatter themselves that they have accomplished a hard day's work when evening comes; but those who have gazed upon the scene in the silvery light of a clear autumn day, or in the purple splendour of a bright summer evening, will have laid up one magnificent picture the more in the storehouse of their memories. Certainly the Uetliberg is the crown of the rural district of Zurich, but the various places about the lake are so many pearls in the diadem. Kussnacht, Thalwyl, Horgen, Meilen, Wädenswyl, Richterswyl, Stäfa, and many others, are built either close down to the water's edge or upon the hills along

the shore, and they all look bright, clean, inviting, and hospitable. They all have their histories, but as we go towards Rapperschwyl, our thoughts are more likely to revert with quiet sadness to the pleasant little island which rises from out the lake opposite the Castle of Pfäffikon; its name is Ufnau, and it contains the tomb of Ulrich Hutten, the best and most thoroughly German of all the men who lived at the time of the Reformation. The landscape is bathed in cheerful light, the waves flash upon the green, fertile shore, and the charming little island is crowned with glorious sunshine.

Blessings upon the poor persecuted child of earth who here found rest, the man of large heart and bold speech, the knight both of sword and of pen! Let all those who rejoice in the national regeneration of Germany bestow a solemn blessing upon the shade of Ulrich Hutten, for this was what he laboured to accomplish. His bold work, entitled "*Jacta alea esto*" ("Let the die be cast"), aimed at emancipating the people from all and every kind of bondage; and Hutten towers a whole head and shoulders above even his most distinguished contemporary and fellow-combatant, Luther, whose battles were all fought in



CASTLE OF HABSBURG

the cause of religion only. But fortune favoured the little monk, whereas the knightly Hutten continued poor and lonely, and received no favour from any but the Muses—all others forsook him. Prince and people betrayed him; his friends, even the best of them, disowned him, and he wandered sick and ill from door to door, finding none who would take him in, until at length he laid himself down to die in this little island in the Lake of Zurich.

Those were the times when a Luther was making the pillars of the Church in Germany to tremble, and when another Ulrich, surnamed Zwingli, who was born in the neighbouring town of Zürich, was hurling a lighted, flaming fire-brand into the midst of the world.

Events followed their natural course, and the world's history moved on across the dead bodies on its way to liberty. But the spirits of Hutten and Zwingli still linger about Zürich; both were heroic men, for Zwingli died in the field, with the banner of Zürich in his hand, and the people still follow his invisible flag in thronging crowds.

On reaching the gay harbour of Rapperschwyl the steamer comes to a halt, and the Untersee, or Lower



ROOM IN THE CASTLE OF WUNDT, WUNDT, GERMANY

Lake, terminates. On the other side of the long bridge is the Obersee, or Upper Lake, which extends from the ancient town and castle of Rapert to Schmerikon, and has no right to call itself by the name of "Zürich," inasmuch as it is bordered by two other cantons, St. Gall in the north and Schwyz in the south.

Two tongues of land jut out here from opposite sides of the lake; and from Rapperschwyl, which stands on the northern shore, the bridge extends completely across the lake into the district of Schwyz. Rapperschwyl, the "town of roses," so called not from the fragrant flower of our gardens, but from the stone roses in its coat-of-arms, is a picturesque little old town, built on terraces along the shore, and overshadowed by the old castle of Grafenburg, which stands upon an airy eminence and once belonged to Rapert, the Crusader. Both town and castle have often been hard beleaguered, and shortly before the massacre of Zurich the castle was stormed and burnt. But this took place some centuries ago, and the many sieges which both have to sustain at the present day are of a different and more peaceful character. Artists armed with pencils and paint-brushes advance upon them from all quarters, and either congratulate themselves on the sketches they have made among the green hills and upon the lake, or else they poke knowingly about in the beautiful old Rathhaus, studying its antique windows, gables, and carved work. The harbour below, however, as well as the road between it and the railway-station, is all alive with summer tourists bustling eastwards to Glarus and Chur with their trunks and portmanteaux. There is an incessant ringing of bells and puffing of steam-engines going on, while we sit quietly up above in the shade of the lime-trees which grow about the castle, and refresh ourselves by gazing at the sunny landscape and the purple depths of the mountains of Glarus.

Evening finds us once more in Zurich; or we may, if we will, go on to the sister-town of Winterthur. It is not often that one sees two places so close together which have so exactly kept pace with one another both in their enterprise and in their civil progress, as the twin-towns of Zurich and Winterthur. As regards the labours of the mind, one is the large brain and the other the small one; in labours of the hands, one is the left hand and the other the right, and the same flag waves from the walls of both. Winterthur is fair to look upon, as well as wealthy, and with these two advantages combined, it is not difficult to make some noise in the world. But in spite of the antiquity of her family tree, the modest little town on the Eulach does not care to be talked about; she lies amid sloping vineyards, pleasantly wooded hills, and the most luxuriant fields and



COSTUME IN THE CANTON OF AARGAU

meadows, is thoroughly contented and comfortable too, in a simple way, and enjoys a very happy life. She adorns herself merely for her own pleasure, for she has not many summer visitors; she builds pretty country-houses, lays out tasteful pleasure-grounds, and makes shady walks; and whatever the fathers of the town take in hand, from the building of a fine town-hall to the founding of the bells for the grand church, is all done for the honour of Winterthur. Industry flourishes here as in Zürich, as we may see by a glance at the immense manufactories. Industry has made Winterthur rich and fair, and a joyous spirit of industry seems to pervade the whole town, and to have a pleasantly refreshing effect, even upon the passing guest.

The history of Winterthur goes back a very long way, at least as far as that of Zürich, and it is



COTTAGES IN THE CANTON OF AARGAU.

written upon the same pages. There was a Keltic town of Vitudurum before the time of the Romans, who afterwards took possession of and fortified it; and though the Roman Vitudurum may have stood rather on the site of what is now Ober-Winterthur, where many ancient remains are still being constantly discovered both in the churchyard and in the vineyards of Lömperg, still the modern town is a direct descendant of the old one. The Castle of Vitudurum covered the road leading from Rhætia to the district of the Alemanni, and a Roman military road led from it to Vindonissa. This road crossed the river Töss by means of a bridge, ascended the Steig, where remains of old pavement are still to be found, and then

went on up to Nürensdorf and Basserdorf, whence it descended to Kloten, and so passed on to Vindonissa, which is the modern Windisch, a small place lying between Brugg and Baden, in the interesting canton of Aargau. Thither we are now about to bend our steps; but before doing so, we must pay a visit of ceremony to the splendid old fortress of Kyburg. Most towns in Switzerland, whether large or small, have an old castle attached to them, reminding one of the mediæval seals in brown cases which hang from old parchment documents and deeds of gift. Winterthur has Kyburg and the Castle of Wülflingen; Windisch,



CASTLE OF KYBURG

or rather Brugg, has no less than the old ancestral Castle of Habsburg, and Laufenburg on the Rhine has the sister-castle, also called Habsburg. The thread which once united the seal to the parchment was severed by the sword of the burghers; and since the severance the towns have continued to flourish, while most of the castles have fallen into decay, and if not altogether overgrown by weeds and grass, are now little more than picturesque ruins. Even the ruins, however, bear witness to the ascendancy and wild feuds of the old Empire, which stretched out her hands far across the Rhine and into the very heart of Helvetia. How often have the walls of these old castles re-echoed with the party-cries of "Welf!" and

“Waiblingen!” The ruins of the Castle of Alt-Wülflingen, which crown one of the hills on the left bank of the Töss, near the beautiful baronial Castle of Wülflingen, have something to say on this subject; for here the Emperor Henry III. kept his insolent and seditious uncle, the Bishop of Regensburg, closely confined, nor would he release him, in spite of the fulminations of the Pope. Until the fifteenth century, it was inhabited by Barons and Counts von Wülflingen; but after that it often changed hands. One of the strangest of its many owners was the presumably mad General Salomon Hirzel, who spent immense sums in finishing and fitting up the interior of the castle, and lived here with his sons in a wild, fantastic fashion, until he had squandered his last farthing.

Of all the old castles, that of Kyburg is the best preserved. The rustic old building, with its six towers, still defies all weathers, and presents an appearance so imposing as to command respect even from the nineteenth century. It rises above the wood like a dream of the Middle Ages, or the very embodiment of romance; and the tiny village in front, with its quiet little church, the well-tilled fields on the open, sunny hill-side, the tall old lime-trees standing before the ancient gateway, with its coat-of-arms, which leads into the grand courtyard of the castle—all help to complete the strange picture. To make it quite perfect, it needs only that Rudolf of Habsburg should ride forth across the bridge, followed by a train of mounted attendants, with falcons on their wrists and dogs barking at their sides, all on their way to enjoy a day's sport in the forest. But there is hardly a sound to be heard, and the deep silence is broken only by the hum of the bees in the lime-trees, the tapping of the woodpecker, or the scream of the jay. The castle is spending its old age in profound peace; and, if it be ever disturbed, it is by nothing worse than the bright laughter of young maidens, who come up the beautiful quiet pathway through the wood with the visitors in the summer time. In their presence the hoary shadows of the past creep back into the twilight of the “Roman tower,” or into the solemn darkness which enshrouds the chapel of the castle, which is built in the Romanesque style, and was frequented by pious worshippers as early as the eleventh century. The place was formerly inhabited by some of the mighty ones of the earth, an ancient race, whose family tree had begun to send forth branches as early as the ninth century. They were the Counts of Kyburg, and owned all the land between Kaiserstuhl and Lake Constance; but still, great as they were, it is not to them that the castle owes its historical renown. In 1264, the last Count, Hartmann der Aeltere, died, leaving the place to his nephew, the son of his sister Hedwig, who had married Albrecht von Habsburg; and this nephew, then a dashing young fellow, was afterwards known to the world as the Emperor Rudolf. The beautiful Castle of Kyburg was always a favourite resort of his, and its walls have frequently sheltered not only himself and many of his family, but also the crown jewels of the empire; so its history has been long and varied, and can nowhere be studied to such advantage as here, where we may take note at our leisure of the various additions made to it in the course of centuries. The present owner has handled it reverently, and has shown considerable taste in his pious efforts to preserve it from decay. In this respect Kyburg has been more fortunate than the sister-castle in the district of Aargau, on the other side of the Limmat and Reuss, of which, though it is properly speaking the true cradle of the house of Habsburg, nothing now remains but a few venerable fragments. Here the haughty race, whose descendants now reign in the grand Kaiserburg of Vienna, grew up in the modest-looking castle which crowned the pine-clad height of Wülpelsberg or Wilibaldsberg. The only remaining tower is in ruins and overgrown with ivy, and the dilapidated rooms once occupied by the father of emperors are now the dwelling of a fireman. The solemn old walls seem to look down upon modern times as if they were ghosts of the Middle



Ages. Close at their feet the locomotive engine rushes by, and the broad high-road is alive with all the bustle of the nineteenth century. There, too, at the foot of the Wülpolzberg, lie the baths of Schinznach,



CASTLE OF WILDENSTEIN

where gaily dressed, fashionable visitors promenade up and down the well-kept walks among shady trees and blooming flowers, or saunter along the avenue of plane-trees by the side of the river Aar, or make excursions to the beau-

tiful Castles of Wildegg and Wildenstein, the property of Herr von Effinger, from the grounds of which there is an exquisite view of the Alps and the Valley of the Aar. Indeed, the Castle of Habsburg is planted in the midst of a truly lovely landscape, and from the tall, square old keep the view

is most picturesque. The scene is the same as that upon which Count Rudolf gazed in his young days, before he wore the imperial crown: there is the site of the Roman settlement and fortress of Vindonissa, of which there is scarcely a trace now to be discovered above ground; then there is Birrfeld, where Cæsar broke the power of the Helvetii; Neuhof, where the noble Pestalozzi once laboured; and Birr, where his body was laid to rest when his arduous, weary course was run; and farther off, crowning the whole, shine the Alps in solemn grandeur. There is an interesting tradition as to the origin of Habsburg, which is sufficiently significant of the bold spirit of the family who owned it. Bishop Werner, of Strasburg, being in want of a safe stronghold, asked his brother, the merry Count Radbot von Altenburg, to build him one on the Wülpelsberg. Radbot had considerable sums of money sent him for the purpose, but he spent a very small proportion on the walls and stones, and the castle grew up a very modest structure. There were no fortifications or defences such as the bishop had specially desired; and when he came to view the work which had cost him so dear, he was highly indignant. His brother, however, told him to make himself easy and to have patience until the following morning, for that he would raise walls in the course of the night which should be capable of defying the most formidable foe. And lo! when the sun arose next morning, his golden beams were reflected in a wall of steel, formed by hundreds of armed vassals whom the count had brought up and stationed around the castle. This was in the year 1020. The castle was called "Havesbure," and from it the Altenburgs afterwards took the name of "Habsburg."

But in whichever direction we wend our steps we are sure to come upon the footprints of ancient or mediæval history; the whole neighbourhood abounds with them. Yonder lies Windisch, a place which is more conveniently situated than any other in Helvetia. The Romans, with their accustomed penetration, very soon perceived its advantages, and chose the triangular tongue of land formed by the confluence of the three rivers Ara, Rusa, and Limagus, as the site of their strongest and most important fortress on the German frontier, building it just in the rear of the natural rampart formed by the hills which slope up from the river-banks, and thus turning the strength of the position to the utmost possible account. A flourishing town soon sprang up about the fortress, and we may form some idea of its size from the fact that the seven modern places of Windisch, Brugg, Königsfelden, Altenburg, Fahrwindisch, Hausen, and Gebisdorf all stand within what were its ancient bounds. In fact, the Vindonissa of those days occupied the position now held by Zürich; and if Zürich were again called upon to fight for her life single-handed, she would have no alternative but to migrate hither. How often has it been said that this might be the site of a new capital of Switzerland! Enough of its ancient grandeur still remains to awaken our wonder and admiration, as, for instance, the traces of an amphitheatre, the ancient aqueduct extending from Braunegg to Königsfelden, the old tower near the bridge across the Aar at Brugg, as well as numerous inscriptions, fragments of pottery, and coins. The town was entirely destroyed as a place of importance by the Huns, who ravaged it with fire and sword. The proud queen of Northern Switzerland was laid in the dust, and her place is occupied by grass and weeds: "Nunc seges est, ubi Troja fuit!"

Königsfelden tells us a bloody story of the year 1308, when the Emperor Albert was assassinated on the banks of the Aar, while on his way from the Castle of Stein, in Baden, to Rheinfelden. He died in the arms of a poor peasant-woman who happened to be passing; and his daughter Agnes, the widowed Queen of Hungary, and her mother Elizabeth, after wreaking their vengeance on the friends and relations of the murderers, to the number of nearly a thousand, applied the confiscated property of their victims to the



LAUFFENBURG.

building of the Convent of Königsfelden, which was erected by their blood-stained hands on the spot where Albert fell.

The old towers and ruins in this neighbourhood could indeed tell us of many such like deeds of blood, but happily their voices are drowned by other and pleasanter sounds; and, as we listen to the cheerful hum of industry around, and note the rich beauty of the green fields and blooming orchards which abundantly repay the labour bestowed upon them by the industrious peasant, we feel that the canton of Aargau, or Argovie, well deserves to be called "The Canton of Culture." Fortune has greatly favoured it, as we may see by a glance at its pleasant little capital of Aarau; and, though poetry may have been driven away by the introduction of chain-bridges, new town-halls, barracks, school-buildings, and museums of natural history, and though all that was picturesque may have vanished before the presence of cotton and silk factories, still Aarau's prose is worthy of high esteem, since it has contributed to the formation of such a man as Zschokke, the well-known historian and novelist.

Meantime we have been wandering farther and farther away from the Lake of Zurich, and now a short excursion from Aarau to Schinznach or Brugg will take us to the small town and castle of Laufenburg, where we may



STREET IN AARAU

sit in the pleasant little inn "Zum Bären," near the market-gate, and gaze upon the blue-green waters of the Rhine or the shady woods by which the town is surrounded. At this spot the river seems to be dreaming again of the mad pranks which it has played at Schaffhausen, for its course is interrupted by falls and rapids occasioned by large blocks of granite which threaten to obstruct its narrow bed, and over these it leaps with the stride of a giant. On the height, above the venerable old town, stand the ruins of the Castle of Habsburg-Laufenburg, which belonged to a collateral branch of the Habsburg family, the last representative of which, Hans by name, was obliged to sell Laufenburg to Austria.

As we stand on the bridge which connects Laufenburg with Klein Laufenburg, on the Baden side of the Rhine, the wind seems to waft to our ears the sound of a blast of trumpets, for down yonder at the bend of the river lies the home of Jung Werner, the trumpeter of Sackingen.



THE FOREST CANTONS.

FROM EINSIEDELN TO ALTDORF.

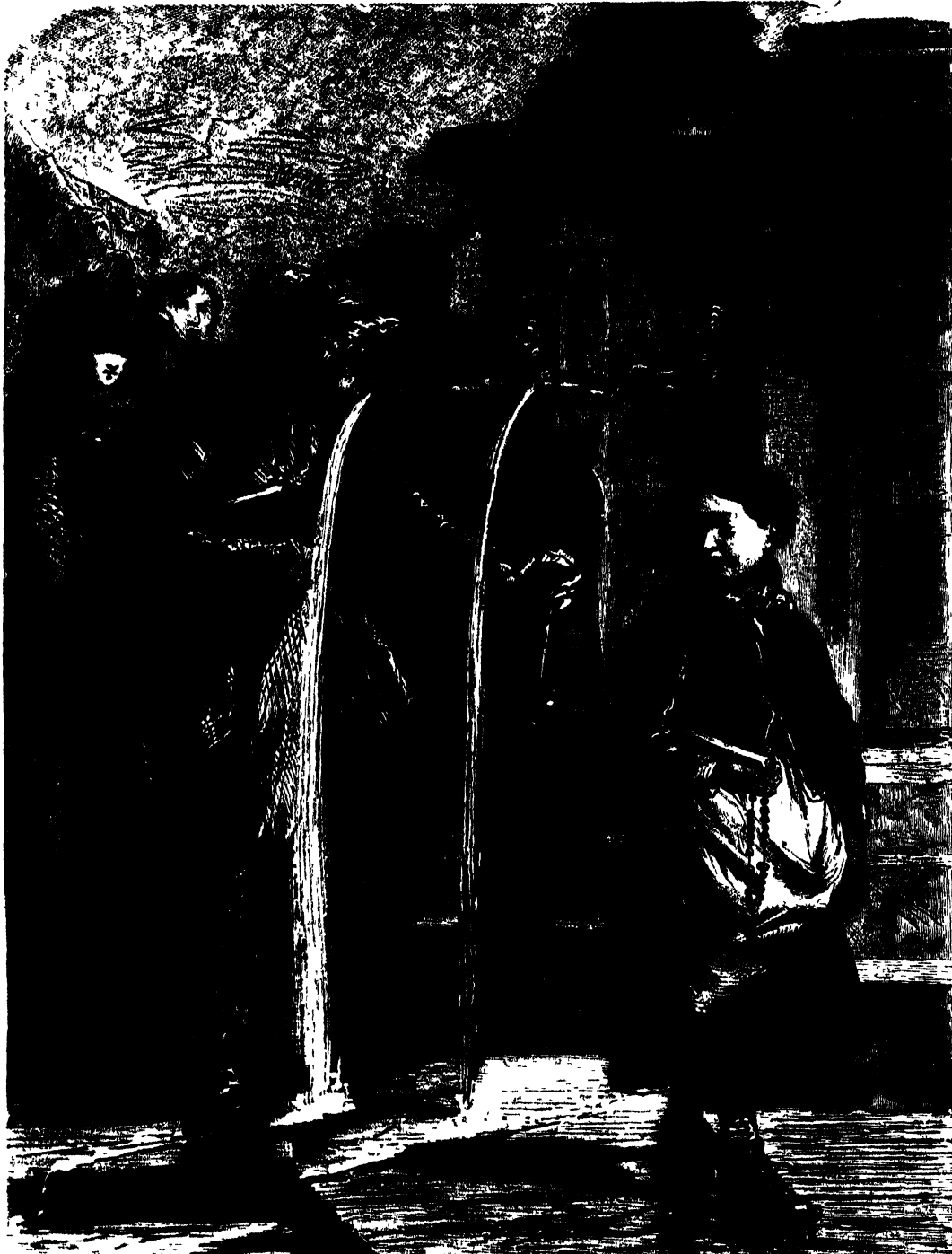
And had the chapel' had the platform wild,
Where Tell directed the avenging dart,
With well-strung arm that first preserved his child,
'Then aimed the arrow at the tyrant's heart!'

GEORGINA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

WHILST we wander throughout the fields of Latium, the ancient history of old Rome is sure to meet us clad in the charming garb of legend and tradition; and this is one reason why those delightful regions are so familiar to the student of antiquity, and so dear to the ordinary traveller. Tales of the past are told in their own grandly monotonous tones by the very waves of the sea, as they break on the barren, sandy shore; they are sighed forth by the shuddering pines which stand like grave and gloomy sentinels keeping watch over the low flat coast; they are whispered and wailed by the reeds which grow along the banks of the Anio and the Tiber; and they come to us in the scents which are wafted

from the bright and glowing Campagna. The famous she-wolf which nursed the royal twins lurks among

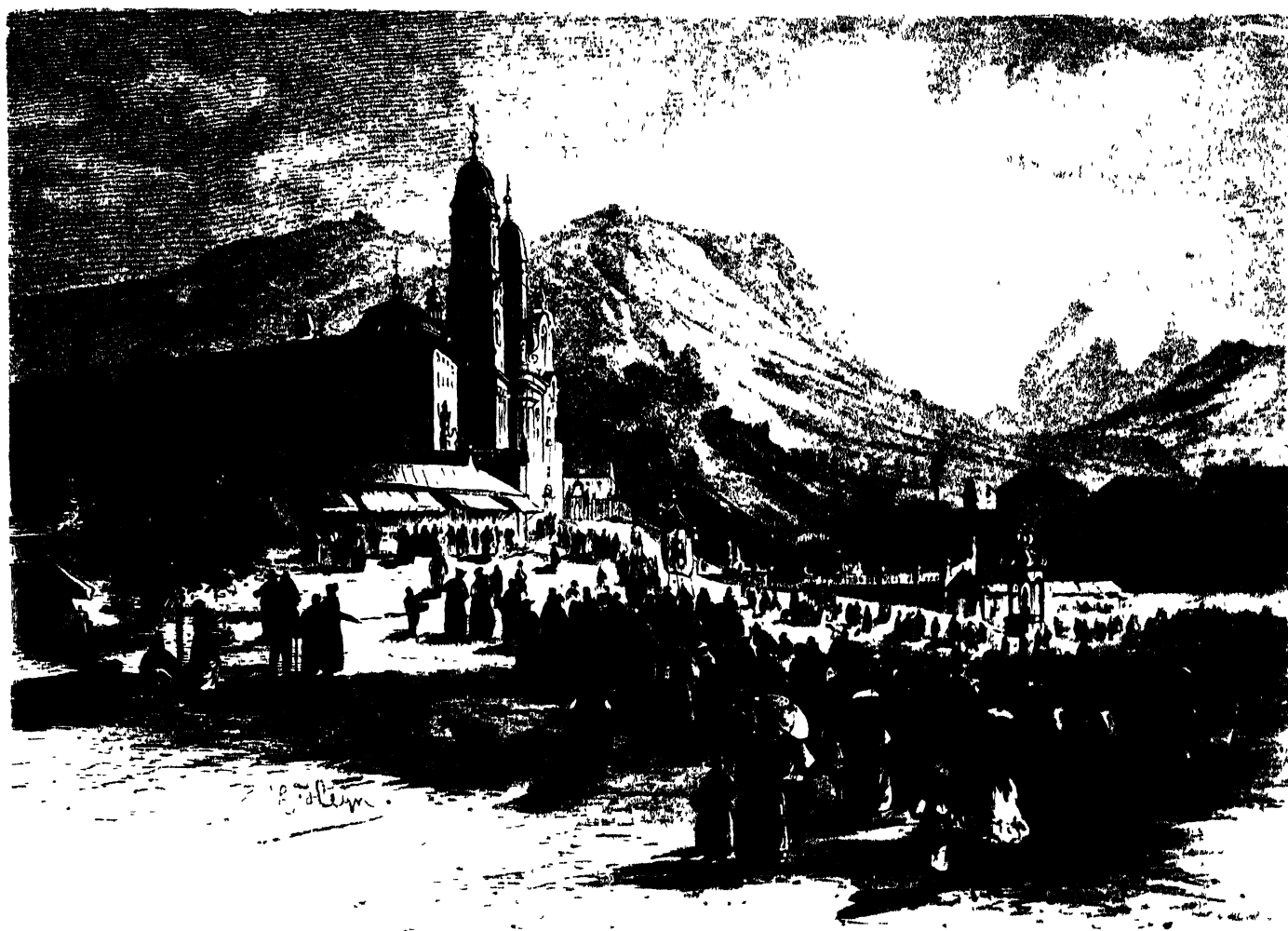
the brambles of every ivy-clad hollow; and the bird of Mars, the gaily-feathered woodpecker, still taps and hammers and utters his oracular but unintelligible prophecies in the sunny woodlands, where the golden-flowered broom blossoms and the sweet wild clematis hangs in graceful festoons from tree to tree. Soft southern breezes blow upon us from the sea, and whisper ancient glorious and familiar names in our



PILGRIMS AT EINSIEDELN.

ears. We feel as if spell-bound amid all these subtle influences; we are transported far away from the modern world around into the fairy-land which we knew and loved in our childhood, before we learnt to be captious and critical, and are fain once more to give ourselves up unreservedly to the enjoyment of our old illusions.

And now we are about to wander through a fair and peaceful region which may be called the Helvetic Latium, the classic land of Switzerland, where the seeds of her future greatness were sown. Wherever we go, from the top of Mount Etzel, which lies on the northern threshold of the little canton of Schwyz, to the mysterious region of the St. Gotthard, from the precipices of Glärnisch to the summit of the Rothhorn, which towers above the lake of Brienz, in the valleys and on the mountains, on the shores of the lakes, in the dark pine-woods, under the fruit-trees, in the narrow streets of the ancient mountain-villages—everywhere we shall find ourselves accompanied not only by the grave Muse of History, but by her less serious sisters, Legend and Romance, who are just as fresh and blooming now as they were centuries ago. We



ABBAY OF EINSIEDLEN

shall still hear the dragon snorting in yonder cavern at Ennetmoos, near the primeval forest; we shall still see the gigantic Strutt vom Winkelried brandishing his good sword of Faenza; the accursed Pilate still brews his storms and fogs on Mount Fracmont; and, in the cavern of the Seelisberg, still sleep the three Tells, waiting until danger shall threaten their beloved land, when they will awake and go forth to victory, bearing the old flag of liberty before them. Yonder upon the lake, Gessler's boat may still be seen driving before the wind; and those who, like the Freiherr Konrad von Seldenburen, have devout ears, may still hear the angels singing in the lonely valley of Engelberg. St. Meinrad's ravens, who avenged their master's death on the two robbers who murdered him, still flutter about the courtyard

of the Abbey of Einsiedeln; but, in the market-place at Altdorf, in the famous "höhle Gasse," or hollow way of Küssnacht, and on the shelf of rock known as Tell's Platform, stands the grand central figure which throws all others into the shade, and we see the hero William Tell still keeping watch with his crossbow in his hand. Legends live and flourish everywhere—in the green forests, in the sunny meadows, among the flowers of the Alps, and in the dark recesses of the "free mountains," whence they look forth with innocent, child-like eyes upon the quiet, devout pastoral population around. But there came a time when the wicked schoolmaster arrived with an iron rod in his hand, and learned, critical blue spectacles on his nose, and he immediately set about proving to us by means of documents, old and new, that facts and names and dates did not correspond, and that all these histories were mere fables and fairy-tales. He beat



LAKE OF AEGERI.

the thickets with all the zeal of an exorcist, conjured the spirits to depart by his logical formulæ, and banished from their paradise the kindly forms with which we had so long been familiar. Tales and legends retreated accordingly, with sad and sorrowful steps, or took refuge in the innermost recesses of the country, where none but children and those who have the eyes of children are now permitted to behold them. Yet even we, if we come with child-like hearts, shall find the whole region of the Forest Cantons alive with memories, and pervaded by the spirit of the sublime, the beautiful, and the eternally true; and, as we wander along with Schiller's "Tell" to serve as guide-book in our hands, we may expect to derive much real pleasure from our ramble. But if any one should be disposed to laugh at us and say, "Do have done with your William Tell! Will you never give over raising that misty, mythical hero of yours aloft upon the shield of history? Has it not been conclusively proved that there never was such a person?"

Well, we have our answer ready, and it is as follows:—"Tell, or some man to whom the people assigned the name of Tell, must have existed and must have distinguished himself in such a way as to make an indelible impression upon the minds of the people. Popular tradition does not fetch its heroes from dreamland or cloudland, and then fashion them into living figures. Tradition takes note of those only who make themselves noticeable; and she deems those only worthy of being inscribed on her roll and handed down to posterity, whose great achievements, intellectual or political, have won for them a claim on the love and remembrance of a nation. Such as these, tradition chooses as her special darlings, adorning their memories with the fairest images of her fancy, and casting a sort of supernatural halo round all the



ST. MARTIN'S CHAPEL, ZUG

events of their lives, only that she may thereby the better adore and marvel at the wondrous way in which Divine Providence has guided them and watched over them "

And surely if such a man as Johannes von Muller declares the result of his investigations to be a conviction that "our hero certainly did live in 1307, and that in those places where thanks are still offered to God for his success, he actually did perform such deeds as led to the deliverance of his country and entitled him to the grateful remembrance of posterity,"—then, surely, we wandering summer-birds may gladly agree with him, and own that the poet is right when he says,—

"While mountains stand and hills remain the same,
The archer Tell will never be forgot "

Let us, therefore, sympathise with the enthusiasm felt by the Swiss for him who represents to them the

love of liberty in its most glowing form ; and let us not be too anxious and careful about names and dates, for, after all, what is any name but an empty sound ?

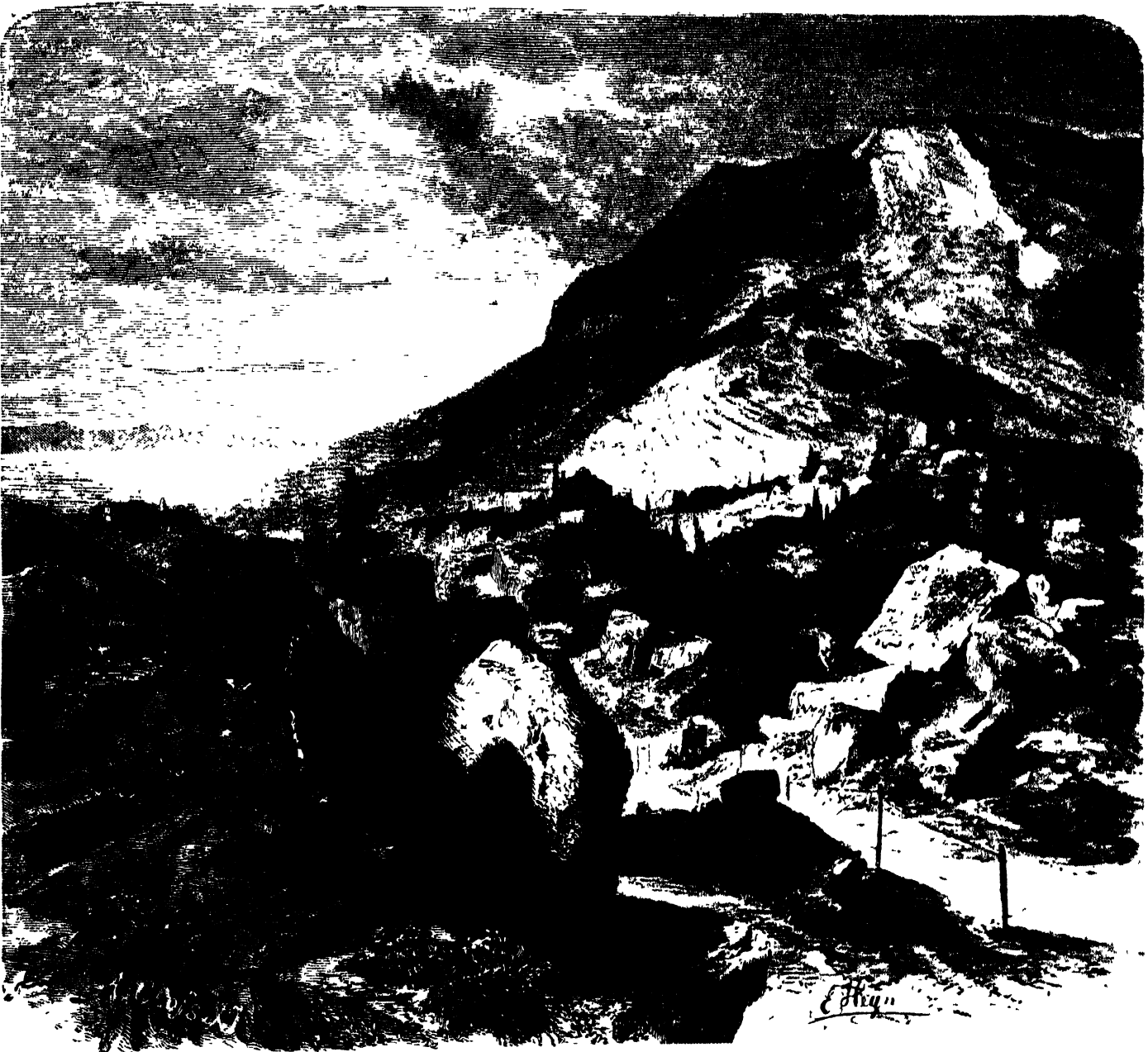
Perhaps, on first coming into the Forest Cantons, fresh from the bright shores of the Lake of Zürich, where life is full of pleasant bustle, and where wealth, culture, and civilisation have their head-quarters, we shall be struck by the contrast presented by these much poorer villages, by the absence of thriving industries and the superabundance of churches, chapels, and convents ; but we must not forget that ten or twenty years ago everything was in a much more backward state than it is at present, and that progress is sure to penetrate into these valleys along with the steam-engine ; for people so ardently attached to freedom as are those who dwell about the Lake of Lucerne cannot fail to love progress too, since the one cannot come to perfection without the other. The contrast, however, will perhaps strike us especially if, on leaving Zürich, we take the railway as far as Pfaffikon, on the southern shore of the lake, and then proceed to ascend the inhospitable Etzel, which stands like a boundary wall between the little canton of Schwyz and that of Zürich. Pfaffikon itself is a monkish stronghold, and everywhere we see signs of the monkish rule which has prevailed here for centuries past. The road over the Etzel is one of the great pilgrim-highways, and has been trodden by hundreds of thousands of pious pilgrims in times gone by, and will no doubt continue to be trodden by as many more.

From the blooming, smiling garden which lies about the Lake of Zürich, from the land of sunshine and cornfields, we have suddenly come into an inhospitable region, where very few attempts seem to have been made to bring the soil under cultivation. It is a relief to look back from the top of the mountain upon the bright landscape and the flourishing villages we have left behind ; but the devout pilgrim will here turn aside into the chapel of St. Meinrad, who came hither a thousand years ago, and led a life of loneliness and contemplation in the depths of the wilderness. Like many of his contemporaries, he, the son of a noble race, felt impelled to withdraw from the disorders of his time, and was attracted from Bollingen, which we see yonder in the direction of St. Gall, to the wooded summit of Mount Etzel, where he built his first hut, and remained for seven years. At the end of that time even this spot was not sufficiently retired to satisfy him, and he went farther on into the depths of the gloomy Finsterwald. Here, on a rocky plateau by the side of a copious mountain-stream, and surrounded by fir-clad hills, he laid the foundation of what has since become a celebrated monastery. It stands nearly in the centre of the Alp- and Sihl-thal, and has developed into a building of such magnificence as to form a startling contrast with the wild, inhospitable region around. Meinrad was murdered by two robbers ; but a pair of pet ravens, birds which have always been on good terms with the followers of St. Benedict, pursued the assassins, and eventually led to the discovery of their crime.

The hermit's cell was gradually enlarged, century by century ; and now, if the saint who passed his life in voluntary poverty could see the grand monastery which occupies its site, and could gaze upon the treasures of gold and precious stones which it contains, he would think it was all some witchcraft of the Fata Morgana.

As we descend the Etzel we are met by the wild impetuous river Sihl, and we see the bold bridge which has been flung across it. Like the one on the St. Gotthard road in the south, it is called by the people the Devil's Bridge, and the demon after whom it is named is no other than Philippus Aureolus Theophrastus Bombastus Paracelsus von Hohenheim. The house in which he was born is said to have stood close by the bridge, and may still be seen there ; his youth was passed in Einsiedeln. Perhaps the

great chemist, physician, and mystic lived a few hundred years too soon. In these days he would have set about his search for the Philosopher's Stone and the Elixir of Life in quite a different way, and probably,



LANDSLIP AT GOLDAU

had he lived now, despair would not have driven him mad, and his wild genius would not have been wasted in a life of debauchery and self-indulgence. In those days he cursed knowledge, for

"Alas! she ne'er attained her highest aim,
Sickness was not o'ercome, and Death still held
His own, no means were found to make all men
Without exception happy."

And this is why we see mankind everywhere pressing forward with such pathetic earnestness in search of the deliverance which they need. The strong-minded find it, or profess to find it, by climbing the philosophic heights of Darwinism; the poor find it in the Gospel of Christ, and so they climb the

mountains and make pilgrimages to the Black Virgin of Einsiedeln. Year by year this desolate spot, and the various roads leading to it, are enlivened by a motley throng consisting of some 200,000 pilgrims. One road leads from Richterschwyl on the Lake of Zürich; the other comes from Lucerne, passing through Brunnen and Schwyz; a third runs through Zug; a fourth over the Etzel; and besides these there are various other narrow paths through the woods. Accompanied by clouds of summer-dust and waving banners, the procession wends its way through the villages to the sound of chant and prayer. There are people from Alsace, Baden, Breisgau, Suabia, Bavaria, and places even more distant still; their costume tells us whence they have come, and their bright rosaries show that they are pilgrims. The corn at home is standing ripe for the sickle, the grapes are ready for the wine-press, and the fruit in the orchards is waiting to be gathered; and in the neat, prosperous homes of the Swiss Protestants many a man stands and shakes his head, as he looks from his own busy harvest-field at the crowd of able-bodied men and women whom he sees passing in one long stream.

"Hic est plena remissio peccatorum à poena et à culpa," is the inscription written in letters of gold above the door of the abbey-church, and the words attract hither many a poor devout soul, in the hope that here it may find rest and relief from the burthen which oppresses it. Some, too, come in the hope of mending their earthly fortunes, and of winning for themselves some small portion of that golden abundance which has converted Meinrad's wooden hut into an imperial palace, his hair cowl into silken garments stiff with gold embroidery, and his little wooden cup into vessels sparkling with precious stones. They do not see that poverty reigns in all the surrounding districts and villages, and that even the village of Einsiedeln, which stands at a respectful distance from the grand abbey, is but a miserable collection of straw- and shingle-thatched cottages; they do not see that here, as in the whole canton of Schwyz and beyond it, the people support themselves almost entirely by the produce of their meadows, mountain-pastures, and cattle, and content themselves with rude, rough huts, while their neighbours build comfortable houses. All this escapes the notice of the pilgrims as they stand bending over the Virgin's fountain, which Christ himself is believed to have blessed, and drink the water which is to cure the ills both of body and soul. The scene in the square in front of the convent is a very lively one, as men and women, young and old, rich and poor, ancient and modern, in various costumes, press from one jet of water to the other. When they have drunk from each one of the fourteen spouts, they go into the church, where a thousand tapers glimmer through the smoke of the incense. The atmosphere grows heavier, closer, and more and more oppressive, until at last we are overpowered by drowsiness, and lose all consciousness of the outer world. When next we come to ourselves we find that we have taken a short flight to westward, and have reached a small, peaceful, dreamy lake, bordered by sedge and rushes, and lying in the midst of a fragrant green valley surrounded by charming hills, on the slopes of which the fruit is ripening in rich abundance. There are pleasant-looking dwellings round about, and to the south of the lake, which is known as the Aegerisee, rise the Kaiserstock and the Russiberg, the former of which descends so precipitously into the lake as to leave scarcely room for a road along the margin. East of it lie Morgarten and Figlerflue, and upon this stage, small as it is, was played the most important act in the ancient Swiss drama of Liberty, the principal rôle in which was taken by William Tell.

As we gaze and gaze, the mists which veil the past divide and the forms of the old heroes come forth, clad in their antiquated garments and armed with rusty axes and "morning-stars." There stand Heinrich von Hospenthal, Conrad von Beroldingen, Rudolf Fürst, Walter Seemann, Peter im Dorf,



RATHHAUS, ZUG.

Heinrich Wiffl, and the fourteen others who fell on that memorable day. The old man yonder is Rudolf Reding, the chief landammann or magistrate, and around him are gathered his counsellors, the 1,300 victorious herdsmen of Schwyz, Uri, and Unterwalden. The pale, shadowy forms in battered armour are Count Rudolf zu Laufenburg, of the house of Habsburg, three Barons von Bonstetten, two Von Hallwils, three Von Uerikons, four Von Toggenburgs, two Gesslers, and one Landenberg, and behind them are the blood-stained ghosts of more than 10,000 of their followers. That 15th November, 1315, was the most glorious day in the history of Switzerland; and the challenge of the haughty Duke Leopold, in which he expressed his determination utterly to exterminate the wicked Confederates, root and branch, was blotted out in the blood of his troops, and in its stead a fresh document was written, which ran thus: "We, the people of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden, have bound ourselves together by a perpetual oath, and have sworn to help one another with counsel, and to sacrifice our lives and property in defending our country against all, whosoever they be, who shall attempt to offer violence or wrong to ourselves or to our allies." This document was drawn up, signed, and sealed at Brunnen, and thus arose the league of the Confederates. The other spots which have become historically famous by their connection with these events are: Zug, where Leopold had his headquarters; Aegeri, whither he led his troops on the morning of the battle; Arth and the defiles near Rothenthurm and Schorno, where the Swiss were posted; the Mattligutsch, a wood on the heights above Morgarten, whence the fifty outlaws rolled down trees and stones upon the Austrians; and the Russbach, a



FISHER-GIRL, ZUG

stream which the Confederates crossed on their way to attack the foe. We are now in the canton of Zug, and a short journey will take us from Unter-Aegeri to the little town of Zug, the principal place in the canton. It stands at the north-east corner of the Lake of Zug, and looks like an antique gem in an old-fashioned setting, a genuine example of mediævalism. No other town has so faithfully preserved all the characteristics of the Middle Ages, both in form and in colour, in its walls, towers, gates, and doorways. Even Lucerne is less antiquated, and the mediævalism of Schaffhausen and St. Gall is confined to a few particular streets. It looks as if a Holbein or Durer must have painted its dark colours on the bright green background formed by the hills behind; and, as it looks into

the lake and beholds itself mirrored in the clear waters, it sees the selfsame reflection as met its gaze centuries ago. In fact, Zug is the Swiss Nuremberg, and there are people who go so far as to say that the forms and features of its inhabitants have altered just as little as its buildings; so it is no wonder if the air both in churches and courts of justice strikes one as oppressively mediæval too, and somewhat fusty besides, nor if the dust of past centuries lies thick upon many of its institutions. Was it not in Zug that, until quite recently—within the last few years, indeed—torture was employed to extract the truth from



SPANISH CHESTNUTS AT GERSAU.

prisoners?—a fact which occasioned the stern interference of Government, and proves that the terrible instruments shown to strangers in the Kaibenthurm were by no means harmless curiosities a short time ago.

The town looks like some aged grandmother asleep in an arm-chair, of very, very ancient date; there is no life or cheerfulness about it; brooks run dreamily down the streets, and above the ornamented gables floats the sound of bells coming from a dozen different churches and chapels and a couple of convents. The stranger may well look round him in astonishment, and wonder what he can find to do with himself. But



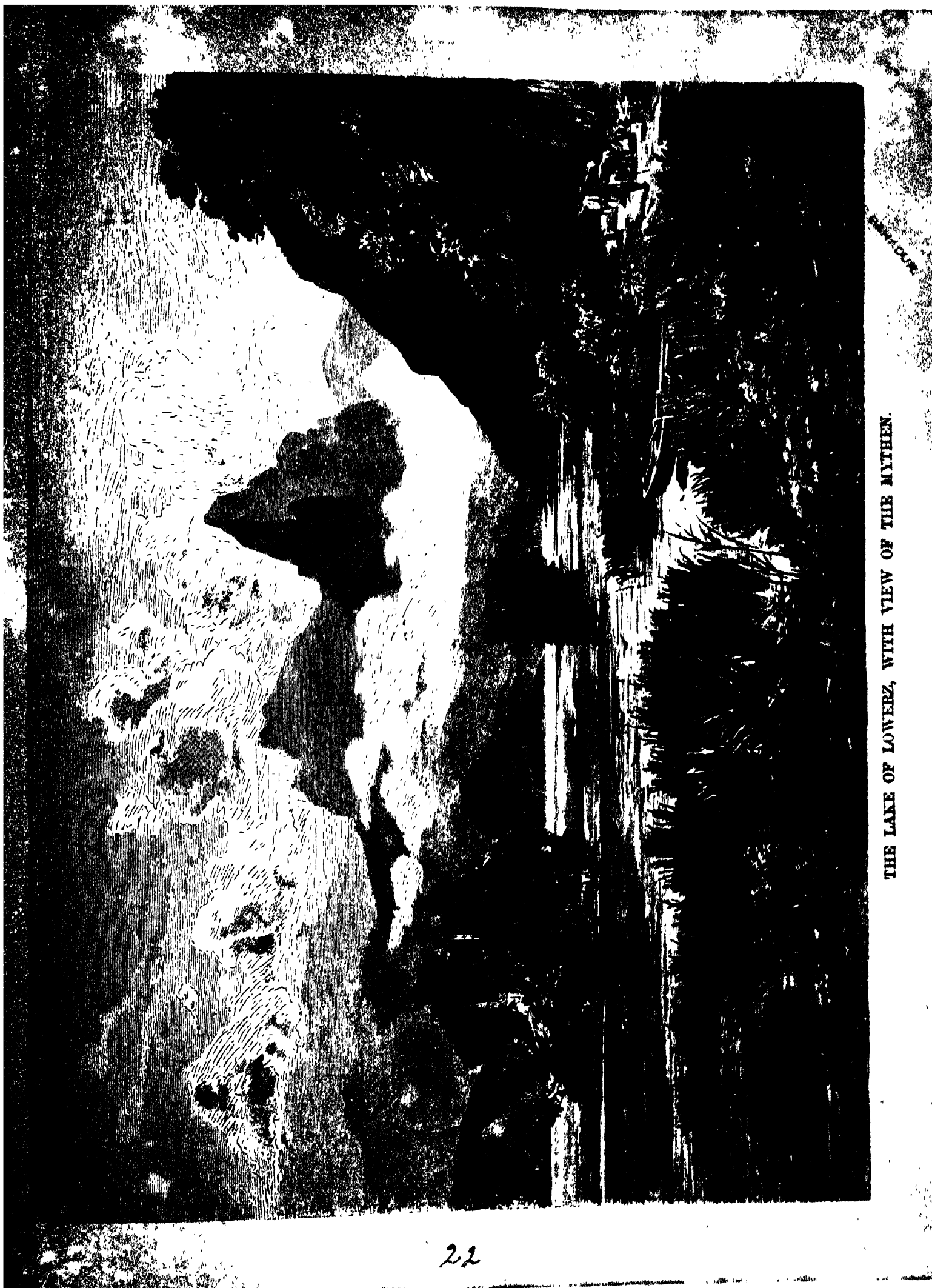
LAKE OF ZUY

there is enough to be seen, after all. First, there is the view of the Rigi and Pilatus, which is very grand and beautiful even when seen from the shore; but if we ascend the tower of St. Oswald's Church it is finer still, and from the Zug ridge it opens out into a perfect panorama. When the summer sun is shining the



VIEW OF BRUNNEN FROM THE STELLER

lake will be of a peculiar greenish-gold colour, and then it is a perfect picture of calm, idyllic repose, surrounded as it is by a landscape consisting of sloping hills, Alpine pastures, fields, woods of deciduous trees, as well as pines, meadows, and groves of fruit-trees. It is very different from the busy scene presented by the Lake of Zurich. But the Lake of Zug is often dark, even sad-looking, and then again it



THE LAKE OF LOWERZ, WITH VIEW OF THE MYTHEN.

And see, we are on sacred soil again, almost without knowing it! We have reached Arth, and Arth is in the canton of Schwyz. The ascent of the Rigi is made from this place, but we are not going to undertake that at present; like wise travellers we are going to keep the Rigi for a *bonne bouche* and turn our steps towards Schwyz in the meantime.

If we happen to have reached Arth on the 2nd September, we may assist at the "Schuttjahrzeit," a melancholy commemoration held in memory of the terrible landslide which overwhelmed the original village of Goldau. Seventy years ago the road from Arth to Schwyz lay through a little mountain paradise, whose luxuriant garden-like meadows filled all the space between the darkly-wooded slopes of the Rigi and Rossberg and the pleasant shores of the Lakes of Zug and Lowerz. The brown wooden houses, which lay



GERSAU

half-buried among fruit-trees, were the abodes of contentment and modest prosperity, and the inhabitants of the little villages of Goldau, Busingen, Lowerz, Oberrothen, and Unterrothen, were known everywhere for their simple manners and ways, which are still remembered and talked of. But there is nothing now to be seen of these villages, and their place knows them no more. The valley is become a wilderness, a scene of terrible ruin and confusion, frequented by the sorrowful shades of the five hundred persons who were overtaken by sudden death on that fearful September afternoon in the year 1806.

"To stand fast as the mountains" is a poetical expression which, so far as the Alps are concerned, is but too often shown to be fallacious. The same forces which raised the mountain strongholds are perpetually threatening them with destruction and a return to chaos. Frost and ice, heat and water, take it by turns to be constantly at work, and beneath their mighty blows the Alps are slowly but surely

crumbling away. If, as sometimes happens, they succeed in detaching a giant fragment from the great mass, then woe betide the puny confiding creatures who dwell in the valley below. They know the dangers which threaten them from avalanches, snow-storms, and the wild Föhn wind; they dread the destructive floods of water which sometimes rush suddenly down the gullies carrying all before them, and they fear the demoniacal weight of the torrents of mud which occasionally pour down upon them; but a landslide comes more suddenly and is more awful in its effects than any of these. The clay which cements the different component parts of the great mass together, and unites the softer kinds of rock to the harder, is readily dissolved by water; and, when this occurs, rents and cracks are produced deep within the mountain, which spread and spread till they reach the external surface and appear as crevices or fissures. If the upper stratum be tilted up and lie unconformably on those beneath, it follows that, when the bands which held it are relaxed, the simple law of gravitation will cause it to slide down into the valley. If the mass be large and the mountain from which it is detached very lofty, the shock of course is tremendous, and such was the case at Goldau. A stratum of conglomerate, called by the Germans *nagelfluh*, or nail-rock, a thousand feet broad, a hundred feet thick, and more than a league long, was detached from the top of the Rossberg, and fell with a thundering roar which was heard as far as Zürich. The waves of the Lake of Lowerz, lashed by the falling rocks and débris, rose so high as to completely cover its two picturesque little islands, and the lake itself was very much diminished in size. The little paradise which had smiled in all its beauty only a few minutes before was utterly destroyed, and its place occupied by ruins and masses of rock, among which the water, arising from springs which had been dammed up by fallen earth, collected here and there and formed numerous pools and bogs.

What, compared with such wholesale destruction as this, is the slight havoc wrought by the hand of man upon the works of man, of which yonder ivy-clad tower standing on the little Isle of Schwanau, in the Lake of Lowerz, is an example? An insolent noble dwelt there in times gone by, and was slain by the brothers of a damsel whom he had forcibly carried off. The castle was destroyed when the other strongholds were destroyed, in the year 1308. This date and the name of Steinen, a place on the other side of the lake, remind one of Werner Stauffacher, another of the famous three who between them founded the Confederacy; his house stood where you now see the tiny chapel adorned with inscriptions and dedicated to his memory. Fear compelled the tyrant nobles to build their castles substantially, so that many of them have been preserved to posterity, while such a dwelling as that of Stauffacher's has necessarily perished. But in wood and field, in church and school-room, you may still hear grown people and children singing songs and telling tales of those bygone times; and, if a curse rests on the ruined castles, the places where nature's noblemen dwelt are hallowed for all time, while the sublime golden utterances which the poet has coined for them are still current throughout the whole land, and many of the peasants who live in this neighbourhood will willingly favour you with the recitation of long pieces from Schiller's play.

An hour's pleasant journeying takes us past Seewen to Schwyz, the chief place in the canton, and so ancient that its origin is involved in obscurity. The wonderful figures painted on the warehouse called *Sust*, at Brunnen, are said to be those of its founders, Suit and Scheyo, who are represented as knights clad in mediæval armour, and fighting like Romulus and Remus for the honour of giving their names to the land of which they have taken possession. The victory remaining with Suit, the land was thenceforth known as Suites, now modernised into Schwyz. They had been driven hither from the north by famine, and having found a lovely land with abundance of woods and springs of water, they determined to remain, built the

old town of Schwyz, and had many a hard day's work before they succeeded in clearing the ground. The place is just like a garden now, however, and the pastures which surround Schwyz are the most luxuriant, most succulent, and the richest in herbs of any in Switzerland; and as for the fruit-trees, especially the nuts and, strange to say, the Spanish chestnuts, they flourish in a surprising manner, and attain proportions which are truly magnificent. The cattle, too, here lead lives of great luxury; but then they are the most celebrated breed in all Switzerland, and are the pride of their owners, who study their fair proportions as critically as an artist does the Venus of Milo, and show the nicest possible discrimination in appraising their various beauties and merits. But indeed it is impossible for any one, owner or not, to look without



VIEW OF THE MYTHEN MOUNTAIN

pleasure at the beautiful creatures as they feed on the Alpine pastures and make the air musical with their soft lowings and the tinkle of their bells. The whole population is employed in looking after them and attending to the business of the dairy, which forms the only source of profit it either has or wishes to have, even agriculture receiving but little attention—a clear proof this of the obstinate tenacity with which the public mind clings to old habits and customs, without, however, thereby sacrificing its freedom of opinion. It is said that the inhabitants of the southern part of the little canton are characterized by pride, boastfulness, and mistrust, and those of the north by a cunning, calculating disposition, and a generally looser morality; but the passing summer visitor is not very likely to notice all this, whatever others may do, for butterflies are never botanists. He will probably just take his refreshment at the “Rossli” or “Hirsch”

and then proceed to study the various convenient roads which diverge from Schwyz to all points of the compass. There is one very beautiful one leading from Arth across the desert of Goldau, and along the Lake of Lowerz to Brunnen; then there is the new main road running along the Hoggenberg and the Lake of Zürich to Einsiedeln; the road from Brunnen, into which the new Axen and Gersauer roads open; and another new road to the Muottathal, and so on. He will also discover that there is a convenient and very beautiful way up to the top of the great double-peaked mountain called the Mythenberg, where more



INN AND HAVEN OF TREIB.

laurels may be gained than by the ascent of the Rigi, for, in the first place, the Mythenberg is not as yet desecrated by a railway, and in the second it is some three hundred feet higher than the Rigi.

The two peaks, called the Greater and Lesser Mythen, rise in naked beauty from the green ridge of the Hacken, at the foot of which lies the little town of Schwyz. In former days it was considered a deed of the utmost daring to climb them and to plant a cross on the summit of the loftier of the two, in token of success; but now many people make the ascent, and it is quite within the compass of any young lady who is well shod. Moreover, side by side with the solitary cross now stands a modest little inn, on the very



top of the Great Mythen, whence the view is—well, if we were to say now all that might be said about it, we should rob our old acquaintance of the finest pearls in his crown, so we will adjourn the description for the present, and say adieu till we meet again on the Rigi.

A three-mile walk from Schwyz brings us to Brunnen on the Lake of Lucerne, where we shall find ourselves surrounded by a perfect *embarras de richesses*. One hardly knows which way to turn first. There are conveyances of all kinds passing to and fro—carriages, chaises, &c., without number; the lake is sparkling in most tempting fashion, steamers, boats, and skiffs are darting hither and thither across the smiling waters, and a multitude of places are beckoning us in different directions. There are Stoss, Treib,



CHURCH AT MORSCHACH

Seelisberg, Beckenried, Lucerne, Schwyz, Seewen, and the Muottathal, none of them very far off; then there is the grand St. Gotthard road running southwards, and there are the wildly beautiful valleys which open into the Reussthal, among which that of Maderan stands pre-eminent. Moreover, we are close to some of the most classical spots in Switzerland, such as Rütli, Tell's Chapel, and Schiller's Memorial, the *Mythenstein, a rock so called which rises like a grand obelisk from out the lake. Even those who prefer staying at home will find quite enough to entertain them in the garden of the "Waldstatter Hof," the best hotel in the place, whence they may gaze across the lake at the dark mountains of Uri and Unterwald, and rest assured that, so far as other matters are concerned, they cannot do better than leave themselves entirely in the hands of their capital landlady, Madame Fassbind, who will certainly not disappoint the confidence

placed in her ; indeed, she deserves to be immortalised quite as much as the famous hostess of Appenzell, and we would fain place a star, Bädeler fashion, against the name of her house, as a friendly intimation to all who come this way that they cannot do better than turn in thither.

The shore of the lake is swarming with foreigners, who rush this way and that, like so many ants,



GALLERY ON THE AXENSTRASSE.

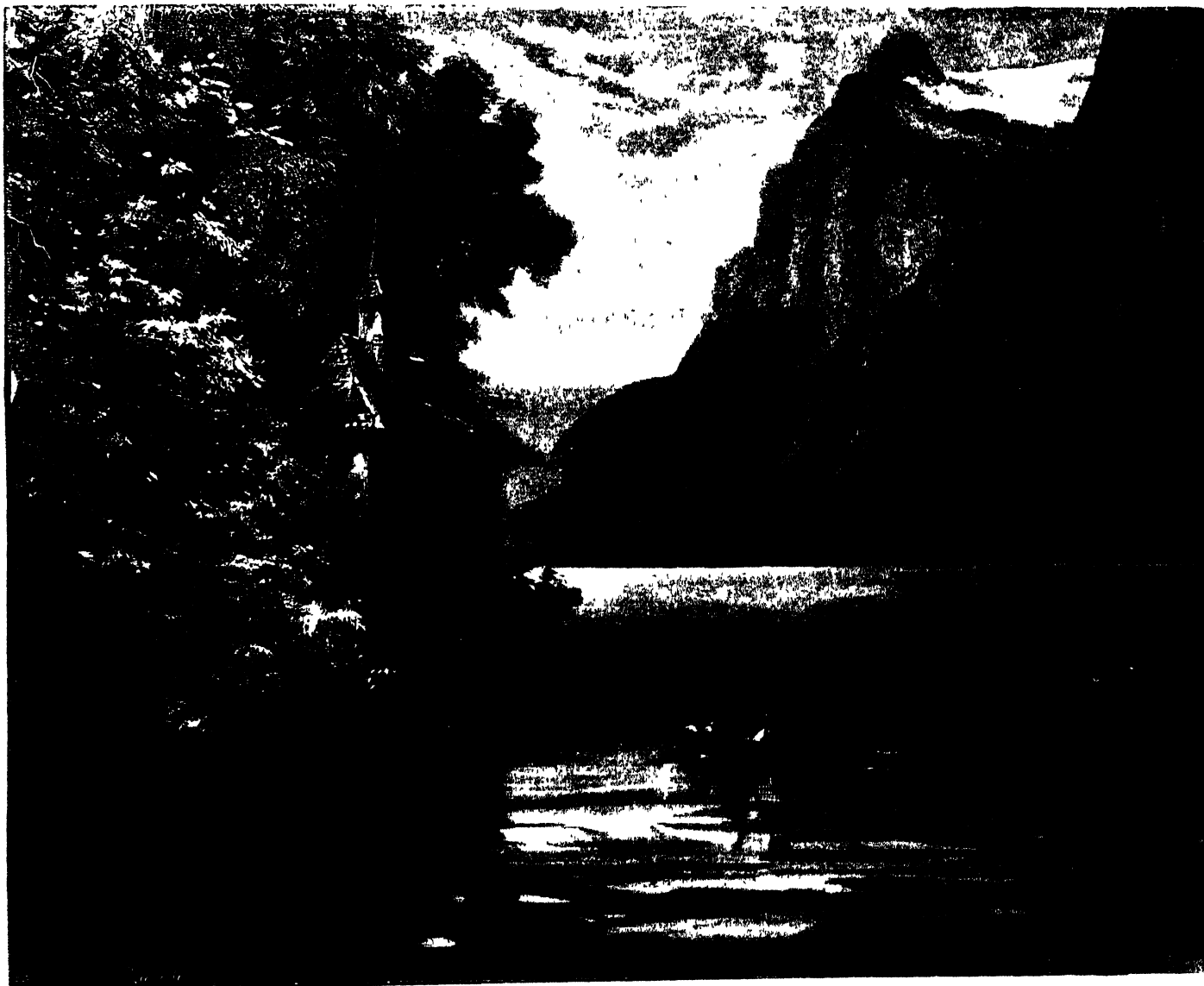
encumbered with all the paraphernalia which tourists and invalids seem to find indispensable. We see fluttering veils, and gay straw hats prettily adorned with Alpine flowers ; spick and span new alpenstocks of untried worth are being flourished about in soft hands as yet unaccustomed to their use ; and the air is filled with a confused sound of English, French, German, and Italian, reminding one very much of the Tower of Babel. There are carriages coming and going, horses are being harnessed and diligences piled high with luggage, and at all hours of the day there is sure to be a lively bustle going on in front of the Rössli, which is both a post-house and a telegraph office. Brunnen was in former days the chief emporium for Italian goods, and now all the traffic of West Switzerland passes through it.

A sound of merry laughter comes up from the shore, and, on bright sunny days when the wind is asleep, many are the demands made upon the boatmen for the hire of their fragile craft. But "when the Mythenstein puts his hood on," or the wind blows chill and cold,

impatient visitors are doomed to hear, sometimes for days together, the oft-repeated and depressing words with which Schiller has made them so familiar, "Don't go ! There's a heavy storm coming up ; you must wait !" At such times as these, however, they may console themselves by making a short expedition along the shore to the little village of Gersau. A thoroughly prosperous-looking place it is, and it owes its well-being to the diligent use it has made of the gifts which nature has so lavishly bestowed upon

THE LAKE OF LUCERNE AS SEEN FROM THE AXENSTEIN.

it. The soil upon which Gersau stands was formed by the two wild mountain-torrents, Riese and Rohrli, which issue forth from ravines in the Rigi, and bring with them a quantity of earth and rubbish which they have deposited upon the margin of the lake. But the luxuriant vegetation, which reminds one of the neighbourhood of Chiavenna, and has caused Gersau to be styled the Swiss Nice, owes its existence to the mild and genial, almost Italian climate which prevails here. No winds are suffered to visit Gersau but the warm Fohn and the south-east wind, for it is protected on the right by the rugged wall of rock called the Vitznauerstock, on the left by the Hochfluh, and in the



ILLI'S CHAPEL

rear by the precipices of the Rigi. Fig-trees will here live through the winter in the open air, and their fruit ripens in the summer, so it is no wonder that the beautiful chestnut of Italy should thrive to perfection. Indeed, it has become quite naturalised all about the Lake of Lucerne, which, so tradition affirms, is owing to two Italians who spent a night, many, many years ago, in an inn at Horw, near Lucerne, and in the morning presented their obliging landlord with a few chestnuts which they told him to plant in the ground. This he did, and the young trees thrived perfectly, grew to maturity, and rewarded the care of their owner by bearing fruit, greatly to his delight. In time a little grove of chestnuts grew up

around the inn, which was thenceforward called "The Chestnut-tree," and very soon there were chestnuts all about the lake.

But about a century and a half ago, the industrious little place was yet further enriched by the invention of the spinning of floss-silk, a branch of industry which it still pursues, and from which it gains not merely a comfortable livelihood, but even wealth. Gersau is also interesting on several other accounts,



RÜTLI

the most important of which is, that from 1359 until the end of the last century it was an entirely independent free state. In those times it was not a little proud of being permitted to erect a tall, conspicuous gallows, as a token of its independence and of its possessing its own criminal jurisdiction. The lions were all taken one by one, but no one paid any heed to the little bee in its nook on the lake, until the Man of Corsica came and forced it to yield its honey.



BAHADUR

VIEW OF THE URL-ROTHSTOCK, FROM THE AXENSTEIN.

Another of its special features has long since ceased to exist, unfortunately for the artist, who might have found in it numerous subjects for his pencil. This was the singular institution called the "Gaunerkilbi," or Thieves' Festival, which was held here annually on the first Sunday after the Ascension. All the doubtful characters of the neighbourhood, beggars, gipsies, men, women, and children, streamed hither from all parts, to the number of several hundred, and formed a strange motley encampment in the meadows, where they feasted like a swarm of locusts. On the Monday they appeared dressed in their very best, and gave themselves up to dancing, and more money changed hands in the course of the day than the wealthiest of the young peasants could afford to spend. On Tuesday they all hurried away, and soon after there was not a trace of them to be seen anywhere.

That Gersau should abound in charming walks is only what might be expected from its situation. There is a delightful path along the Riesebach to the Rotheffuh and the falls of the Rohrlibach, or to the chapel of the "Kindlismord," which is connected with a very dismal story. It seems that there was a wedding one day at the inn of Treib, which is still to be seen standing close to the margin of the lake, opposite Brunnen. The wedding was followed by dancing, and while the fiddler, who had come across the lake from Gersau, sat feasting and drinking within, his child lay starving in the boat outside, and had to go home at night with its father still hungry. When they reached the landing-place, however, the fiddler grew so furious with it for begging for food, that he dashed out its brains against a stone. Remorse then drove him from his home to take service in a foreign land; but the crime into which he had been betrayed by wine was brought to light by the same agency, for the man himself confessed it in a fit of intoxication. The chapel has been standing for the last three hundred years, and a cliff on the lake at Gersau, where one of the child's shoes came ashore, is still called the "Red Shoe."

Treib lies at the point of a promontory opposite Brunnen, where the lake, here called the Bay of Buochs, or Gersau, suddenly changes its course, and instead of running east and west, as heretofore, makes a great bend to north and south. From Brunnen to Fluelen it is called the Bay of Uri; and here the mountains reveal themselves in all their stupendous magnificence. There is a most romantic charm about the whole scene which combines savage grandeur with sweet, soft beauty, and abounds in variety of form and colour. The precipices along the shore are so steep that there is but just room for two villages at their base.

Those who wish to enjoy it all thoroughly will go up from Treib to Seelisberg, though by so doing they will miss the Lake of Seelisberg, which lies deep buried among wild masses of rock and pine woods, on the way from Beckenried to the Alpine village of Emmatten.

Far below us, at a giddy depth of some four thousand feet, gleams the green lake, while around us the mighty mountains rear their great heads on high. Yonder, most conspicuous of all, is the ice-crowned Uri-Rothstock, and beyond are the Niederbauen and the massive Bristen, while opposite, on the eastern side of the valley of the Reuss, stands the colossal Windgalle. We look straight down into the streets of Schwyz, and are almost on a level with the Mythen; Morschach, which is not visible from the lake, seems quite near us; and there is the Frohnalpstock, the village of Sisikon, and Tell's Chapel at the foot of the Axenberg, where hundreds come day by day to meditate upon the past. We can see from one end to the other of the beautifully-constructed Axen road, which runs to Altdorf along the eastern shore of the lake, close to the face of the cliff, or through tunnels pierced in its side. Immediately below Seelisberg lies the old classic meadow of Rutli, the most sacred spot in Switzerland, and now national property.

All the dear old names seem to ring in our ears as we gaze upon it, and the grand scenery around inspires us with great thoughts. The moonlight night described with such poetic feeling by Schiller seems to live again before us. We hear the sound of the fireman's horn coming over to us from Seelisberg, and the clear tones of the little bell in the forest chapel in Schwyz, as it rings for matins; yonder are the boats now coming to shore, and the sun is shedding such a golden radiance upon the solitary rock there in the lake, that the large letters upon its face glow golden too, and the great name of the poet is revealed in all becoming splendour. This rock is the Mythenstein, a natural obelisk, and the most beautiful Schiller memorial in the world, for it is hallowed by the touching gratitude of a plain and homely people. The monument happens to be placed in the very midst of the stage upon which that famous drama was enacted,



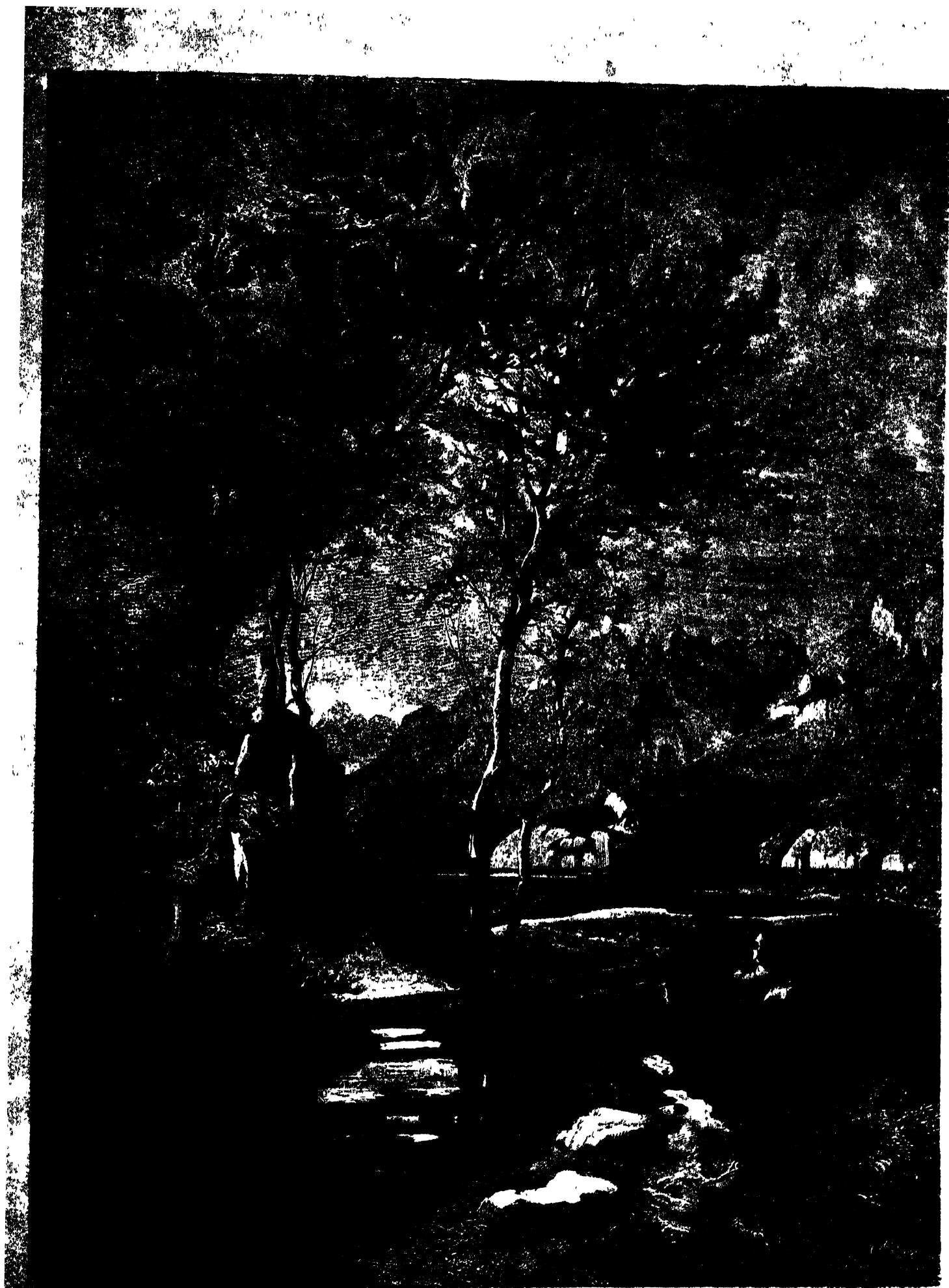
THE MYTHENSTEIN

which brought punishment to the arbitrary nobles and freedom to the enslaved people, for all the places which deserve mention from their connection with those times lie in the immediate neighbourhood of the lake. In old days the lake formed the grand means of communication between the outer world and the wild, inaccessible places which lay buried in the lonely recesses of the mountains, just as the ocean is the grand highway which connects one land with another throughout the world.

For the last ten years or more, however, it has been possible to travel by land as well as by water, for a splendid high-road, called the Axenstrasse, has been constructed, which, starting from Brunnen, runs boldly along and sometimes through the precipitous cliffs of the lake of Uri, and at length joins the St. Gotthard road at Altdorf.

Such roads as these were considered in former days as appropriate work for demons, but altogether beyond the powers of human beings; whereas now, thanks to that pioneer of civilisation, the engineer, a tunnel through the rock, perhaps three or four miles long, is no longer looked upon as a marvel.

The Axen road is named after the Axenberg, a mountain which rises to the north of Fluelen, along and through and at the foot of which this famous highway runs. Foreign engineers admire the masterly manner in which the costly and arduous task has been executed; while tourists, such as ourselves, are enchanted with the wild beauty of the panorama unfolded before us in never-ending variety at every step, and the artist finds subjects innumerable for his pencil. Throughout almost its whole course, the road runs close above the surface of the lake; for it is cut in the face of the mountains, which rise so perpendicularly from the water as rarely to leave any margin whatever. Often we look through the dark tops of pine-trees



AT FLUELEN ON THE LAKE OF LUCERNE.

directly down upon the still blue waters, and see the fissured cliffs of the western shore rising at apparently a very little distance from us. Then we enter one of the shady galleries which have been formed by the blasting of the rock, and see a stream of light pouring in upon us from the new landscape at the other end. Once only does the road leave the steep side of the rock, and that is where a stream from the valley of Riemenstald has forced its way through, and has thrown up a little mound of earth, upon which stands the small village of Sisikon, in a grove of walnut and chestnut trees. After passing Sisikon the precipices again approach the water's edge, and the road is again shut in by a wall of rock. Here, just below it, and half-buried in foliage, stands the far-famed Tell's Chapel, which may be approached by a foot-path leading down to it from the Axenstrasse. Refreshments may be obtained in the hotel called "Zur Tellsplatte,"



FLÜELLEN

and after partaking of them we may feel sufficiently fortified to enter the great tunnel of the Axenberg. A short distance farther on the road comes down to the lake, and we reach Flüelen, a pleasant, cheerful-looking village, and the port of the canton of Uri. The soil here is formed by the alluvial deposits of the river Reuss. Yonder dark-wooded mountains enclose the valley of the Reuss; and mighty giants they are, the most conspicuous of all being the conical peak of the Bristenstock.

In the summer, Flüelen is full of life and bustle; steamers are coming and going every hour, bringing and taking away passengers of all nations. Travellers bound for Italy can here take the diligence or private carriages, of which there are always plenty to be had. The Italian element indeed begins to be conspicuous here in the persons of the *voituriers*, or coachmen, who are quite as eager for gain as, and better

versed in the art of persuasion than, their Swiss colleagues. Arrangements may here be made for proceeding to Wasen, Andermatt, the Furka Pass, Rhone Glacier, Pass of the St. Gotthard, Airolo, and farther still.

Those who do not care to walk along the dusty road which leads hence to Altdorf, will find omnibuses



ENTRANCE TO THE CHURCH IN ALTDORF.

belonging to some half-dozen hotels waiting for them on the shore of the lake, from which they will readily conclude that more and more interest is taken in the place which, more than all others, is connected with the traditions of William Tell.

It was at Altdorf that the hat was raised upon the pole; at Altdorf that the famous arrow was shot from the cross-bow, the story of which will be told by all future generations; at Altdorf Tell was born, and in the immediate neighbourhood stands the castle which belonged to those friends of the people, the Lords of Attinghausen. But it is a mistake to suppose that we shall find any special memorials of Tell at Altdorf; there is no monument worthy of the man or the deed, and neither the figures surmounting the stone fountain, nor the misshapen, colossal plaster statue, nor the wonderful frescoes on the ancient tower, are any of them worth half as much as the homely little rhyme which the traveller reads with a smile near the middle of the bridge called the Kapell-brücke at Lucerne:—

“William Tell, he scorned the hat,
To death was he condemned for that,
Unless an apple on the spot
From his own child's head he shot.”

But William Tell's best monument is the constant remembrance in which his name is held by old and young.

In Altdorf itself nothing has survived from his times save the everlasting and unchangeable mountains, the sacred forest on the Grunwaldberg, and the rushing, roaring Schachen. It has suffered severely from fire more than once since the fifteenth century, the worst conflagration having taken place in the last year of the last century, since which time it has been almost entirely rebuilt, and in far grander style. When seen beneath the bright summer sun, this, the capital of the canton of Uri, looks a peaceful, prosperous, and even cheerful place, with its trim little flower-gardens and luxuriant meadows. What may be concealed behind this external brightness is another matter.

The parish church, which stands among gardens and nut-trees on the mountain-side, is a grand-looking building, and its sacristy contains a good many costly offerings in the shape of chalices and vestments, dating from the times when the men of Altdorf, and indeed of Uri in general, were bitten with a fancy for taking service in foreign lands. Not far from the church, and keeping guard over it, as it were, stand a monastery belonging to the Capuchins, and also a convent. Altdorf possesses no manufactories or other industrial establishments; but she might as well begin to think of starting something of the kind, since the days appear to be numbered in which she is likely to make much profit out of the traffic which passes along the St. Gotthard road. The sun of the nineteenth century will have to dissolve a good many old obstructive glaciers in this neighbourhood before much progress can be made, however.

If we stroll through the outskirts of Altdorf, or on to Bingen and Attinghausen, we may enjoy the great and wondrous beauty of Nature to our heart's content. When we behold her enthroned among the sublime mountains, she looks like some mighty and august queen; but when we see her in the fields, in the flowery meadows and fruitful orchards, she descends from her pedestal and becomes the tender, kindly mother, whom we are fain to address in some such words as these:—

“Thrilled with thy beauty and love in the wooded slope of the mountain,
Here, great mother, I lie, thy child, with his head on thy bosom;
Into my being thou murmurest joy, and tenderest sadness
Shedd'st thou, like dew, on my heart, till the joy and the heavenly sadness
Pour themselves forth from my heart in tears and the hymn of thanksgiving.”

COLLETT

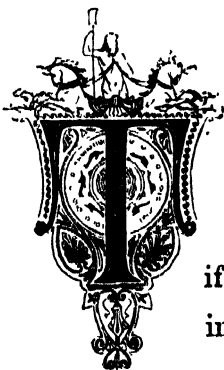


THE ST. GOTTHARD ROAD, AT WASEN.

THE MOUNTAINS OF URI.

“When warm from myrtle bays and tranquil seas,
Comes on, to whisper hope, the vernal breeze,
When hums the mountain-bee in May’s glad ear,
And emerald isles to spot the heights appear,
When shouts and lowing herds the valley fill,
And louder torrents stun the noontide hill,
The pastoral Swiss begin the cliffs to scale,
To silence leaving the deserted vale.”

WORDSWORTH.



THE valleys of the forest canton of Uri are still in a state of Nature, and in the highest degree wild, savage, and sterile. The landscape is composed of rocks, glaciers, forests, and waterfalls jumbled together in wild confusion, and looking as if Nature had omitted to give them the necessary finishing touches. There are materials in plenty, but the workmen have decamped; and, therefore, instead of the rich green meadows, well-regulated rivers, velvety slopes and pastures, and charming natural parks which we see in other valleys of Switzerland, we have a wilderness covered with great blocks of stone, tossed hither and thither in wildest disorder, and streams and torrents running riot according to their own sweet wills.

But it is this very disorderliness which constitutes the charm of the heights and valleys of Uri; for those who wish to watch the pulsations of the great heart of Nature, and to penetrate the secrets of her realm, must be content to wander through a region devoid of paths; and those who care to study Nature's book will here find many a fair page to engage their attention.

Those who come only in the summer can form no idea of what the winter is in these mountains, nor of the immense strength which spring must bring to bear before she can win and keep the victory over the mighty power of death. What is a winter in the plains compared with a winter in the mountains? For



CASTLE OF AETHINGHAUSEN

six long months the snow does not melt, and one thick white covering is laid over another until all the features of the landscape, even the most rugged and strongly marked, are rounded and softened. All the clefts, and cracks, and hollows of the mountains and glaciers are entirely filled; the snow is lying deep on the mountain pastures—so deep, indeed, as to have completely buried the brown chalets, roofs and all; and the strongest trees in the forest are sighing and groaning beneath the heavy load of flakes, which bends and breaks not only their tops, but their stoutest branches. Whichever way one looks there is not a living creature to be seen; all are sleeping somewhere deep underground, among the roots of the trees, in dens or

caves, or holes, or at the bottom of the lake. A few crows and ravens flit timidly and hungrily over the dreary waste, uttering a melancholy cry as they go. The eagle, and occasionally the golden vulture, may be seen in the neighbourhood of human dwellings; but the chamois and ptarmigan are hiding, either under the dark shelter of the old *Wetterfichte* or among the brushwood in the pine-forests, where the soft, low



CHURCH IN BÜRGLEN.

chirp of the redbreast and wren may be heard, and they are sheltered from the cold by a regular roof of snow.

The waterfall, which in the summer-time dashed down into the valley with a thundering roar, now hangs motionless from the cliff, numb, stiff, and dead. There is deep silence all around, and Nature seems to be waiting for deliverance with timid misgiving.

But the sun gains in power, and the peaks of the highest mountains are beginning to glisten with the first thaw. The spirits of the air are engaged in fierce and incessant conflicts by night and by day, driving

away the snow-clouds, and bringing rain and fog in their stead. A gentle breeze is wafted hither across the St. Gotthard, and, soon increasing to a gale, is recognised and welcomed as the Fohn, known throughout Switzerland as the herald of spring. Upborne by mighty pinions, it comes across the mountains and swoops down upon the valleys, where the snow melts away before its scorching breath, and the frozen waters are stirred to their very depths.

Warm May showers begin to fall, and the sun gains more and more victories every day ; while at night a thick grey fog comes down to guard the work which spring has accomplished during the day, and to keep off the frost-spirits who else would descend from the heights and destroy it all. The trees shake the snow out of their dark tresses ; the first buds burst forth upon the beech, the first tassels appear on the hazel-bush and willow, and the fresh young grass begins to shoot up by the side of the springs and streams. Then Spring herself comes down the valley of the Reuss, with a wreath of primroses round her head, and there is a general awakening. Everything begins to put forth buds and blossoms, and earth and air are alike filled with the cheerful sounds and brilliant tints of returning life. There is a sound of dropping and trickling and bubbling and running, as the snow-fields thaw more and more ; streams leap noisily over the rocks ; and river and lake, having burst their bonds, are tossing their wild waves hither and thither in a state of grand commotion. Up in the mountains the glaciers are splitting and creaking with a noise like the roar of artillery, and great shining masses of ice fall with a crash into the valley, and are followed by the avalanches carrying everything before them in their mad career. Then back comes the Fohn again to complete the work he has begun. What a howling there is in the ravines and gorges, mingled with deep undertones, like the full notes of an organ ! The waters swell and rage as if possessed by demons, lakes overflow their banks, and everything in the valley is in a state of lively agitation. And at night, when all else is still, how the Fohn raves and roars ! But through all the wild uproar one seems to hear Nature saying, "Spring is coming ! spring is coming !" And behold ! she comes, she is here ! There she stands, breathing and palpitating ! and all the living things in the valley and on the mountains atune their thousand voices to a rapturous greeting. There is the bold cry of the jay and the auspicious call of the woodpecker ; the finch darts up from the budding twig, and the cuckoo, magpie, thrush, partridge (*Perdix saxatilis*), and cock-of-the-woods (*Tetrao urogallus*), all join in the grand chorus, to the best of their power. Butterflies, and all the swarm of tiny winged creatures which rejoice in light and sunshine, are hovering in a state of rapturous delight over the flowers which have just unfolded their brilliant blossoms, over the coltsfoot, ranunculuses, primroses, cowslips, orchises, saxifrages, and blue-bells, which grow by the side of the streams, on the mountain pastures, and on the edge of the woods. Cows and goats, too, which have grown weary of their long imprisonment in the stable, are lowing and bleating forth their greeting to the bright new world ; herd-bells are once more heard tinkling again, and man, too, opens his mouth and welcomes the spring with a loud and hearty huzza !

The Fohn wind is completely master in the little canton of Uri, and regulates the laws which govern the climate ; which, however, is nowhere more capricious than it is here. The St. Gotthard Pass is the one by which the Fohn chiefly travels, but he reigns all the year round in the regions of the upper air, and often descends into the valleys ; where, indeed, his power is chiefly displayed. He is a son of the Italian sirocco, and is sent hither from the desert of the south. Before he comes, thick grey mists are seen brooding over the southern horizon, and they grow denser and denser until they take the form of clouds and creep up to the tops of the mountains. Then the sun turns pale and sickly, and when he sets he lights

up the western heavens with a sort of dull, lurid glow. At night the air is oppressive and so still that not a leaf seems to be stirring; there is a large halo round the moon, the stars flicker and twinkle, and numerous meteors are to be seen. When morning comes there is no dew lying on the fields, and the air is so extremely clear and transparent that the most distant mountains, which usually look like blue clouds on the horizon, seem suddenly to have come nearer. Animals are fully sensible of the state of the atmosphere; they low and bellow restlessly, they cannot sleep, and seem to await the approaching tempest with much nervous excitement. Human beings too feel excited, and can hardly close their eyes for restlessness and



BÜRGLIN.

anxiety. Plants hang down their heads and their leaves as if faint and languid; and at night, if you listen, you will hear a roaring among the trees far up the mountain, as if the Wild Huntsman were rushing madly through the hot air. The brooks in the valley are brawling louder than ever, for they are filled to overflowing with the water which the wind has melted from the glaciers. But this state of things does not last much longer. There are two or three prodigious flaps from the mighty wings, and then there is a sudden strange calm; but it is the calm which precedes the storm. At last it bursts forth and rushes through the valleys with all the destructive, demoniacal force of a hurricane, bringing terror wherever it

goes. It breaks down the trees, loosens the avalanches, tears the roofs off the houses, and, as it has completely dried all the wood-work, it fans the tiniest spark into a flame. For this reason firemen patrol the streets at all hours, and go into the farm-houses and cottages and insist on having all the fires extinguished; for in this case, as in some others, people have learnt wisdom by bitter experience.

And yet the Fohn is truly a blessing to the land; for, if he carry a sword in one hand, he certainly bears a horn of plenty in the other, and pours out its contents with a liberal hand upon the whole neighbourhood of Altdorf, Bürglen, and Attinghausen, where numbers of southern plants live and flourish, and those which are indigenous to the soil thrive with southern luxuriance. The Alpine pastures, too, share the blessing which he brings, so that the herdsmen of Uri are able to go to the mountains sooner than those of any other canton.

And yet, notwithstanding all this, the canton of Uri is poor, and even the present generation are obliged to do battle with the wild and savage powers of nature. They do not attempt to do any more than their ancestors did before them, and the constant struggle, together with other unfavourable circumstances, has made the people, who are otherwise a fine race, somewhat dull and unenterprising. All who could, have given themselves up to such easy pursuits as are connected with the traffic of the great St. Gotthard road, contentedly taking what they can get from the annual army of visitors and adopting from them sundry bad habits without learning much good. Thus many of the old native branches of industry have been neglected, the people have been spoilt, and whenever their easy gains have failed they have had nothing to fall back upon but alms and begging; for

the thrift which is so characteristic of the Swiss everywhere else is utterly unknown here. The people of Uri possess many very good qualities, but they do not make much progress, as the rest of the Confederation know full well.

The few grand houses which may be seen here and there are just *polvere negli occhi*, as the Italians say,



GORGE OF THE SCHACHEN

dust thrown in the eyes—a deception, in fact; for they belong to a few rich and therefore powerful families, and behind them is concealed a sad neglect of all that makes life pleasant. Who thinks of sowing corn in Uri, even where it might be grown with advantage? Has any one yet thought of planting young trees in the room of those which have been cut down? And is it not merely the dread of the avalanches which prevents people from cutting down even the Bannwälder, or “Sacred Forests?” The population of Uri is very small, and they prefer crowding together in the villages instead of turning their attention to agriculture and other pursuits which would be far more profitable in the end.

There is an old chronicler, however, who sings the praise of Uri, and he says:—“The people of Uri, especially those of Altorf, the principal place in the canton, are so civil and well-behaved as to be more like townspeople than country-folk. They are respectful, kind, polite, good-tempered, and, what is more important than all, they are religious people, and very zealous in their adhesion to the true and ancient Catholic faith.”



DEPARTURE OF THE DILIGENCE FROM FLÜELEN.

The best opportunity for really studying the population, clan by clan, is on the first Sunday in May, when they meet to hold the General Assembly of the canton, and you will be astonished to see how much of vigour and vitality there still is in the primitive institutions of antiquity. Yonder fine-looking men have come down from Urner Boden, Schächen, Spiringen, Seelisberg, and Sisikon; and these sturdy, weather-beaten folk are from the Maderanerthal, Urserenthal, Andermatt, and Wasen. As formerly they obeyed the call of the “Horn of Uri,” so now they gather round the banner which displays as its device the well-known bull’s head; they attend service in the Church of Altdorf and then pro-

ceed to the ancient meeting-place of the diet of the canton, which is situated in the meadow of Botzling, between Attinghausen and Bürglen, and below Schaddorf. There could not be a grander or more splendid stage for such a May-day spectacle: the background is closed in by steep, dark pine-clad heights; below rises the rocky wall of the Windgalle; and opposite, on the other side of the Reuss, tower the lofty heads of the Schlossberg, Kronlet, Spannort, Uri-Rothstock, and others, which, at this season of the year are still covered with snow quite low down, and are perpetually sending avalanches crashing down into the valleys with a thundering roar.

It is impossible to look at the ruins of the venerable Castle of Attinghausen without feeling for the moment sobered. There they stand, covered by the friendly ivy, at the top of a gently rising turf-clad eminence, and at their feet lie the cottages of the peasants, their roofs half concealed by richly-laden



FALL OF THE FAULENBACH, VALLEY OF ERSTFELD.

fruit-trees. This is the village where lived Walter Furst, one of the noble-hearted founders of the Confederacy. Tell used to come over hither from Burglen to woo Furst's daughter; and the castle was the ancestral seat of the noble lords of Attinghausen, who governed the canton of Uri for more than a century, and were held in great honour. The ruins seem, as we look at them, to echo the well-known words of the poet:—

“The old order ch. ngeth, yielding place to new ”

Bürglen, on the height opposite, stands at the entrance to the Schachenthal like a sentinel, and a more attractive one it would be impossible to find. The whole surrounding landscape, the roaring stream known as the Schachen, the great dark nut-trees growing over the houses, which are scattered here and there as far as the edge of the forest, the black tower standing by the side of the path which leads up to the village,



SAW-MILL AT INSCHI

the village itself, small and cosy, with a sublime and extensive view of mountain and valley, the people, the children in the road, the herd-bells—everything, in fact, seems to correspond exactly with the picture our youthful fancy drew of the home and birthplace of the Swiss hero. Might not yonder tall, fine-looking man, standing by the noisy sawmill with the axe in his hand, be William Tell himself? And the boy there? One expects every moment to see him run up to his father, crying, in the words of Walter Tell—

“Father, my bow-string's broken ' mend it for me

Leaving Bürglen, however, we shall be glad to follow the men who have been attending the Assembly back to their dark-blue valleys. Those who belong to Urnerboden and Emmetmarch have to traverse the whole length of the Schachen valley, on their way back to their beautiful mountain pastures. The Schachen, which rushes and roars at our side the whole way, must find its short life hard enough. It

rises in the Scheerhorn and Clariden Alps in the midst of a wild, desolate region, and at once begins its struggle with the rocks and ravine. Its strength increases as it goes on, for fresh life flows into it on both sides from a hundred little springs and rivulets, but the joyousness of its course, which begins where the valley ends, is soon cut short. Its course from its mountain cradle to Bürglen lies through forests of gloomy fir-trees, broken here and there by bare, naked rocks; there are huge blocks of stone lying in the bed of the valley which the water either flows round or leaps over; ragged-looking clouds of mist hover round the peaks and crags, and here and there are mountain pastures, such as the Sittlisalp, Lämmerbachalp, and Alp Trogen. Quite at the end of the valley lies the pasture known as the Brunnälpele; and, as



A GIRL FROM THE SCHLÄCHENTHAL.

we look across it, we see the gloomy head of the Great Ruchen towering aloft. But the most beautiful feature in the whole landscape is the Staubi, a wonderful cascade, whose abundant supply of water is derived from the eternal snow of the Scheerhorn and the underlying Gries glacier. From this point you may ascend to Urnerboden, which is the Arcadia of the canton of Uri, where nothing is to be heard but the lowing and bleating of cows and sheep, the tinkle of their bells, the call of the herdsmen, or the sound of the little bell belonging to the chapel in the wood, and nothing is to be seen but broad green pastures interspersed with trees, milch-cows, milkers, châteaux, and dairy utensils. From Urnerboden we may either descend into the canton of Glarus, from which the hamlet is said to have been craftily purloined, or we may go back as far as the cascade of Staubi, thence proceed to the Hüfi glacier, and so make our way into the vale of Maderan; but we must be prepared for a rough scramble through a desolate region covered with broken rocks and ice, for

this is a pass seldom frequented by any but huntsmen and herdsmen. Those who prefer a more comfortable way of doing things will take the road from Altdorf up the valley of the Reuss. On reaching Erstfeld, you see the Joch glacier and Spannorter on the right, and before you opens out the extremely romantic valley of Erstfeld, which lies half buried amid the wild débris of the Schlossberg, Spannörter, and Krönlet. To the north it is shut in by the Geisberg, to the south by the Jacober. It is as wild and primitive as the valley of Schächen, and indeed as the valleys of Uri in general, and in the fall of the Faulenbach it can boast a sight almost as beautiful as that presented by the Staubi. It also possesses the solemn, mysterious-looking Lake of Faulensee—a pearl set in the silver of the surrounding glaciers which descend from the Schlossberg and Krönlet.

The beautiful road which leads from Erstfeld or Klus to Silenen, past the mouth of the Maderanerthal and farther still, is the St. Gotthard road; and the broad valley through which it passes is that of the Reuss. In point of fact it really begins at Amsteg, and if you look up the valley from Klus, it seems to be entirely shut in by the dark, gigantic, ice-crowned mass of the Bristenstock which lies across it. The view does not alter until we reach the picturesque hamlet of Silenen, where the walnut-trees appear in full beauty, and the ruins of a tower, situated on a low hill by the road-side, remind us once more of William Tell and his times. This unpretending-looking tower is said to be the remains of the Castle of Zwing-Uri, built by Hermann Gessler von Bruneck, the Austrian governor of Schwyz and Uri, who thought by this means to overawe the people and bring them entirely under his own control. But man's work dwindles to nothing by the side of Nature's; and what were the most defiant-looking castle in the world if brought face to face with the Bristenstock? Schiller may well say:—

“Let's see how many mole-hills such as
this
"Twould take to raise a pile as large as
one
Of these, the least of Uri's mountains.”

However, the real origin of the ruin is involved in obscurity. The old chronicles, which are our best sources of information, tell us that

Zwing-Uri stood much nearer to Altdorf, and they also say that the people utterly demolished it in their fury, without leaving so much as one stone upon another.

We next come to Amsteg, or more properly An den Stegen (“at the foot-bridges”), which derives its name from the fact of there being two bridges here—one over the Reuss, a grand structure of stone, which has superseded the former little wooden bridge, and the other over the Kerstelenbach, a noisy torrent which rushes wildly down to join the river. Amsteg lies at the foot of the Bristenstock, and the little hamlet lying buried among orchards just a step higher up is also called Bristen, while a little farther on



VALLY OF ERSTFELD.

still we come to Inschi and Ried. From this point the St. Gotthard road begins its toilsome ascent through the wildest scenery. At Inschi the cliffs approach close to the side of the road, and the Reuss rushes along the deep bed it has worn for itself at the bottom of a dark ravine, while, as we look back, we see an extensive mountain landscape, in which the Scheerhorn, Windgälle, Ruchen, and Hüfistock are especially conspicuous.

But there is no excursion better worth making than that into the grand and wildly beautiful valley of Maderan, which here opens before us, and even at its entrance gives promise of great beauty. It received its name from an Italian named Maderana, who set up furnaces in the valley for the purpose of smelting the iron ore which he procured from the foot of the Windgälle. The people, however, still mostly call it Kerstenthal, after the brook of the same name—which, by-the-way, has about as much right to be called a “brook,” as young Siegfried the anvil-breaker had to be called a “boy.” The Kerstelen Brook, so called, receives its wild torrent of water some few miles from here from the wondrously beautiful glacier of Hüfi, which lies between the Scheerhorn, Clariden, and Todi.

The valley is still utterly primitive, and probably has a great future before it as a favourite resort of tourists, though at present the luckless traveller runs great risk of breaking his legs and neck before he succeeds in making his way through the gloomy pines, and over stocks, and stones, and thistles, and briars, to the very comfortable inn of the “Swiss Alpine Club,” which stands half-hidden by trees on the Balm Cliff. It is a very oasis in the desert, and is an agreeable sojourn, both as regards its external and internal attractions. There is much to be seen without, both close at hand and at a distance, there is plenty of climbing to be done, and the great mountains are so near at hand that one can not only see them, but actually feel their icy breath. Great domes of ice rear themselves close above the forest, and among the many waterfalls which dash from the cliffs we may especially mention the Stäuber, which flutters down the face of the terraced Düssistock, and the Seidenbach opposite it. Lovelier glacier-maidens than these never wove their long tresses in lonely solitude. There is no end to the various beauties of the Maderan Valley; but what perhaps chiefly excites the admiration of the visitor is the Hüfi glacier, which may bear comparison with many of its far-famed brethren among the Bernese Alps. Solemn and gruesome enough it looks, amid the loneliness of the ice-bound mountains which surround it; but, while it conveys to the mind a profound idea of the immense dynamic force possessed by ice, it is also remarkable for its great purity and grand perfection of development. Those who wish to obtain a full view of it must descend the desolate slope of the Hüfälpeli, and then they will also be able to see the mountains which have pushed it down into the valley.

Nature still reigns with undiminished power over these regions, and it would be difficult to wage a successful war with her, for water, ice, snow, and storm are absolute masters of the situation. What furious games of snow-balling the old giants indulge in with their avalanches is evident enough from the way in which the poor trees on the slope of the mountain have suffered, and from the rubbish which fills the bottom of the valley and the watercourse. The animal world, too, enjoys possession of almost all its ancient rights, and the chamois and eagle find themselves safer here than anywhere else. The eagle is still king of the air, and his cry is to be heard high above the glacier valley, while the shrill whistle of the marmot echoes from the rocks below. Here, too, we come across the ancient, primæval-looking tree known as the Schirmtanne or Wetterfichte, the umbrella-fir, which is a sort of outpost of the mountain forest, and is not to be seen in perfection except by those who ascend these Alpine heights. These strong, sturdy firs strike

their roots into the deepest clefts of the rock, and cling so tenaciously to their anchorage that they are able to withstand the wildest assaults of the tempest, while their companions either remain far below or have long since succumbed to wind and storm. To those who see them in their primæval character of huge, defiant-looking giants, with their great limbs firmly knit to their gnarled, unbending trunks, their black mantles closely wrapped round them, their dry locks of hair blown about by the wind, and their grey beards hanging in long masses,—it will almost seem that they are legendary heroes who have been transformed into trees, but who were originally Teutons or Cimbrians, the rear-guard of the great army which crossed the Alps into Italy, or even some of the old Nibelungen giants themselves. If it were so, what wonders might they not tell us of as they whisper and rustle in the wind! And yet, what are the greatest achievements of the past compared with the tremendous battle which they have been waging for centuries against the furious and incessant attacks made upon them by the fierce powers of Nature? How many thousand storms have assailed their stems, tugged at their roots, cracked their branches! How often they have been struck by



THE FAULENSET.

lightning, their scarred trunks and shivered tops may testify; and how many snow-storms have descended upon their heads! how many avalanches have crashed at their feet! See how their companions lie strewn around! Maybe you have not yet noticed the white, bleached corpses of those who have succumbed in the struggle; but there they are, high up the mountain, looking so bare and ghostly that they make one shiver in sympathy, or else they are to be found lying prostrate among the lichen-covered rocks. These were Nature's vanguard; they fought their way up from the valley to a height of from six to seven thousand feet above the sea, and perished in a gallant attempt to win this elevated region for their mistress.

The umbrella-fir has alone survived, and now it looks down with the experience of five or six centuries upon the younger generation on the slope of the mountain, and sees with compassion how they bow their heads before the wind and break beneath the fierce assault of the tempest. For its own part it laughs the tempest to scorn, and when it rages most fiercely, sings and shouts the old battle-song in its very teeth,

while at the same time it spreads out its dark mantle and gathers all the terrified creatures of the neighbourhood beneath its welcome shelter. The herdsmen come with their cows, the goatherds with their goats, and chamois, hares, and wild-fowl flock thither to escape the fury of the storm. In the summer, too, when there is hardly a breath of air, and the sun's burning rays penetrate even the stony heart of the rocks, the great pine attracts to its cool, refreshing shade all that cannot find shelter from the burning heat in holes or caves among the mountains.

But spring is the time of its greatest beauty, when it is covered with fresh shoots of bright pale green, and its upper branches glisten with red, coral-like blossoms. The solitary, gloomy old tree is then *en fête*, and distinguished visitors from north and south come and pay their respects to it at all hours of the day.



A STREET IN SILENEN.

In the grey early dawn comes the cock-of-the-woods; and the blackcock (*Tetrao tetrix*) and a variety of wild-fowl known as the hazel-grouse (*Tetrao Bonasia*) hold their rendezvous among its branches; then are heard the noisy flight and harsh voice of the ptarmigan, and from the neighbouring crags comes the scream of the Alpine jackdaw (*Pyrrhocorax Alpinus*), as he poises himself in the air. As the morning dawns, however, these harsh tones are interspersed with the sweet song of the various finches and other small birds. The gay little siskin hangs head downwards among the branches uttering its curious hum, while the snowfinch and citron-finch (*Fringilla citrinella*) chirp merrily, and the ring-ousel (*Turdus torquatus*) sits on the topmost bough whistling saucily to the daybreak. The black woodpecker climbs up the trunk, hammering and chuckling as he goes, and the squirrel darts nimbly from branch to branch. Then come the fresh and

fragrant June breezes, laden with the scent of flowers; they breathe upon the sun-dried leaves and the closed blossoms, and a cloud of golden pollen is wafted down together with the odour of pine-trees, and the long grey lichens wave from the branches like a veil in the morning air.

How beautiful the old fir is! It may well be called the pride of the mountain; but how many more times will it blossom? how many more times will it be hung with cones? how many more times will the crossbill make its nest in its branches at the peaceful Yuletide? how many more winters will it afford shelter to the chamois? The woodworm* is working away under the bark, cutting its hieroglyphics into the trunk; and those who can decipher them will read nothing but "Death! death!" But the most



CHURCHYARD OF SILENEN

distinguished of all the old tree's visitors is the golden eagle, who still reigns throughout all the cantons of Switzerland, and sometimes deigns to choose the very top of the umbrella-fir for his throne. As he stands there, large, majestic, silent, and with his bold glance resting upon the peaceful world at his feet, he might be the watcher sitting aloft upon Odin's fatal tree Yggdrasil, with the falcon sitting between his eyes, and enabling him to look upon all things with double powers of vision. The "falcon between the eyes" is, in fact, beautifully symbolical of the eagle's keen, bold, far-off gaze. The lightning-glance of those gold or flame-coloured eyes would of itself be sufficient to vindicate the right of this splendid bird of prey to royal rank. He flies higher than any of his clan; he has been seen hovering over the summit of the Monk,

* Larva of *Bostrychus typographus*.

the Eiger, and the Wetterhorn; and here, as we gaze upwards, half dazzled by the bright morning glow, we see a black spot hanging high above the Uri-Rothstock or the Bristen, as motionless as if it were fixed in the blue vault above. That is the golden eagle, as the sportsman knows full well. He is reconnoitring his vast hunting-grounds, floating in the air with outspread pinions, without stirring a single feather. The spot moves in immensely large circles, from east to west, from north to south; it comes nearer and nearer, until one can distinguish a pair of wings and a head bent downwards, and hear the shrill, bold cry of challenge which terrifies all the small animals of the field and wood, and makes them beat a hasty retreat to their coverts. But he has already selected his victim! This time it is the hare yonder, which is browsing so peacefully on clover and milfoil in the little oasis of vegetation which the snow-water keeps



ZWING-URI.

perpetually green and fresh. Mountain hares and marmots are the royal robber's favourite food. His circles in the air become smaller and smaller; his head is bent down with more and more eagerness; his talons are extended; he utters a loud, wild scream; and then, with outspread wings, swoops suddenly down sideways upon the poor timid animal, which has been striving so vainly to escape. The next moment its throat is seized in the powerful grip of those strong yellow claws and coal-black talons, while the hard grey beak is driven into its skull or eyes.

If he be "without encumbrance" he will gobble up his prey on the spot; but if he have young ones in his eyrie, he will carry it off to satisfy their hunger. The nursery in which his illustrious offspring pass their infancy is by no means what one might expect considering the royal rank of their parents. It is



EYRIE OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

nothing more than a large bed made of branches of Scotch fir, stone-pine, and larch, some dry, some green; and the eyrie palace itself is merely an empty hollow on the topmost summit of some cliff, full of game and bones, which breed so much vermin as to be a great torment to the young birds. Neither is the aspect of the young princes particularly regal. They come into the world in the lovely month of May, but never more than two at a time; and, what with their fluffy dress of white down, the absence of tail and wing-feathers, the disproportionate size of their heads, their scraggy throats, thick, greedy bills, and thin legs, they look rather plebeian than otherwise. Poets see matters in a different light, however, and this is how they sing of the eagle's eyrie:—

“Safe among crags and mountains fell
The eagle's blood-fed young ones dwell,
Though tempests rage and blow.

“The glaciers guard them round about,
And calmly look the eaglets out
Upon the world below.”

There are two sides to everything. Natural history having, at the risk of her life, crept up even to the eyrie of the *Aquila chrysaëtos*, our rock, golden, or royal eagle, has disturbed many of our illusions with



AMSTEC.

regard to him, and looks down and laughs at the many fabulous stories which have established themselves in our books and minds. However, we may entirely abandon ourselves to our poetic instincts, when we see the noble bird sitting on some lofty ridge, with the sun shining upon him, or watch him as he spreads his wings, until they measure nearly eight feet across. There is a royal splendour about his brilliant dark-brown plumage, and the way in which he carries his head, throat, and wings; every movement of his awe-inspiring eye, every turn of his body, in fact his whole bearing is thoroughly dignified, haughty, and regal. Hence his German name of *Adelar*,* from *edel-aar*, a “noble bird of prey;” and such must have been his aspect when he sat on Jupiter’s sceptre with the thunderbolt in his claws, and when he led the Roman legions to the conquest of the world. It is under this aspect, too, that he has become *par excellence*

* Contracted into Adler.

the bird of the poet; and the latter, as he sees him floating on high among the clouds, is fain to utter the yearning cry:—

“Oh, with what longing does my straining gaze
Follow the happy eagle in his flight!”

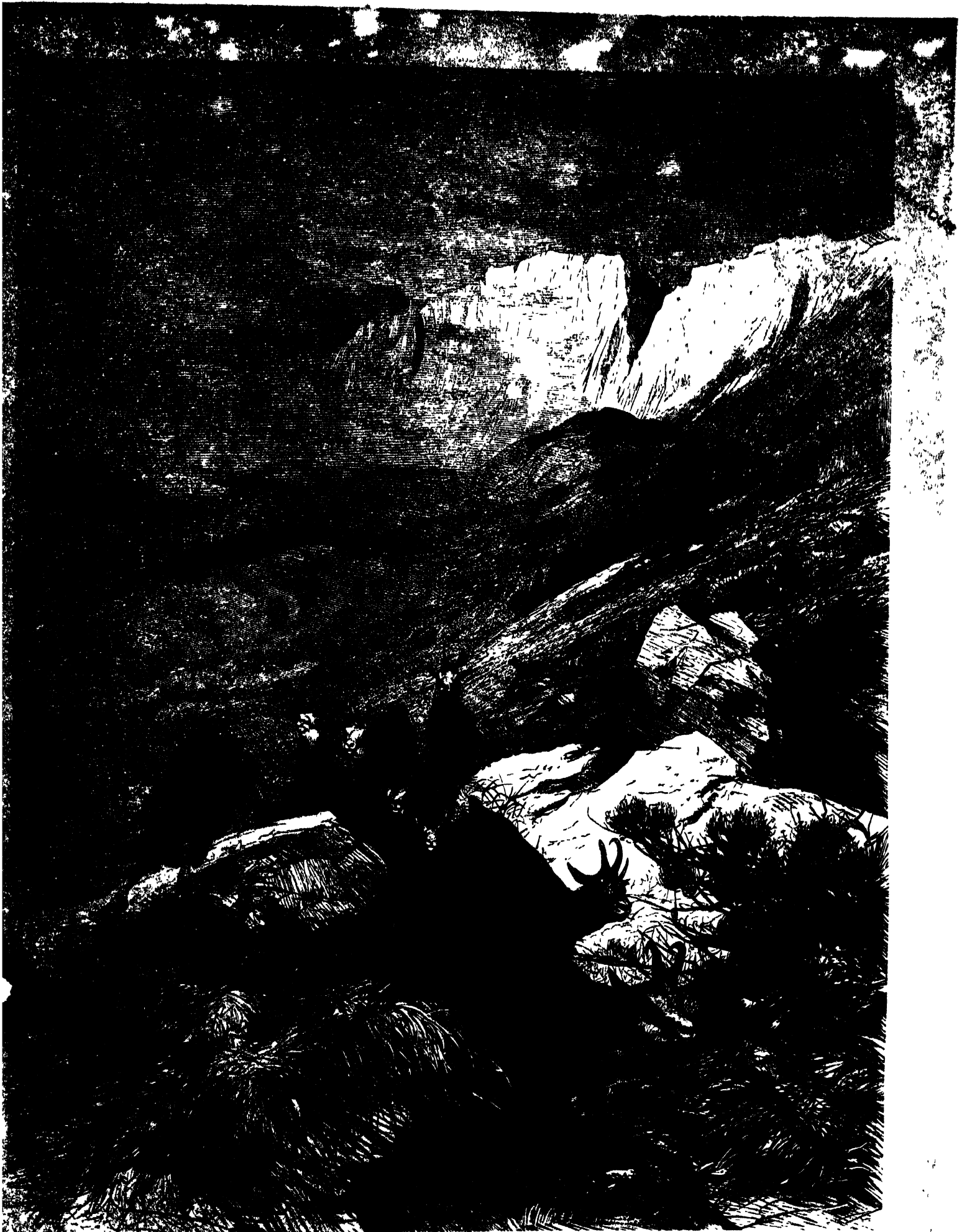
And the creature is perfectly well aware of his own dignity and importance. He takes great pride in maintaining undisputed sway over his wide coverts, as is shown by the desperate battles he has with any of his own species who venture to trespass upon his domain. Two golden eagles may sometimes be seen



ST. ANTHONY'S CHAPEL, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE MADERANER THAL.

engaged in a furious battle in mid-air; they will clutch hold of one another so firmly with their claws that at last they will both fall to the ground locked in a deadly embrace, and will then go on fighting with such blind fury as to fall an easy prey to their common enemy, man. The Alpine sportsman, however, does not recognise the eagle's royal rights, any more than he does those of the bearded vulture. In his eyes they are both no better than common robbers, and he wages constant war against them with gun and trap, for the defence both of his domestic animals, his pigeons, fowls, ducks, lambs, and goats, as well as of the fawns, chamois, marmots, hares, and wild-fowl which range the mountains and forests. But the eagle spares nothing, and when nobler prey fails him he will make a sorry breakfast off such small vermin as rats and mice. The great bearded vulture, or condor of the Alps, as he is also called, has been positively known to attack children; and the golden eagle has been accused of doing the same thing, but in his case there is but one well-authenticated instance to swell the otherwise long list of crimes laid to his charge.

A surer way to get rid of him than either by gun or trap, is to capture his offspring, after which the parent-birds usually desert the neighbourhood. Many interesting stories are told in the valleys of the surprising courage of the huntsman, who will, it is said, make his way up to places which are inaccessible save for the eagle's wing; and these exciting tales are many of them certainly as genuine as the wonderful eagle-plumes which are sold to credulous tourists by the old eagle-hunter at Giessbach, on the lake of Brienz. Equally genuine, too, is the meat which figures on the bills of fare of the mountain inns, as "Gemse," "Chamois," or "Camoscio," at a time of year when the chamois is never hunted. Having been



CHAMOIS.

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disappointed in their endeavour to see a chamois uncooked and in his natural state, the believing traveller and his inquisitive companion of the fairer sex now proceed with much curiosity to investigate the viands dexterously shrouded beneath a mantle of black sauce, and are far from suspecting the fate of a certain unfortunate goat which was sacrificed that morning in order that their fancy for tasting chamois-flesh might be gratified.

The most ardent desire of those who visit Switzerland is to see the chamois; and to this end they do



THE RUI GLACIER, IN THE MADERANER THAL

their best by organizing climbing parties, &c., and yet, after all, they are obliged to content themselves with paying five sous in the Oberland (where people are prepared for everything) for the privilege of seeing one of these creatures in a state of captivity, and so tame that it will eat out of the visitor's hand. To be sure this does not hinder any one from telling his home circle the most delightful fireside stories about the graceful creatures which bound over the glaciers and along the ridges of the loftiest mountains; and to

prove that there still are chamois in Switzerland, the young lady will bring out her smart alpenstock, with its chamois-horn handle, as an incontrovertible witness to the truth of her words. These alpenstocks, by-the-bye, are miniature works of art, not unlike Trajan's Pillar at Rome, with its records of wars and victories, for they are covered, in a sort of long spiral reaching from top to bottom, with hieroglyphics carved by the hand of the hotel-porter, and recording the names of all the heights and mountains which its owner has climbed in imagination or reality.

"Did you see the Pope?" is the first question put to pilgrims returning from Rome; and, "Did you see any chamois?" is the first question asked of those who have been in Switzerland. And the answer in both cases is the same, "Of course we did." The former will help out their imagination by means of photographs, while the latter have heard so much about the chamois during their stay in Switzerland, that they can discourse pleasantly about the "gazelle of the Alps" for a couple of hours at a time. What the Pope is for Rome, that the chamois is for Switzerland, and the only wonder is that it has not been introduced into the arms of the country.

Take the camel from the East, the elephant from India, the llama from Peru, and the ass from Italy, and all would lose their especial charm; and so in Switzerland the wild goat, bearded vulture, eagle, and marmot may all die out, and the last glacier may dissolve into watery nothingness, but so long as the chamois remains all else is of little consequence.

It does still exist, but it does not cross the easy, flower-strewn path of the tourist, and those who really want to see it must take other measures. It was not so in former times. In many places there is a tradition that the chamois were once quite tame, and lived together in large herds, suffering themselves to be milked by the "wild men," who made small sweet chamois-cheeses of the milk. Even when people began to hunt them, neither bow nor crossbow were very certain weapons, and some accident or other was always happening to the old-fashioned flint-lock; but the new rifle seems bent on the extermination of the animal, and though there may no longer be such renowned chamois-hunters as Heitz, Zwicky, Hefti, Bläsi, or Colani, there are many more awkward sportsmen who go banging about on Sundays and make a sad piece of work. As for the so-called "free mountains," how they are respected the gentlemen who live in their vicinity know only too well.

In fact this, the most charming of all the quadrupeds of the Alps, notwithstanding its peaceableness and harmlessness, must long ago have been exterminated, as the less prudent wild goat has been, had not centuries of experience taught it how to avoid the dangers which threatened it on all sides, and had it not been provided with feet as hard as iron, and legs of such extraordinary muscular power that the sinews seem to be made of steel.

These remarks do not, however, apply so much to what are called the forest-chamois, animals of less slender shape and less nimble habits, which lead a tolerably quiet life among the trees and bushes of the mountain woods, which afford them both shelter and pasture—we are speaking rather of the mountain-chamois, which have been driven by fear of man to take refuge on the loftiest mountain ridges and in the solitudes of the high Alps, where they live in tolerably large herds, and lead a wandering life which abounds in exciting incidents of all sorts. This is not really the home Nature intended for them; necessity drove them to it in the first instance, and now, in the course of years, they have become attached to it. But they do not confine themselves to any one particular spot, for the whole mountain region belongs to them, and every day they betake themselves to fresh quarters and fresh pasture-grounds, where many of the



CHAMOIS OVERTAKEN BY AN AVALANCHE.



HARES PURSUED BY A RAVEN.

then feed twice a day, at early dawn and just before sundown, spending the intermediate time in glorious

loveliest and choicest
wild flowers, such as
would be a rare prize
for the botanist, bloom for them alone.
They ascend to the higher parts of
the mountains in the summer, and

pastimes of their own,—in gymnastic exercises which they have learnt from none but Nature, in wanderings among the mountains, and pleasant siestas in the shade. In the winter they generally come lower down and seek the steep, sunny slopes, where, as the snow seldom accumulates to any great depth, they can manage to scrape up a little moss, dry grass, or weeds with their hoofs. Some pass the winter beneath the shelter of the umbrella-fir, prudently choosing one which is so situated as to insure them a free outlet through the surrounding snow. While in this retreat their only food is lichens and twigs; and those chamois are certainly the wisest which take possession of the haystacks on the mountain pastures, where they live luxuriously and are at the same time thoroughly shielded from the inclemency of the weather. A very few families stay up in the mountains, living in the clefts of the rocks and finding a miserable sustenance as best they can.

Even in the summer, if the weather be very bad in the higher regions, they come a few thousand feet lower down, and take shelter in caves or under cliffs until the sun shines out again. Like all other animals they very much fear the Föhn wind, and when it blows they make their way over to the north side of the mountains, or hide themselves from its violence in the deepest ravines they can find.

Yet, shrewd and prudent as the creatures are, they sometimes perish in the avalanches, and during the spring and summer their skeletons are found from time to time in the melting snow. A chamois-doe and her fawn were once found in the Canalithal, in Tyrol, the flesh so well preserved that it was good to eat, though they had lain buried for two years beneath the snow of a mighty avalanche. Falling stones and rocks, too, destroy a good many of them.

Good luck to all those who can escape the perils and dangers of the winter, and keep snug and safe at home by a comfortable fireside or in warm nooks and corners, where they can draw their night-caps well over their ears, and sleep and dream in peaceful security until spring once more taps at their windows with a fresh green bough! Good luck, then, to the snails, bees, snakes, frogs, hedgehogs, bats, and, above all, to the marmot! This latter belongs as truly to the Alps as the chamois do, and is their constant companion. Fortune has certainly favoured it, for in spring and summer its life is a most joyous one, and in winter it sleeps unconscious of all the discomfort around, and perfectly safe from all danger, if only there were no such creatures as men. Can one imagine anything more charming than the marmot's summer-palace, a carefully-excavated and well-carpeted hollow, with a firm roof of stone, situated high up in the mountains,—above the sleepy clouds, which trail the wet hem of their mantles along the mountain slope; above the mists and fogs, where the sun goes on shining, however much it may rain in the valley; far away from any human habitation in the region of cliff and crag? The shrubs, and plants, and grasses round about constitute its pleasure-garden as well as pasture-ground, and there we find dwarf willow-bushes, Alpine medlars, and the beautiful purple-blossomed Alpine rose, with short juicy grass growing in between, and orchises, primroses, cowslips, campions, saxifrages, blue gentians and veronicas, Alpine star-wort, lady's mantle, and the strong-scented leek, all blooming in beauty and fragrance. Here the numerous family of the strange little marmot live and wander in harmless peace, now playing and feeding and laying up stores, and now lying stretched out at full length in the warm sun. This little animal, which the Swiss call *Mankei* and *Murneli*, is the most interesting rodent of the Alps, and is a sort of compound of the hare, the squirrel, and the mouse. On the one hand, it is naturally fitted to live underground, and on the other, the wonderful gift of being able to sleep through the winter saves it from all the ills to which it would otherwise be exposed, by its natural delicacy and the impossibility of finding sufficient food during the bad

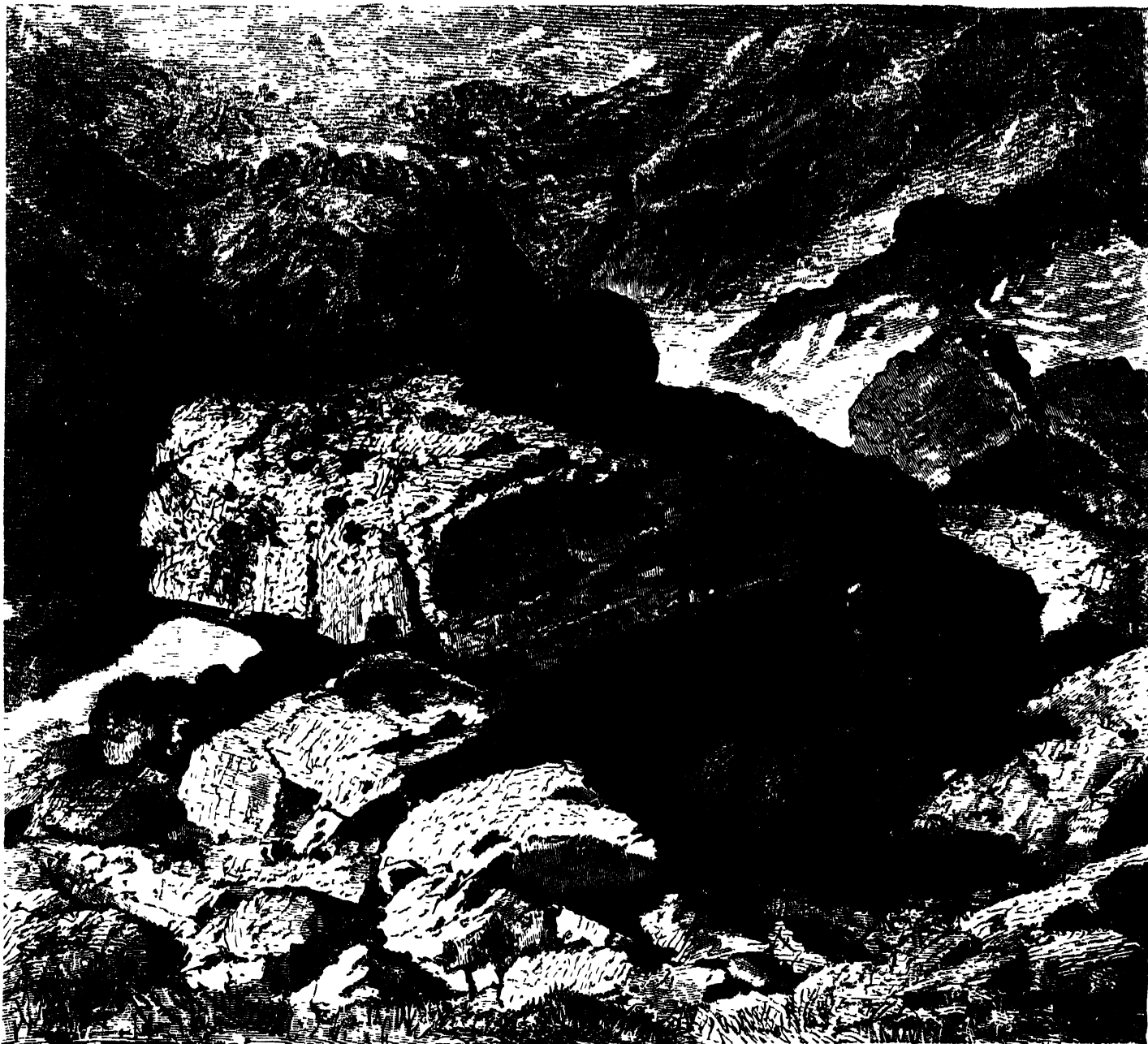
season. This time of sleep it spends in its winter palace, which is cunningly constructed of reeds, and so well stuffed with mountain hay that it would be quite impossible for any human being to pull it out. It is



UMBRELLA-FIRS.

busy carrying in the hay all through August and September, for the afternoons are beginning to be cold even then, and the dwelling must be quite ready by October. The weather then grows worse and worse,

and at last, one very bad day, you will see the palace door thoroughly closed up with tightly-rammed hay and loose stones, and it will not be opened again for six months—that is, until April or May. Inside, the little brown fellows are all sleeping as soundly as Beauty in the wood, while over the well-protected roof of their dwelling there grows, not a hedge of roses, but a wall of snow, which is continually rising higher and higher. The trees in the valley may crack with the frost and the winds may howl, but the little hearts



MARMOTS.

down below go on beating softly and regularly, waiting for the spring, which shall waken them to a short-lived happiness; unless, indeed, some rude rough prince should break through the enclosure and dig up the sleeping family with his shovel and pickaxe. In this case they will fall victims to the pitiless knife, or at best they will be carried away and exhibited as curiosities in large towns far away, where the children will stare at them, but will be quite unable to commiserate their lot, as they do not know what happy lives they once led under the umbrella-firs, along with the chamois and flowers, in the far-off Mountains of Uri.



LAKE OF SARNEN.

EXCURSIONS IN UNTERWALDEN.

“On as we move, a softer prospect opes,
Calm huts and lawns between, and sylvan slopes;
While mists, suspended on th’ expiring gale,
Moveless o’erhang the deep, secluded vale;
The beams of evening, slipping soft between,
Light up of tranquil joy a sober scene;
Winding its dark-green wood and emerald glade,
The still vale lengthens underneath the shade;
While in soft gloom the scattering bowers recede,
Green dewy lights adorn the freshened mead,
On the low brown-wood huts delighted sleep
Along the brightened gloom reposing deep.”

WORDSWORTH



HERE are many lands which, for some reason or other, appear inhospitable, and never put the traveller at his ease or make him feel at home, no matter how gloriously beautiful the scenery may be nor how lovely the colouring of sky, sea, mountain, and valley. What is the reason of it? Man never feels comfortable unless he has, or sees some prospect of having before nightfall, a roof of some sort over his head, be it leafy arbour, tent, or log-hut; and he cares for it not only or chiefly as a protection against the weather, against the biting cold and the scorching sun, but still more for the comfortable feeling of safety and seclusion—in fact, for all that is comprehended in the delightful word “home.” And the more we

find in any land to satisfy this natural craving, the more its habitations seem to correspond with our ideal of "home;" the nearer they approach to the poetry of peace and repose, so much the more comfortable we feel, and so much the more hospitable does the country, wherever it be, seem to us.

It may sound absurd to say so, but, to the traveller, houses are like so many familiar faces peeping out at him from among the green trees or the dark rocks, and the windows are like kindly twinkling eyes, and when he sees them he at once feels reassured, and, in a word, "at home." In the south of Europe, where the houses are few and scattered, whenever they do show themselves, it is in the cold, reserved shape of so many square blocks, masses of stone with smooth, plain walls, windowless and comfortless; they have nothing to say to the passer-by, they do not invite him to dinner, and if he be threatened with a sojourn in any of them, he feels chilled and uneasy, for they look like great cages or prisons, and not the abodes of free, happy people.

But the contrary of all this meets us in Switzerland. Wood, perhaps, is in itself a more genial, more sociable, and more homely material than stone; and it certainly is so when treated as the Swiss treat it, when it becomes embrowned with age, and is turned to account in all sorts of beautiful carvings and ornaments, and, above all, when it has the advantage of such a setting as the Swiss landscape. Swiss houses and Swiss landscapes naturally and inseparably belong one to the other. If a restless modern town-house were set up face to face with the mountains, it would look like a fashionable Parisian bonnet on the head of a shepherdess; and a Swiss cottage would look simply ridiculous if it were brought down into the plains and planted, perhaps, near the railway station of some town, or opposite a great mill or factory. The Swiss house and its landscape have grown together; or, rather, the former has grown out of the latter as truly as if it were an Alpine flower. It is not only a feature in the landscape, it is an integral part of it.

Prättigau, no doubt, contains the finest specimens of wooden houses, but the prettiest and most romantic are to be found in that part of the country which we are now about to explore. The Swiss *châlet* is to architecture what the popular ballad is to literature, and nowhere do its homely tones ring more true than here in this little canton of forest and meadow, water and green slopes. As we wander through a long summer-day from Sarnen to Stanz, past Wolfenschiessen, Altdorf, and Grafenort, to Engelberg, the various emotions of our soul might well clothe themselves in words and take shape in song; but nothing would be appropriate here but the simple *Volkslied*, and modern lips are far too conventional to sing it. None but a Hebel ought to venture to lift up his voice here by these waysides and beneath the shade of these orchards; he was the last to attempt these clear wild notes with any success.

Those who intend to explore the two parts called "Ob dem Wald" and "Nid dem Wald," into which the canton of Unterwalden is divided by its primæval forest, must not expect any of the sharp contrasts which are to be met with in the region of the High Alps, where benumbed glaciers and glowing Italian vegetation, life and death, are to be seen side by side and face to face. Here are no seas of ice coming suddenly down into blooming meadows, there is no Monte Rosa reflected in the silvery waters of a lake encircled by the luxurious garden of the Hesperides, and even the region of snow preserves a measure of the same mild and gentle character which prevails throughout the canton. Those, however, whose weary eyes are longing for the sight of green grass and foliage will here find an emerald carpet such as cannot be equalled anywhere, and avenues of beech-trees such as are hardly to be seen in the finest park in Europe. For the woods are the pride and beauty of the canton, and they cover what, in proportion to its size, are

large districts, in some parts consisting of young vigorous saplings growing close together, and in others of wild primæval forest with grand old trees of enormous size and age. And yet there are everywhere traces to be seen of a sort of patriarchal civilisation, which, seeing that it is restricted to the cultivation of fruit-trees and the tending of cattle, has naturally altered but little these many years past. As for town-villas, factories, grand hotels, and *tables d'hôte* with their crowds of guests, there is not a trace of them; but in their stead there is a calm, verdant landscape, lighted up by golden sunshine, and the cool wind from the

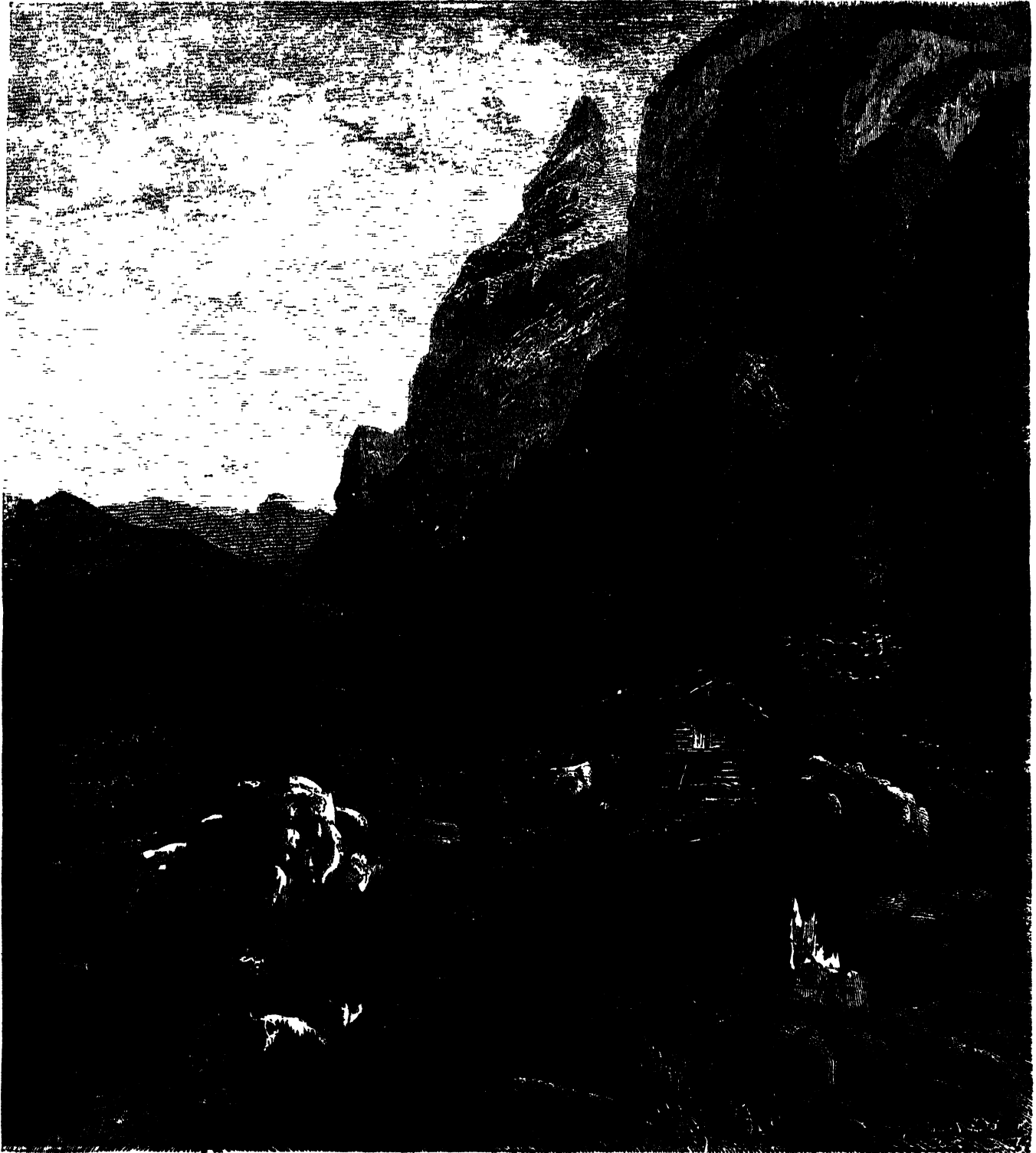


PEASANT OF UNTERWALDEN, IN HOLIDAY DRESS.

lake breathes so softly over it, and the whole scene is so full of peace, and harmony, and virgin beauty, so still and quiet, that the traveller may well think he has found the poet's "vale of rest."

This is the sort of landscape which the German masters of the Middle Ages used to paint as backgrounds to their Madonnas and Holy Families, with an angel hovering in the sky with a lily in his hand, and an air of Sabbath calm, innocence, peace, and love pervading the whole. We must not allow ourselves to judge of a people by what we see as we pass along the road, and cast a glance now and then over the garden hedge at the roses, rosemary, sage, or red lychnis and lilies growing beneath the richly-laden fruit-trees, nor by what we see in the clean old houses with the antique furniture shining golden-brown in the sunlight; neither must we judge from a passing conversation with a few old men and women,

or the interchange of a few pleasant words with some of the young lads; but still, wherever we go, we cannot deny that the people exhibit much manly earnestness of character, much cheerful industry and calm



LAENGALP, IN THE VALLEY OF MELCHTHAL.

staidness of mind, though combined, it must be confessed, with a certain Puritanical hardness which rarely allows them to indulge in festivity or gaiety of any kind.

This canton has always been Roman Catholic, and the population are extremely strict in observing all their religious duties; and yet it looks like a Protestant country, from the entire absence of the light-heartedness and merriment one is accustomed to see in all the highways and by-ways, indoors and out, in

Roman Catholic lands. Perhaps the reason of this may be that Unterwalden's patron saint was a hermit and ascetic, instead of being a native of the joyous South; but, whether it be so or no, certain it is that he was no less a person than the celebrated Nicholas von der Flüe, and his effigy meets us wherever we go, being stuck up on either side of the road, on the houses, the chapels, and the church doors. And if you look attentively at the faces of the old men as they stand before their cottage doors, you will see a possible "Brother Nicholas" in each one. They are all of the ascetic type; their foreheads are high, their faces long, narrow, and wrinkled; their eyes are set deep in their heads, and their skins are of the colour of brown leather. Those young fellows in the snow-white shirt-sleeves, who are walking behind yonder large party of sturdy-looking girls, will look just the same by the time they have homes of their own. They are quite right to keep an eye on the maidens, for these latter are very bright and fresh-looking; and, on the whole, their dress does not misbecome them, though it appears to be a bad copy of the Bernese costume, spoilt by the addition of bright trimmings and embroideries, and more especially by the height and shapelessness of the bodice. Still, amid the green monotony of trees and meadows, these bright colours afford a pleasant relief to the eye, particularly on holidays, when the village streets present a more animated appearance than usual. The Unterwalden fashion of dressing the hair is very peculiar, and, though some people may rather like the effect of a double silver spoon thrust through the plaits at the back of the head, they can hardly go so far as to admire the narrow white ribbon which is drawn so tightly through the dark braids. However, this is how the great-great-grandmothers wore their hair, and their descendants are quite willing to follow their venerable examples. Extreme fidelity to the habits and traditions of the past is indeed an eminent characteristic of the whole canton, but Unterwalden's chief veneration is bestowed, not on any of the ancient heroes whose names figure in history, but upon the above-named "Brother Nicholas," who must have a few words now while we are at Sachseln, since we shall hear nothing but the name of Winkelried a little later on, when we reach Stanz. They were strange times in which Brother Nicholas lived; for the coat-of-mail oftentimes hung side by side with the cowl, and when a man had given up fighting and doffed the one, it was easy for him to don the other and turn hermit. And this is just what the "Man of Sachseln" did: in his youth he wielded the sword, and in his old age he tolled the little bell of the hermitage. But it was not and is not true of him, that a prophet is without honour in his own country, for he built his cell, or rather it was built for him, in the year 1468, close to his birthplace, where it may still be seen standing just a quarter of an hour's walk from the house in which he was born, and about three miles from the villages of Sachseln and Kerns. Many miracles were attributed to this saintly ascetic even in his lifetime; and he is said to have lived here for nineteen years without eating or drinking, his only food being the Sacred Host. Albrecht von Bonstetten, who visited him in 1479, says of him:—"People say that at first he ate nothing but dried pears, beans, herbs, and roots, and drank the water of the brook which flows close by; until at last he refrained from all earthly food whatever." The following old song describes his personal appearance with much of the incisiveness of an ancient woodcut:—

"Look well at the figure of Brother Claus,
For handsome and tall of stature he was;
Though his powerful frame was wasted so thin,
His bones you could see quite plain through the skin.
His complexion was brown, his hair raven black,
But now 'twas besprinkled with grey, alack!

His beard was evenly parted in two,
 And neither wide nor long it grew ;
 While in his fine dark eyes and face
 There shone a light of celestial grace,
 Which thrilled the beholder through and through,
 So noble he looked, yet terrible too !”

He is always thus represented in his effigies, which are so numerous they meet us at every turn, and the only wonder is that he does not figure in the arms of the canton, as Friedolin does in those of Glarus. Unterwalden, however, is represented by two keys, one for Obwalden and the other for Nidwalden. But Claus was a great diplomat as well as a saint ; indeed, he has the credit of having preserved from ruin the edifice reared by Tell and the men of Rütli ; and if the young men of the present day derive fresh courage from the contemplation of Winkelried's noble act, surely they will value unity more and more highly when they consider what was done by “ Brother Claus.”

Like Tell's famous shot, the action taken by the hermit has been the subject of much doubt and dispute, but the tale is interesting enough as it is usually told, and we may be allowed to give it in outline. The young league of the eight cantons had held firmly together so long as there were foes without to fight against, and had succeeded in inflicting a defeat on the Burgundians at Nancy ; but when it came to the dividing of the booty, a good many laid claim to the lion's share, and jealousies, mistrust, and strife were the natural consequence. When the assembly of the states met at Stanz, it really seemed as if the bond which united them and which had hitherto held so firm would be torn asunder ; and so it almost certainly would have been but for Brother Claus, who appeared suddenly upon the scene, and spoke such solemn and beautiful words of exhortation as calmed the ruffled spirits at once ; and so the league was saved. The people of Unterwalden will never forget it, though the peasants, who are steeped to the lips in the romance of Romanism, are much more edified by his wonderful miracles, and make their pilgrimages rather to the saint than to the saviour of the fatherland. Probably in their strange pastoral life the saint is more congenial as well as more serviceable to them. Unterwalden is altogether a pastoral canton ; and though the strong, sturdy population may pick up a certain amount of silver in the extensive orchards which cover the valleys, their gold is earned much higher up, where the Alpine rose blossoms, and a standing army of some fifteen thousand cows is busy converting into milk the aromatic herbs and flowers with which the green slopes of the mountains are covered. The milk is made into cheese in the *châlets*, and annually forms an important item in the wealth of the canton.

All those meadows and pastures which lie lower down, in the neighbourhood of the villages, and even the very houses themselves, are to be considered as nothing more than passing halting places or winter-quarters ; the real life of the people does not begin until they reach the fragrant Alpine pastures high up among the mountains. These “ Alps,” as they are called, belong not to individuals, but to parishes, and according to one of the most ancient statutes in the public register, the former merely have a right to make use of them for their cattle. A certain order and rotation are observed in the way in which these pastures are used, which have not been varied for many hundred years. As early in the season as may be, which is often soon after the assembly of the canton on the last Sunday in April, the cattle are taken up to the “ May pasture grounds,” which are just beginning to grow green. In June these are deserted, and nothing is to be seen upon them but empty huts, for the herdsman and his cattle have gone higher up ; and if we want to see them in July we must go up to the highest Alps, or “ Wildi,” as they are called,

where they remain until bad weather or snow drives them down, which usually happens about the end of September. Even then, however, they retreat gradually stage by stage, and not until they are actually compelled to do so; for life in the valley possesses few charms for the genuine Alpine herdsman, though, according to our ideas of comfort, he leads the life of a dog when he is up among the mountains. For food and drink he has nothing but the well-known "sufi" and a kind of whey, bread and meat being dainties which rarely if ever grace his board, even on festivals. Tourists and visitors, indeed, who go a little way up the mountains just for amusement, are fed with such luxuries as constitute the nectar and ambrosia of the Alpine Olympus and its pastoral divinities; but the herdsmen never taste them, or if they do, it is on some high festival when their wives and daughters come up from the village to pay them a visit, and there is a grand merry-making. And yet, all privations notwithstanding, they like their ordinary daily life, and enjoy the light and freedom and the fresh invigorating air. This life it is which has given such a peculiar



SACHSELN.

and indelible stamp to their character, and has filled them with a love for their little fatherland which will endure as long as the Alps themselves.

To show how tenaciously the herdsmen of Unterwalden cling to the customs of their forefathers, we may mention that the ancient practice of invoking a blessing on the pastures is still kept up among them. Every evening at sunset one of the cowherds takes up a large wooden milk-funnel, and, using it as a speaking-trumpet, pours forth in a clear, ringing voice a solemn appeal for the protection of the cattle and their keepers:—

“Praise, all praise!
May God and St. Wendel,
St. Martin, St. Blasi,
And blessed Brother Claus,
Keep us all in safety
Upon the Alp this night,” &c.

Some of the verses of the hymn resemble a beautiful old Volkslied; and others, such as the following petitions to St. Peter, remind one of the times when dragons, griffins, lynxes, and wolves lurked in the neighbourhood of the flocks and herds, and did them all manner of mischief:—

“St. Peter, hold the keys fast in thy right hand,
And save us from the bear as he prowls;
From the teeth of the wolf,
From the claws of the lynx,
From the raven’s cruel bill,
From the dragon’s dreadful tail,” &c.

But there are other customs as ancient as these, notably those observed at the cowherds’ “Festival of the Golden Threshold,” which is kept every year when the herds return to the valley and enter upon



SARNEN.

their long dreary winter captivity. There are, properly speaking, three festivals, or *Kilbi*, as they are called: the “Church Kilbi,” the “Riflemen’s Kilbi,” and the “Cowherds’ Kilbi,” the latter being the grandest of them all. At each of them, however, the chief luxury is what goes by the name of *Kilbespeise*, a dish whose principal ingredients are butter and whey. At Stanz people even used to go so far as to present a plateful of it to the statue of the old hero Arnold von Winkelried.

Dancing comes next in importance to eating, and was formerly carried on in very primitive ballrooms, which were built of boards, and just put up for the occasion; nor was the music much better than the accommodation—a drum and pipe being the only instruments. All this, however, has been a little improved of late years.

But the merriest festival of the three is, as it always has been, the "Cowherds' Kilbi," which is, in fact, a sort of welcome to the herdsmen on their return to their homes, and begins with a service held in the church, at which those who are the heroes of the day take precedence of every one else. Then follows a gay procession, the most prominent feature of which is the sacred banner of the Alpine cowherds, adorned with a picture of St. Wendel, and waved with much effect by the strong arms of some of the young men. Conspicuous at the head of the procession march two of the herdsmen, called *Wildlütli*, "wild men"—strange-looking figures disguised as gnomes, who carry young fir-trees in their hands and play all



A MILKMAN AT BUOCHS.

sorts of tricks, to the fearful delight of the eager, curious children. There is no doubt that these figures are of extremely ancient origin, but there is some uncertainty as to whom they are intended to represent. Some say they are meant for the aborigines of Switzerland who were driven away by the ancestors of the present population; while others maintain that they represent the friendly little gnomes or kobolds who are so familiar to the herdsman, and about whom so many tales are told throughout the region of the Alps. A merry day is succeeded by a still more merry night; for the herdsman, like the sailor just returned home from a long, weary voyage, indulges at such times in the most riotous jollifications, and the custom dates from such very ancient times that an "Unterwalden night" has long since passed into a proverbial

lake forms its northern boundary from Beckenried to Hergiswil, from which place a chain of lakes and rivers leads directly to the Brünig Pass. The first link in this chain to the north is formed by the south-western bay of the Lake of Lucerne, called the Lake of Alpnach, which is connected with the Lake of Sarnen by the Lungern-Aa, and is succeeded, a little farther up, by the Lake of Lungern. Another portion of the chain, the Lake of Gyswil, was let off into the Lake of Sarnen a hundred years or so ago; but the chain, though broken by the Brünig, is continued on the other side of the pass by the lakes of Brienz and Thun.

To the right and left of this line of lakes lies Obwalden, the principal division of the canton of Unter-



A ROOM IN WINKELRIED'S HOUSE AT STANZ.

walden, containing the villages of Sarnen, Sachseln, Kerns, Alpnach, Gyswil, Lungern, and Engelberg. Stanz, Hergiswil, Oberdorf, Buochs, Beckenried, Wolfenschiessen, and Grafenort belong to Nidwalden, the other division of the canton. The Engelberg-Aa runs past the villages of Nidwalden, and the Lungern-Aa and Melch-Aa run through Obwalden, the latter stream giving its name to the well-known valley of Melchthal. Sarnen, which is situated at the confluence of the Aa and Melch, and is the capital of Obwalden, does not contain much to excite our admiration, unless we care to study the historical portraits in the Rathhaus; but it is a clean and extremely pleasant little place, and the surrounding country abounds in scenes of pastoral beauty.

As we stand beneath the spreading nut-trees we see a sheet of water flashing and sparkling in the sunshine: this is the Lake of Sarnen, which extends southwards between gently sloping banks for



THE CHASM OF ROZLOCH.

several miles, after which it is enclosed between walls of rock darkened by black, shadow-like masses of fir-trees, above which rises the beautiful form of the Gyswiler block. A few of the snowy peaks belonging to the Bernese Oberland look down through the Brünig Pass, and at a little distance from the

shores of the lake rise the Sachseler ridge and the slopes of the Schwändiberg. There is nothing at all exciting in the character of the landscape, which is calm, soothing, and pleasing, rather than grand and striking.

Those who watch the population going quietly about their peaceful avocations, and hear the soft tones of the angelus floating across the waters, are not likely to think of the wild storms which once swept this now peaceful-looking region. And yet the little hill yonder, on the other side of the Aa, might tell many a sad tale of suffering, for there stood the castle of the cruel bailiff Landenberg, the tyrant of Obwalden; and we all know the dark story of Aerni Anderhalden. But this castle in time fell like the rest, and the assembly of the canton now meets year by year on the terrace which occupies its site; while a public shooting-gallery, where the present generation practise with greatly improved weapons, stands on the spot where the ancient halberds won their memorable victory. The eminence of Landenberg, as it is still called, commands a beautiful view of the country; but the prospect is yet more extensive and charming from the loftier height of the Ramersberg, where we may drink in the calm beauty of the scene to our heart's content. No gloomy, threatening-looking mountains meet our gaze, for all the heights around are covered with verdure; even Pilatus tries to look less menacing than usual, and has clothed his rugged sides with forest-trees of various hue and tint. Opposite him, on the eastern shore of the Lake of Alpnach, stands the equally stately Stanzer Horn, which is also covered with trees, and the background between the two is occupied by the blue waters of the Lake of Lucerne; while in the far distance the broad mass of the Rigi appropriately closes in the prospect. To the east we have a view of the dark mountains which lie between Engelberg and Melchthal; and to the south, towering above the trees and less lofty mountains, rises in calm majesty the silvery head of the Wetterhorn.

Such are the chief features of the landscape; but there is much that is lovely in the immediate neighbourhood, and much that is sublime among the surrounding heights, so that the tourist cannot do better than take up his quarters either in the "Krone" or "Engel" hotel at Stanz, or in the "Adler" or "Schlüssel" at Sarnen; and from thence explore the environs. Besides the innumerable heights which are so irresistibly tempting to those who like climbing mountains, there are three quiet pastoral valleys, the Greater and Lesser Melchthal, and the extensive and beautiful Valley of Engelberg, which are also not without their attractions.

From Sarnen we may saunter along under the nut-trees to Sachseln, formerly called Saxula, or Steinen, a name still borne by the upper end of the village. Here stands the beautiful and famous church, whose interior is adorned by twenty-two pillars hewn from the black marble of the Valley of Melchthal. This is the Cuaba of Unterwalden, for here in a glass case above the high altar repose the bones of "Brother Claus,"—or rather, they do not repose, inasmuch as the skeleton is placed in the attitude of devotion. A little farther on, at the entrance to the Valley of Melchthal, stands the chapel of the same saint, in the midst of a verdant landscape well diversified with woods and streams, and enlivened by numerous houses and cottages. The Church of St. Nicholas is the oldest in the whole canton, and recalls the time when the Gospel was first preached to the uncivilised inhabitants of these mountains. Close by is a very ancient tower, which may not improbably have stood in one of the groves which the heathen Alemanni held sacred. Here, in former days, the people were gathered together in the open air to hear the preaching of the missionaries, and from this spot the Gospel-message made its way down into the valleys. The tiny village of Melchthal is nothing more than a small group of poor little houses, presided over by a church and



A STORM IN THE MOUNTAINS

surrounded by green meadows and precipitous wall-like cliffs. It is chiefly known as being, or claiming to be, the birthplace of *Heinrich von Melchthal*, or *Heinrich Anderhalden*, as he is also called, but the fact is not established with any certainty. From this point the grand beauty of the valley begins to disclose itself; and here, as elsewhere, the landscape is composed of steep rocks, some eight thousand feet in height, interspersed with strips of green meadow-land, flowery meads, silvery purling streams, fragments of stone, and lovely woods of deciduous trees as well as firs and pines. The valley is terminated by a precipitous stone wall called the *Brändlistalden*, from the foot of which the *Melchaa* rushes forth with as much impetuosity as if it were issuing from the keyhole of the portal which leads into the higher mountain-region. We shall look in vain for the lake which is its source, as it lies high up on an elevated plateau among the mountains. *Melchthal*, like *Urnerboden*, is a perfect *Arcadia*, a pastoral paradise, and looks as if it were specially intended for dancers, being splendidly carpeted with the greenest Alpine turf, and surrounded by a circle of noble mountains, among which we may reckon the *Faulenberg*, *Hochstollen*, *Erregg*, *Gadmenflüh*, and *Titlis*.

Here, in the midst of an extensive plateau, lies the shining *Lake of Melchsee*, which is one of the most elevated in Switzerland. Around it are grouped several clusters of brown *châlets*, known as the *Aa*, *Melchsee-Frutt*, and *Tannen*, and the cattle everywhere find rich and abundant pasture.

The *Melchaa* is born in mysterious obscurity, deep within the heart of the mountain. At the southern end of the lake the water dashes down a dark shaft, which the herdsmen significantly call the "*Stäubiloeh*," or "*dust-hole*," and immediately disappears within the mountain with a noise like thunder, nor is anything more seen of it until it reappears in the valley below as the milk-white *Melchaa*.

It is up here among the mountains that life takes the shape which has such an intense charm for those who dwell in the lowland plains; here they can enjoy intimate communion with nature; and earth and sky, scenery, air, and light combine with the flowers and animals to form that "*other world*" of which they have dreamt. Those who, in addition to enjoying all this, venture to climb one of the surrounding peaks, such as the *Erregg* or *Hochstollen*, will find—when they gaze upon the mountains of the *Jungfrau* range, the *Silberhorn*, *Monch*, and *Eiger*, and then the *Wetterhorn* and *Faulhorn* with the two lakes lying between—that their "*new world*" is multiplied into several new worlds, and that they are looking upon the land of eternal beauty.

The primitiveness which is disappearing more and more from the *Bernese Oberland* may still be found here in full force. Yes, there are a good many rocks, trees, and bushes here, which have not yet been sketched, and a good many huts which have hitherto escaped the inspection of *Curiosity*, with her sharp



A VIEW OF THE *TITLIS*, FROM *PILATUS*

little nose, tight silk dress, and blue veil ; there are whole tracts covered with the shining white *edelweiss*, and the cowkeepers, not being as yet overrun with tourists, are more disposed to be equitable in the terms upon which they dispense their hospitality.

But of all the good gifts with which the highlands are endowed, surely water is the first and best. It is a joyous sight, as we ramble quietly among the mountains, to see it leaping and rushing over the rocks, and tempting us to indulge in plenteous draughts ; and it may safely be asserted that where there is no water there the landscape lacks life ; but then it must also be remembered that our acquaintance is but with the gentle nymph, who toys lovingly with the flowers, whereas the mountaineer knows her as something of a fiend as well.

Look at the compact masses of grey mist which are gathering round the Gyswilerstock yonder and spreading over the valley ! Some mischief must be brewing behind it, for large masses of white cloud with bright edges are being gradually piled higher and higher in the heavens, and the sky assumes a weird, brimstone-like hue. The wind has not yet made up its mind from which quarter it shall blow, so at present it comes only in fitful gusts, before which the grass bends with a murmuring sigh, and the fir-trees in the valley bow their heads with much rustling. All the feathered inhabitants of the high Alps become suddenly silent and flee to a place of refuge, while the cattle exhibit signs of uneasiness. The sky becomes darker and darker, and the storm-lashed clouds flutter wildly round the mountains, whose bare white peaks gleam forth with strange and startling distinctness. Then comes a flash of lightning, which is followed, first by profound silence, and then by a long roll of thunder ; a second flash ! and the first big drops of rain come splashing down upon the stones, and are quickly succeeded by a furious downpour. The streams and torrents forthwith begin to shoot about in all directions, foaming and leaping like wild snakes in and out among the rocks and over the swimming grass. Here and there great fragments of rock are torn off and sent crashing down the slope ; and meantime the roar of the water and the continuous roll of the thunder form an harmonious and fitting accompaniment to Nature's grand symphony. To these are sometimes added the scourging of the hail ; and how violent this can be on occasion is proved by the present condition of what was once the large and beautiful fir wood of the Schwendiberg, which was entirely stripped of its bark and almost killed by the blows of the hail during one particularly furious thunderstorm. For three days the sides of the mountain were white with the hailstones, which formed a regular sheet of ice.

Woe to the flocks and herds if they are not collected together and got as far as possible under shelter, for, in spite of all precautions, there is very rarely a storm without some accident happening both to man and beast. It is to ward off such misfortunes as these that the bells in all the churches and chapels are rung ; their feeble voices re-echo imploringly through the darkness, and they often bear some such inscription as the following :—

“On the devil I will avenge me,
And by God's help drive away storms and bad weather.”

We who dwell in towns and hotels are often considerably put out by even a little rain, and at best it certainly does not add to our enjoyment of the scenery, while those who persist in proceeding in spite of it and wade on through the wet grass, with the dripping boughs flapping in their faces, are sure to come home with wet feet and a cold. Natives of the mountains know no such things, and by the look of their hard, brown skins, one sees that they have undergone a thorough seasoning. The men of old who fought with



VIEW OF KUESSNACHT AND WÄGGIS, FROM THE BURGSTOCK
WÄGGIS

dragons and braved a hundred hostile spears at once, owed their strength and powers of endurance to their long-continued struggle with the elements.

We are now in Stanz, the capital of Nidwalden, and the birthplace of one of the most honoured heroes of our youth—Arnold von Winkelried, whose ancestor slew the dragon. Those who love to dwell upon these memories may here do so to their heart's content, for the reedy haunt of the dragon is still to be seen, and there is a statue of the knight at the fountain in the market-place. A much more worthy and beautiful memorial has, however, lately been erected to his memory by the whole Confederation; and, being the work of a Swiss sculptor, reflects double honour on the country.

Winkelried's house is pointed out in a meadow outside the town; it is an old stone building, but



VIEW OF THE BÜRGENSTOCK, FROM HERBOLZWIL.

though sacred to tradition, its origin is somewhat fabulous, and is as doubtful a relic as Winkelried's shirt of mail, which is preserved in the arsenal of Stanz. But after all what is the good of such tangible remembrances? Why should we cling to trash of this sort when Winkelried himself still lives in the people? Surely he came to life again in September, 1798, when certain bands of French robbers made an attempt to found a Helvetic Republic at the point of the bayonet, and slaughtered the poor abandoned people of Unterwalden by thousands. The few hundred men who, for nine long hours, heroically opposed a French force ten times as large as their own, were surely true sons of Winkelried; despite the fact that their heroism was of no avail, and that the valiant Frenchmen revenged themselves by slaughtering the defenceless women and children who had taken refuge in the Church of Stanz, and by barbarously laying

waste the whole country with fire and sword. In those days Nidwalden was reduced to a desert, and the marks of cannon-balls in the walls of the church and in the altar still remain to tell the tale of the bloody French massacre. It is a very different scene which now meets our view, however. On Sundays there are crowds of people in the churchyard, all in their best clothes and with a pretty little Sunday bouquet stuck in their hats or bodices; the numerous gardens are filled with blooming flowers, the air is rich with perfume, and the shady trees in the neighbourhood invite us to enjoy a pleasant ramble.

An hour's journey will take us to Hergiswil, Buochs, or Beckenried, all on the Lake of Lucerne; but before we reach Hergiswil, we have to pass through the lively little village of Stanzstad, which is in fact a suburb of Stanz, as well as the port of Nidwalden. It lies at the foot of the Bürgenstock, which, from



COTTAGE IN ENGELBERG.

whatever point of view one sees it, looks broad and precipitous. From Weggis and Vitznau, to which it presents its northern side, some six miles long, it looks like an enormous wall, while, if we look at it from Pilatus, it appears as a rocky island rising out of the lake which surrounds it on three sides. On the north it is steep and inhospitable, but on the south it is covered with numerous habitations. The ascent of the Bürgenstock is easy, and the view from its highest ridge, the Hammetschwand, is surprisingly beautiful. It is not more than a couple of thousand feet above the water, but you can see all the different divisions of the lake quite distinctly; and the mountains along its shores, the towns and villages on its banks and at the ends of its valleys all stand out most clearly; there is the Bay of Lucerne, the Lake of Küssnacht, the Lake of Sempach to the north-west, and on the opposite shore the beautifully situated villages of Weggis and Vitznau, and numerous villas and cottages. Such is the view of the lake itself, and in addition there

are of course the heads of innumerable mountains to be seen; but who would be the better or wiser if we were to give a list of their names? But we have still to see Rozloch, a cluster of houses at the foot of the mountain on the north-eastern shore of the Lake of Alpnach, and the famous ravine and water-course of the same name. The ravine is formed by the precipitously steep sides of the Plattiberg and Rozberg, on the latter of which once stood a castle occupied by a young noble named Von Wolfenschiessen, who was an underling of Landenberg's, and, though a native of Switzerland, was guilty of doing great injury to his fellow-countrymen. He fell beneath the axe of the valiant Conrad Baumgartner, and the castle was captured by stratagem on the New Year's night which is so memorable in Swiss history. Some considerable ruins mark the spot where once it stood.

There is also an extremely enjoyable excursion to be made to Buochs and Beckenried; and as we proceed on our way we are surrounded on all sides by life and merriment, by flashing waters, leaping fish, steamers laden with happy tourists, and pleasure-boats filled with well-dressed ladies, while a hundred tempting places are nodding and beckoning us in different directions. In fact, we here begin to fall in with one edge of the great stream of tourists, who generally make some stay in the neighbourhood; for, after a long sojourn among cows and cowkeepers, it is rather a pleasant change to watch the fashionable ladies who disport themselves nymph-like on the shores of the lake, in the most faultless toilettes; neither is a well-appointed table a thing to be despised under the circumstances.

But the precious moments are flying fast, and we have yet to make our last expedition, which is to be to the Valley of Engelberg. Many a countenance lights up at the mere mention of the name, for it brings before the mind's eye a long series of calm, happy summer days. In spite of its complete isolation from the world, this modest-looking and yet sublime spot has many a faithful old friend and admirer. Whether it be the freshness of the Alpine air, the grandeur of the mountains, or the brilliant verdure of the valley, there is certainly something exhilarating in the place, whatever it be; let us toss our caps in the air and give three cheers for the valley and mountains of Engelberg!

More than seven centuries ago a young lord named Conrad von Seldenburen had a great desire to benefit his little estate of Nidwalden by giving it a convent. At first he looked for a site at Buochs, on the Lake of Lucerne, but that did not seem to suit him; he wanted something more retired. Then he pursued his search along the banks of the Surenen into the wild solitude overhung by the Titlis, and when at length he reached the foot of the Hahnenberg he heard a choir of angels singing, which determined him to build on that very spot. As soon as the convent was ready he gave it the name of Engelberg, and himself became one of the lay brothers. By degrees the name has been given to the whole valley, which was formerly called Zourech, probably from the mountain of Zureck, or Sureneck. In the course of his journeying, the baron had to pass Taliawialere, Wolfinschizin, Richinbach, Altella, though there was no such good road then as now leads past Dallenwil, Wolfenschiessen, Richenbach, Alzellen, and Grafenort, ancient places all of them, in spite of their pleasant, youthful appearance.

Those who travel along this road in the bright dewy freshness of early morning will pass through a flood of green and gold, formed by the meadows below and the wooded mountains above. Under the trees and on the green heights to right and left are a number of small brown cottages, whose bright windows flash from out the dark shade of the nut-trees, or are half hidden by the firs on the mountains. A pleasant race of men dwell about here, and those who associate with them will not only find them ready to enter into lively conversation, but will also notice that nearly all of them have their hearts and their heads in

the right place. They are of course Roman Catholics, and their neat churches, clean chapels, processions, and images adorned with flowers, all seem to harmonise with the landscape.

Wolfenschiessen, too, has had its pious hermit—Brother Conrad Scheuber, a relation of St. Claus. The story of his life is to be seen depicted on the church-door in edifying but weather-beaten pictures; his dark wooden cell has been brought down from its solitude in the woods and planted by the roadside.

We pass through the forest and over heights, with the river foaming boisterously far below on our right, and with mountains soaring boldly into the clouds above; and so at last we reach the desired valley. It lies some three thousand feet above the sea, and yet the old mountain-giants around, chief among which is the proud Titlis, have lost nothing of their sublime grandeur. Mighty as they are, however, they bend



THE SPANNÖRTER, FROM THE VALLEY OF ENGELBERG.

kindly over the valley, and send down into it such joyous streams and cascades that the beautiful meadows below quite re-echo with the song of the water-nymphs.

Standing in the midst of the valley, we see that it is shut in on all sides, and feel with a certain sense of delight that we are quite cut off from the world. To right and left, before and behind—everywhere, in fact—we are confronted by towering walls.

First among them all is the Titlis, who only just fails of attaining a height of ten thousand feet. He is encased in armour of shining ice, and attracts to himself many visitors every summer. His neighbours are the Grassen, Laubersgrat, Geissenspitz, Ruchenberg, Spannörter, and Uratzhörner; the Gadmennflüh, a serrated mountain ridge, occupies the west, while the Blackenstock, Schlossberg, Uri-Rothstock, and Engelberg-Rothstock stand on the north of the valley. Excursions without number may be made from

Engelberg, with the assistance of the various passes, of which there are many. Besides the Surenen Pass, there is one over the Grassen, leading to Wasen, in the Canton of Uri; another, called the Joch Pass, leading into the Bernese Oberland; and two, the Juchli and Storegg, which connect Engelberg with the Valleys of Melchthal and Sarnen.

Those who do not care to wander far afield can join the large party of visitors who come merely for amusement, and find more to make life pleasant here than anywhere else. With them they may climb to the various Alpine pastures known as the Obhag, Fang, Wand, Furren, Zieblen, or Zingeln, &c., drink milk or goat's whey, and, if they be so disposed, may find plenty of botanical specimens among the rich flora of Engelberg, in the course of their pleasant, idle saunterings.

Were I to add any more, I should have to describe a memorable summer night which I myself once spent in the Valley of Engelberg, when meadows, streams, and mountains were all bathed in brightest moonlight. I will say no more about it now, lest I should become too romantic and fanciful; and yet, I do not think anything will ever make me forget that night of exquisitely chastened beauty:—

“ All round was still and calm; the noon of night
Was fast approaching: up th' unclouded sky
The glorious moon pursued her path of light,
And shed her silv'ry splendour far and nigh.”

BERNARD BARTON.

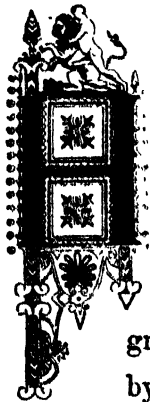


KAPPELLBRÜCKE AND WATER-TOWER, LUCERNE

LUCERNE.

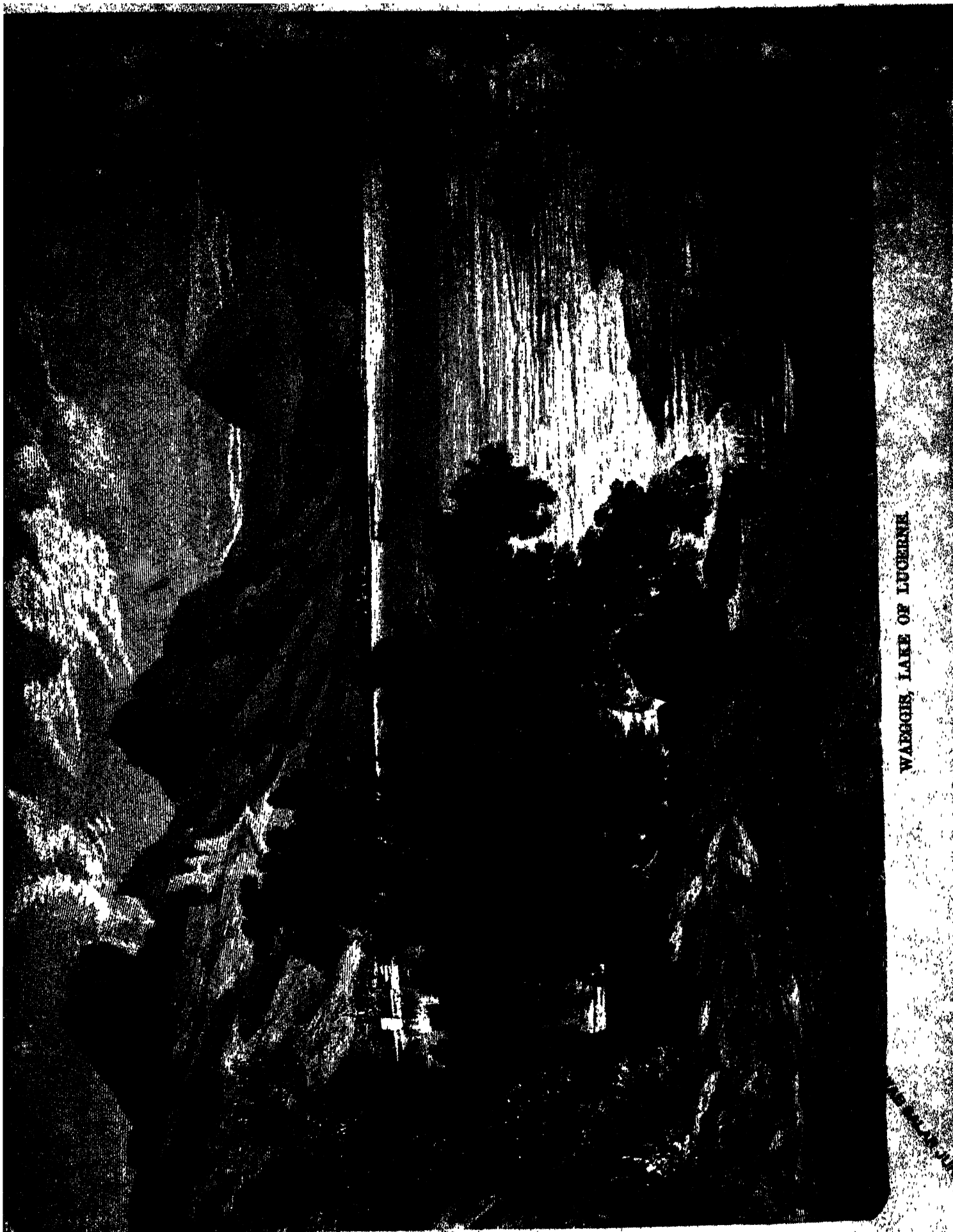
"Yonder lies
The lake of the Four-Forest Town, apparelled
In light, and lingering, like a villago maiden,
Hid in the bosom of her native mountains,
Then pouring all her life into another's,
Changing her name and being. Overhead,
Shaking his cloudy tresses loose in air,
Rises Pilatus, with his windy pines."

LONGFELLOW.



OW often, as we stood upon the Unterwalden shore, have we watched the steamers busily steering westwards towards the distant cluster of bright-looking houses, which people told us was Lucerne!

Lucerne is the summer rendezvous of the fashionable world. Her brow is wreathed with roses, a seductive smile is on her lips, and she looks like some lovely siren reclining gracefully on the shore of the blue lake. Ulysses himself would find it impossible to pass her by; and, if those who woo her only come provided with tolerably long purses, they may be as happy as kings during their sojourn in her realm.

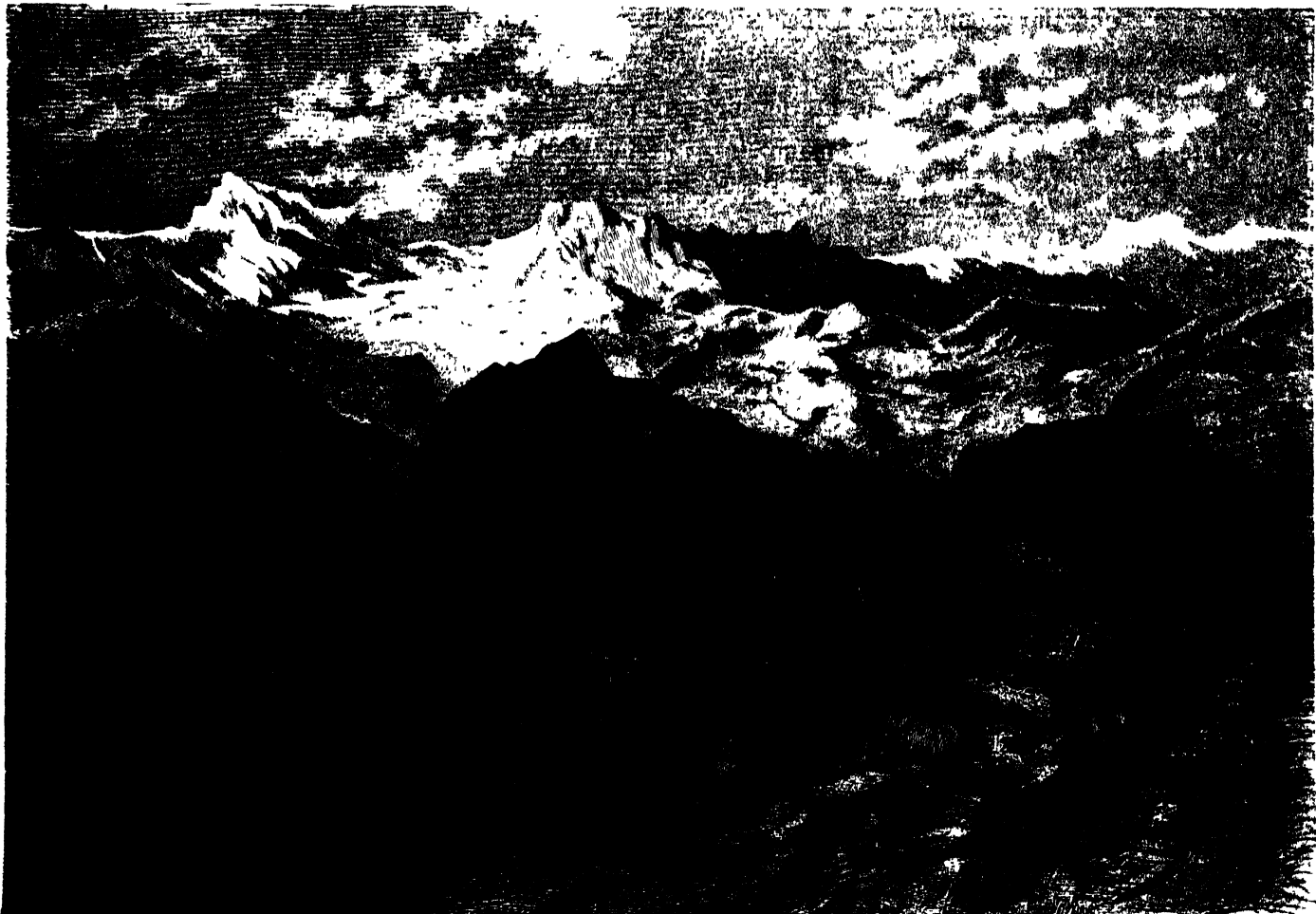


WAECHIS, LAKE OF LUCERNE

THE GREAT JUNGLE

In primitive, homely Unterwalden we were brought near to the great spirit of Nature, and were allowed to see her lovely face with all its charms unveiled. But the enjoyment offered to us here is of an altogether different description. Lucerne is a gay town, and its inhabitants have long been addicted to pleasure-seeking; while her summer visitors are, of course, inclined to follow the general example.

He is a fortunate man who finds his luggage awaiting him in one of the hotels, with plenty of clean linen and clothes, as well as polished patent-leather boots. With their help, the somewhat battered-looking butterfly who has spent his days in roaming over the Alps will be speedily meta-



THE ESEL PEAK, MOUNT PILATUS

morphosed into a moth, as spick and span as if he had but just emerged from his chrysalis, and looking quite fit to spend his evenings in the midst of fashionable drawing-room society.

His heavy mountain shoes, well smeared with grease and trodden quite out of shape, are conscious of being entirely out of place here, and would fain slip back to the Alps and hide themselves; and as for his rough coat, with the odour of pine woods still clinging to it, and young lichens beginning to take root on its shoulders, it is acutely sensible of the contemptuous way in which the spotless garments of the well-curled waiter turn their back upon him.

The traveller had better not take any such things as these to Lucerne; so, before going thither, he may as well wear out the last nail in his shoes on the hard back of the "Esel" (*i. e.* "ass"),

one of the peaks on the summit of Mount Pilatus. A grand, defiant old fellow is this Pilatus, and he has certainly shown great discrimination in choosing his position, for he is surrounded by beautiful meadows and forests; and standing, as he does, on the boundary line between Lucerne and Unterwalden, at the upper end of the long cross formed by the waters of the lake, the view from his summit is magnificent. He is the most northerly of the Alps belonging to the four forest cantons, and his attractions rival those of the Rigi. Connoisseurs in scenery, and those who consider that the chief beauty of a view lies in the number of peaks which it embraces, prefer Pilatus because he stands some twelve miles nearer the Bernese Alps than the Rigi does. But the Rigi is a fashionable mountain and has two railways, whereas Pilatus has to be content with only the promise of one, as yet.

The aspect of the mountain, whether viewed from beneath or from the neighbouring heights, is that of a grand, imposing-looking mass, split up by ten or twelve wild-looking ravines into as many jagged peaks, which stand stiffly up in the air, and resemble nothing so much as an incomplete set of decayed teeth. Those who ascend the mountain will find this look of jaggedness increase a thousandfold, and when they have reached the summit they will see, by the incessant crumbling going on around them, that the world must be growing very old.

The highest of the peaks, which is some seven thousand feet above the sea, bears the respectable name of Tomlishorn, while the opprobrious one of Esel or Ass has been bestowed upon the next. The others are called respectively Oberhaupt, Gemsmättli, Widerfeld, Matthorn, Gnappstein or Mittagsgüpfli, and are somewhat lower than the two principal ones, but still considerably higher than the highest point of the Rigi, however much the latter may puff and stretch itself.

Concerning the derivation of the principal name of the mountain, people are still divided, and the opinions of the learned are as much at variance here as elsewhere. While the people have long since made up their minds that the mountain took its name from Pilate, the Roman governor of Judæa, others try to make out that "Pileatus" is the more correct appellation, and that this is derived from *pileum*, a hat or cap, because the head of the mountain is so often capped by clouds. According to the Lucerne proverb:—

"When Pilatus wears his hood,
Then the weather's always good."

Those who are not satisfied with Mons Pileatus may take Mons Pilatus instead, and derive the epithet from *pila*, a buttress, or *pilare*, to make bald; and then the name will signify a "bare mountain," destitute of trees and shrubs, which the upper part of Pilatus certainly is. Its torn, fractured appearance has also procured for it the name of Frackmünd or Frackmont, from *Mons fractus*.

Popular superstition fastened upon this mountain in very early times, and with more pertinacity, strange to say, than upon any other. Stories of spectres and apparitions were told so persistently, and were received with such firm faith, that even the magistrate of Lucerne was infected by them, and forbade the people to go near the lake on the summit. All the learned men of the day allude to them, and various accounts are to be found in the "*Malleus Maleficorum*" of the famous Felix Hammerlin, and in Wagner's "*Historia Naturalis Helvetiæ*." The onlightened Vadian also mentions and tries to explain the prevalent tradition, which is treated of by more than five-and-thirty writers, some of whom flourished as late as the sixteenth century. This will account for the differences existing in the various readings, the best of which, briefly summarised, is as follows:—

"Pilate had so greatly misgoverned the province of Judæa, that Tiberius angrily summoned him to appear before him in Rome. Great was the emperor's wrath, but it entirely vanished the moment Pilate came into his presence, and the governor was dismissed with favour. No sooner was he gone, however, than the imperial wrath broke forth anew, and he was summoned to return. Strange to say, the same thing happened again, and not once, nor twice, but several times. However angry the emperor might be, as soon as he saw Pilate he became quite gracious and friendly.

"At length the governor's enemies, suspecting that he was wearing an amulet, suggested that he should be searched; and, sure enough, underneath his toga they found the robe of the Saviour. The next time he was brought before the emperor he was condemned to death and his body was thrown into the Tiber, where it raised such terrible storms that it was taken out, conveyed to Vienne in Gaul, and there buried in the Rhône. Here, too, storms and other terrors followed, and the corpse was fished up again and taken to Lausanne; but it found no rest here either, and so the townspeople determined to cast it into a little Alpine lake on the top of Mount Frackmund, some forty hours' journey from their town. There it remained among the wild, desolate mountains, and the evil, unquiet spirit wandered about the lake, pelting passers-by with stones, beating the herdsmen, throwing the cattle over the precipice, browning fogs, clouds, and storms, quarrelling with King Herod, whenever the latter came to pay him a visit, and altogether behaving just like a bad, rude street-boy of old Rome. But this could not be suffered to go on, and luckily a travelling student chanced to pass by on his way from Salamanca. He had learned something more than his alphabet, and, as heaps of gold were promised him if he would banish the evil spirit, he ascended the mountain and began his exorcisms. After a long and violent struggle, by dint of using the most powerful spells with which he was acquainted, he succeeded in bringing the spectre to the following terms:—Pilate was to mount a black mare and leap into the lake, nor ever return to the upper world except once in every year, namely on Good Friday, on which day he may still be seen wandering round the lake in his official robes; but those who see him die within the year. If, at other times, any one speaks scornfully of him or casts stones into the lake, all his old passions are aroused, and the consequences are violent thunderstorms."

There is a ballad on this subject, composed by one Rabmann in the sixteenth century, which, though itself very rugged and rough, gives a faithful description of the jagged summit of the mountain:—

"Mount Frackmont with the well-known lake
Of Pilate, is the next we make.
Rough and rugged is its side,
Full of chasms gaping wide,
Steep its precipices, bare
Its jagged peaks that cleave the air.
By a wood 'tis girt around;
A lake upon the top is found,
Very gloomy, dark, and still;
The falling rains do never fill
It fuller, nor do Phœbus' rays
Diminish it in summer-days.
Whence it comes and whither goes,
None can say, for no one knows.
'Tis never ruffled by the wind;
But cast a stone in, and you'll find

At once a fearful storm will blow,
 The rain will pour, the lightning glow.
 In ancient records you may read
 The truth, as we are all agreed,
 That in this awful lake doth rest
 The corpse of Pilate, man unblest!"

For this reason no one used to be allowed to go near the lake without special permission from the magistrate, and there is the following entry in the town register, bearing date 1387:—"On the Sunday after S. Lawrence's day, the priests hereinafter mentioned took a solemn oath in the council-



HÔTEL NATIONAL, LUCERNE.

chamber, that they would not avenge themselves for the imprisonment they had undergone in consequence of their desire to go up to the top of Mount Frackmünd."

And in a magisterial bill of feoffment, relating to a pasturage on Pilatus, are these words:—"Peter Hüttimann shall guard the mountain and the way leading to Pilate's lake, as well as he can, taking care that no one be allowed to go near it, for fear any harm should arise."

But the mountain was haunted by other evil, or at least questionable, things, as well as Pilate. There were dragons, which might be seen licking the salt exudations from the damp, sticky rocks; and there were little gnomes or dwarfs, and hags, who haunted the woods, and sometimes belaboured intruders with sticks and stones; a practice which they appear still to indulge in, occasionally, when the wind whistles round the peaks.

People had full, or at least partial, faith in such agencies formerly, and Caspar Steiner, writing about the gnomes of Mount Pilatus in his "Germano-Helveto-Sparta," says:—"The strange things

which have formerly occurred with regard to the dwarfs and gnomes, who dwell in the chasms and concealed passages within this mountain, are rightly considered to be *præstigias et illusiones*,—wily tricks and illusions; and there is no doubt that in many parts it is haunted and disturbed by evil spirits which have often grievously beguiled and injured the cowherds."

But there are not many such disturbances now among the ravines and rocks, and the spirits which inhabit the Blättler and Bellevue Hotel are not of the bad sort, for they would be quite ready to give a kind welcome to the travelling student of Salamanca himself, provided he could pay his bill. Indeed, Herr Blättler has quite completed the exorcism of the justly ill-famed track which formerly led up the mountain, and has put the ascents to the Tomlishorn, Chriesloch, and Esel into quite good order. Accordingly it is no longer the feat which once it was to ascend Pilatus; often several hundred persons visit it in the course of one day, and they have the choice of several different roads, each of them with its own especial recommendation.

The two principal starting places for those intending to make the ascent are Hergiswil, if they approach the mountain from the Lucerne or Rigi side, and Alpnach if they come from Interlachen or over the Brünig. Those who arrive in the morning had better at once make for the Tomlishorn, as the view thence is seen to best advantage early in the day, while that from the Esel is at its best in the evening. Botanists and mineralogists had better bring their largest specimen-boxes with them, for they will find abundant spoils; and those who love flowers may expect to revel in such a bountiful supply of glorious Alpine roses as will make them quite forget the numerous other blossoms which so beautifully adorn the High Alps. As for those who come merely for the sake of the view, surely they must be more than satisfied.

After ascending the Klismenhorn, and climbing painfully up the dull, steep, pebbly slope, our further progress is completely obstructed by a precipitous, insurmountable wall of white limestone, which stands exactly across our path. Creeping through a dark, chimney-like hole, called the Chriesloch, we suddenly emerge, as if by magic, into the brilliant sunshine, and see the great, calm world lying beneath us in a setting of purple mist. It is impossible to look on such a scene as this without profound emotion; but it is also impossible to analyze one's sensations, and it is anything but desirable to attempt to describe them in the visitor's book, unless one's enthusiasm be so great as to need damping.

When we have somewhat recovered ourselves and are able to take in the various features in the scene before us, we may notice that the mountains in the east and south-east are the Alps of Uri and Unterwalden; the mass of bright, silvery heads in the south and south-west belong to the wonderful region of the Bernese Oberland; and at our feet, clothed in loveliest blue and green, nestle the blooming shores of the Lake of Lucerne.

Most people, as they come down from the mountain and return once more to the dusty ways of the world, will sympathize with Till Eulenspiegel in his longing to go aside somewhere and weep unseen.

"I wish I were a bird!" sighs some poetically-minded individual; and certainly it does seem as if it would be pleasant to be a sparrow-hawk or a merry lark, or even a robin or tomtit or tree-creeper. Yes, I should like to be a bird, as I cannot be a happy cow-keeper on some one of the many beautiful pasturages about Pilatus, such as the Frackmund-Alp, Gochwand-Alp, Bonern, Bründelen-Alp, Lütholds-matt, and Laub-Alp.

Both lives are full of peril, however, especially that of the bird, to whom very little protection is afforded. Any one in Lucerne can get a shooting-licence for ten francs, and for another six francs he can take his dog with him, so that a regular war of extermination is waged against everything that has breath and can boast of wings or tail. There is very little game left in the canton of Lucerne in consequence,



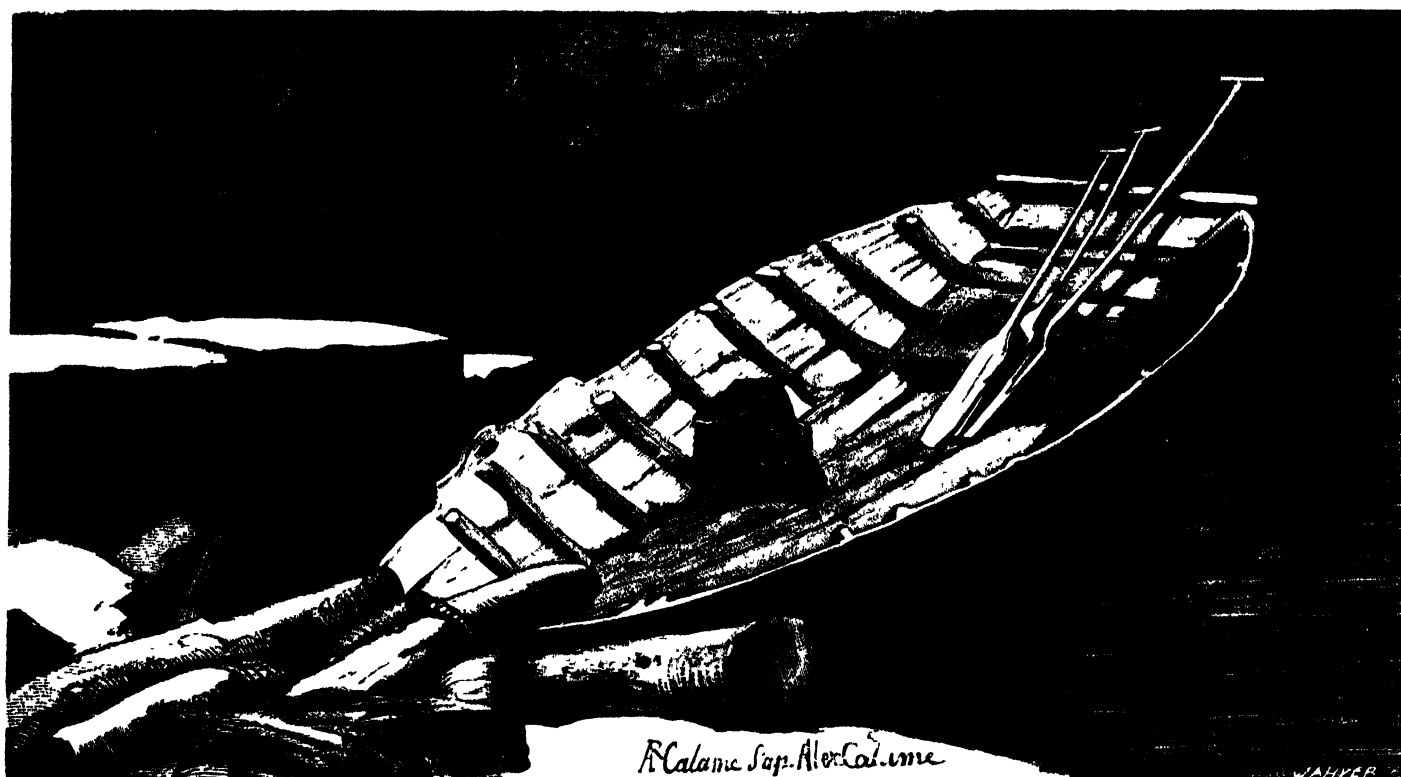
BLACK-COCKS FIGHTING.

and what little there is has fled for refuge to the quiet ravines and woods of Pilatus, and the mountains of Entlibuch.

The dwarfs, who used once to protect all the wild animals, have all emigrated; and there is not one left to take pity on the poor frightened creatures, or to tumble a sporting magistrate down the rocks now and then, as a caution to the rest—a thing which they are said to have done to a certain Heinrich Immlin. This functionary was ascending Mount Pilatus in pursuit of chameis, when he encountered a

dwarf who forbade him to go any higher. As he persisted in doing so, however, the little man threw him down among the rocks, where he lay for some time, and was at last found by his friends half dead. Hans Bucher, the under-bailiff, too, who was a zealous fisherman and sportsman, met with a similar fate. He was fishing for trout in the Rümli, on Mount Pilatus, when one of these same protectors of animal life came up, seized him by the throat, and, half throttling him, said, "You are one of those who have already done more than enough in the way of driving and tormenting my animals!" and the man suffered so much from the rencontre that he had to abstain from sport ever after. Some such example as this is now again urgently needed to prevent the mountain from being entirely deserted.

The best game to be found in the Canton of Lucerne at present are the capercaillie and black game,



STILL-LIFE ON THE SHORE OF THE LAKE.

whose shy habits preserve them from total extermination; and there are also ptarmigan and Greek partridges.

In April and May, when spring is beginning to weave her garlands in the tops of the beech-trees, and the song of the thrush echoes cheerily through the valleys, in the still early dawn before the sun is risen, you may now and then catch the sound of a peculiar call-note. It comes from the heights above, and is clear, short, and sharp as the tap of a bird's beak. After being repeated several times—now in a higher, now in a lower key—it is followed by a sort of gurgling, long-drawn, rolling cadence, and then the cry is repeated again and again. The sportsman recognises it at once as the call-note of the black-cock, or heath-cock, and taking his gun down from the wall, he will start off up the mountain, in the mist and darkness, so that he may reach the bird's favourite breeding-place before sunrise. The greatest possible caution is necessary; for the bird, though stupid, is excessively shy, and not like its larger cousin, the capercaillie, blind with love. It is a handsome creature, with dark shining plumage, white bands on the wings, and a forked, lyre-shaped tail, which will probably be used to ornament the sportsman's hat hereafter. It

takes its stand on the top of some tall fir-tree or rock, or sometimes in an open space in the midst of a wood, and then bends its head, stretches its wings, and erects its fan-like tail, while the puffy red rings round its eyes swell and become of a deeper colour, and the bird utters the peculiar call already mentioned, which is addressed to the grey hens who are feeding among the budding bushes close by, and respond by low, soft chirps. The hens become the property of whichever cock is the strongest, and he has to win them by a desperate fight, in which beaks, wings, and claws all play a fierce part, and the feathers of the combatants are strewed about on all sides. The amateur sportsman, who goes blazing wildly about on Sundays, will never succeed in shooting a black-cock, unless he have an enchanted bullet; for those who



PILGRIMS ON THE LAKE OF LUCERNE.

want to shoot these birds must be sportsmen of the true type, and understand their call-note, since it is only when they are mad with jealousy of some suspected rival that they come within gunshot. There is more poetry about this kind of sport than in firing at the much-persecuted Alpine hare, which is to be found in the same neighbourhood.

It must have been fear which originally drove this timid animal out of the valleys, and away from its favourite cabbage and turnip fields up into the mountains, and made an Alpine hare of it. But it was so long ago that it has altered considerably in the lapse of time, and has turned into a *Lepus variabilis*, or changeable hare, Nature having given it a great advantage over its brother, the field-hare, by changing the colour of its coat according to the seasons.

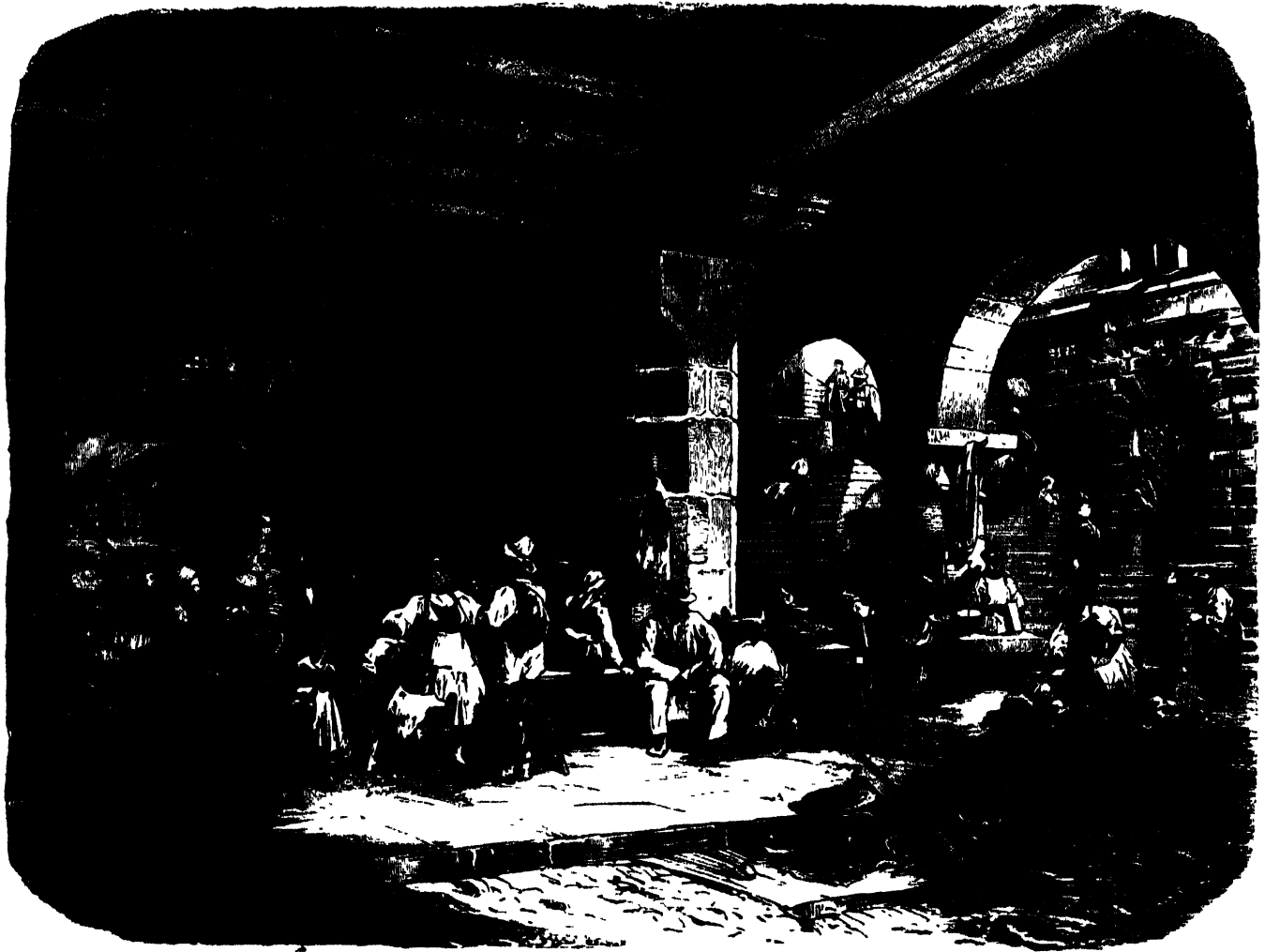
The field-hare is greatly protected in summer by the colour of its fur, which is just that of the earth; but in winter, when the ground is covered with freshly-fallen snow, it labours under a disadvantage, whereas the Alpine hare dons a snow-white coat in winter, and a grey, earth-coloured one in summer. But the animals differ also in other respects. Even as the cowherd of the High Alps differs from the field-labourer, and the flowers of the Alps differ both in growth and colour from their sisters in the valley, so, too, the Alpine hare is stronger, more solid and sinewy, more active and lively, bolder, cleverer, and perhaps more lovable than the stupidly shy and clumsy *Lepus timidus*, which is always being persecuted. But destruction also threatens the Alpine hare on all sides, and in order to exist at all it is obliged to confine itself to such parts of the mountains as are still clothed with wild forests. Directly it ventures



LUCERNE.

into the open country and exposes its weak points it is surrounded by danger. Everything that flies and creeps, from the eagle to the hooded crow, and the always-hungry raven, threaten the young ones in the nest, as well as the parents, with death. The raven, whose favourite haunts are the mountain-forests, is by no means a contemptible sportsman. He is very cunning and clever, bold in attacking his prey, and courageous when he has to fight; and, when he is particularly hungry, he will attack a weakly lamb or defenceless hare, instead of a mouse or mole. Otherwise the Alpine hare leads a merry life, and revels, like the marmot, in herbs and grass as long as the summer lasts. Its diet is, no doubt, often meagre in the winter, much more meagre than that which is afforded by the Hôtel National and the Schweizerhof, to whose hospitable board the siren Lucerne is now inviting us.

We bid adieu to old Pilatus; and, with a gallant company of tourists, go on board the steamer at Hergiswil, and are quickly conveyed across the transparent waters to the pleasant nook in the lake where the smiling water-sprite sits enthroned amid gentle slopes and gardens. The town very soon comes in sight, and there rise before us the old, well-known towers and pointed turrets, with villas smiling out of the green trees and along the shore, and the Rigi and Pilatus standing like twin citadels one on either side. As we draw nearer and nearer we see grand lines of houses, magnificent edifices of various kinds, and stately-looking hotels. We are especially struck on landing by the hoary old tower called the Water Tower, which is Lucerne's badge, and which stands at the end of the equally ancient covered bridge known as the Kapellbrücke; then our eye is caught



MARKET IN LUCERNE.

by the grand-looking church of St. Leodegar, with its graceful bell-towers, which stands half-way up the slope, and rears its head above all the surrounding roofs; then there are the Mediæval watch-towers, built on the remains of the old fortifications, and the beautiful new Reuss Bridge, which leads from the railway station and landing place to the splendid quay, with its glorious avenue of chestnuts, where crowds of fashionable people may be seen in the summer-time.

This, the first view which visitors get of Lucerne, gives the idea of a much larger place than it actually is, for the real town is hidden by the grand-looking hotels which are her especial pride and characteristic.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that this is crucial for ensuring transparency and accountability in the organization's operations.

2. The second part of the document outlines the specific procedures and protocols that must be followed when recording transactions. It details the steps involved in data collection, verification, and reporting.

3. The third part of the document addresses the challenges and potential pitfalls associated with record-keeping. It provides guidance on how to overcome these challenges and ensure the integrity of the data.

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the role of technology in improving record-keeping processes. It highlights the benefits of using digital tools and systems to streamline data management.

5. The fifth part of the document concludes by reiterating the importance of consistent and accurate record-keeping for the long-term success of the organization.

6. The sixth part of the document provides a summary of the key points discussed throughout the document, reinforcing the main message of the importance of record-keeping.

7. The seventh part of the document offers additional resources and references for further information on record-keeping practices and standards.

8. The eighth part of the document discusses the legal and regulatory requirements that govern record-keeping in the organization's industry.

9. The ninth part of the document provides a detailed overview of the various types of records that must be maintained, including financial, operational, and personnel records.

10. The tenth part of the document discusses the importance of regular audits and reviews to ensure the accuracy and completeness of the records.

11. The eleventh part of the document provides a checklist of key tasks and responsibilities related to record-keeping, ensuring that all necessary steps are followed.

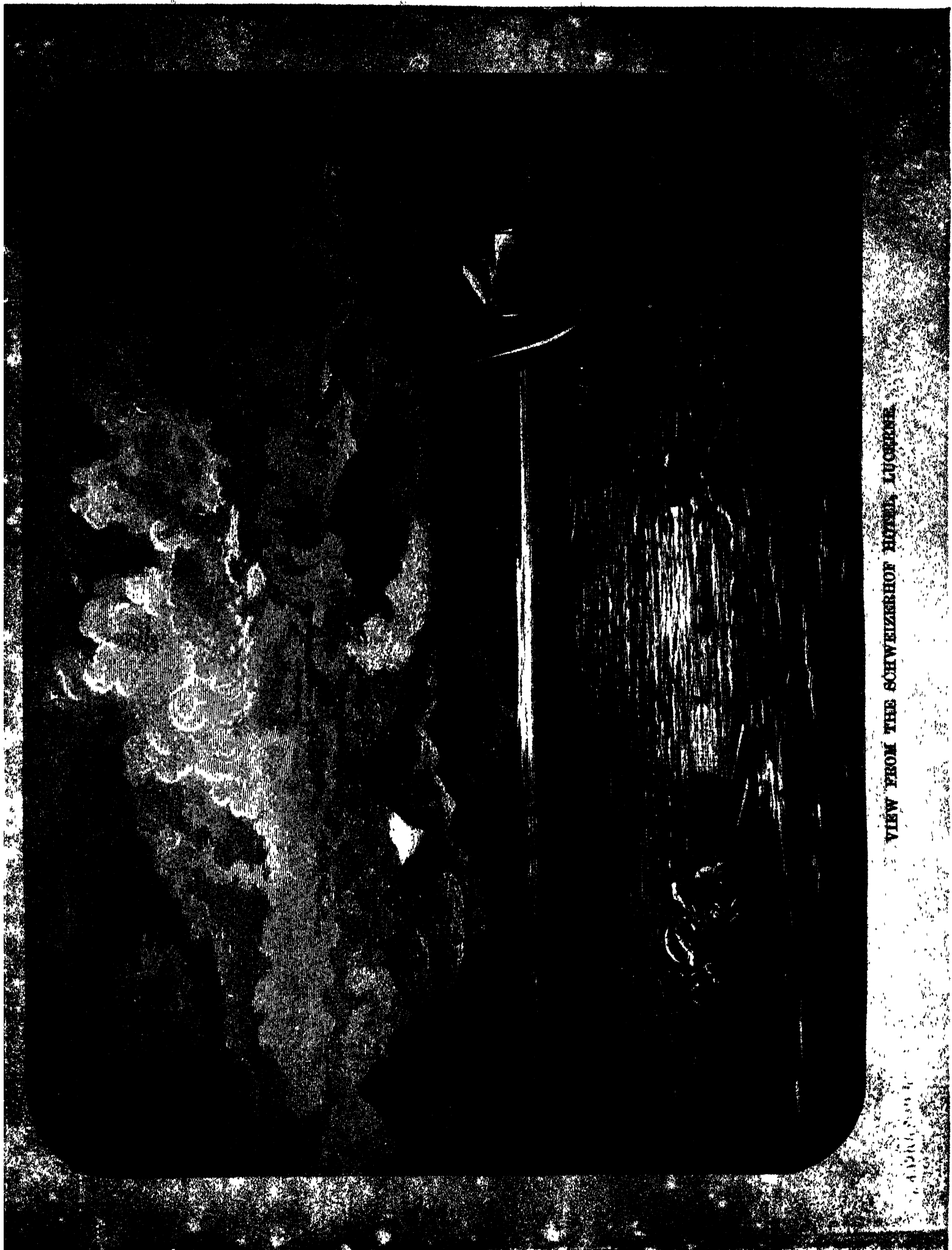
12. The twelfth part of the document discusses the importance of training and education for staff involved in record-keeping, ensuring they are equipped with the necessary skills and knowledge.

13. The thirteenth part of the document provides a final summary and conclusion, emphasizing the critical role of record-keeping in the organization's success.

14. The fourteenth part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining records for future reference and analysis, highlighting the value of historical data.

15. The fifteenth part of the document provides a final note of encouragement and motivation for the staff, reminding them of the importance of their role in maintaining accurate records.

VIEW FROM THE SCHWEIZERHOF HOTEL, LUGERNE



How much water must have flowed down the Reuss since the old times when her only foreign visitors were travelling merchants and storks! The latter made their nests on the roofs of the houses, which were of wood in those days, and so the place was called "the little wooden stork-town." In other lands we have seen marble replaced by wood, or falling in the course of years into decay, whereas in Lucerne wood and straw have been exchanged for marble, and cottages have been superseded by palaces filled with every imaginable comfort and luxury. This has all been accomplished within the last four centuries, for before that time there was not a single house of stone, and even the inns were old rickety wooden buildings, with rooms so small and low that no full-grown man could stand upright in them. A very dim



SEMPACH.

light was all that could find its way through the small round window-panes, and the smoke was allowed to disperse itself as best it might through the joints in the rafters until it was lost in the straw or shingles of the roof.

You would look in vain for any such old stork's nest now. More than four dozen hotels and *pensions* of various degrees of excellence have arisen as if by magic, and in them alone there is sufficient accommodation for the whole normal population of the town, which amounts to about eleven thousand. The well-known Schweizerhof can dine nearly four hundred guests at once in its splendid dining-room. This is, indeed, a model hotel, and would take precedence of all in the town, and maybe in the country, if there were no Hôtel National; but it is outdone by the latter as regards both the spaciousness of its rooms and

the refined and tasteful luxury of all its appointments. Everything here is done in great style, and those who are not obliged to look twice at their money before spending it, will no doubt find themselves better off in the Hôtel National than in the good "Rössli" on the Mühlenplatz, or in the "Engel" in Pfistergasse, though they would probably be able to study national character better here than among the bored, worn-out grandees of England, Germany, Russia, and America, who congregate in the aristocratic quarter. But the grand hotels and gardens on the quay possess one great charm—one, too, which never loses its freshness or becomes wearisome, and that is, the view of the lake and the calm beautiful mountains beyond. These, however, we may also enjoy as we stroll along the shore, or sit in the shady chestnut



CHÂTEAU OF MEGGENHORN, LUCERNE.

avenue. If we desire a wider horizon we have but to ascend the delightful slopes behind the town, and at Gütsch, the height of Allenwinden, or at the "Three Limes," we shall find ourselves in the midst of most lovely scenery.

Lucerne has often been compared with Zürich, but the resemblance between the two is merely superficial. Each stands on a lake; each is intersected by a river, in one case the Reuss, in the other the Limmat, by which it is divided into two unequal portions; and each has a glorious view of the distant Alps; but here the likeness ceases, and when weighed in the balances it will be found that science, industry, and manufactures cause Zürich's scale to descend heavily, while Lucerne's mounts high in the air. Lucerne has no trade, and her chief occupation consists in managing her hotels and attending to her

summer visitors—not a very arduous one, it must be confessed; but this is no discredit to her, being merely a natural result of her past history, which has at times led her through dark paths under the



THE HOLLOW WAY, AT RÜSSNACHT.

guidance of aliens, and those who were enemies to the fatherland. But no doubt in time Lucerne will develop her many resources and become all that she ought to be.

If, as some maintain, Lucerne took her name from the Latin *lucerna*, a "light," there have been times enough in the course of her existence when the name must have seemed either a mockery or appropriate only on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, for her light was extinguished and the most profound darkness brooded over the shore of the lake.

Shall we go back to the year 1531, when Lucerne and the other forest cantons confronted Zürich on the field of battle at Kappel? or shall we tell how the Jesuits were called in, in 1574, and how in 1586 the disastrous Golden League was formed, which sowed discord and dissension among the Confederates? Shall



MEMORIAL TO THE SWISS GUARDS.

we give an account of the Peasants' war, the various bloody religious wars, and the miserable Sonderbund war? Nay, if we want to furbish up our history, we shall do so more pleasantly by going to the lake of Sempach, which lies between Sursee and the heights of Sempach, and recalls the sublime story of the 9th July, 1386, when the Austrian army encountered the Confederates in a fierce contest on this spot, and the day was decided in favour of the latter by the self-devotion of Arnold von Winkelried, the knight of Unterwalden—

"He of battle-martyrs chief,
 Who, to recall his daunted peers,
 For victory shaped an open space
 By gath'ring with a wide embrace
 Into his single heart a sheaf
 Of fatal Austrian spears!"

Duke Leopold and the flower of the nobility fell on this occasion, together with fifty-one men of Lucerne and their general, the noble old magistrate, Peter von Gundoldingen. The only monument which posterity has raised to their memory is the small chapel near Sempach, where a few bad pictures and worse rhymes commemorate the battle and the names of those who were engaged in it.

The Swiss Guards, who fell on the fatal 10th of August, 1792, while defending the Royal Family of France, have had a much grander memorial erected to them. It is situated at the foot of the height of Wesemlin, in the shade of some beautiful trees, and just above a green basin-shaped hollow filled with water. It is hewn out of the living rock, and, apart from its associations, is of the highest intrinsic value as a work of art. The colossal lion, modelled by the genius of Thorwaldsen, lies in a dark hollow severely wounded and at the point of death; but he is dying like a hero, and to the last gasp his strong paws defend the shield with the golden lilies. An inscription was placed over it more than fifty years ago: "*Hebetiorum fidei ac virtuti*" ("To the valour and fidelity of the Swiss"), with the names of those who fell in the defence of the Tuileries underneath. Not satisfied with this, however, some Frenchman has composed the following lines—which, as he imagines, are a more faithful exponent of the sentiments of the intelligent spectator:

"Fidèles au serment que l'erreur a dicté,
Généreux défenseurs d'une injuste querelle,
Vous, morts en combattant contre la liberté,
Vous méritiez bien mieux d'avoir vécu pour elle"

"Fighting against liberty!" These words remind us of the wicked governor who fell at Küssnacht, —which, though not actually in the canton, is usually one of the excursions made from Lucerne.

"Oh! but we know all about that, and we really can't stand any more of it," cries some one impatiently. Well, we promise that this shall be our last allusion to William Tell; but as Küssnacht was the scene of the most important act in his life-drama, a few words must be allowed us. Near this village was the celebrated "Hollow Way," where Schiller makes his hero utter the well-known monologue, which, on fine summer-days, Tell's unfortunate ghost is condemned to hear repeated over and over again by the lips of juvenile collegians, bearded men, sweetly lisping young ladies, and full-grown women.

What is the picture drawn for us of the scene in our own homes by fancy, and what is the actual reality as it now appears before our eyes? All that now remains to be seen of the "Hollow Way" is a good carriage-road leading to Immensee and Art. There is nothing in the least romantic about it, and it is too wide for any wedding-party, and still less for a single woman, to bar the way along it. The narrow part has, indeed, well-nigh disappeared altogether, and Tell's hiding-place is reduced to a small clump of trees and bushes, near which, on the spot where Gessler fell, stands a chapel adorned with frescoes by the village painter.

On a hill near the Küssnacht road are the ruins of the castle in which Gessler intended to imprison Tell; but they are very insignificant, and it is impossible for any one, however imaginative, to get up much sentiment about them.

All the old castles, of which there were several in the neighbourhood, have fallen by degrees, but the taste of the present day seems to incline to the resuscitation of the Mediæval style of architecture; and, though Neuhabsburg, a very interesting castle belonging to the noble Count and Emperor Rudolf von Habsburg, has sunk into decay, another much grander edifice, built in the newest French style, has been erected immediately in front of it by some nineteenth-century lordling, at present unknown to fame.

However, all modern builders of houses have not the same taste, happily, and there are some new dwellings which look home-like and hospitable. Many a château has been turned into a boarding-house, and many a boarding-house has been built on the same scale as a château; but none of the doings of the old brood of robber-knights have been, or are likely to be, revived. As to historical monuments, while some have been destroyed others have been erected, and no doubt there are many which we have not visited; but it must be confessed that one is a good deal like another, and few of them are more than five hundred, fewer still more than a thousand, or a couple of thousand, years old.

There is, however, one very noteworthy object of interest in Lucerne, which, though situated near the modern monument of the Swiss Guards, boasts an antiquity of more than a thousand, more than two



THE CASTLE OF NEUHABSBURG.

thousand, more than six thousand years. In fact, it has lived through several ages of the world's history, and has such things to tell us as we do not hear every day.

It is the grandest memorial in Lucerne, and its foundations were laid at a time when the great Reuss glacier extended hither from the St. Gotthard, and covered the whole district. Though of small dimensions, this, the Glacier-garden of Lucerne, as it is called, is a highly interesting spot of ground. Visitors to it will find a portion of the sandstone ridge which strikes in a north-westerly direction from the town here laid bare and exposed to view, the superincumbent earth and boulder-drift having been cleared away in 1872. In this sandstone there are large holes, some basin-shaped, some funnel-like, as

much as fifteen feet deep, and as cleverly rounded as if they had been constructed by the hands of man. At the bottom are a number of colossal stone balls, some of them weighing several hundredweight.

People who like fairy tales will be inclined to think they have discovered a kitchen- or grist-mill belonging to some old giant; for there are the stone pots and mortars and millstones which the ancient Titans used to grind their corn, until they were disturbed in their haunts and forced to flee to the mountains, leaving their rude implements behind them. Giants there were, no doubt, but they were Ice and Water, and the geologist recognises their handiwork in what, to the unscientific, look like gigantic pots and cauldrons. In fact, what we see before us is the work of a glacier; and between the holes we



GLACIER-GARDEN, LUCERNE.

see unmistakable traces of its action in the striæ, furrows, and scratches which a glacier invariably makes when it moves over a hard solid surface.

But what caused these great cauldron-like hollows? Well, similar holes are being constantly made in our day at the foot of waterfalls, and in the beds of highly-inclined watercourses; in fact, the same thing may occur wherever there is running water flowing along a stony channel, if only it be rapid and impetuous enough to catch up the loose pebbles it may encounter, and whirl them round and round with sufficient force.

Not that these holes at Lucerne originated in this way, for there are neither cliffs nor waterfalls

anywhere near. They were formed by the glacier, as we have said before. Here and there, there were great fissures, extending through the whole thickness of the ice, and into these would fall not only the water, as it melted, but also blocks of stone from the moraines, which the glacier had brought along with it from the Alps. These falling on the softer sandstone beneath, were rolled and twisted about for so long a time that at last they made the huge basin-like holes which we now see. The harder the blocks which slipped down the opening in the glacier, and the more impetuously the water rushed down upon them, so much the more wildly did these glacier-mills work, and so much the deeper were the holes they made.

The Lucerne millstones have been brought from a great distance ; some of them from the granite-gneiss of Upper Uri, and some from the Jurassic, cretaceous, and nummulitic formations which are to be found among the Alps.

Herr Amrein-Troller, the owner of the Glacier-garden, may boast of being the possessor of the most ancient and most interesting relic in Lucerne ; and, thanks to the intelligence with which he pursues his excavations, he is constantly bringing fresh wonders to light.

Lucerne's summer visitors, however, being butterflies who delight in the sunshine, will look with something of a shiver at Nature's ancient laboratory, and will congratulate themselves that she got over most of her rough work before their day, and that her present operations are carried on in the midst of light and warmth, green trees, and fragrant flowers.



THE RIGI, FROM LUCERNE

THE RIGI.

"Look what streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east,
Night's tapers are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops."

SHAKSPEARE

NAYAF SALAR JUNG BA



ANY another mountain in Switzerland might claim to rank as high as the Rigi in the estimation of the public, if the only thing to be taken into account were the view visible from its summit.

Those, for instance, who have been undergoing the whey-cure on the Weissenstein, and have ascended to the still more elevated part of the mountain called the Hasenmatt, and those, too, who have stood on the top of the popular Seelisberg "Kanzli," or "pulpit," gazing over a world of lake and mountain, will all discourse enthusiastically of the special advantages of their own favourite points of view, and declare that there is nothing finer, there can be nothing finer in the world! But no sooner is the Rigi mentioned than we feel that neither extent of prospect, nor altitude, nor beauty are of any avail unless they be combined with renown. Even a mountain cannot do without renown.

When the Rigi had taken leave of the kingdom of Neptune, and had succeeded in lifting his dripping head and broad back out of the melancholy waves and into the light of day, he seems

to have made up his mind to become famous at any cost. But people who propose to themselves such an aim as this must be wise enough to separate from the multitude, for it is only by taking up an isolated position that it is possible to attract much attention or to be interesting, unless one happens to be a head taller than the rest of the world. The Rigi accordingly soon severed all connection with his neighbours in the south; and, while they reared their heads to heaven in jealous emulation one of another, he waited quietly until the waters had dispersed and everything was reduced to geographical order. That which at first had been an island soon became a continent; and, when the mountain looked round, he found himself standing alone and solitary, with lowlands on one side and highlands on the other, and the lakes of Lucerne, Zug, Lowerz, and Aeger in his immediate neighbourhood.

He was alone. No other mountain came close enough to tread upon his toes, and his nearest neighbour and rival was Pilatus, who looked at him across the lake from the south. However, the position of each was irrevocably fixed by this time; and, as to making a name, well, at all events there was no hurry about it. Meantime the mountain grew old, very old, and began visibly to decay and crumble. Its slopes and level surfaces had long since been covered with woods and primæval forests, and the extensive plateaux and quiet valleys on its summit, though never yet trodden by human feet, were well stocked with such birds and animals as frequent the Alps. No one else came, and the spirit of the mountain remained quite undisturbed in the seclusion of his forests, sometimes wrapping himself up closely in his cloud-mantle, sometimes looking down from his rocky citadel upon the surrounding country, and counting the sunrises and sunsets and the years and centuries as they passed over his head.

Meantime, many great changes had taken place in the valley below. The woodman's axe had been at work in the forests, letting in daylight and clearing open spaces about the shore of the lake; groups of huts had grown up here and there; heathenism had disappeared; crosses had been erected in a few places, and the sound of the convent-bell might be heard summoning the scattered population day by day to the agricultural labours which they pursued in common around the cloistered walls. In time the clusters of huts became villages, surrounded by well-tilled fields, and the green meadows were filled with herds of cattle, some of which were already beginning to make their way up the hills. Signs of life, too, began to appear round about the foot of the old mountain, and places began to spring up on its borders, which were afterwards greatly developed, and are now well known as Art, Immensee, Goldau, Seewen, Lowerz, Ingenbohl, Brunnen, Gersau, Vitznau, Weggis, Greppen, and Küssnacht. From these various places outposts were sent forth up the sides of the mountain, in the shape of rough, brown chalets, and soon the lonely forests of the Rigi were enlivened by the tinkle of cow-bells and the shouts of the herdsmen. But in spite of all this, the mountain had not made itself a name. Soon, however, there appeared the first ray of the golden glory which was hereafter to encircle its brow. At the time when the three Tells met at Grütli, when the lowly were crushed and the proud had it all their own way, when, in fact, the land was groaning under the arbitrary and oppressive rule of Austrian governors, it happened that there were three pious sisters dwelling at Art, whose beauty had attracted the notice of the profligate and tyrannical lord of Schwanaue, who persecuted them cruelly, until it seemed that no other means of escape remained open to them save flight. Accordingly, one night they made their way up into the then pathless wilderness on the Rigi, and went on until they came to a spot just above Weggis, where a murmuring spring of cold water gushes forth from the cracks in the breccia rock. Here they determined to remain, and here they built themselves a miserable hut of bark. How long they managed to live in this seclusion, with no food but

VIEW FROM THE RIGL

berries and roots, and no society but that of the wild animals of the forest, no one knows, but nothing more was heard of them in the valley, and it was not known whether they were alive or dead. It is certain, however, that they must have been long dead when the cow-keepers of the mountain began to notice that three small, pale, glimmering lights appeared every night above a certain spot in the wood; and, when at length curiosity induced them to go and see what was the meaning of it, they found the bodies of the three sisters turned into mummies and lying by the side of the spring. A chapel dedicated to the Archangel Michael was built on the spot, and the spring was thenceforth known as the Sisters' Fountain;



VIEW FROM KALTBAD, ON THE RIGI

and, thanks to the archangel, the mountain was freed entirely and for ever from all noxious vermin and poisonous animals.

The story of the three sisters was spread abroad by the herdsmen, and was soon well known everywhere; and a few pious souls would make a pilgrimage to the chapel and spring, the miraculous healing powers of which were very soon discovered. Herdsmen, peasants, and pilgrims were the first to come, and they would say their prayers before the picture of the "Virgin of the Cold Bath," and if any one was troubled by an intermittent fever or any nervous complaint, he would dip himself three times in the ice-cold water which was collected in a wooden trough, and would go down the mountain again firmly believing that he had been healed. Thus it was that people's eyes began to be directed towards the Rigi, and the "Cold Bath" acquired notoriety.

Some time later, in the year 1593, a monk who was collecting herbs on the eastern side of the mountain where it slopes down towards Lowerz, chanced to discover another spring, on the spot now

called the Rigi-Scheideck. This was of acid, mineral water, and soon became as celebrated as the other. The old mountain was beginning to get a name.

Prosaic individuals, indeed, relegate the monk and his herbs to the realm of fancy, and declare that, as a matter of fact, the spring was discovered by some workmen who were employed at the beginning of the sixteenth century in building a small house at Scheideck for the accommodation of persons wishing to undergo the whey-cure, or something of that sort. Chancing to leave the axes, with which they had been felling trees, all night in the open air, they found them in the morning covered with rust owing to the mineral water with which the ground was saturated, and thus their attention was drawn to the existence of the spring.

The old mountain was now no longer left in solitude, and his visitors became more numerous still when, in 1689, a chapel was built by a pious counsellor of Art, to the east of the chapel at the Cold Bath, in a deep, narrow valley which runs up the mountain diagonally from south-east to north-west. It was intended at first for the benefit of the herdsmen who pasture their cattle on the Rigi Alps in the summer-time; and the little house which he built in addition served as a summer and winter dwelling for a few Capuchin monks. The chapel was consecrated by the papal nuncio in 1690, and pilgrimages to it speedily became so frequent that it was found necessary to build a larger chapel some thirty years later. The place was called Klosterli, the "little convent."

As plenary indulgence was promised by Popes Clement XII. and Pius VI. to all who should ascend the Rigi, the sacred mountain was thronged. But the pilgrimage was by no means a pleasant one in those days, as, when he reached the summit of the mountain, the pilgrim found no provision whatever made for his comfort, and everybody had to find accommodation as best he might. This inconvenience of course made itself especially felt on high days and holidays, on the vigils of great festivals; on St. Mary Magdalene's day, when the cow-keepers' festival took place; on the 5th August, when the feast of the "Queen of the Mountain" was held, and on the 6th September. On these occasions the mountain was thronged with pilgrims, and its former seclusion was invaded by the sound of chanting and ringing of bells, while sacred banners waved from its summit, and dancing and drinking contributed to the general animation and hilarity. Even so lately as the middle of the last century, the arrangements of the bathing establishment at the Rigi-Kaltbad, or Cold Bath, were extremely primitive. J. G. Sulzer, one of the first persons who travelled in Switzerland, says:—"The Cold Bath is a square place shut in on three sides by a wall of rock, and on the fourth by a hermit's hut. In the middle there is a wooden bath, which is kept constantly full of water by a spring which issues forth from between two rocks. The water is very cold and pure, and quite free from any mineral taint. The people who use this bath keep all their clothes on while they sit in it."

Scarcely any one, however, as yet ascended the mountain for its own sake, to see the sun-rise from the top, or to admire the surrounding landscape. All who came had some practical end in view, for it had not yet entered people's heads to be enthusiastic about the beauties of Nature, and neither young men nor young women knew what it was to feel their eyes fill with tears as they gazed into the bright pure world of snowy mountains, saw the Sun rise over the purple mountains of Appenzell and touch the Bernese Alps with his glowing finger, or watched the moon as she bathed the whole valley beneath in her soft, misty radiance. Visitors in those days came to drink whey or obtain indulgence; and the fame of the Rigi had not yet reached its culminating point; indeed, a change in people's minds was necessary before it could do so.

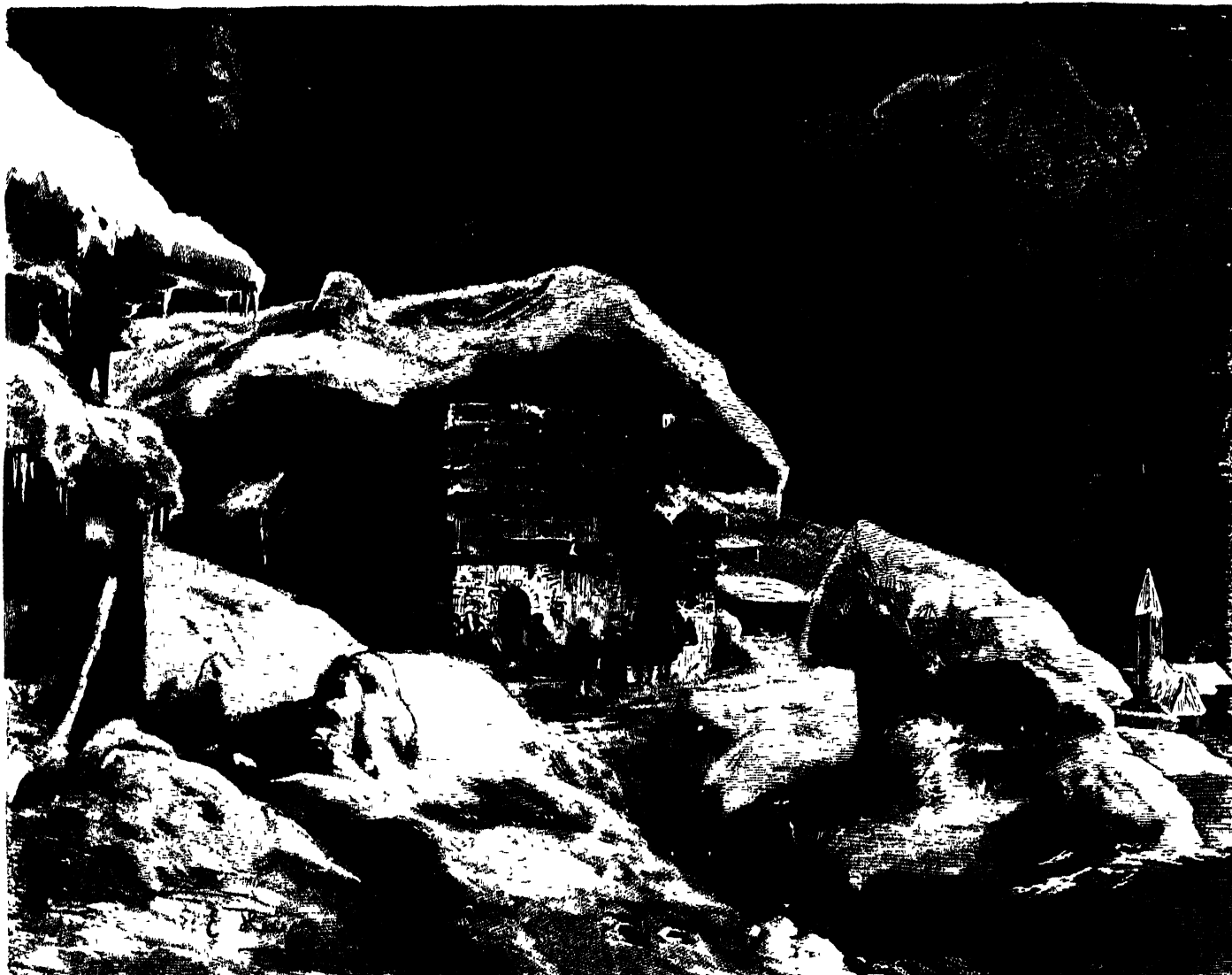
In 1729 Haller had written his poem called "The Alps," and though involved and pedantic in style, it did not fail of its object, which was to draw attention to the Alps, and to induce people to visit Switzerland. But the effect produced by Rousseau's romance, "La nouvelle Héloïse," which appeared in



RAILWAY-BRIDGE OVER THE SCHNURTOBEL.

1761, was far more powerful, for from it people learnt something of the pure and elevated enjoyment to be derived from intercourse with Nature as she is to be found among the Alps, and cultivated minds throughout Europe were profoundly impressed. Thenceforth, Western Switzerland became

a favourite resort with sentimental souls, but the rest of the country remained an almost unknown land, until it was discovered by Saussüre and Ebel. The first of these won and opened up the region of the High Alps, with its peaks and glaciers and icy deserts; the second, a German physician and naturalist belonging to Neumark, explored and wrote descriptions of the whole of Switzerland, including both the



AN ALPINE INN IN THE SNOW.

country and its inhabitants in his researches, and thereby induced thousands to visit it and judge for themselves of its attractions.

Ebel's name is, moreover, intimately connected with the history of the Rigi; for, besides assisting in the preparation of numerous maps and panoramas of Switzerland, he took the first panorama of the Rigi under his especial surveillance. He, too, was the first to recognise the importance of the Rigi-Culm, or culminating point of the Rigi, and the future in store for it; and it was he who advised the inn-keeper of Klüsterli, Martin Bürgi, whose family are now millionaires, to build an inn on the summit. A cottage was first of all built there in 1815, and the next year an uncomfortable little mountain-inn with about a dozen beds in it was erected by the aid of contributions from various places, more especially Zürich.

The next great impression was produced by Schiller's grand poem "William Tell." Every one was anxious to see the place in which the scene was laid, and as soon as peace was restored after the battle of

Waterloo, visitors began to arrive in shoals. People wanted to see and admire the grand beauty of the landscape, and to refresh their spirits by the contemplation of the sublime and mighty mountains. Then, too, they joyfully recognised the fact that lungs, which had been choked with the dust of cities and poisoned with the vapours which are bred in the plain, might derive great benefit from the fresh, pure air of the Alps; and so the signal was given, and from the north of Europe to the shores of the Mediterranean "Switzerland and the Rigi" became the general watch-words.

Such being the case, of course it was necessary to make arrangements for the proper reception and accommodation of these numerous visitors, and the old mountain became the scene of energetic preparations. One inn arose after another; Swiss speculators were not slow in making the most of the wealth which the foreigners brought with them into the country; and the two together set a crown of gold on the head of the old Rigi. What people long for when they are young, they sometimes get in superabundance when they are old. Fame had come to the Rigi at last; and, perhaps, the spirit of the mountain had a little too much of it; but he could not rid himself of his guests, now that he had once summoned them, and so, leaving them in undisputed possession of his dominions, he crept away into one of his huge caverns, perhaps the Stigelfattbalm, where he still remains, and is said to play all sorts of tricks such as gnomes delight in.

But people became more importunate than ever; and in the year 1871 they began to gird the mountain's decaying body with iron rails. The panting steam-engine now climbs up its southern side, whistling shrilly as it goes, and there is a railway-station on the spot where the three sisters once dwelt, far apart from the world, in their little bark hut. A telegraph wire, too, winds round the rocks to warn the proud hotel-keepers on the summit of the approach of visitors from all quarters of the world. But even this was found not to be enough, and since the summer of 1875 another railway has been constructed along the northern slope, beginning at Art and terminating at the Rigi Culm. Starting from Art at midday, the traveller may reach the Hotel Schreiber, have his dinner, and be ready by two o'clock to begin studying the panorama.

If we open any of the old guide-books,—Lutz's "Handbook to Switzerland for the year 1822," for example,—several inns are mentioned, particularly the Ox and the White Horse; and we see from good old Bädeler that, even so lately as twenty years ago, there were no such grand hotels as there are at present, neither were the charges at all extravagant. The number of the hotels is now doubled and the charges have doubled too.

In 1856, at the Rigi-Culm Hotel, you could have a bedroom for a franc and a half, or two francs; breakfast, a franc and a half; table d'hôte, without wine, three francs; wine, two to three francs; but now you have to pay three to six francs for a room, four to five francs for table d'hôte without wine; three to five francs for wine. In those days about fifteen or twenty thousand visitors would ascend the mountain in the course of the summer, but in 1875 the numbers amounted to eighty thousand, and that in an unfavourable season. The hotel-proprietors hope that the numbers will increase yet more, and if they do it is a question whether the two thousand beds, which is the aggregate number furnished by all the hotels on the Rigi, will be sufficient to supply the needs of the great army of admirers.

But the mountain is in good hands, and he shows his gratitude by filling these same hands with gold. In fact, the Rigi is a mine of gold and silver. In other places people have to dig for the precious metals with shovel and pickaxe, and are forced to toil in the sweat of their brow; but here the treasure lies

upon the surface. The pure, silvery atmosphere is coined into five-franc pieces, and the golden glow of sunrise and sunset into napoleons : a species of minting which has lately been taken in hand by a large company calling itself the "Regina Montium," an appellation which they justify by going back to the fifteenth century and quoting Dekan von Bonstetten, who placed the Rigi in the centre of the eight old cantons,



VIZNAU.

called it the heart of Switzerland and Europe, and bestowed upon it the grand surname of "Mons Regina." According to some people, Rigi is indeed a corruption of *regina*; but others, not satisfied with this, have dug still further, and because the Rigi is a mountain of particularly mild aspect, they try to derive its name from *mons rigidus*, "the iron-sided mountain." With an equal amount of reason, Gemmi has been derived from *gemitus*, "a sigh," because the traveller generally sighs with weariness while crossing the

pass; according to which idea, a good many mountains in Switzerland might justly share the same appellation. Other persons, again, timidly suggest that the name may be derived from the old word *rihe* or *rige*, "a row," in allusion to the way in which its strata are deposited; and so on, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

Unfortunately, the "Regina-Montium Joint-Stock Company for digging after hidden treasure" had not made sufficiently sure of their ground, and if they did not meet with sand, they found something nearly as bad. For the Rigi is composed of a brecciated rock with a strong tendency to cleave and split, and its beauty gradually diminishes as fragment after fragment is detached from its sides. The best building-



SUNSET ON THE RIGI.

sites are on the southern half of the mountain, which extends to Vitznau and Lowerz, and may indeed be considered as a continuation of the Bürgenstock, which is composed of better material belonging to the more substantial cretaceous formations, and is separated from the Vitznauerstock only by the Lake of Lowerz. The northern, and, unfortunately, the larger half of the mountain, consists of strata of conglomerate, alternating with huge beds of soft sandstone; and, as the conglomerate rests upon marl, of course the mountain as a whole possesses no solidity, and may be compared with a giant whose feet are of clay. *Nagelfluh*, as this conglomerate is called, is a coarse kind of pudding-stone, consisting of pebbles and fragments of rock of various kinds, derived in this instance from the High Alps, and cemented together by clay. *Fluh* means "rock," and it is called *Nagelfluh*, or "nail-rock," because the pebbles of which it is composed

often stick out like the heads of large nails. These pebbles were brought together and deposited by the agency of water; but, as this took place not all at once, but at different times, the conglomerate is found in various strata, separated from one another by beds of clay or sand, which are easily disintegrated or washed out by water. The conglomerate is of two kinds, limestone nail-rock and coloured or variegated



KAENZLI, ON THE SEELISBERG.

nail-rock, as it is called, owing to its generally reddish hue and to its being composed of red porphyry, green serpentine, granite, hornblende, and pebbles of grey and brownish limestone.

The limestone nail-rock consists—but we beg the reader's pardon! People do not ascend the Rigi on a bright summer day in order that they may grope about among dead stones. With flowers and

verdure and such a panorama all around, who cares what the mountain is made of, or how it came into being? It is enough that it is here; and that here it is likely to remain for a thousand generations, in spite of the softness of its sandstone.

It is a matter of some difficulty to decide how we shall make the ascent. Shall it be on foot, or on horseback? by way of Weggis, Greppen, Immensee, Art, or Gersau? Shall it be by railway? and if so, by which railway?—by the one which commences the ascent from Vitznau, or by the new one, which calls itself the Art-Rigi railway? Both have their own peculiar beauties. The Vitznau railway has the wonderful views towards the south and west and the famous Schnurtobel bridge, which spans the wild-looking bed of a mountain-torrent, and besides this, it skirts precipices enough to make the traveller shudder pleasantly. The line from Art runs across the desert of Goldau, and as it winds its way upwards it affords many a lovely peep into the classic little canton of Schwyz. Then, too, it passes the celebrated Kräbelwand, a precipitous wall of rock past which the train creeps very cautiously, and it goes through the Red-rock tunnel and over the wonderful bridges which span the stream of the Dossenbach, while a succession of lovely views are to be seen from its windows.

The effect would, no doubt, be heightened if we were to keep our eyes closed until we reach the Staffel station, and were then to open them and take in the whole beauty of the scene in one rapid survey. The train winds upwards in a spiral between the Rigi-Culm and Rigi-Rothstock, and when it reaches the top the panorama of northern and north-eastern Switzerland opens suddenly out before us as if by magic, and not even the most prosaic individual in the world can help feeling some emotion.

A wide extent of hills and valleys lies bathed in sunshine at our feet, and dotted with innumerable white towns and villages. Yonder is the German Black Forest looming blue in the distance. There is the Feldberg, and there are the Suabian Alps, and the mountains of the Jura and Vosges are lost in the purple haze which shrouds the far horizon. At the foot of the precipice below lies the sparkling and ever-beautiful Lake of Lucerne; the village yonder is Küssnacht; the bright town at the corner of the lake, which is reflected so clearly in the waters, is Lucerne, and close by stands Pilatus, keeping guard over her; one hill rises behind another, with numerous lakes lying glistening in between, and over all is the clear blue sky flecked with golden clouds.

But from the Rigi-Culm, which is the highest point of the mountain, the panorama extends over three hundred miles in circumference, and the eye may wander like the eagle without let or hindrance from east to west, from north to south, from the lowlands to the High Alps, to the snow-capped glittering peaks of the Jungfrau, Eiger, Monk, Wetterhorn, Finsteraarhorn, and Schreckhorn, or may survey the Alpine valleys of Uri and Glarus, and the lake-valleys which lie close at hand, smiling out of the dark, mysterious forests which enshroud them. On one side, the view extends upwards of a hundred and eighty miles, La Dôle in the Jura being its extreme limit. But all this should be seen under various aspects and in various lights—when the mists fill the valley, making it look like a billowy sea, and the mountains like dark, floating islands; when the dawning light, as it gains more and more power, touches first the Bernese Alps, then drives away the mist and wakens the earth to the joy of another day; when the glow of sunset lights up all the mountains in the east, from the Säntis to the Bristenstock, and when the blue moonlight glimmers on the surface of the numerous lakes, and the mountains stand round in a circle, looking like so many shivering blue shadows.

But the Rigi is of a very nervous temperament, and depends much upon the state of the weather. A

good many thousands, after ascending the mountain full of eager expectation, have found nothing but a grey veil spread before their eyes, which often not even the most patient waiting will suffice to remove. Yet, can we wonder if the old Rigi becomes at times impatient, when he is obliged to listen day after day to the self-same expressions of wonder, admiration, delight, and disappointment, repeated so many thousand times in all the languages of the world? There is a good deal of false sentiment mixed up with it all too, while a good many of the remarks one hears are made in the derisive spirit of the following lines:—

“Ah, mademoiselle! good morning!
The piece is old, you’ll find—
The sun goes down before us,
And then comes back behind.”

Truly sunrise and sunset are old pieces and have had a long run on this stage, but the spectators are old too, always the same, and as much mixed as they are everywhere else. It is folly, no doubt, to lament it, but poets, as well as a good many other people, do lament it, and are very impatient of the multitude. Some are angry that they cannot be alone and enjoy the various wonderful effects of sunrise undisturbed; and one, Reithard by name, gives vent to his contempt for the public in the following verse:—

“The Frenchman claps his hands with delight,
The Briton mutters his choicest oaths,
While the German, simply because it’s the fashion,
Will buy for himself an Alpine rose.”

And so they criticize and criticize, and do not see that they themselves are infected by the evil maladies of the age, selfishness, envy, and discontent, which entirely embitter all enjoyment. Is this selfish desire to enjoy things alone the reason why people are beginning to visit the Swiss mountains in the winter as well as in the summer? Nay, it is probably only from a wish to see them under different aspects. Those who have visited the Rigi on a clear frosty-day in winter, when all the world around is slumbering beneath the quiet snow, speak with astonishment of the rapture and wonder excited by the startling novelty of the scene—a scene which those who come only in the summer, and are accustomed to see nothing but blue skies, golden corn-fields, and emerald meadows bedecked with flowers, cannot have any idea of.



FROM
BASEL
TO
THE BERNESE
OBERLAND.

RHEINE

"There, at thy post upon the Rhine,
A faithful giant thou dost stand,
And, keeping brave and watchful guard,
Thou lookest forth o'er all the land.
But thou art more than giant true,
And, faithful though thy watch and ward,
Thou art a workman and canst wield
The hammer too, as well as sword.

And more than this, a merchant proud,
Thy goods float Rhine-borne to the sea;
But with thy wealth a true Swiss house,
Of wood and stone, thou buildest thee.
For thou art German through and through,
Thou golden Bâle, and thou dost stand,
With cold looks for all foreign fry,
Keeping proud watch o'er all the land."

FROM BASEL TO BERN.



ASEL? Oh, don't let us have anything to do with Basel! It is the dullest town upon the face of the earth!"

That is one side of the question; but, on the other hand, all through our Swiss tour, wherever we have been, even in the most remote little mountain inn, we have been accompanied by the sweetest possible souvenirs of Basel, which have regularly appeared towards the end of dinner in the shape of sweetmeats. If you ask Swiss boys or girls, "What is the town of Basel famous for?" a sugary smile will overspread their faces, and, with a finger in their mouths, they will whisper bashfully, "You mean Basel sweetstuff!"

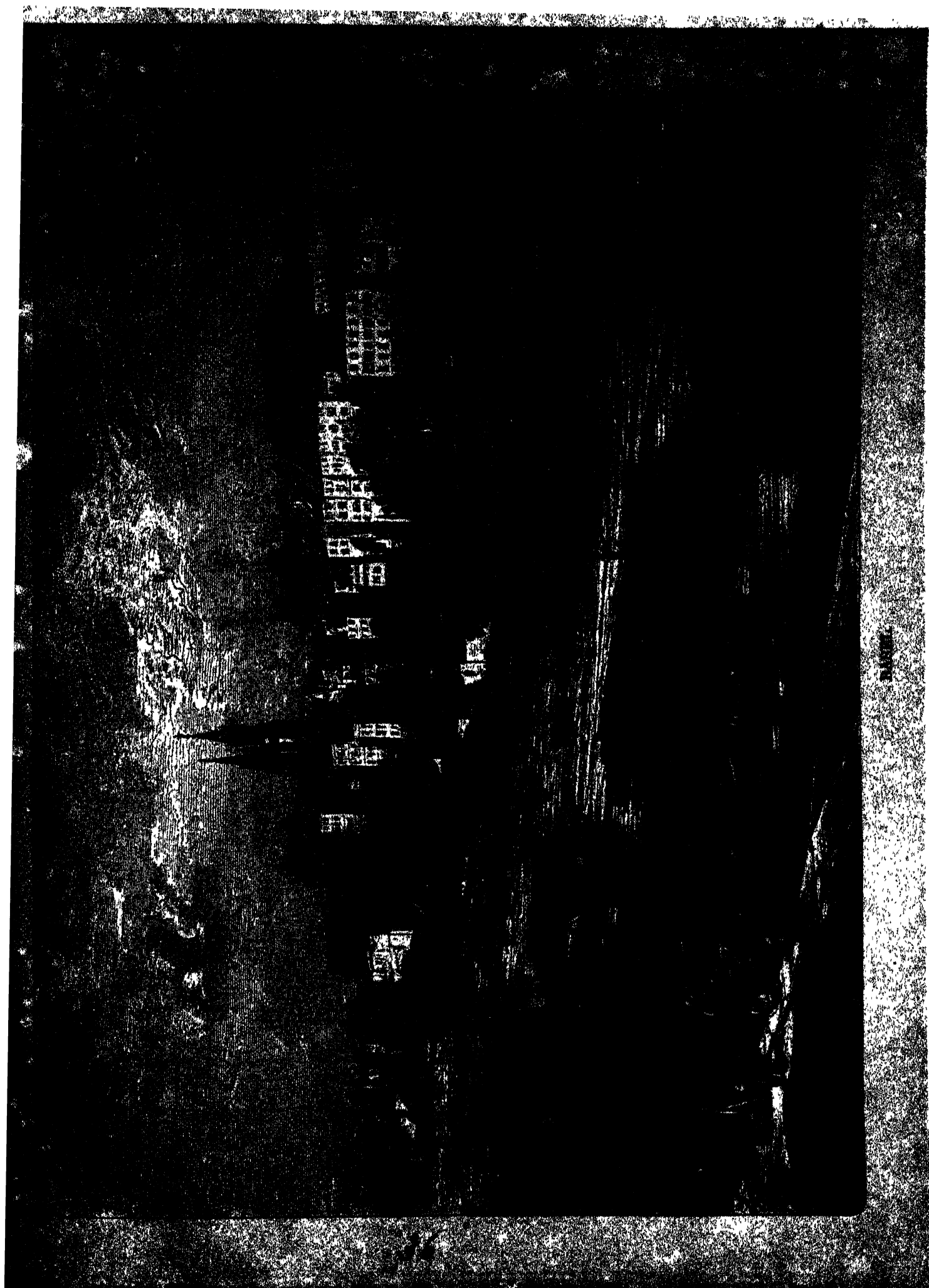
If any one, wishing to know more, should turn over the pages of the little school geography which he may see peeping out of any boy's pocket, he will there read that "Basel stands on the Rhine, has forty-four thousand inhabitants, is one of the most important manufacturing and commercial towns in Switzerland, and possesses a university and a missionary institute." If this be not enough, we may consult Gutzkow's "Traveller's Impressions," and read therein as follows: "With regard to staying in Swiss towns, I have felt for years past that, with the exception of Zürich, they are endurable only until the next diligence starts. In Basel, you just look at the frescoes in the town-hall, stroll for half an hour through the weather-beaten sandstone cloisters of the cathedral, pay a visit to the dépôt for tracts and missionary publications, and then take your departure." That is all the information we get about Basel, and it certainly does not tend to make us more anxious to see the town.

We take up another book, and there we read: "Basel is a flourishing commercial town; but it does not bestow its attention upon trade alone. It has been for ages past the home of art and science. In 1859, the University of Basel kept a jubilee in honour of the four hundredth year of its existence, and the town has good right to be proud of the fête then held; for the many visitors from other parts of Switzerland, and from all the German universities, went away delighted with the handsome and liberal manner in which they had been entertained. Strangers also were much impressed by the devotion displayed by the little republic, and the service it was capable of rendering to the cause of science."

Visitors at the present day will not only confirm what is here said as to the town's liberal hospitality, but will find a good deal more to challenge both their admiration and their deepest respect. They will find a town which has been raised to its present position not by royal favour and protection, but solely by its own exertions—a town entirely worthy of this energetic century, and full of vigour, wealth, freedom, and genuine patriotism.

Basel on the Rhine is an interesting and beautiful, and also a prosperous town; and, but for Zürich—which is, however, a place of totally different character—it would rank as the first town in Switzerland. But, in any case, Basel is the principal commercial town in Switzerland, and the wealthiest.

In all its features Basel reminds one of a well-to-do merchant of the good old type; one whose face wears an expression of business-like gravity, and yet reflects the cheerful consciousness that his house stands upon a good foundation, and that all his affairs are in the most perfect order; one, too, who possesses a fund of original humour, which, though it may lie dormant on working days, will break out at



the right time, to the delight and merriment of his household. In general, he is very careful to avoid all luxury ; but when there is fitting occasion he will be as well and handsomely dressed as any one. Such,



BASEL MINSTER.

then, is Basel ; serious in all matters of business, but otherwise a mirthful town, and one, too, with a strongly-marked republican character, in spite of the sixteenth-century writer, who remarks of Basel, or Basilia, as it was anciently called, "the name is Greek, and means that the town is royalist."

An advantageous situation and good fortune have also contributed their share towards raising Basel to its present position. Standing in an angle on the frontiers of Switzerland, France, and Germany, close to the spot where the Rhine first becomes navigable, and, turning decidedly northwards, affords the town every facility for extending her trade in this direction, the "Golden Gate of Helvetia," as it is called, is surrounded by a wide and fertile plain which stretches along both banks of the river, and occupies the space between the Jura, the Black Forest, and the Vosges. Then, too, the railways for all the places in East and West Switzerland, the Alsace-Lorraine lines, which are the chief means of communication with Paris and the north of France, as well as the Baden lines which place the town in direct communication with the towns of Germany—all converge in Basel. About thirty years ago steamboats used to run to Strasburg, Mannheim, and Mayence; and though these have been quite superseded by the railways, the town owes much to the river, which in former times was of still greater advantage to her. In those days both passengers and merchandise travelled by way of the Rhine, and the river still brings extremely distinguished guests to the Basel banquets, in the shape of splendid salmon, which are far more famous than their cousins in the Elbe and Oder. The fish come up the river in shoals in the month of May; and,



THE RHINE ABOVE BASEL.

when they get beyond the town, before they can pass the Laufenburg rapids, they fall a prey to the nets and traps of the Rhine fisherman; and, in fact, they form the most valuable gift the river-god has to bestow.

The Rhine divides Basel into Great and Little Basel, as the Limmat divides Zürich; and formerly, as was also the case with the latter town, the division had its political significance, for the Rhine formed the boundary between the bishoprics of Basel and Constance, and it was to the latter that Little or Lesser Basel belonged; indeed, the Church of St. Clara, which we pass on crossing the bridge over the Rhine on our way to the Baden Railway Station, belonged to the diocese of Constance even so lately as 1828, when the new bishopric of Basel was created. Little Basel was but a village in ancient days, but about 1260 it fortified itself with walls and gates and became a town, and in 1285 it received its freedom and municipal rights from the Emperor Rudolf, and it was not until 1392 that Great Basel gained possession of the suburb-like town on the right bank, by the payment of certain sums of money to the bishops and the dukes of Austria. The right bank of the river is quite level here, whereas the left, which is covered with houses quite down to the water's edge, slopes upwards to a height of eighty or a hundred feet above the

river. Few changes or additions have been made on either bank ; and, as seen from the river, Basel looks like a well-fortified Mediæval town, with its stone walls guarding the sloping hills, and the grand Minster crowning the whole like a castle or stronghold. It is not likely that there will ever be many changes in the part of the town which fronts the river ; and the houses from the suburb of St. John to the suburb



THE SPAULENTHOR AND HOLBEIN'S TOUNTAIN, BASEL.

of St. Alban look just as they always have done, black and ancient, and jostled together in most irregular fashion.

Such is the old, original Basel, the nucleus of the present town. The young, modern Basel overleapt the narrow limits of the fortifications and overflowed through the gates ; and, even while the ramparts were still standing, spread itself over the country in the direction of Birsfeld, St. Jacob, Gundeldingen, and other places in the south, east, and west. It has long since passed the old boundaries, for the great semicircle of ditches and ramparts now lies in the middle of the town—or, rather, what was once its site does, for nothing but the old names remain to show where it was ; and it is just the same with the gates, none of

which, not even the strong gate called the Spahlenthor, was strong enough to resist the pressure from within. The younger generation of buildings passed it by, and it remains a hoary monument of by-gone days, standing amid the broad new streets, well-kept pleasure grounds, modern villas, and tidy, cheerful villa residences, which go to make up the new Basel. The inhabitants have great things in contemplation, and there is no doubt they will accomplish them easily and well—easily, because their purses are well-filled; and well, because they are fortunately endowed with good taste.

The town will have to grow larger yet! Its further extension is imperatively demanded by the growth of the population, which from being sixteen thousand at the beginning of the seventeenth century, has now risen to nearly forty-five thousand; indeed, the old tree seems to have blossomed twice, for there is a tradition that the population of Basel amounted to nearly forty thousand once before, namely, at the time of the Great Council, when its material power was at its height, and it was often able to send five thousand men into the field. But the town always went to work in a very discreet, careful, accom-



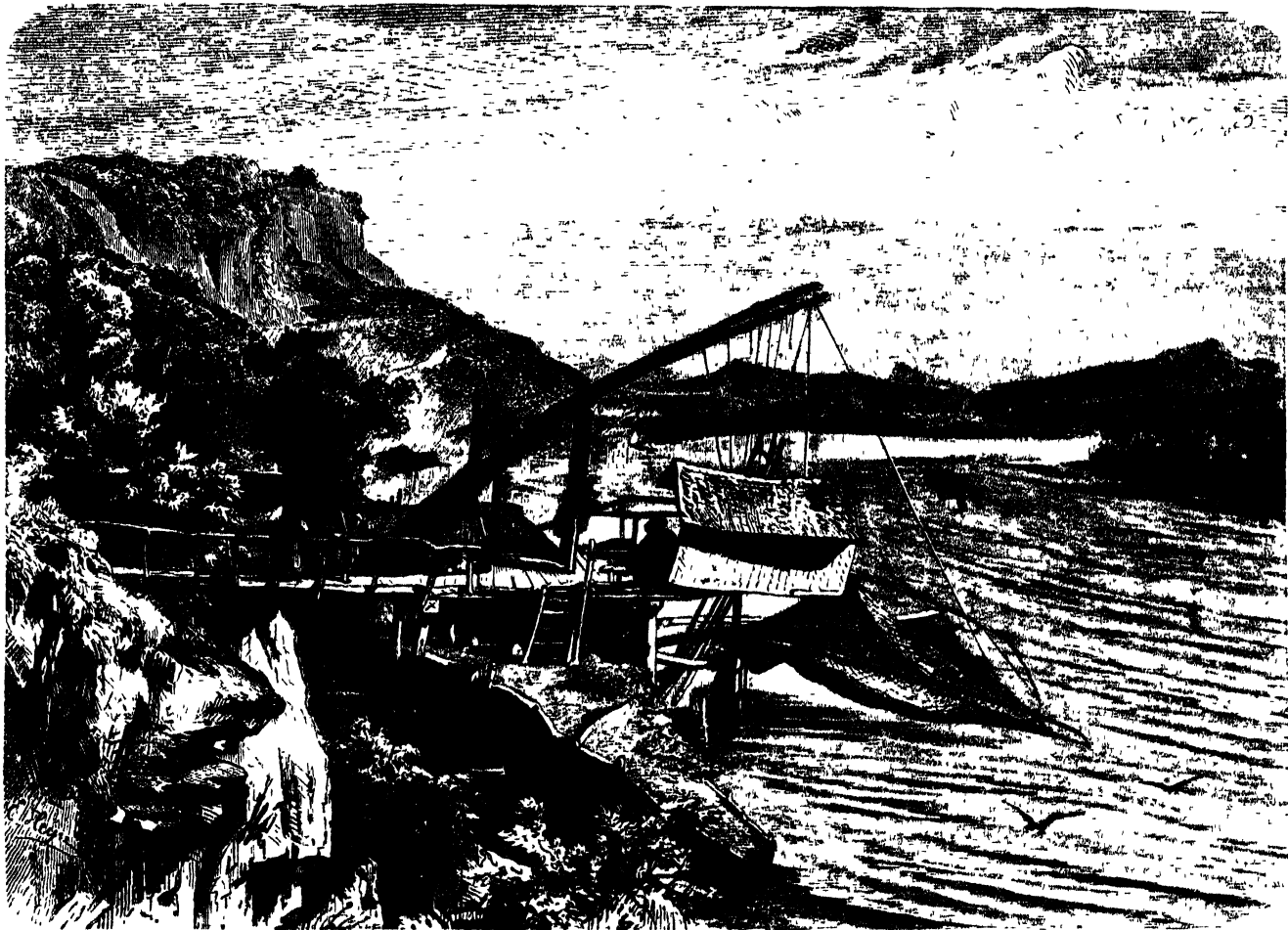
OLTEN.

modating way, and gained more by means of its money and calm negotiations than it did by the sword. It was an imperial free town in those days. Then came the time when it vacillated between allegiance to Austria and the League of the Confederates, followed by its joining the Confederacy, in which it took the ninth place; then came the Reformation, and then Basel renewed its youth and its second spring began.

But with all their love of progress, the people show themselves true and thoroughbred descendants of their forefathers the Alemanni, although France and the French language have advanced close up to their very walls. In the course of the grand ferment which took place among the nations in the fifth century, the Alemanni, who dwelt about the Black Forest, succeeded the Romans in Basel as well as in the rest of Helvetia. Very few of the Roman colonists were spared, and the Latin language, as well as what was left of the Keltic and Rhoetian, perished equally, and the dialect of German spoken by the Alemanni was to be heard not only throughout almost the whole of Switzerland, but even beyond Basel and as far as Alsace.

Hebel's poems reproduce this dialect pretty nearly, but he has somewhat idealized it; and, moreover, it makes a great difference whether one hears his verses read by a Hanoverian or a native of Basel: as pronounced by the latter the dialect is rough, hard, harsh, and broad, and it would be the grossest flattery to say it sounds pretty, though it is somewhat better than what one hears spoken among the Jura in the Canton of Aargau.

But, it must be confessed, the people are deserving of all honour for not merely using, but taking a sort of pride in, their own broad dialect, which they all do, rich and poor, high and low, in preference to dallying with the language of their French neighbours. Every educated person in Basel of course speaks French, and even the half-educated understand it, if they do no more, but it has never become the



CATCHING SALMON BETWEEN BASEL AND RHEINFELDEN.

dominant language—a fact which speaks well for the sound sense of the people; who, moreover, have never suffered the aristocratic element to get the upper hand within their walls, and for nearly five hundred years preferred being ruled by their guilds and corporations rather than by the nobles. But we shall best learn the character of the population by a glance at the history of the town, which is well worth a few moments' attention. Ancient Basel was an offshoot of Colonia Rauracorum, which was founded, *b.c.* 50, by the Roman general, L. Munatius Plancus, and about two hundred years later was honoured with the title of *Augusta*. It was reduced to ruins by the Alemanni, and was completely destroyed by the hordes of Attila. Its site is now occupied by the modern village of Augst, which stands in an angle formed by the Rhine and the small river Ergolz, about seven miles from Basel, where some remains of the Roman city are still to be

seen. Basilia, a small and very unpretending place, which the common people are said to have called Robur, was also originally a Roman outpost on the Rhine. Little is known of its early history, and but little of the time when the district passed under the dominion of the Franks. One thing, however, is certain, namely, that of the town as it was before the year 900 nothing remained, for the Huns burnt it down and destroyed it utterly in A.D. 918.

A new town was built by the year 1004 and was taken under the protection of the Germans, whose king, Heinrich II., greatly befriended it. He entirely rebuilt the Cathedral, and was present at its consecration in 1019. On Heinrich's death the succession was disputed by his son Heinrich, Conrad II. of Franconia, and Rudolf III. of Burgundy; and there is a house in Basel whose name still serves to remind



OLD TOWN-GATE, SOLOTHURN.

the passer-by of the visit paid to the town by the three kings on the conclusion of peace. The humble little inn in which they are said to have met is now a magnificent, first-class hotel, well known to European fame as the Hôtel des Trois Rois. It is a large, handsome building, and stands well on the bank of the river, just below the Rhine bridge. Kings and emperors had to put up with very scant accommodation in those days; whereas now, in the spacious, luxurious apartments owned by Herr Flück, they might give sumptuous banquets and hold conferences without the slightest inconvenience. But kings and emperors were soon superseded in importance, so far as Basel was concerned, by the bishop, who, after the tenth century, became a temporal lord instead of a guardian of the Church. He received the rents, and had control of the customs, tolls, coinage, weights and measures, and the administration of justice, and was in

fact the secular ruler of the city. The arms of Basel date from this period of her history, and represent a red pastoral staff.

By degrees a good many handicrafts took root in the town, and when, in the thirteenth century, the various trades formed themselves into guilds, they formed a very wholesome counterpoise to the bishop's influence, and soon outweighed it altogether. But many a hard struggle had to be gone through before this result was arrived at, and at one time the aristocratic party was divided against itself. The nobles were split up into two camps, called respectively the "Stars" and the "Parrots;" the former of whom sought help chiefly from the Count of Habsburg, who was fond of taking part in squabbles, while the latter called in the Count of Neuenburg and others.

Count Rudolf did the town a great deal of mischief, and, though the bishop bought him off, Rudolf came back with a military force composed of the men of Zürich, Schwyz, and Unterwalden. This was in 1273, and negotiations were just beginning when the news arrived that Rudolf had been elected emperor. Then there was a general shaking of hands all round; Basel at once opened her gates to the new sovereign, and received both him and his consort with grand festal demonstrations, and a lasting peace was concluded.

The inn at which Rudolf lodged on this occasion was the Sidenhoff, which is still standing and still bears the same name. A statue was erected in the courtyard in memory of the emperor's visit. There is a little anecdote told of those times, which gives a good insight into the character and condition of the townspeople. On one occasion when Rudolf stopped for refreshment at the house of a tanner, a sumptuous repast was served up to him; the plates, dishes, and goblets were all of gold and silver, and the tanner's wife made her appearance most richly apparelled.

"Why do you go on toiling so hard, if you are able to live in such grand style?" asked the emperor, lightly.

To which the master replied, "O King! is it not the toil which enables us to do so?"

And this answer just speaks the mind of the Basel people at the present day. It was toil that enabled them to resist the encroachments alike of overbearing nobles and lazy ecclesiastics, toil helped the democrats to get the upper hand, and toil did more than the best physician to heal the gaping wounds caused by the Black Death (which carried off nearly fourteen thousand persons), and the great earthquake of 1356.



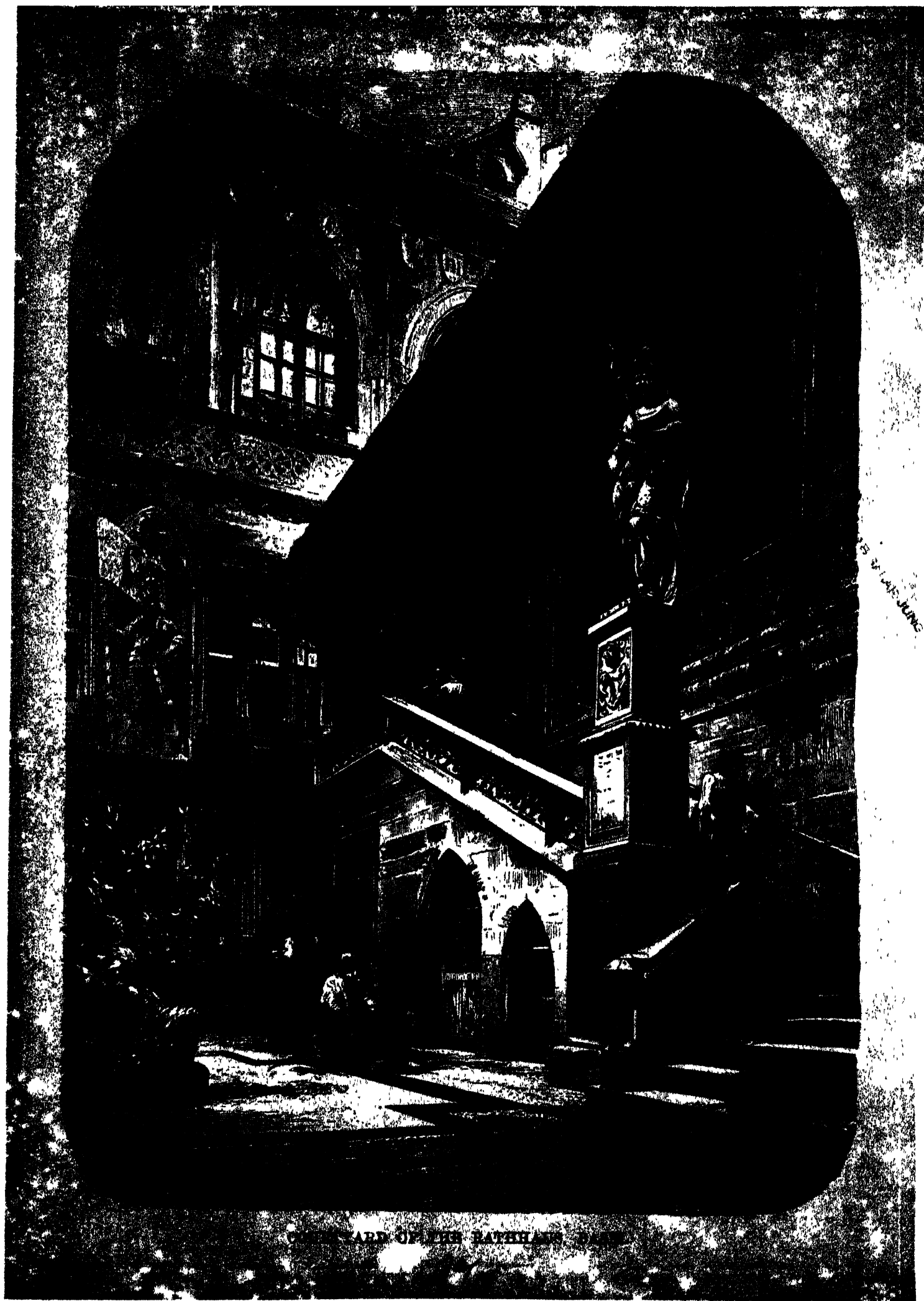
MILK SELLER, SOLOTHURN.

which laid the whole of the southern quarter of the town in ruins. In this latter catastrophe, which was aggravated by fire, churches, castles, and all the loftier buildings were utterly ruined, and the beautiful old cathedral became a perfect wreck, for the upper part of the choir, the high altar, and the walls of the nave fell in. But the town arose phoenix-like from the ashes; and more than this, for it now became a well-fortified place, and was encircled by fifty towers. Fortifications were indeed highly necessary, for the times were evil. The Austrian robber-knights in their insolent-looking castles, the arrogant dukes of Austria, the emperor, the bishop, who was ill-disposed towards the citizens, and the chapter of the cathedral, who were friends of Austria—these, together with the French and Burgundians, all threatened the town with vengeance or ruin, and Basel was obliged to look round her for allies. Unfortunately the alliance which seemed most natural under the circumstances, namely, that with the Swiss Confederates, was not concluded until fifty years later, after the terrible battle of St. Jacob. This battle is justly called the Swiss Thermopylæ, for, of the little band of one thousand three hundred Confederates, only about a dozen escaped; the rest died the death of heroes, after slaying nearly five thousand of the enemy—"for," says old Tschudi, "there was not one who did not avenge his death fivefold. The struggle lasted the whole day, and the enemy had hard work to accomplish the destruction of so many brave and sturdy Confederates."

This battle was fought with an army of some forty thousand men, consisting of Englishmen and unruly Armagnacs, who were under the command of the French Dauphin, the son of Charles VII. The Confederates in their fool-hardiness imprudently advanced too far; and though, in spite of all odds, a victory was within the bounds of possibility, a defeat followed, bringing all the usual bad consequences in its train. All this generous blood was shed to no purpose, and Basel was even threatened with the prospect of becoming a French town; but still the battle had one good result, since it showed all the world that the Confederates were not to be surpassed in valour by any other army in Europe. The monument which we see standing outside the gate called the Aeschenthor, though it does not commemorate a victory, is still an honourable memorial, and represents the ten cantons which took part in the fight as receiving a wreath of laurel from the hands of the mighty Helvetia. The road leads hence to St. Jacob, where many of the slain were buried, and for this reason the red wine produced by the district is called Schweizerblut, "Swiss blood." The one bright spot in the history of these sad times, is the founding of the University of Basel in 1459, which owed its existence chiefly to the Church Council and the impetus thereby given to learning. It had the advantage from the commencement of very able professors, such as Geiler von Kaisersberg, the famous pulpit-orator John Wessel, called *Lux mundi* and *Magister contradictionum*, Sebastian Brand, and Reuchlin, and also derived great support from the particularly flourishing printing press established in the town. The University became a municipal institution in 1832, and since then has been maintained by the citizens at great cost, for in no town is the union of a love of learning with devotion to commerce so strikingly conspicuous as in Basel.

Early in the sixteenth century Basel received a great accession of strength, both material and moral, the former through her entrance into the Confederacy, which took place in 1501, the latter through her acceptance of the doctrines of the Reformers. Thenceforward Basel altered greatly, and much to her own advantage, for she became the shining light of her generation.

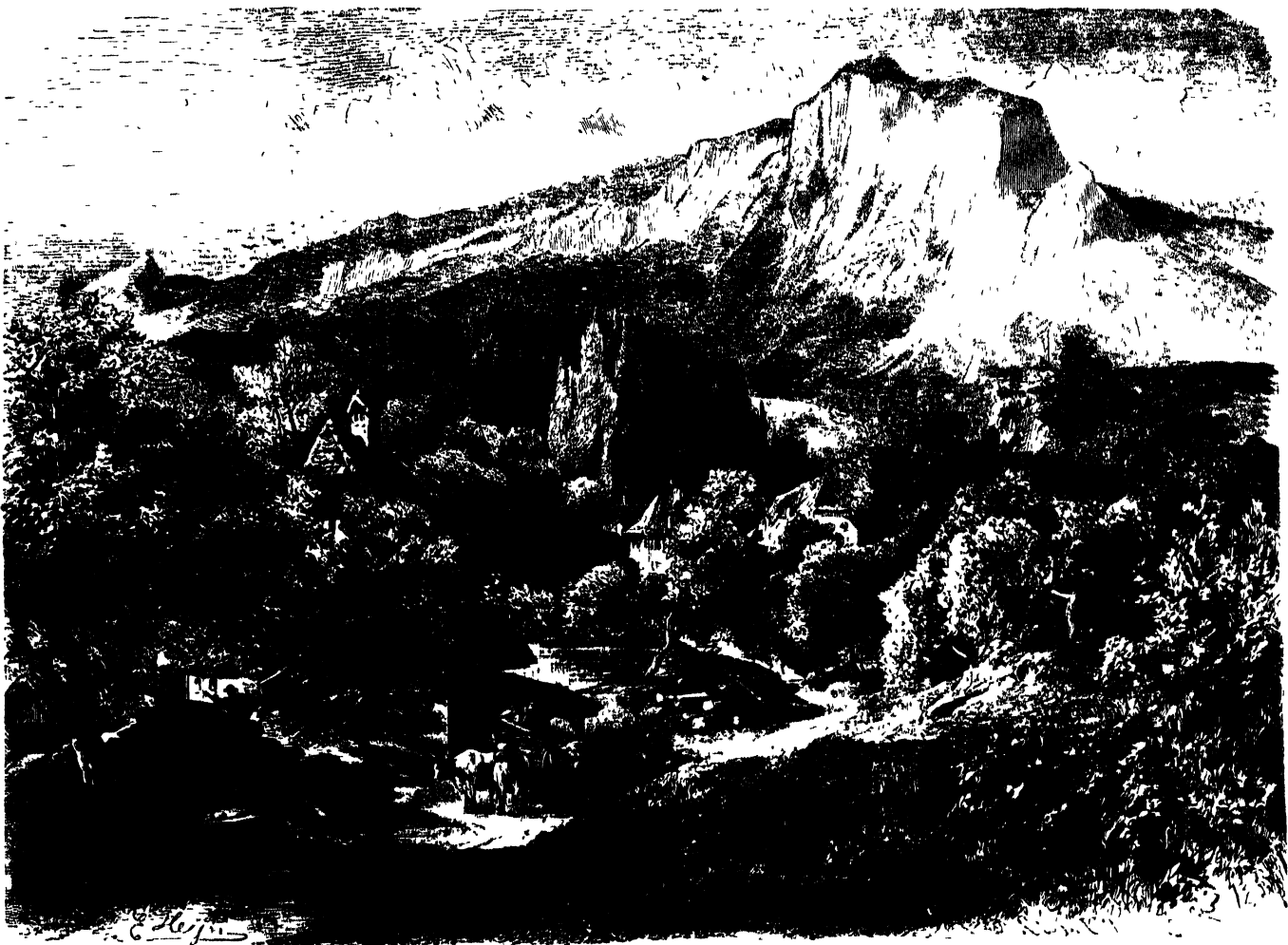
The most prominent genius of the time was Desiderius Erasmus of Rotterdam, who came to Basel in 1513, and gathered around him a set of distinguished scientific men.



TOURNAI JUNG RANCOUR

COURTARD OF THE BATHHOUSE

But Art, too, was highly cherished in Basel, and her citizens take a proud delight in mentioning the name of Holbein, whose great fame has been a valuable legacy to the town. Hans Holbein the Elder had been summoned to Basel on the occasion of the building of the new town-hall, and settled there with his family in 1507. His son, who is known to all the world as Hans Holbein the Younger, worked in Basel till 1526, when he came to England, and all hope of the establishment of a Basel School of Painting under his superintendence fell to the ground. But still Basel need not complain, for her museum contains more of the master's works, both paintings and sketches, than any other in Europe. Every one knows, by reputation at least, the famous "Passion of Christ," the "Family Group" representing the artist's wife and



ATTISHOLZBAD, NEAR SOLOTHURN.

children, the "Last Supper," the "Dead Christ," and the portraits of Bonifacius Amerbach, Froben, and Erasmus, all of which, besides many others, are to be seen in the Basel Museum, and form a collection for which the town is much envied.

One of the fountains in the town, too, bears the name of Holbein, and represents a piper playing to a group of dancing peasants. It is said to be from designs of Holbein the Younger, and stands in the Spahlen suburb. Close by is the venerable relic of the past known as the Spahlenthor, or St. Paul's Gate, which is the most interesting of all the seven gates, and is in the style of the fourteenth century. The structure consists of a square tower with a pointed, hipped roof, flanked by a round tower on each

side. There are three figures above the archway representing the Blessed Virgin and two apostles, which escaped the iconoclasts of 1529. The gate, like the rest of the fortifications, has ceased to be of any use; but, though it has withdrawn into private life, it has been restored and is preserved as a memorial of ancient times. Nor is it, happily, the sole surviving relic of the past, for there are several interesting buildings and portions of buildings scattered about the town, chief among which is the Rathhaus, or town-hall. The oldest parts of this edifice belong to the fourteenth century, but at a later period an adjoining



ON THE WEISSENSTEIN.

building was incorporated with it, and then the whole was rebuilt and so patched at different times, that it has no very decided character, though the style is more Burgundian-Gothic than anything else. The last restoration took place some fifty years ago. The frescoes on the exterior and in the courtyard are not worth anything; but, taken as a whole, the building, with its open-air staircase leading up to the interesting rooms on the first floor, looks thoroughly Mediæval.

At the foot of the stairs is a statue of the Roman general already mentioned, Munatius Plancus, the

founder of Augusta Rauracorum: it was executed some three hundred years ago, by the sculptor Hans Michel. There are many other interesting buildings to be seen, and there is no difficulty in filling up the time "till the next diligence starts;" and those who can manage to spend a few days in Basel are sure to become attached to it.

Our chief attention, however, is due to the cathedral, a venerable, well-proportioned edifice of red sandstone, with two towers more than a couple of hundred feet high, dedicated respectively to St. George and St. Martin. It stands well on the highest ground in the town, and commands an extensive view over the surrounding country. In its present shape it has existed only since 1500. Before that time it was a low, narrow building in the Romanesque style; but now it is Gothic, and thoroughly German in character, in spite of the many alterations and disfigurements perpetrated at different times and by different hands. The interior has been much improved since 1873, by the removal of the worthless additions made to it, and now its quiet grandeur and pure beauty challenge the admiration of all who understand and appreciate old German art. The exterior is less handsome than that of other cathedrals, owing to the hasty way in which it was rebuilt after the earthquake. The front entrance is adorned with half-columns, foliated arches, figures of saints and kings, figures under canopies, the statues of the first founder, the Emperor Heinrich, and his wife; while at the foot of the towers, on either side the portal, stand equestrian statues of St. Martin and St. George: these are all of the fourteenth century. The north entrance, called the Portal of St. Gallus, is especially rich in quaint sculptures, the subjects of which are chiefly taken from the New Testament, and represent Christ, the Evangelists, the Wise and Foolish Virgins, &c. These are said to be the work of sculptors of the twelfth century.

In executing the mouldings of the east gallery, the sculptor, whoever he was, seems to have indulged to the utmost the taste for grotesque symbolical figures, which was so eminently characteristic of the Middle Ages. Passing on, we come to the cloisters which surround the old churchyard, in which many a distinguished Basel citizen lies buried. The cathedral, however, ought to have a chapter to itself, for there is a great deal in it which is worthy of our notice; and besides the cathedral there are museums, libraries, and other treasures, all waiting for their share of attention. Meantime the summer is passing rapidly, and we have still much ground to travel over; so we bid adieu to Basel, and on our way to Bern we pay a hasty visit to the charming Canton of Solothurn, or Soleure, with its sunny mountain slopes and pleasant old towns, and should feel very much inclined to linger there, if the snowy Alps were not beckoning to us from the distance.

There is nothing to detain us in Olten, which is a busy little town filled from morning to night with the sound of hammers, the roar of machinery, and the rush and rattle of steam-engines. So many lines of railway radiate from Olten that it is constantly in a state of restless bustle, especially in the summer, when thousands of travellers pass through on their way to all the points of the compass. The town stands on the left bank of the Aar, but is spreading rapidly on all sides, and is doing its best to keep up with the requirements of modern times.

Solothurn, the sister-town, is also a stirring place, and, like Basel, is outgrowing the ancient walls which once confined it. Its streets are broad, clean, and handsome; and, with its grand squares, plashing fountains, well-kept gardens, shady avenues, and numerous fine buildings, Solothurn has a comfortable air of prosperity. The grey towers, gates, and battlements which still remain, look like old brocade on a new dress, and serve to remind us of ancient times; but the ramparts have long since

been covered with trees and turned into a promenade for the benefit of the townspeople and their children.

The most ancient relic of the past is the clock-tower, from which, according to some credulous writers, the name of Solothurn is derived. They call the town *Solodurum* or *Solam turrin*, from the isolated position of the tower; whose stones are said to be so firmly cemented together with wine and eggs that it would be a work of great difficulty to demolish it. It is attributed to the Romans; and, whether it was actually built by them or not, it is at least certain that Solothurn and Trier, or Treves, share the honour of being the most ancient towns on this side the Alps. This, one would think, might have satisfied the good people, but apparently it did not, for they had a picture painted in which they, the burghers of Solothurn, were represented as standing upon the walls of their town and looking calmly on while Eve was being fashioned from the rib taken from the side of the sleeping Adam. There are numerous Roman



HOLIDAY COSTUME IN SOLOTHURN.

remains both here and in the surrounding neighbourhood. The pleasant bathing establishment of Attisholz, a very favourite resort of the townspeople, situated in the midst of a wood, is particularly rich in remains of ancient buildings and aqueducts. People talk of there having been temples here dedicated to Apis and Atys, and their sites are even pointed out; but as to who Atys was, and whether he was the same with Adonis, the beloved of Venus, whose *cultus* was introduced here by Heliogabalus, nobody knows, and nobody at the present day very much cares, while he can enjoy such a sunny, smiling, wildly-romantic landscape as that through which the Aar rushes. We might even get a view of the Alps from the hill here; but it will be better to go on to the Weissenstein, or White Rock, which, next to the Hasenmatt, is the most lofty elevation of the Eastern Jura, on the slopes of which Solothurn is situated. The Weissenstein is four thousand,

the Hasenmatt four thousand one hundred feet high; and on the brow of the former is situated the hotel and bath-house, an establishment famous not only for its wonderful view, but for the good effects produced upon invalids by its pure air and the *cure de petit lait*, or course of goats' whey, which is recommended in certain complaints. The Weissenstein would be a worthy rival of the Rigi if it had an equal reputation, for there is a very extensive view of the Alps to be seen from the windows of the hotel. The whole grand chain of snowy peaks may be seen spread out along the horizon, stretching without break from east to

west, and comprehending the Säntis, Mont Blanc, and Mont Salève ; but, besides this distant view, there is one nearer and equally charming, over a wide extent of country diversified by villages, towns, rivers, roads, mountains, castles, and towers.

The Weissenstein ought to make more noise in the world ; but, perhaps, like its neighbours of Solothurn, it is too quiet and modest. It might not be a bad advertisement of its attractions, if it were to commission one of the pretty girls of the canton to put on her gay holiday costume, not forgetting the red ribbon in her fair hair, and to go out into the world, carrying with her a bouquet of fresh flowers gathered on the summit of the mountain.



BERNESE TERRITORY.

"Grand the distant view before us,
 From the grey old Minster here ;
 At our feet the proud bright waters
 Of the Aar flow broad and clear.
 And far off, in purest radiance,
 Rise the Alps with silver crown,
 Where, 'mid snow and ice, the river
 Springs, then leaps and rushes down.
 Hitherward she flows with tribute
 Brought from torrent, lake, and stream,
 And, in accents fresh and joyous,
 Makes the Oberland her theme."

THE TOWN OF BERN.



IGH among glittering peaks of ice, far beyond the Schreckhorn, Wetterhorn, and Wellhorn, amid the lonely mountains of the Grimsel Pass, stands the silver cradle of the Aar, flanked on either side by the enormous glaciers of the Upper and Lower Aar. The stream no sooner issues forth from its retreat than it begins, like a young giant, to play with huge blocks of stone, and to roll them along before it in its course. Then it rushes into the savage, rocky wilderness of the Grimsel Pass, and, like a true-born child of the Alps, leaps madly down the first precipice it meets with, in all the pride of its youthful strength. These Falls of the Aar, or Falls of Haudeck, as they are called, are close to the chalet of Haudeck, which is surrounded by a dark forest of fir-trees, and right and left of the cataract stand the Gehmenhorn, the Aelplistock, Theralplistock, and other heights which overlook the wildly romantic valley of Oberhaslithal. One leap after another brings the Aar, "foaming and rushing," down into the pleasant region of Guttannen. Short as its course has been, it has made a descent of two thousand feet, and now it begins to look round for companions, who speedily come from all quarters, with a noise of tinkling and singing as they issue forth from beneath the glaciers, and join their waters with those of the Aar.

Yonder is the pleasing valley of Meiringen, and down the great Scheidegg leaps the torrent of the Reichenbach, while the Alpbach,



A BERNESE PEASANT-GIRL.

another mountain torrent, rushes down from the Hasleberg. After receiving these two tributaries, the

Aar, which has now become a river of importance, leaves the Haslethal, in which its early life was spent, and enters upon the beautiful tract of country known as the Aarthal, or valley of the Aar, which extends beyond Bern, and is so named in honour of the river. It has to pass through two lakes on the way, and the discipline to which it is there subjected seems to clear its senses and entirely alter its character. It enters the lovely Lake of Brienz immediately opposite the pleasant little village of the same name, and receives in its arms the merry torrent of the Giessbach, as well as many another little stream. Its course through the lake occupies about three hours, and as it proceeds on its way, the surrounding scenery becomes continually richer and brighter in character. On emerging from the lake it goes lazily on past Interlaken and Untersee'n, with their smart, palatial-looking hotels, and then it enters the Lake of Thun, and is joined by fresh companions. The mad, frolicsome river Kander comes down the Kandergrund, accompanied by various streams from the valleys of Engstligenthal and Simmenthal, and from these the Aar receives its last tidings from the great mountains; for, when it has passed by the antiquated village of



FRUIT-MARKET, BERN

Thun, and beneath the walls of the castle of Zähringen, the river proceeds straight to Bern, flowing now between high rocky banks and thick woods, and now through meadows and copses. The railway runs along its right bank, and the Aar has been obliged to accommodate itself to the convenience of man, who has taken upon him to direct its course and prescribe its bounds with a firm hand.

And so at last it reaches Bern, the "Venice of the Alps," where it suddenly resumes its wild impetuosity of character. It begins to hesitate and to struggle, and persistently refuses to go forward. Like a child clinging to its mother's gown, it throws its two arms round the town, and seems to want to turn round and go back. Five times does it twist and turn to the west, six times to the north, and three times to the south and east, thus forming the various promontories of Kirchenfeld, Bremgarten, and Engi, as well as the one upon which the town of Bern is built. But soon after this it is joined by the sister river from Freiburg, the lively Saane, and from the north comes the irresistible voice of old Father Rhine, calling them to meet him at Waldshut, whence he carries them in his strong arms down to the great ocean. And so, farewell to the beautiful Aar! Her career is a blessed one, joyous and joy-giving, and assuredly

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THE OBEL-AAR GLACIER.

right royal, for the whole of the great Bernese Oberland, and all the cantons through which she passes, belong to her, so that she has every right to assume as her badge the "Aar," or eagle of the Alps, the proud bird which appears in the armorial bearings of many of the towns which stand upon her banks, such as Aarberg, Aarburg, Aarau. This was the royal eagle which collected the materials for the grand nest in the heart of the canton which was once an imperial free town, and is now the capital of the Swiss Confederacy. Bern has the river to thank for her proud position, for it was the Aar which converted the solid sandstone rock upon which the town stands into a promontory, and made it such a peculiarly favourable site for the central stronghold of a growing power.

Where else could Bern be placed to such advantage?

As we look upon the grave old town grouped around the cathedral, looking so resolute and determined, with brown, Mediæval towers rising here and there above the mass of houses, standing on its elevated rocky platform, in the midst of a lovely pastoral landscape, it looks like some esquire in full armour, leaning upon his sword, while he keeps a defiant watch over the herdsmen and peasants at his feet and gazes dreamily at the distant mountains.

Zurich, which is a shining light to the whole Confederacy, has taken the arts and sciences under her especial protection; golden Basel has devoted herself to commerce; and Bern is the heart and core of Switzerland, the stronghold of unity and the trusty defender of the whole country. Bern was born to be a ruler and its citizens were born to be lords.

Though gloomy and defiant-looking when seen from without, the town is pleasant enough within, for she keeps her best and most amiable side for her own people and for visitors, while she presents a rough front to her enemies. Indeed, it would be hard to find another place so thoroughly German in character,



BERN

so homelike, comfortable, and generally pleasant to live in, as this good old town, with its neat, uniform houses, bright flower-trimmed, white-curtained windows, broad, overhanging eaves, and quaint archways belonging to the arcades which run down each side of the street. The arcades are lined with shops and stalls, where business is quietly and unobtrusively carried on every day, and where the weekly market is also held. Then there are the oddly-shaped towers, the plashing fountains adorned with statues, the beautiful Gothic cathedral, and the shady squares, from which one sees not only the familiar green hills opposite, but also a grand and extensive view of the distant Alps. Taking all this into account, it must be admitted both that the old free town keeps up her character, and that former generations understood better how to secure comfort in their domestic architecture than the builders of modern times, who pile five or

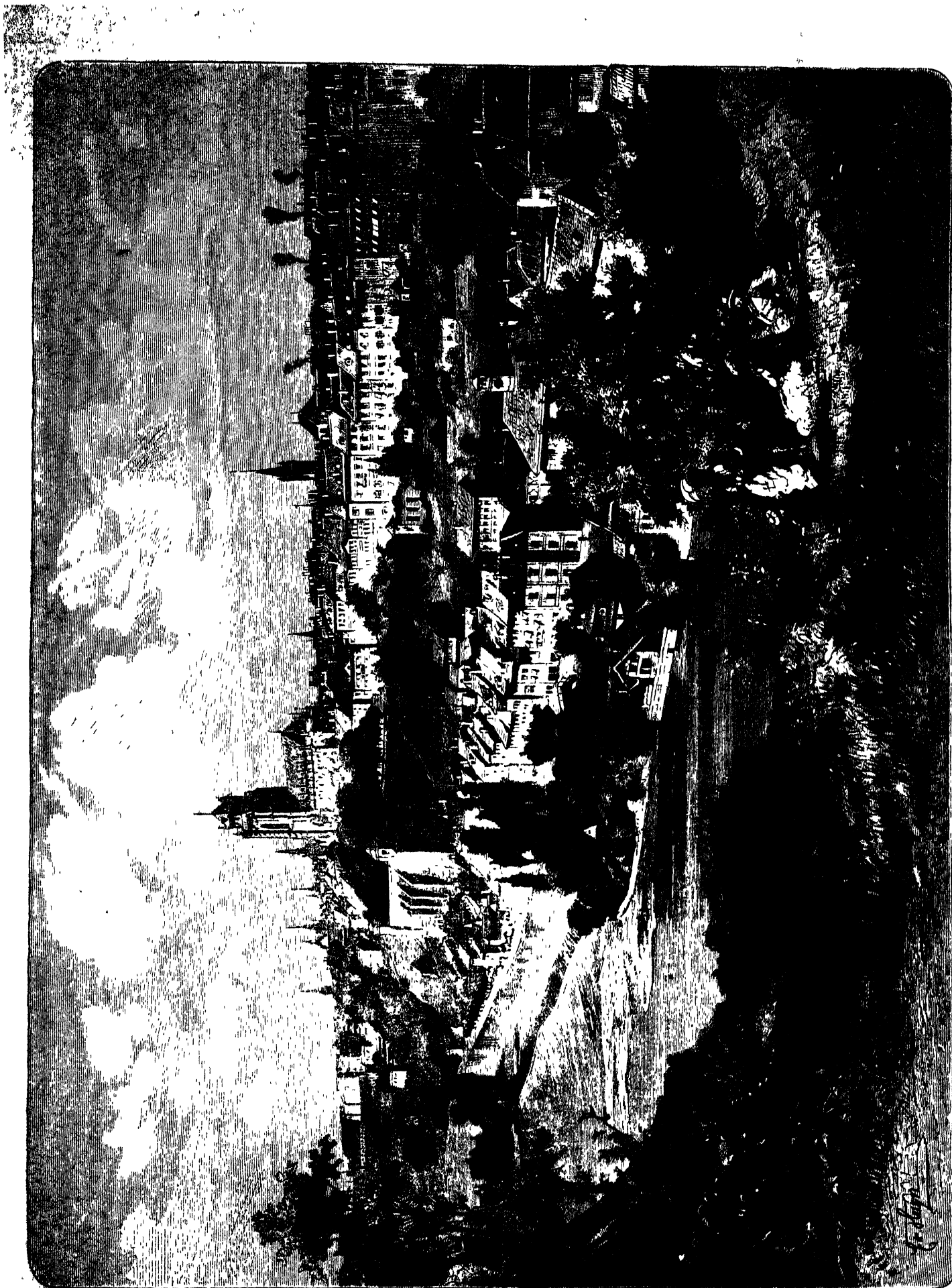


THE ENGI PROMENADE, BERN.

six storeys one on the top of the other, and thereby succeed in producing large, formal-looking masses of brick and mortar which are anything but snug and cozy.

To be sure, there are a good many people who look at Bern with other eyes, and would fain see it consigned to oblivion, in company with the worm-eaten furniture and worn-out rubbish of the past. But happily they are prevented from carrying out their designs by the large number of persons who make a worship of art and beauty; and provided only they be endowed with something of the artistic temperament, people need not be poets and painters by profession in order to appreciate Bern.

Many people think the town monotonous, and declare that the grey, uniform houses and long streets remind them of a large convent and its cloisters; and they even go so far as to say that the regularity of the lines and the want of variety in the buildings are reproduced in the countenances of the inhabitants, which are dull and expressionless. Others again fancy that it has too much the air of a small country town which has grown rich by traffic in cheese and butter, and that its features are all of a stunted, dwarfish character, wherein it much resembles all the natives of Switzerland, who are usually undersized. But even if it be so, if everything in Bern be short, stumpy, and solid, at all events it possesses a distinct



BERN.

character of its own, and a very good sort of character too, which ought to secure some interest for it in these levelling times. Moreover, it is thanks to this very solidity that Bern has been able for the last seven centuries to make her way and hold her own in the face of severe competition; and it was her solidity alone which enabled her to stand in the breach and cope with an emperor, almost before she was out of leading strings. Rudolf certainly had cause to respect young Bern's strength; and his dwarf, noticing how stout and sturdy was the town's demeanour, prophesied that, "sooner or later, she would be mistress over the whole land!" Had she been consumptive and slender-waisted, no doubt she would have been more tractable and submissive, but she would never have come to anything. The people of Bern are very much like their town, and you may read their character in their faces. They are generally hard and wooden-looking, but they also look independent, comfortably contented, proud, and sometimes supercilious. Grace and elegance are by no means characteristic of a Bern citizen, who certainly does not move as if he were treading upon eggs. Indeed, some mischievous people have been heard to declare that, in the course of centuries, he has grown very like the bear, which is the badge of his town; and they assert that it is from a sort of relation-like interest and fellow-feeling that he pays a visit to the Bear's Ditch, near the Nydeck Bridge, at least once a week.



THE KESSLERGASSE, BERN.

Truly the bear of Bern is no empty myth, for wherever a house, fountain, gateway, or monument is erected, Bruin's effigy is sure to make part of the design. Whether the founders of the town floated down

the Aar till they came to the famous wood "Im Sack," near the spot where the river is now spanned by the Unter-Thor Bridge, and whether they were here found and nursed by a she-bear after the fashion of Romulus and Remus, tradition does not say; but one thing is certain, namely, that what the wolf and the Capitoline geese are to Rome, that the noble Bruin, the kindest of all the wild animals of Germany, is to Bern. Rome has fallen, and a single bronze figure is the sole memorial remaining of the celebrated wolf; but if Bern were to fall, every museum in Europe might be stocked with bears from her collection for thousands of years to come, and even the very smallest of them might have a cub at least. The town has spent considerable sums of money in maintaining her bears, and there must surely be some good reason—an historical reason—for this devotion, since an explanation based on the Darwinian theory is altogether inadmissible. Woe to the man who should venture to suggest that there was a noble family named Von Bern in existence before the town was founded, or that the name is derived from a Keltic word signifying "mountain," or from the old German word *Bäre*, a kind of fishing apparatus, which would make the word Bern mean a "fishing village." More mercy would be shown to those who should urge that the founder of the town called it Bern in memory of Verona, which formerly belonged to his family, and is called in German Dietrichsbern; and, in support of this theory, it may be mentioned that Bern used actually sometimes to be called *Verona in montibus*. But none of these theories please the popular mind, which has no fancy for such tedious splitting of straws, and, with true poetical instinct, prefers to fetch its arguments from the misty world of tradition. The people accordingly maintain that Bern is derived from Bear, and in proof of their assertion they will take you to see an old weather-beaten stone which is built into one of the bridges, and bears the following enigmatical inscription:—

E R S T B A E R
H I E F A M.

This stone is said to have stood on the spot where the bear, from which the town took its name, was captured. The story is told by the good old Conrad Justinger, who was recorder of Bern till the end of the fourteenth century, and was commissioned by the town-council to write a chronicle of the past history of Bern and the most remarkable facts relating to the town. In his simple yet stately way he writes as follows:—"How the town was called Bern! There were a great many wild animals in the oak forest, and Duke Berchtold and his councillors determined that the town should be called after the first animal that was caught there; and the first that was caught happened to be a bear, so the town was called Bern; and he gave the burghers a shield and armorial bearings, namely, a black bear on a white field."

The Duke Berchtold here mentioned was the fifth of the name, and belonged to the ancient house of Zähringen, whose ancestral castle in Breisgau has long since fallen into decay, though branches of the family still flourish in Baden. These Dukes von Zähringen were lord-lieutenants of Burgundy on the Swiss side of the Jura, which they governed in the emperor's name; finding, however, considerable difficulty in so doing, for the haughty and powerful nobles of Burgundy hated all German lords, and the latter could do nothing with them without having recourse to the sword. Such being the case, of course they were always in a chronic state of warfare, and Berchtold IV. found it necessary, even in his time, to make Freiburg into a fortified town by way of securing allies. Berchtold V., a very steadfast man, who never overlooked any one or put any one in the wrong place, and protected rich and poor alike from violence,

followed his father's example, and surrounded Burgdorf—a village which had sprung up about the old castle on the mountain—with walls and towers.

The Burgundian nobles, however, continued so troublesome and refractory that it was found needful to have another stronghold as a connecting link between Freiburg and Burgdorf. "So," continues the old chronicle, "he inquired of his huntsman and the master of his huntsmen whether they knew of any good natural stronghold capable of being fortified; and they answered, 'Yes, my lord, there is such a place in the forest, Im Sack, near your Castle of Nydeck; that would make a capital stronghold, for it is almost surrounded by the river Aar.'"

This promontory, at the end of which, on the site of the present Nydeck Church, then stood the Castle of Nydeck, was called Im Sack, and was covered with a dense forest of oak-trees, and here the town of Bern was built. On three sides it was protected by the waters and steep banks of the Aar, and on the fourth by a couple of deep ditches. The site chosen belonged to the empire, and not to any prince or noble; so the town to be built there must necessarily be a free, German, imperial town, independent of everybody, and it was to this circumstance, as well as to the undoubted excellence of the site, that Bern owed her future greatness. Operations were begun in 1191, under the superintendence of

Kuno von Bubenbergh, a noble who was on friendly terms with the Zahringens; and the sound of the axe echoed merrily through the forest, for wood was the chief material used for building purposes in those days.

The duke had intended the town not to extend beyond the street now known as the Kreuzgasse, which would have made it rather small; but Von Bubenbergh, who better understood the matter in hand, and saw farther into the future, continued building up to the ditch, near the spot where the now celebrated clock-tower stands, in a line with the granary and mint. This was the extent of ancient Bern down to 1268,



THE BEARS' DITCH.

when Count Peter of Savoy, the protector of the town, advised that it should be enlarged, and the "New Town" was built as far as the Käfig Thurm, or "cage-tower," a second ditch and wall were added, and, until quite modern times, the houses which form the narrow street now called the Käfigässlein were known as "The Old Wall." A hundred years later further additions were necessary, and the town was carried up to where the Christoffel Tower now stands, and the last wall, with its towers and battlements, was built between the old Aarziele Gate and the Golatten-mattgass Gate.

Bern is not confined within any walls in these days; building goes on merrily in the open country without the gates, and the gloomy ramparts and bastions have been turned into pleasant promenades. But the old burghers were well aware of their town's value and high destiny, and it was this proud conscious-



THE RATHHAUS, BERN.

ness which made them strong. Whether, however, they at all appreciated the sublime scenery which surrounded them is quite another question. Did they take any pleasure in gazing at the glorious Alps far away in the distance? Did they ever refresh their spirits by contemplating the region whence they chiefly derived the healthy blood which coursed through their veins? It is much to be doubted whether they were not too matter-of-fact to do anything of the sort; and, indeed, as we have already remarked, susceptibility to the beauties of nature seems not to have been developed till very late in the world's history. But strangers who visit Bern, even if they find nothing to their taste in the town itself, will hurry to the lofty terrace at the back of the minster, and will gaze with longing hearts at the world of glittering mountains which is thence visible. The Platform, as this terrace with its rows of shady chestnut-trees is called, is a

sublimely beautiful spot, a perfect elysium of delight—for, besides the ordinary view of the Alps, which you may enjoy when the atmosphere is clear at any and every hour of the day, you have such sunrises and sunsets as are hardly to be seen anywhere except from the Rigi or some equally famous height. Creeping out in the very early dawn, we shall probably be able to enjoy the solemn, silent rites which usher in the day undisturbed. The town still lies wrapped in slumber, and at most we shall only meet some early peasant or workman walking along the arcades, with a step which sounds strangely distinct and mysterious in the absence of all other noise. In the surrounding villages and farmyards and in the suburbs, the cocks are beginning to crow as a sign that daybreak is at hand. A cold mist overhangs the river Aar, and the murmur of its busy glacier-born waters is borne up to our ear from the depth below. It is very fresh and cool, and the morning breeze brushes away the dew which falls in large drops from the boughs of the chestnut-trees. There is not a human being to be seen on the Platform, which, by-the-bye, was once a churchyard, and our only companion is a bronze statue of the brave Duke Berchtold. The clocks in the town strike four, and a pale light overspreads the eastern sky; but where the Alps ought to be there is still nothing to be seen but grey mist and dense smoke-like masses of cloud. Then appears a point of light, which shines through the mist like a star and becomes more and more golden every minute; and now the first peak, that of the Finsteraarhorn, becomes visible. The mists divide and roll away, and there appear the dazzling heads of the Monk and Eiger; then the Jungfrau unveils herself in all her morning beauty, and the Silberhorn and Blümlisalp stand revealed.

Something in the scene seems to remind us of the sound of the Alpine horn, making us feel hot and cold, ready both to laugh and to cry, and so full of emotions of all sorts that we can find no words in which to express ourselves, and cannot bear to hear a sound—unless it proceed from the joyous, innocent lips of children. These latter make noise enough, as they play about here under the trees in the evening, accompanied by their maids, who sit gossiping upon the benches; but the sunset-scene is very beautiful notwithstanding, and those who are so fortunate as to have been born on a Sunday may even be able to see the famous Alpine glow. Without this, however, the view of the Alps on calm summer evenings can never be anything else but sublimely beautiful, and there is nothing to spoil or disturb our impressions as we wend our way homewards through the quiet old town.

Another evening we may vary our walk by going to the Engi Terrace, outside the Aarberg Gate. This is a much less secluded spot than the Platform, for it is a very favourite resort, and as it is provided with a restaurant, colonnades, tables and benches, the scene which goes on here under the spreading trees in summer evenings is a very lively one. With Reichenbach beer, good coffee, and seed cakes, some people will find the sunset view of the Alps doubly enjoyable. The great Bremgarten Wood begins close by here.

Many people, however, consider that both the Platform and the Engi Terrace are surpassed by the Schänzli, or Bastion, on the right bank of the Aar, to the north of the town, whence you have a good view of Bern as well as of the distant prospect. This, however, is a matter of taste, and it is fortunate that there is so much to choose from that every one can please himself; and, while one watches the Alpine glow from the Schänzli, another will descend into the cellar of the old corn-house or granary, which is not without a certain poetry of its own, though of a different kind. It stands on the site formerly occupied by the ditch in which the zoological collection used to be kept, and contains many a row of grand old casks, all filled with noble wine. Take but a draught of this generous beverage, and you will instantly see

everything through rose-coloured spectacles, and even the "Black District" of grey old Bern will seem to be suffused with an Alpine glow. It should be remarked that the town is divided into five districts, which are called Yellow, White, Green, Red, and Black respectively, according to the colour of the numbers on the houses. In each of these there is a perfect labyrinth of streets and alleys, all more or less interesting and picturesque, though their nomenclature is so exceedingly curious that one is often puzzled to attach any meaning to the names by which they are known.

But Bern contains a good many other antiquities, besides its streets, which are well worthy of notice. Chief among these is the Rathhaus, or town-hall, a truly ancient, but stumpy and heavy-looking building, something like a castle, which formerly regulated all the thoughts and opinions of the town. The staircase, sculptures, rooms, and some of the pictures recall to our minds the date at which it was founded,



THE NYDECK BRIDGE, BERN.

namely, about the year 1416. Till 1798 its vaults contained considerable treasure belonging to the State; but this was soon smelt out by the Corsican robber, who wanted it, and indeed used it, for his wild expedition into Egypt. Everything that was not clinched and rivetted in its place was carried off to Paris; and even the poor bears, the town's living badges, shared the same fate. These latter were transported to the Jardin des Plantes, where they led a melancholy existence, mocked and jeered at by everybody. According to one account their miserable state of exile was soon ended by death; but, according to another, they became extremely popular and were treated with great honour, and this is said to have been especially the case with one named "Martin," whose descent could be traced in a direct line from the pair of bears presented to the town of Bern, in the fifteenth century, by the fugitive René, Duke of Lorraine. The bears' pit or ditch was left as empty and desolate as the Rathhaus treasury; spiders



BERN MINSTER, WITH THE MONUMENT OF RUDOLF VON ERLACH.

adorned it with their webs, and the walls re-echoed with the derisive laughter of the French. A certain French employé, seeing one of the townswomen look sadly into the deserted bear-garden one day, is said to have had the insolent audacity to beg her "not to grieve over the loss of her pets, as there were plenty of bears still left in her beloved Bern!"

The woman gave him a pretty sharp answer for his impudence, however, saying, "Nay, sir, no bears, but a good many wild beasts of other kinds!" and the shot went straight to the mark. The Frenchman appreciated its meaning perfectly, and turned away muttering, "*Où ça va*, it is fortunate for you that you are not a man."

The bears were replaced in course of time, and in 1853, by a strange irony of fate, two young ones were brought hither from the Paris Zoological Gardens. Bruin is still the object of much open-mouthed admiration, and bears his lot with a very good grace. His life is an easy one, and he has no need to trouble himself about the means of subsistence, be times ever so hard or winters ever so severe, for the supply of bread and carrots is unfailing. Those who have any time and attention to spare from the bears may like to go a few steps farther and look at the Nydeck Bridge, which is a splendid specimen of engineering skill, spanning the river Aar with a single colossal arch nearly a hundred and fifty feet wide. It leads out of the town into the high road which goes to Aargau, Emmenthal, and Thun;—but things of this sort possess little interest for those who just wander through the streets thinking all the while how soon they shall be able to get to the Oberland. Most tourists, however, wish to see the Ogre's Fountain, on the Corn-house Place; the Clock Tower, which is just round the corner, close by; the Stork's Fountain, with the bagpiper on the top, and the Goliath Tower, and they will perhaps also inquire for St. David's Fountain, which is unfortunately no longer in existence. But there are many other things that are well worth seeing besides these; and there are many old stories to be told about them, some of which are of a very grim and horrible character, as, for example, one of the many relating to the Ogre's Fountain, which tells how the Jews in Bern caught and murdered a young boy named "Ruof," and how the fountain was erected in his memory. The Clock Tower is a favourite rendezvous for children of all sizes and ages, especially about eleven or twelve o'clock in the day, when the machinery has most to do. Tourists come hither on foot or in carriages, with Murray or Badeker in their hands; and, if there is time, they hastily turn over the pages and eagerly run through the programme of the spectacle they are to witness. "As the hour strikes, the sitting figure, an old man with a beard, turns his hour-glass, opens his mouth—bear—bear—stone figure up above—hammer—cock for the third time"—but the book is quickly closed, for there is a creaking noise overhead, everybody looks up, and the bears march out in procession. The figure in armour which strikes the hour on a bell is said to be the effigy of the noble founder of the town, Berchtold, but no one knows who condemned him to this restless state of existence. The inscription on the tower runs thus: "*Berchtoldus V. Dux Zaering: Rector Burgund: Urbis Conditor, turrin et portam fecit Anno MCXI. Et renovata MDCCLXX.*" ("Berchtold V., Duke of Zähringen, ruler of Burgundy and founder of the city, built the tower and gate in the year 1191. It was restored in 1770.") If, among the many visitors, there should chance to be a lover of curiosities, and if this individual should be seized with the idea of purchasing the tower, he may be glad to know that its value is estimated in the register at 11,600 francs—not at all a large sum, considering that the keeper's house is included!

But there is something more worthy of our attention than the Clock Tower, namely, the Cathedral, also called the "Great Church," and, in more ancient times, the *Leutkirche*, or People's Church. In the first

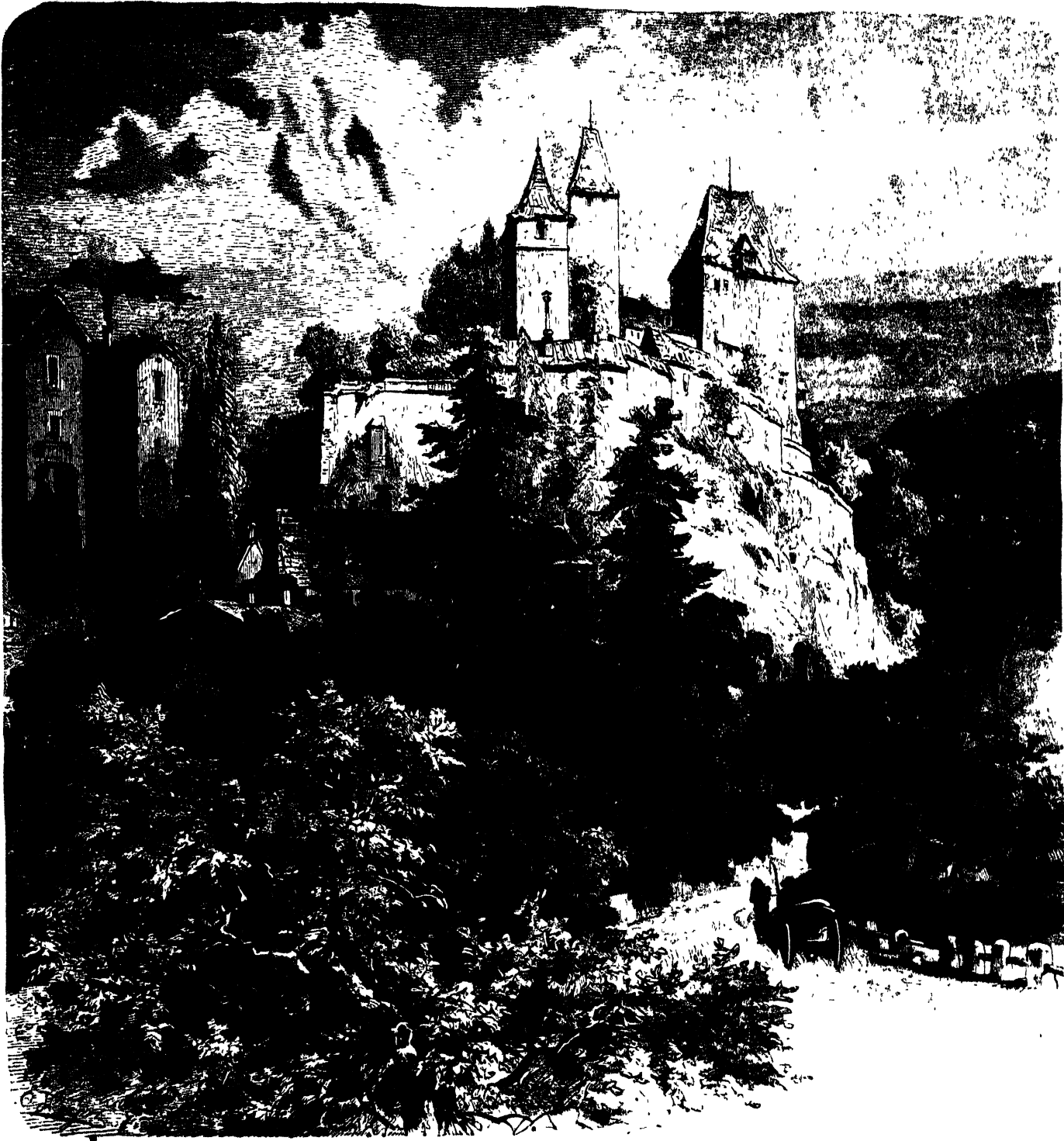
instance, that is, in the year 1224, it was built of wood; and the first stone of the present edifice was laid two hundred years later, the first architect being Matthias Ensinger, son of the architect of Ulm.



THE CLOCK TOWER, BERN.

was the last erected of all the cathedral churches, and the style is late Gothic; but it was a hundred and fifty years in building, and in consequence many alterations were made in the original design, a

neither the Reformation nor the hard times which followed were favourable to its completion. It was left unfinished, as it was discovered that the foundations of the tower were not strong enough to support the intended superstructure. Still the effect of the whole is striking, and it possesses a good many unique



CASTLE OF BURGDORF.

and beautiful features, among which may be mentioned the stone parapet running round the roof between the buttresses and the great west portal, which is richly decorated with coats-of-arms and sculptured reliefs representing the Last Judgment, the Wise and Foolish Virgins, &c., the work of Erhard König, in 1550. The interior is also rich and impressive; and if, after watching the sunset from the elevated

terrace at the back, and having your mind filled with beautiful pictures there, you enter the venerable building in the twilight and spend an hour in listening to the tones of the fine organ, you may congratulate yourself on having wound up your day in Bern very profitably. As you come out, perhaps our old friend the moon will be shining down on the Cathedral Place and pouring a flood of mild radiance upon the equestrian statue of Rudolf von Erlach, the hero of Laupen, and upon many another monument of the past.

But what is to be said about modern times, and the splendid new building known as the Bundes-Rathhaus, or National Diet-House, in which the legislative assemblies of the Confederacy are held? Well,



SMITHY OF LANGNAU, IN THE EMMENTHAL.

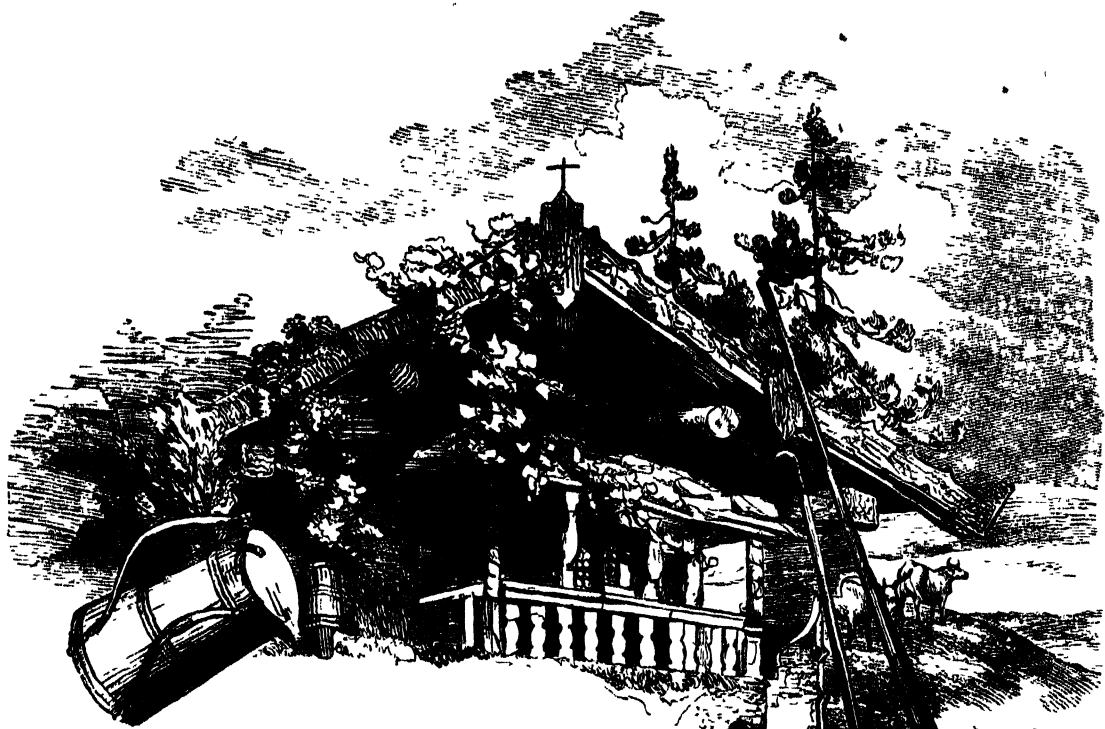
we may admit that it is beautiful, but, after all, we may see the same sort of thing anywhere and everywhere, and this was not what we came to Bern for.

There are innumerable walks, drives, and excursions to be made in the neighbourhood, and it is difficult to choose between them; but artists would perhaps prefer going to Burgdorf, called on the French side Berthoud, probably after the founder Berchtold, the same who built Bern. By the lower orders it is generally called Burtlef. This little town, which is situated on the Emme, is a miniature Bern, built in the same style, with similar arcades and colonnades, and inhabited by a similar class of people. It is very flourishing, and its storehouses are filled with such articles as delight the heart of the Swiss housewife, namely, flax, yarn, honey, butter, cheese, and linen, from the fertile valley of Emmenthal close by. The weekly and yearly markets held here give one a very good idea of the ways of the herdsmen and agricultural population of Bern. Those who love history, which has some story to tell concerning a dragon of Burgdorf, will be interested by the many memorials of ancient times here to be met with;

philanthropists will like to dwell on the memory of the noble Pestalozzi, who had a school in the Castle of Burgdorf; and the German will probably like to pay a visit to the tomb of Schneckenburger, who wrote the heroic songs sung by the German armies as they marched into France.

As we wander on, we presently find ourselves in the charming valley of Emmenthal, and perhaps see before us one of the pretty Bernese houses, of which fancy has drawn us so many pictures at our own fireside. Imagination has not played us false, in this instance at least; and certainly, if people in the Bernese towns understand what "home" and "home comfort" mean, people in the country seem to understand them equally well. Indeed, judging from the specimen before us, we can understand that it might be almost dangerous for the traveller to venture inside one of these attractive-looking dwellings, and we feel that there may be a good deal of truth in the familiar distich which declares that —

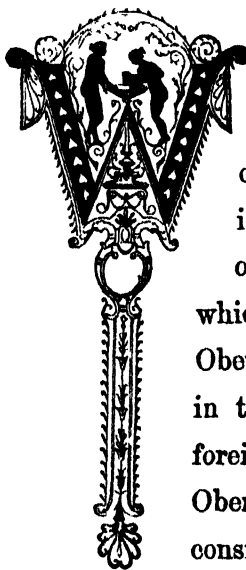
"Those who come within this door
Will never wish to leave it more."



THE BÖDELI.

“Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow ”

BYRON.



WHAT is this “Bödeli?” It sounds very simple and innocent, and not particularly promising; and yet it is very important ground, as we are reminded by the mention of Interlaken. Then the Bödeli is Interlaken? No, not that; but Interlaken is situated in the midst of the Bödeli, the district, namely, which forms the threshold and entrance of the great theatre towards which we have so long looked with longing eyes, and at which we last gazed from the Cathedral Terrace in Bern. This theatre is the Bernese Oberland, and many thousands go hence every year to secure their places in the stalls, or in the boxes in the first, second, and third tiers, nearly all of which are reserved for foreigners. Then Interlaken is in the Oberland? Yes, and no. It is not in the actual Oberland, meaning by that the Swiss Highlands, which still look down upon us from a considerable distance; indeed, the Interlaken public are nearly eleven miles away from the Jungfrau, who must be regarded as undisputed prima donna of the Bernese Alps.

Now that we are so very close to the goal of our desires, to the region whose very name sends a thrill through our souls, we must for a few moments imagine that we are following the eagle in his flight, and

take a rapid bird's-eye view of the scene outspread beneath us, so that we may have some idea how the land lies, and how the valleys, mountains, glaciers, rivers, and lakes are disposed one with regard to the other. For, although earnest desires and a vivid imagination might be excellent guides if we were going on a voyage to the moon, a journey among the mountains is a very different matter; and if we are to go through the Bernese Oberland, we must have trustworthy maps, and guides who know thoroughly what they are about.

Looking down, then, upon the Alpine Highlands from above, we see that the whole region is enclosed within a huge moat, formed on one side by the Aar and the lakes of Brienz and Thun, on the other by the Kander and Dala, and on the south by the Rhône. This mighty entrenchment has only two breaks in it, the one in the east being formed by the Grimsel, that in the west by the Gemmi, the two well-known passes which lead down into Valais.

Within this mountain-island rise the High Alps in two parallel chains, of which the southern one



OLD CONVENT AND AVENUE IN INTERLAKEN.

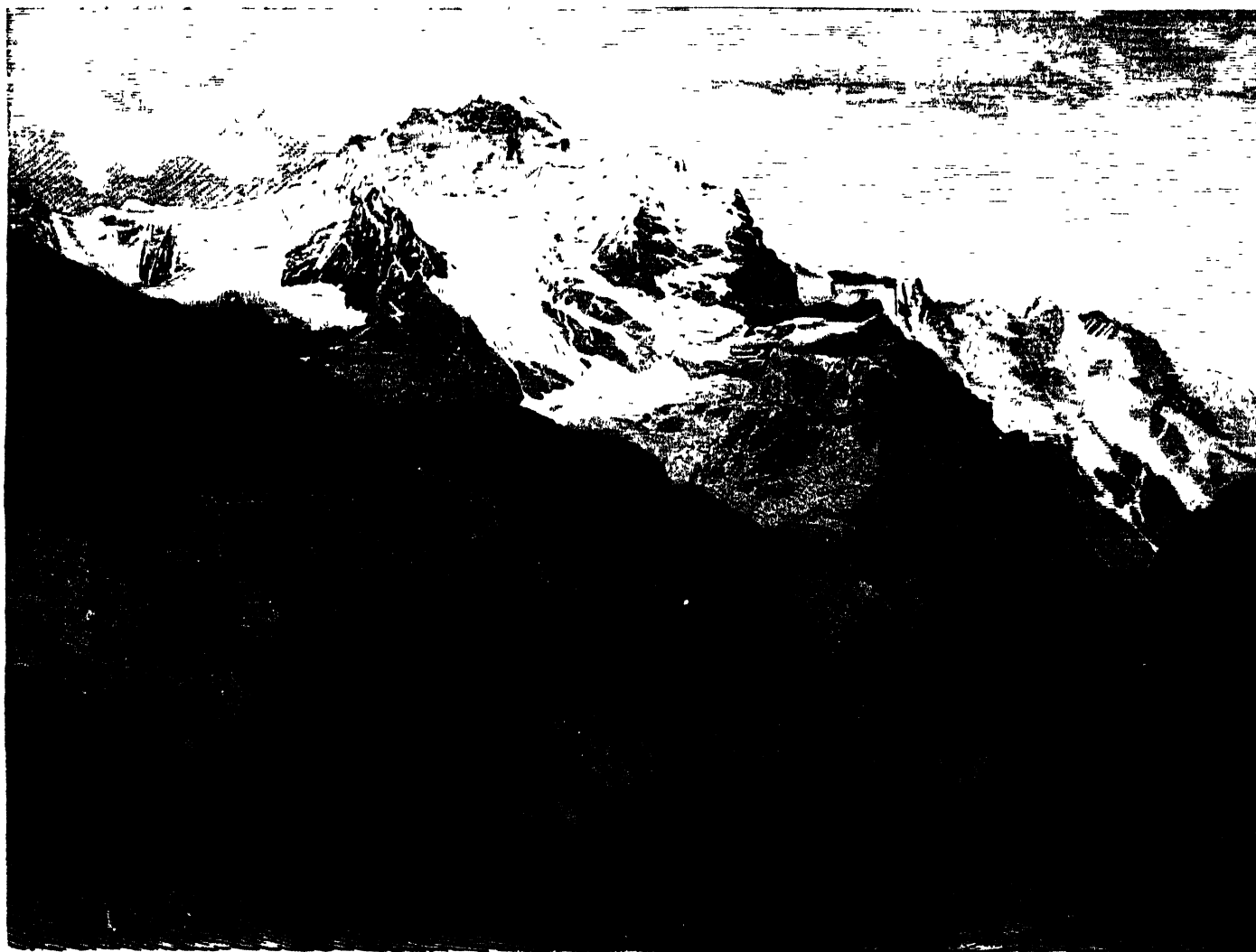
belongs to Valais, and the northern to the Canton of Bern. The Valais chain contains the important heights known as the Bietschhorn, Breithorn, Nesthorn, Schienhorn, Rothhorn, Aletschhorn, and Dreieckhorn: we are in a pastoral district, be it remembered, and hence the appellation of "horn" given to the different peaks. In the Bernese chain, beginning from the west, we have such giants as the Doldenhorn, Blümlisalp, Tschingelhorn, Grosshorn, Mittagshorn, and Gletscherhorn; then comes the Jungfrau with her two pages, the Silberhorn and Schneehorn, followed by the Monch, or Monk, the Eiger, the Viescherhorns, the great Schreckhorn, the Wetterhorn, Rizzlihorn, and other mighty monarchs, who reign over regions of eternal ice.

The two chains meet and culminate in the Finsteraarhorn, which overtops all the other peaks, even the most lofty, and rears his head some fourteen thousand odd feet above the sea-level.

Numerous lesser heights stand in front of this row of Titans, and extend up to the lakes, and even beyond them. Such are the Morgen and Abendberg, the Faulhorn, Schwarzhorn and Burglihorn, and, to the west of Thun, the Scheibe and Stockhorn. These belong to the various chains known as the

Voralps, from which the High Alps are separated by the pass of the Scheidegg, which runs from east to west.

The range of the ordinary tourist and excursionist who goes about in dainty toilette, with a dainty alpenstock in his hand, extends from the shores of the lakes of Thun and Brienz to the Schilthorn and Scheidegg, a district which is always swarming with visitors, and is the favourite resort of newly-married couples; but it is after we have passed through this that the real work begins, and we come to the region which needs the tough muscles and nimble foot of the chamois, and taxes all the powers of the Alpine traveller. The army which annually besieges the Alps moves on in three divisions, each of which has its



THE JUNGFRAU, SEEN FROM INTERLAKEN.

own headquarters, whence some make merry expeditions and walking-tours in the company of their families, and others set out alone to attack the Alps in a more serious fashion. The right wing of the army halts at Meiringen or Brienz, on its way up the Haslithal and to the Grimsel; the left chooses Thun, whence it proceeds past the river Kander to the valley of Engstligenthal, or by way of Kandersteg to the Gemmi Pass. Between these two, and exactly between the two lakes which connect and keep up communication between one wing and the other, lies the Bodeli with Interlaken, which is the grand headquarters of the third division. Interlaken lies at the entrance of that especially favourite valley, the Lauterbrunnenthal; and the number of delightful excursions which may be made from thence is simply

A CHURCH-POUCH IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND.



unlimited. Moreover, they have the recommendation of being within easy reach; none of the expeditions in the valley occupying more than a day each. Those usually made are to the far-famed waterfalls of the Staubbach, Trümletenbach, Schmadribach, to the grand Wengernalp, to Mürren, Grindelwald, and to the Faulhorn, which is a sort of Bernese Rigi. Interlaken itself possesses many charms and attractions, though Bädeler thinks it necessary to qualify his praises by remarking: "Interlaken is a good halting-



A STREET IN INTERLAKEN

place for such as are not obliged to economise their time and money, and they will find it pleasant to take a few days' rest here between their expeditions to the valleys and heights of the Oberland."

Yes, provided we have both time and money, we may enter Interlaken either by railway or steamboat, and never be troubled with any worse care than the difficulty of choosing between the numerous palace-like hotels erected by hospitable speculators. The hotels "Ritschard," "Victoria," "Jungfrau," "Polz," "Schweizerhof," "Belvedere," and others, are all equally pressing in their invitations, and everybody finds his right place at last. If the German traveller desire to meet his compatriots, he may go to the Hotel Ritschard, where he will hear hardly anything spoken but his own mother-tongue. The Englishman and the Russian will find their respective fellow-countrymen chiefly in the "Belvedere." Even the modest pilgrim, who carries his whole wardrobe and all his worldly goods with him, need not be abashed,

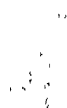
though the waiters in the "Höheweg" do look him over from top to toe: let him only go on boldly, and he will find all he wants in Unterseen or its immediate neighbourhood.

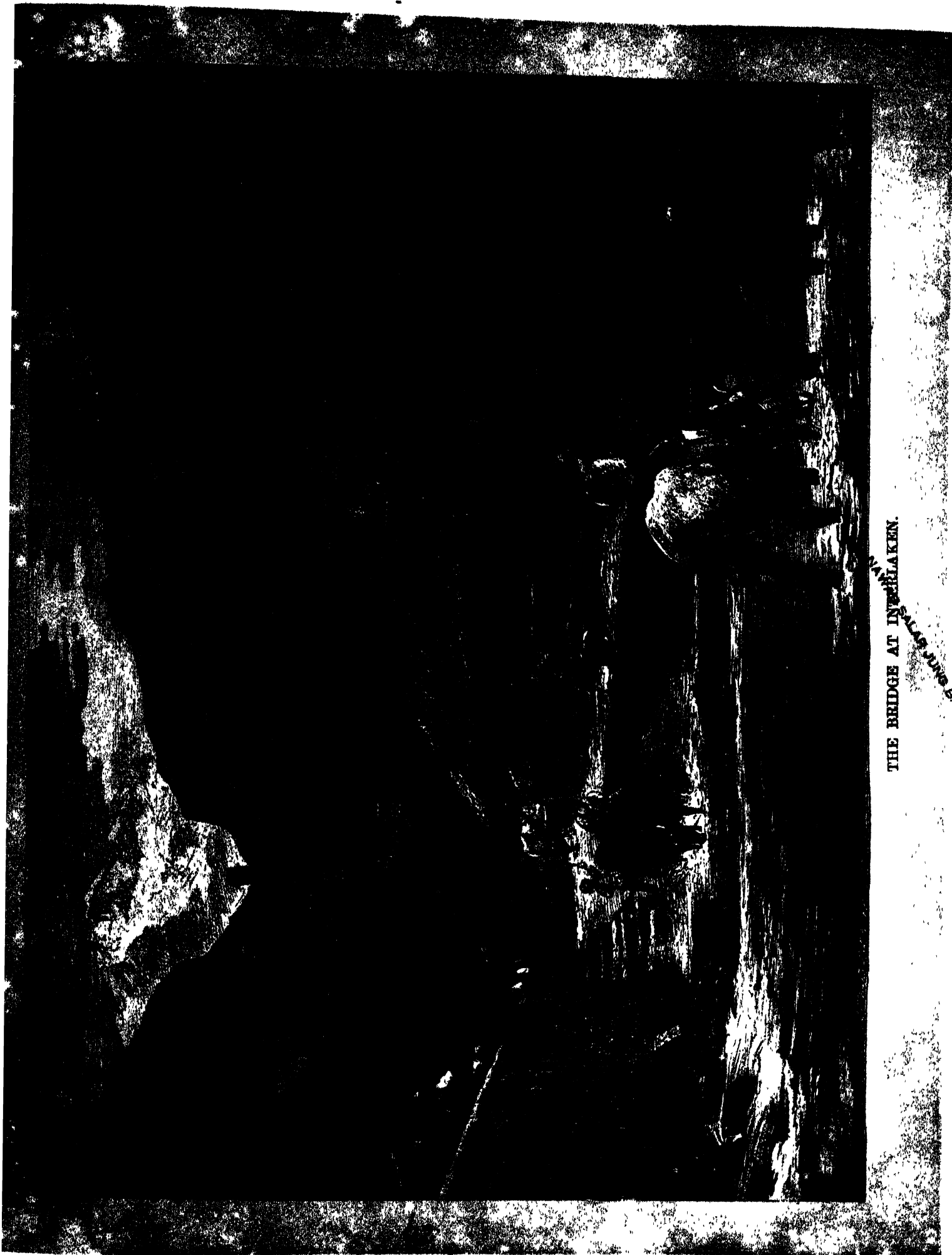
As for the world outside the hotel—and in Switzerland that is, after all, the main consideration—it belongs to every one alike; and the Jungfrau, as she looks down upon us in all her pure bright beauty, exhibits no traces of the fact that whole armies of Englishmen have dutifully paid their respects to her, that thousands of Germans have sighed forth their greetings at her feet, and that Russians and others have bombarded her with looks. None of them have produced any more impression on her than they have done on the rest of the beautiful landscape, or even on the magnificent avenue of walnut-trees which runs along the Höheweg, or High Street, where you may see the wood-cutter's blouse side by side with a coat covered



PROMENADE IN INTERLAKEN.

with stars, and a Parisian toilet next to the linen gown of a poor fruit-woman. Although Interlaken is now such a lively place, it has not been so long, and is, in fact, quite modern. In ancient times a stream called the Lütschine used to run through the valley, and by its successive deposits it formed what is called the "Bödeli." The streams which now find their way hither are human, and they too have flooded the Bödeli, and have left the modern town of Interlaken behind them. Interlaken is entirely modern; or, rather, the tottering old cottages and convent which used to form the village of Interlaken have gone to sleep, as it were, and the place has passed into other hands; for when we speak of Interlaken, we generally mean the grand new quarter about the Höheweg, being perhaps hardly aware of the existence of the few little houses which stand behind the convent, all brown with age; and unless we study our map very





THE BRIDGE AT INTERLAKEN.

SWITZERLAND

carefully, we shall not know whether we are in Unterseen, Aarmühle, or Matten, for these different suburbs of the town all run one into the other.

The name of Interlaken is said to be of Roman origin, and antiquarians opine that the Hüheweg, a name elsewhere given to Roman roads, was itself formerly Roman, and that the present toll-bridge has been put in the place of an old Roman one. The valley, or plain, they call *Inter lacus*, "between the lakes," which the Germans have made into Interlaken, or Interlachen, a name which was also given to the village at the foot of the wooded slopes of the Harder, and later to the village founded by Walter von Eschenbach, now known as Unterseen—which is, in fact, a literal translation of Interlaken, as the old German word *under* signifies "between." As the place is also called Indrellappa and Hinderlappen in some late documents, the name has been thought, though erroneously, to come from *inter lapides*, "among the rocks;" but this derivation is as false as that of *In der Lachen*.

Enough, the name is there; and, what is of the most consequence, it sounds well, and there is a pleasant sort of ring about it. As we stroll along under the broad-spreading shady trees, surrounded by rich green meadows and well-kept gardens, which fill the air with the fragrance of their flowers and the pleasant murmur of their fountains, it is difficult to realise what the aspect of the landscape must have been while Nature was still at work upon it bringing it into shape; and, as we look at the two Lütschine streams, the Black and the White, which now flow in such peaceful orderly fashion through the canal into the lake of Brienz, it is difficult to imagine them the wild, impetuous torrents which formerly rushed down from the glaciers in the south, bringing with them the raw material of which the valley was composed. Yes, the Bödeli was formed by these two Alpine sisters, but so long ago that it is only by diligent study of Nature's old Sibylline books that the natural philosopher has discovered how the two lakes were formerly one, and extended from Meiringen to Thun, and how a division was afterwards made nearly midway between them by the combined exertions of the two mountain-torrents. The White Lütschine comes down from the Tschingel and Ammertén glaciers, and runs through the valley of Lauterbrunnen, where it is joined by the wild waters of the Mürrenbach, Staubbach, Staldenbach, and Trümletenbach; the Black Lütschine rises in the Grindelwald glacier, and flows through the valley of Grindelwald, laden with fragments of slate. Both streams are always busily engaged in the work of destruction, and, as a natural consequence, their waters are always clouded and muddy. Stones and detritus of all kinds were rolled down the bed of the river, and deposited where it enters the lake, until at last mud-banks were formed, which extended northwards, making a sort of dyke across the lake, while they spread east and west as well. These alluvial deposits soon reached the opposite shore, rising higher and higher as time went on, and though the soil thus formed was at first waste and barren, it was not long left in that condition. Sedge and rushes quickly sprang up among the bogs and morasses, which, as the whole ground was frequently flooded, dried up but slowly; and, when the way had been prepared by these humble pioneers, willows, alders, and various other bushes and shrubs followed, and kept possession of the territory they had won in spite of the impetuosity with which the waters sometimes dashed over it. Then the river Aar forced its way through the newly-formed district, and so re-established the communication between the two parts of the lake, and the bed of the river Lütschine became narrower. After this, people began to see that it might be a very pleasant place to live in; so they took the matter in hand, brought the soil under cultivation, and soon built a town, which, though small, was carefully walled in, and was surrounded by cornfields and meadows. Convents were built in the valley and castles in the mountains.

A convent and monastery were both founded in the blooming valley about the year 1100, and they ruled not only over the poor fishing and pastoral population settled about the lake, but over the whole extent of country between the Grimsel, Mount Beatus, and the sources of the two Lütchine torrents. This immense property was so shamefully managed, however, that it had greatly deteriorated in value by the middle of the fourteenth century; all sorts of disorders had crept in, and a general state of confusion followed, lasting until the Reformation, which was introduced by Bern in 1528 at the point of the sword. What a wealthy heritage the district had become, and what a splendid living the monks made out of it, may be gathered from the fact that their Alpine pastures were almost too numerous to count, and that they



A STREET IN INTERLAKEN.

collected rents and tithes over a district extending beyond Bern, one too which was noted for the abundance of its dairy produce, orchard fruits, venison and game, as well as for its valuable trout and other fisheries.

The castles among the mountains have fallen into decay, and nothing of them remains but ivy-clad ruins, while the choir of the convent has been turned into an English church, and other portions of it have been converted to secular uses. The monks have left us one enduring legacy, however, in the avenues which formerly led up to the princely monastery, and were planted with walnut and other trees. These have been carefully preserved and kept up, though they have nothing now to do with the convent, and only serve as a shady promenade for the many visitors who throng the hotels and lodging-houses in front

of which they stand. Every one who has been to Interlaken knows the Höhoweg, which is as famous as the Boulevards of Paris and our own Hyde Park, though it is not like either, and possesses a peculiar charm of its own. Fashionable loungers in the most brilliant toilets may be seen disporting themselves in the pleasant green shade, having on the one side a row of palace-like hotels with blooming gardens, fountains, and shrubberies, and all the tokens of luxury ; and, on the other, the soft green meadows which stretch up to the mouth of the valley of Lauterbrunnen, while behind them rises the glistening form of the Jungfrau. On the one hand there are the intoxicating strains of Strauss, Beethoven, Gounod, and Mozart played by the band, and on the other there is the soft tinkle of the herd-bells and the lowing of the cattle. Yonder is the hotel omnibus filled to overflowing with passengers, and piled high with luggage, and close



A STREET IN THUN.

by are elegant carriages and cabriolets, side by side, perhaps, with a heavy harvest waggon, or some primitive village conveyance filled with women and girls in the charming Bernese costume.

In fact, though Interlaken is a town, a large and distinguished town too, it is also a pastoral village much given to keeping cows and geese. The mode of life there much resembles that of Baden-Baden, but the air is that of the Bernese Oberland, and the prices paid show the high value put upon it.

The climate of Interlaken is considered very beneficial to invalids, being warm and damp, and it early acquired some reputation on this account, though it did not reach its highest fame until the latter half of the present century. Guide-books of fifty years ago spoke of Herr Seiler's establishment as almost the only place in Interlaken where a lodging could be obtained, whereas now it is almost as hopeless to try and give a list of the hotels and *pensions*, as it would be to count the visitors who flock hither from every part of Europe as though they were under some magnetic influence, and spend a longer or shorter time

here, trying what the delights of summer and the pure air will do towards restoring their health. Fashion no doubt has a great share in making the place so popular; but we may reckon that, in a good season, nearly forty thousand foreigners pass through Interlaken. Moreover, if the Lütischine formerly brought nothing but sand and pebbles, these later visitors bring gold, and in considerable quantities too; for, though the beauties of Nature may usually be enjoyed without payment, other matters keep the visitor's purse constantly open; and, as it is especially tempting to purchase remembrances of the Oberland at the stalls which are so tastefully arranged under the trees, he generally parts with a good many small sums in this way. First and foremost are the famous wood-carvings, of which every one feels bound to buy a specimen or two. Whether it be a bear (for since we are in Bern this animal of course takes the lead, and may be seen figuring in every possible attitude) or a chamois, or capercailzie, a huntsman with his dog, or one of the favourite Swiss houses with a musical clock inside, or an ornament made of the lovely *Edelweiss*, or a picture-frame adorned with other Alpino flowers—whatever it be, it is the work of busy, skilful hands, which grow more and more skilful year by year. One had need understand the art of bargaining, however, for the Interlaken saleswomen are up to anything; and, though they especially cultivate English, are great adepts at speaking other languages, are firm in sticking to their prices, and understand how to manage their customers even better than their sisters of Brienz and Meiringen. But who can dare accost one of the charming young ladies of the Böödeli rudely, when he is often obliged to have recourse to her to console himself for the coyness of that other Maiden who sits aloft yonder, and is sometimes so closely veiled by mists that no one can see her face. When she does show herself, however, on bright summer-days in all her splendour, not one of the maidens of the Böödeli from Interlaken to Bönigen is a match for her, notwithstanding the fact that she is of stone, as cold as ice, and very ancient, so ancient that no one can say how old she is. But when it comes to describing the Jungfrau, one may as well throw down one's pen in despair. It is possible to write an enthusiastic description of a hundred brown-eyed or blue-eyed girls, and to give a fair idea of them, but it is hopeless to attempt to portray such silvery splendour and radiant beauty as the Jungfrau's with anything so dull as common black ink: not even the artist can succeed in giving an idea of her glory without the aid of his colour-box. Rambert's description is, however, perhaps the best:—"Sublime and exalted as she is, the people have certainly bestowed an appropriate name upon her. Yes, she is the *Jungfrau*, the Maiden, not the timid girl who is afraid of her own shadow, not the coquette who flaunts her virtue in your face, but the unapproachable Virgin, whose very repose inspires awe and reverence, who cannot be hurt by any rude look, simply because the region in which she is enthroned is so pure that nothing common and vulgar can reach her. The Jungfrau is an image of the inaccessible; and great and noble souls consider her to be unsurpassed in beauty by any other mountain."

Seen from Interlaken, she looks like some noble queen wrapped in a royal mantle of dazzling whiteness, which flows down from her shoulders in magnificent folds until it reaches the green carpet at her feet, while the glaciers form broad bands of heavy silver brocade, which adapt themselves stiffly to the shape of her beautiful limbs. Her silent, stony majesty and the grand flow of her draperies call to one's mind the statue of Niobe; and cynics perhaps may be disposed to add that Art cannot produce such marble statuary nowadays, any more than Nature can produce such mountains.

But Nature is always the same; and though an impertinent hotel for the million, called the "*Jungfraublick*," has been built by puny mortals before her very face, she smiles serenely down upon it, well aware that, in spite of all they may do, her charms can never be destroyed.

LAS NG BANAU

THUN.

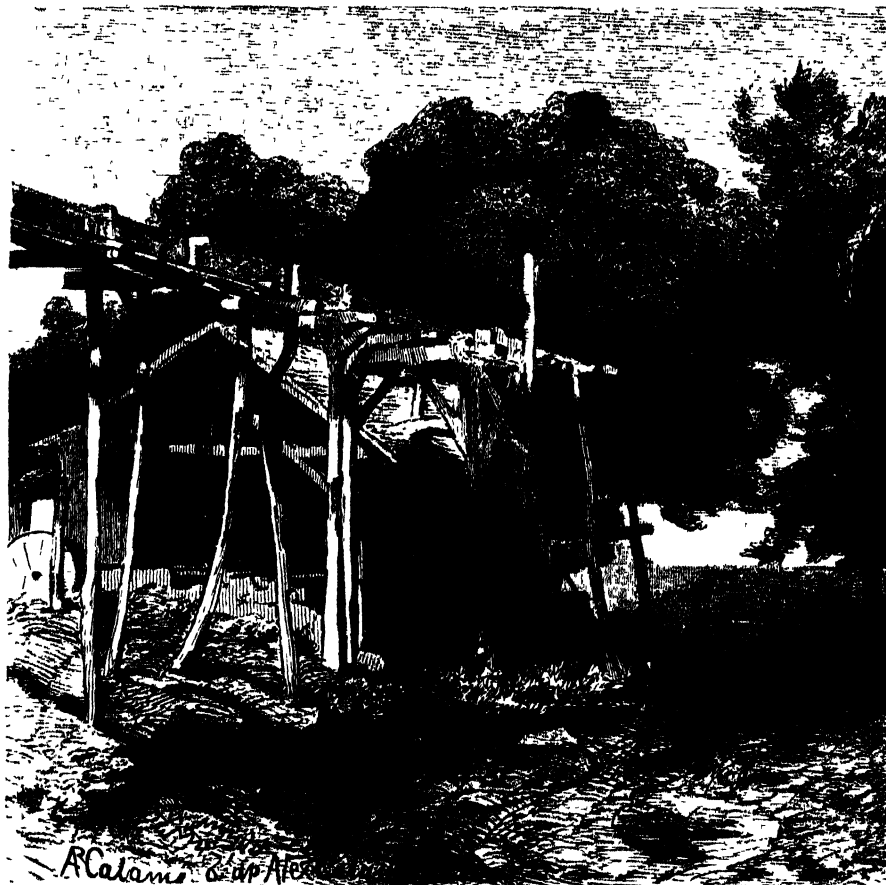
Perhaps there is no place in which we may more thoroughly enjoy these charms than in the lovely little Bödeli village of Bönigen. There is something idyllic about it, as it lies among the orchards on the shore of the lake; and we feel as if we really were in the Bernese Oberland, such as we imagined it before we came hither. There is something extremely homelike in the aspect both of the landscape and the houses, something too which makes us at once feel at home. The flower-gardens are surrounded by new palings of fir-wood, and the little beds are almost too neatly and symmetrically arranged to accord with the air of freedom which pervades the rest of the scene. The bee-house, with its protecting roof, looks out upon the meadow, which is gay with a thousand buds and blossoms; fowls and pigeons are hopping and flying backwards and forwards, from the huge dung-hill and the patch of nettles in the corner to the dwelling-house, with its high shingle-roof. The windows in the gable open into a gallery of open trellis-work which is gay with pinks and roses, and quite conceals the bedrooms from view. The lower part of the house is filled with numerous windows; leaving room, however, for the face of a sun-dial.

At the entrance stands a bench, and above it waves a quantity of linen hung out from the gallery to dry, the house-door being almost entirely concealed by wash-tubs, buckets, and milk-pails. Close by the house runs a spring of water, which is always flowing with a pleasant, cheerful, gurgling sound, mingled with the lowing of the cows, the humming and buzzing of insects, the scent of the hay, grass, fruit, and flowers in garden and meadows—the whole forming such a *tout ensemble* as can hardly be realised without personal experience. Add to all this the cheerful faces of the handsome inhabitants, the laughter of children, the summer visitors, and the long wreaths of smoke emitted by the steamers on the lake, and you have as good an idea of Bonigen as can be conveyed on paper. Yet it must not be supposed for a moment that we may lay aside our pilgrim's staff and take our ease in this earthly Paradise; there is far too much to be seen in the neighbourhood for that to be possible. Indeed, we are beckoned in all directions, and the names of Heimwehfluh, little Bugen, Bleiki, Harder, and Unspunnen, the latter an old ruined castle in the depths of a wood, fill us with eager longings and desires. But there are plenty of longer excursions quite within our reach, and in front of each hotel there are sure to be carriages waiting, besides strong mountain-ponies and guides, who are always ready to offer their services. Railway and steamboat will convey us without the least trouble to the pretty neighbouring town of Thun, which has been struggling and striving for years past to rival Interlaken. Leaving the carriage, from which we have enjoyed such glorious views, at Därligen, on the southern shore of the Lake of Thun, we next have a delightful trip over the water in the steamboat. It has often been a matter of discussion whether the palm of beauty should be given to the Lake of Brienz or the Lake of Thun, and the question yet remains an open one, for both are lovely. The Lake of Brienz, however, has hitherto had more assiduous court paid to it by speculators, and its attractions have been more loudly proclaimed, while the shores of the Lake of Thun have been more sought by persons of a poetical temperament. Both are genuine Swiss pearls, differing perhaps in colour, but of equal value in the eyes of the connoisseur.

The Lake of Thun, or *Lacus Duncensis*, called the Wendelsee in Mediæval times, takes its present name from the town of Thun at its western extremity, which is said to be of ancient Keltic origin, *Dunum* signifying "hill." Whether the name of Wendelsee be derived from the Vandals is more than doubtful, and it seems more probable that it comes either from the sudden bend (*Wendung* in German) which the lake is forced to make by a promontory of Mount Beatus called the Nose, which juts out some way into the water, or from the precipitous walls (*Wände*) by which it is enclosed. The wind about the little

promontory is often dangerous to the boatman, and the uncouth, forbidding names given to it and to the cave known as *der böse Rath*, or Evil Counsel, neither of which sound pleasant, might give a false impression of the lake and its shores, which possess all the charm and almost the luxuriant beauty of the lakes of North Italy. Almost every little cottage-garden in Oberhofen boasts its laurel-bushes; the chestnut flourishes to perfection, and, in exceptionally warm summers, the vines on the eastern and western slopes of the lake produce grapes from which something like drinkable wine is made.

The shores of the lake do certainly possess something of the brightness and cheerfulness which one is accustomed to associate with a wine country; and the white towns and villages, such as Thun, Spiez,



A SAWMILL ON THE LAKE OF THUN.

Leissigen, Aeschi, Gwatt, Schadau, Merligen, Oberhofen, Sigriswyl, and Beatenberg, which dot its borders, are all gay and pleasant-looking.

If, as people say, civilisation moves from east to west, it seems probable, since speculation is sure to move hand in hand with it, that the Lake of Thun will one day be as busy as the Lake of Brienz, and that the town of Thun will become a second Interlaken. Everything, in fact, seems to promise this result, for the townspeople are very active and public-spirited, and there is a great deal of building, enlarging, and beautifying going on in the outskirts. In former days, when it was a small, petty place, Herr Hartmann von Habsburg-Kyburg mortgaged it to Bern for 20,000 florins; but those times are quite over, and now every foot of ground is valuable.

The architecture of Thun is of a striking and picturesque character; though, as nineteenth-century ideas are in favour of plenty of light and air, the broad-eaved roofs have been long since swept away. Still, it

is surprising to see that the Mediæval and modern styles of building harmonize so well together, that there is nothing incongruous in the turreted castle which rises above the town, nor in the little sharp-pointed towers which are dotted about everywhere, nor in the ancient-looking arcades which run along the front of the houses. Thun has, moreover, been more liberally dealt with by Nature than most towns. What with lake, river, hill, mountains, scenery around, distant prospects, climate, and fertility of the soil, the *tout ensemble* may be regarded as entirely charming; and Humboldt must have considered it perfect, for he called it the most lovely spot in Switzerland. Even the cemetery shares in the general beauty of the place; and the view from it is so exquisite that many a tourist has wished to be buried there. Another enchanting spot is that occupied by the Military College; and surely the officers here educated must feel their



CHÂTEAU OF SCHADAU

patriotism greatly increased when they see what a rich and beautiful land it is which they are called upon to defend.

The little town has been growing more and more popular for some years past, and in the summer-time it is thronged with tourists, who find much to delight them in the immediate neighbourhood, provided they be not too soon enticed away by the snow-capped mountains which look down into all its streets.

You may explore the lake in a hurried sort of way by means of the steamboat; but if you would really appreciate its beauties, it is better either to hire a boat or to make a walking tour round it. A good many people think that when they have visited Schadau they have exhausted all that is to be seen; and certainly Schadau is wondrously beautiful, for Art and Nature have combined to do their utmost for it. It stands on a tongue of land on the left bank of the river Aar, just where the river rushes out of the lake; and, even in old times, the view of river, lake, and mountains must needs have possessed many attractions.

Schadau has been the seat of several noble families in succession. The von Strätlingen, von Bubenbergh, von Erlach, von Scharnachthal, have all resided here, and the present owner is M. de Rougemont-Pourtalès, who has made his pet residence into as perfect a place as possible. The grand, cheerful-looking château is surrounded by flowers, trees, mountains, and the flashing, sparkling waters of lake and river; but, beautiful as it undoubtedly is, we have not exhausted all the charms of the Lake of Thun when we have seen it. As, however, our chief object in coming hither was to inspect the western head-quarters of the great army which is bound on its annual summer campaign among the Alps, we shall probably not care to linger long, and shall see enough of the lake as we return to the Bodeli on our way to Meiringen. After a last farewell to the lovely Blümlisalp, which we see in the distance, and a gracious nod from the haughty

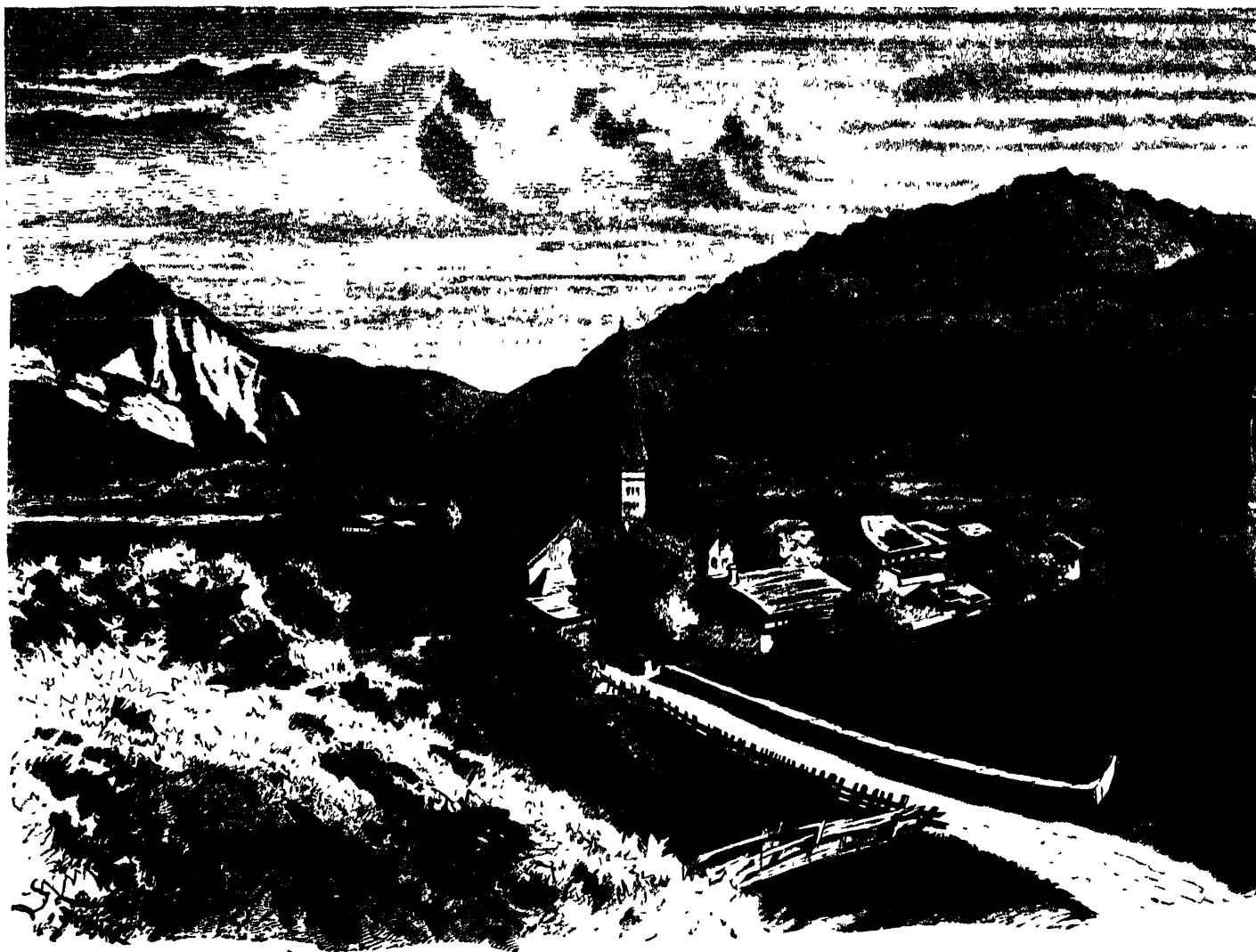


OBERHOFEN, ON THE LAKE OF THUN.

Stockhorn and lofty Niesen, we turn our attention to the shores, and notice the villages peeping out from amid bowers of green, the castles on the slopes, the picturesque huts of the fishermen, and the numerous sawmills situated at the mouth of the ravines, through which the water rushes with a merry noise. After passing Oberhofen, which stretches down to the water's edge, and possesses an old castle with thick walls and a square tower, our attention is next attracted by a small, well-fortified place called Spietz, which is beautifully situated on a promontory, and deserves attention on account of its historical associations. When it belonged to the Strätlingen and von Bubenbergh, it went by the name of the *Goldener Hof*, or "Golden Manor." The old round tower just below the parsonage is said to have been built by the Romans; but the principal tower of the picturesque castle is, like itself, of later date. Glancing southwards, we are



once more greeted by the Blümlisalp, and we see the forms of the Monk and Eiger rising in the distance. There is but a step, as we all know, from the sublime to the ridiculous, and yonder, in a little nook near the mouth of the valley of Justisthal, lies the small village of Merligen, which is inhabited by fishermen and vine-dressers, and enjoys the doubtful honour of being the Abdera of the lake. To say of a man "he belongs to Merligen," is no great compliment; but the place has been maligned, and the tales told to its disadvantage are mere inventions. Close to Merligen is the Nose, a precipitous rocky promontory at the foot of the mountain, in which is the famous cave of St. Beatus, called by the people *Battenloch*. Here,



MEIRINGEN.

according to tradition, there lived, early in the Middle Ages, a holy man, a native of England, who battled successfully with dragons and evil spirits, and has continued until quite recently to attract many pilgrims, especially from Unterwalden.

The mountains belonging to the Faulhorn chain which border on the southern shore of the Lake of Brienz, now come into sight, and shortly afterwards we reach Darligen, where we leave the steamboat, cross the Bodeli, and take ship again on the Lake of Brienz, on our way to pay a hurried visit to lovely Meiringen. Meiringen! the very name seems to conjure up a host of pleasant reminiscences, and we are almost tempted to indulge in a panegyric in its honour; and yet, strange to say, it is difficult to define

exactly in what its charms consist, and many people never find them out at all. What, indeed, are the special attractions of Meiringen? There are beautiful brown wooden houses, built in the old Bernese style, there are meadows, streams, waterfalls, green slopes, snowy peaks, sweet-smelling hay



STREET IN MEIRINGEN.

and good-humoured villagers, there are smart lads and merry lasses, and there are inns and foreigners whichever way you turn—but all of these are to be met with in various other places, and yet somehow they never seem so charming and delightful anywhere else as they do here.

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THE VALLEY OF HASLITHAL.

Alpine - Superior - Alps - Culture

But it won't do to say too much about it, for Meiringen is like some village belle, modestly unconscious of her charms, and it is not for us to make her vain. However,

"In leaving even the most unpleasant people
And places, one keeps looking at the steeple,"

as says the poet; so we may be excused for taking a sort of melancholy pleasure in dwelling on our reminiscences of Meiringen, though it has for a while kept us from giving a proper description of this, the belle of the Hasleberg. Shall we describe her as she appears in her working dress, or in her holiday costume, or shall we look at her by the light of the fashionable Bengal fire?

Meiringen lies near the mouth of the valley of Haslethal, which stretches down from the Grimsel towards the eastern shore of the Lake of Brienz. It possesses a church of its own, whose quaint tower may be seen peeping out from amid the fruit-trees, and in former days it is said to have stood actually on the lake, which originally covered a much larger area than it does now. Behind the village rises the Hasleberg, while the river Aar rushes along in front and several roads diverge hence in various directions; there is the road from the Scheidegg, which leads over the Brunig pass to Unterwalden and Lucerne, then there is the Grimsel road, the famous road which goes by way of Rosenlaubad to Grindelwald, another leading over the Joch Pass to Engelberg, and yet another which, starting from Wasen on the St. Gotthard road, runs over the Susten to Brienz and thence to Bern. These various roads are like so many threads connecting Meiringen with the outer world; for, no matter whither they may be bound, no travellers are inclined to hurry past the village without making some stay at one of its pleasant, attractive-looking inns. The presence of water always seems to impart additional life to a landscape, and here there are torrents, streams, and cascades in abundance. There are the streams of the Dorfbach, Alpbach, Mühlbach, and the wonderful Reichenbach, and farther on are the falls of the Oltschibach, Falchernbach, Wandelbach, the Aarlamme, Kirchel, and Zwirgi; and besides all these there are the pale green foaming waters of the swift-flowing Aar. During the season these Alpine nymphs, who leap from the rocks in all directions, are frequently subjected to a certain theatrical process of embellishment, and visitors stand at the windows and on the balconies of the different hotels watching and admiring as they put on their charming evening toilets of green, red, and white, and noting how, when illuminated by Bengal fires, the pure bright waters look like streams of lava, liquid silver, or molten brimstone by turns. One does not know what the feeling of the water-nymphs may be during the operation, but one imagines that they must prefer the soft moonlight or the brilliant colours of the rainbow with which the noon-day sun adorns them. But happily the good people hereabouts know next to nothing of stage tricks and artifices, and their own cheeks have no need of help from the rouge and paint pot. They are a fine, tall, handsome-looking race; their eyes beam with health, and the consciousness of their own powers imparts a sort of quiet good-humoured confidence to their manner, which strikes the visitor from the north very pleasantly. There is no more vigorous set of men to be found anywhere than in the valley of Haslethal, and there is an ancient tradition that they, including the people of Meiringen, are all descended from a Swedish or East Frisian colony, said to have been brought hither from Hasle, in Sweden, by a chief named Hasius. This, however, appears to be disproved by an examination of their language, in which there are no words but what may be found in other Swiss dialects. There is something soft and melodious about the Hasle dialect, and the manners and customs of

the people seem to be in harmony with it and the character of the landscape. The district used to be called *Weisland*, a name which probably refers more to the meadows in which it abounds than to the white mountain-peaks which look down into the valley on all sides. But Nature is not always so tame as she looks; and those who see the valley when it lies bathed in the placid summer sunshine or the peaceful moonlight, when no sound is to be heard save the dreamy murmur of the meandering waters, would never guess what fierce struggles the people have constantly had to keep these same waters within any sort of bounds. What wild work used to go on here in ancient times we shall understand better if we proceed farther up the valley, over the mound or hill of the Kirchet, through which the Aar has forced a narrow, ravine-like passage, and across the romantic, rock-strewn wilderness, where our path becomes more difficult. The numerous erratic blocks which lie to right and left of us are said to be the



A SAWMILL ON THE REICHENBACH.

remains of an ancient moraine. But the spirit of Nature is anything but subdued even now; and if we would see how wild she can be at times, we need but look at the streams and torrents, which are full enough, even in the height of summer, to inspire us with respect for their strength. Terrible stories are told of the Alpbach, and yet, to look at its joyous waters, you would hardly believe that in a fit of ill-humour it one day, among other things, filled the Church of Meiringen with sand and mud to a depth of eighteen feet—a fact which has been justly chronicled on the chancel walls for the instruction of future generations. But the river Aar has also been a dangerous neighbour in its time, and has frequently destroyed buildings and laid waste fields and meadows.

The perpetual struggle which the people of the Haslethal have had to maintain with the powers of Nature has tended to develop their strength and skill, and their muscles are kept in constant exercise by the wrestling matches which are held every summer. On the Engstlenalp, Stadtalp, and Tannalp these

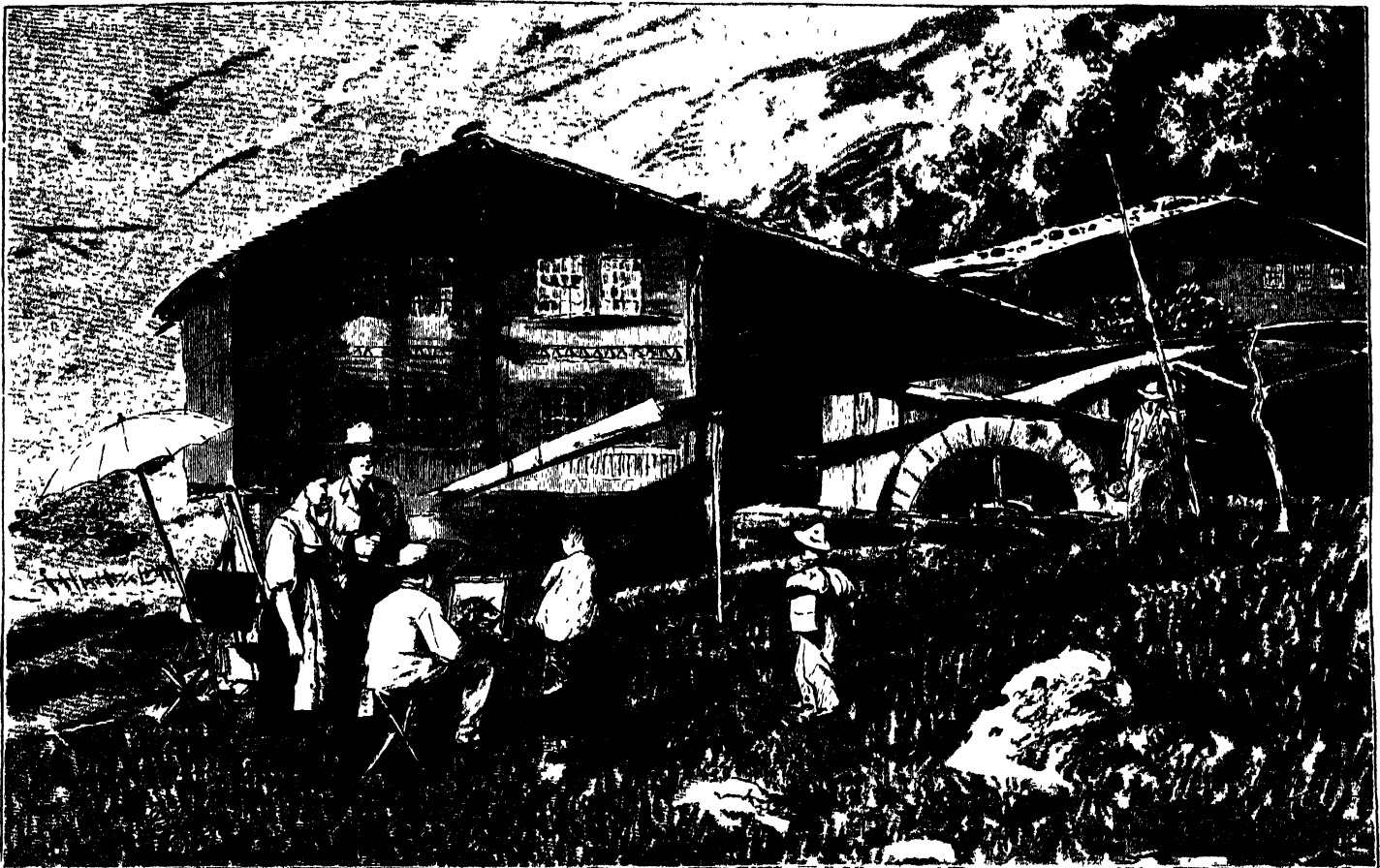


A WRESTLING MATCH ON THE HASLEBERG.

HA
HUNG RAHADUR

James Gray
Hamburg 1891

amicable contests are carried on with the men of Unterwalden, and, on the great Scheidegg, with the men of Grindelwald. The Stadtalp or Balisalp and the Mägisalp are pastures on the Hasleberg, a broad mountain of very cheerful aspect which towers above Meiringen on the east and attains a height of more than three thousand feet. The ascent is made tolerably easy for visitors, and those who achieve it will find the mountain covered with rich, sunny-looking meadows and pastures, intersected by numerous sparkling rivulets and threads of water. It is surrounded and overtopped by the heads of the Hohenstollen, Glockhaus, Rothhorn, Grosslaubenstock, and Kleinlaubenstock, behind which are the boundaries of Unterwalden; and there are numerous little pastoral villages and clusters of houses scattered about upon the level expanse on its summit. Hohfluh, Unterfluh, Goldern, Reuti, and Wyssenfluh are some of the



ON THE HASLEBERG.

most important of these little highland places, whose picturesque brown houses, which have been sketched over and over again, are occupied by a most cheerful-minded set of people. Looking away to the southwest we see the giant forms and ice-crowned peaks of the Wellhorn and Wetterhorn, and catch a glimpse of the Rosenlaui glacier, whose marvellous beauty is such that no one who passes through the Bernese Oberland will be satisfied without trying to obtain a nearer view of it.

Such then, in rough outline, are the chief features which characterise Meiringen; but those who have a fancy for penetrating below the surface and seeing some of the details which go to make up the quiet daily life of the people—those too who desire to fill their sketch-books with charming little idyllic scenes, composed from such simple materials as hedgerows, gardens, houses, and groups of trees, had better stay here for a time and wander about the village streets, where they will not fail to find abundant subjects for their pencil.

And now we must return to the Lake of Brienz. Whether or no it ever extended as far as Meiringen in bygone times, it is certain that we have a long bit of dusty road to travel over before we can reach the water's edge nowadays. The Aar shows us the way thither and rushes merrily along before us, through flat meadow-lands, until it reaches Kienholz, where it casts itself into the lake to undergo a last process of purification.

Kienholz was once an important place, but in the fifteenth century it was washed into the lake by a mighty torrent of mud poured down from the Brünig. This is a danger to which all the places on the northern shore are unfortunately still exposed, and mud-streams and landslips do a great deal of mischief in the neighbourhood also, as we may see by a glance at the ruined forests and barren slopes



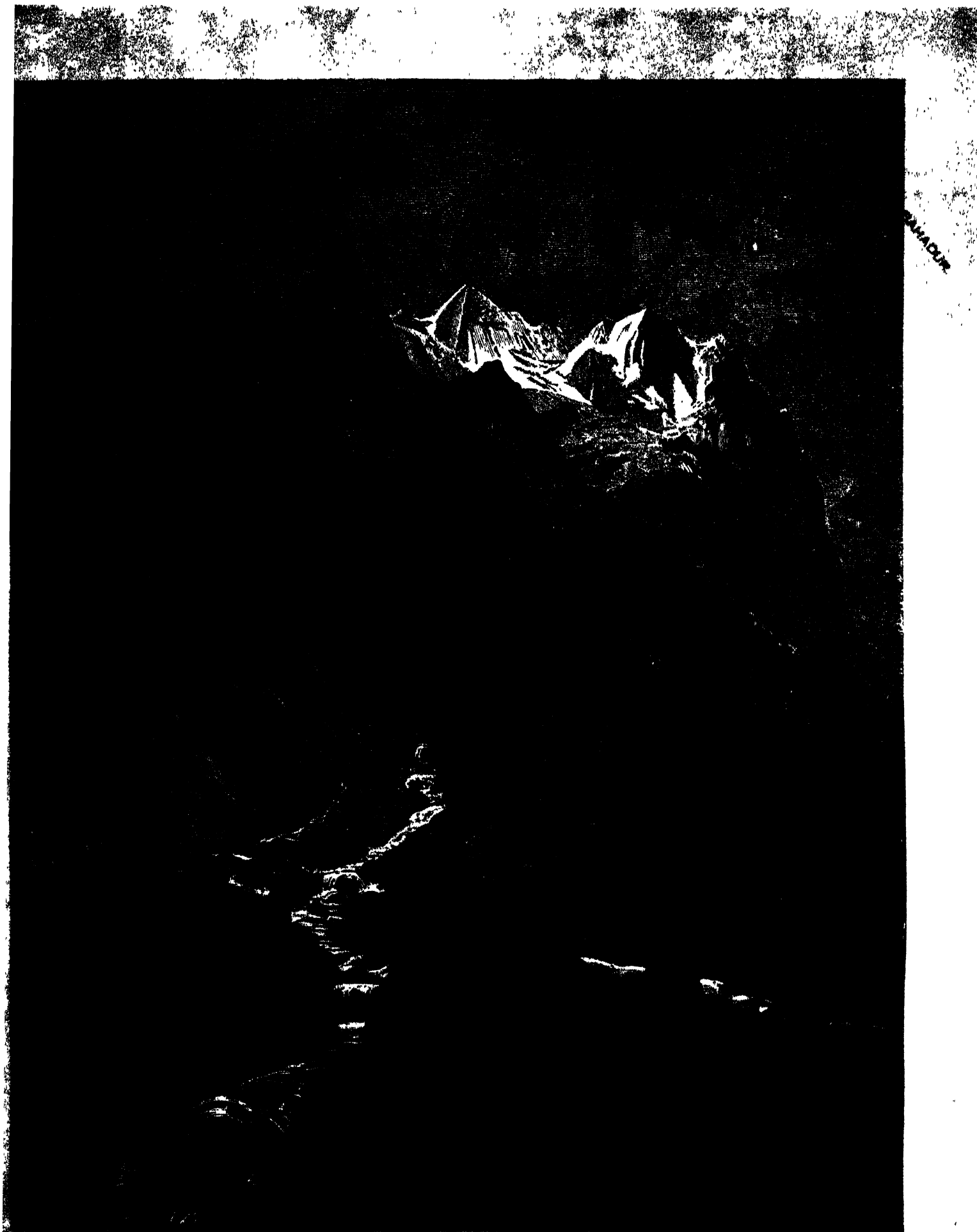
THE LAKE OF BRIENZ.

of the mountains. Even Brienz, which stands on a mound of rubbish, is said to have been twice destroyed in ancient times.

The lofty, precipitous mountains along the northern shore of the lake go by the name of the Brienzer Grat, which is accentuated as it were by the Rothhorn and Tannhorn, and is connected with the chain of the Brünig and Pilatus. The southern shore is bordered by the gentle slopes and green wooded terraces of the Faulhorn chain, which conceals the grander beauty of the valley of Grindelwald. The northern wall is the more lofty of the two, and behind it extends the valley of Habkern.

There are a good many points of resemblance between the Lake of Brienz and that of Walensee, both as regards its position, the nature of the shores which enclose it, and the features of the surrounding landscape. But the Lake of Brienz is, on the whole, of a wilder, sterner character, and those who prefer scenery of a soft and smiling aspect must go to the neighbouring Lake of Thun.

Nevertheless, the fir-wood on the southern shore boasts one pearl of world-wide notoriety, which would of itself be quite enough to ensure the Lake of Brienz a good measure of honour and consideration. Crossing



THE WETTERHORN AND WELTHORN FROM ROSENLAUL

1. The first group of people who are interested in the study of the history of the world are the historians. They are the people who study the past and write about it. They are the people who tell us what happened in the past and why it happened. They are the people who help us to understand the world around us.

2. The second group of people who are interested in the study of the history of the world are the archaeologists. They are the people who dig up the remains of the past and study them. They are the people who tell us what life was like in the past and how it changed over time. They are the people who help us to understand the world around us.

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over from the pleasant town of Brienz in a rowing boat or the steamer, we see a wild mountain-torrent leaping over the rocks, and surrounded by the loveliest verdure ; but, if we did not know that it was called the Giessbach, it would probably not attract our attention in any great degree, as we have seen a good many much finer waterfalls. The splendid hotel built on the height above, and called the Giessbach Hotel, in honour of the cascade, is striking enough, and is known and visited by nearly all the civilised nations of the earth. The Giessbach enjoys a world-wide reputation, and all through the summer people stream hither as if to an International Exhibition, merely to see and admire the feats of this most daring of acrobats. As many as sixty or eighty thousand visitors come every year. But, even apart from the vivacious torrent which adds so much life and beauty to the scene, the environs of the hotel are well worth a visit. The lovely glen of Wiesenthal with its nut-trees, the beloved seclusion of the dark fir-woods,



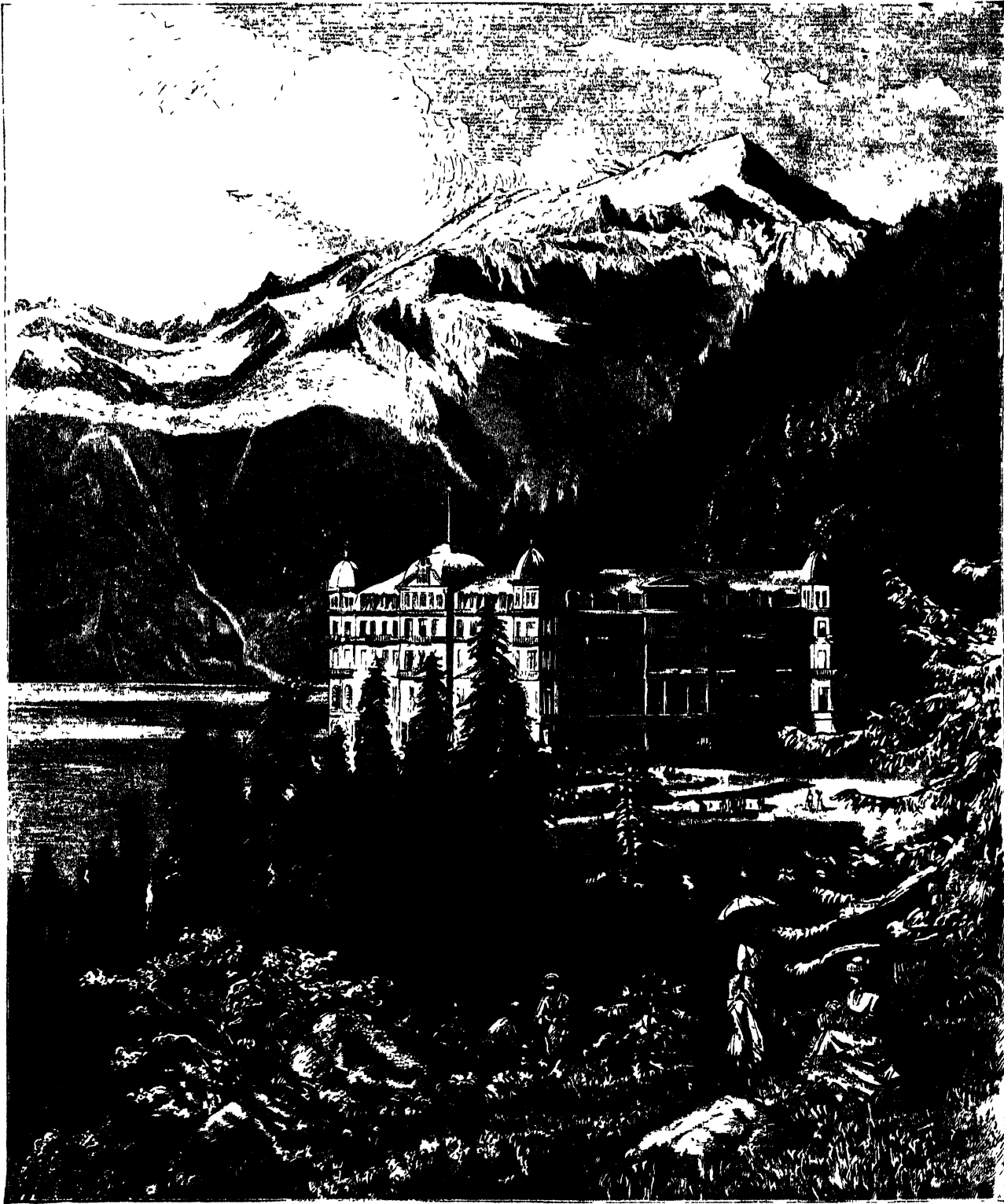
THE LAKE OF BRIENZ

which are fragrant with delicious odours and melodious with the song of birds, the moss-covered blocks of stone strewn all around, the sunny hills and bright flowers, the view of the two lakes sparkling below and the menacing-looking precipices opposite, the luxurious comfort of this the best of all hotels, and the gay parties of people whom one encounters in the wood and on the terrace—all these things combine to make this a very delightful resting-place ; and then, in addition, we have the beauty of the cascade and the sound of its falling waters, which soothes us like soft, distant fairy music, and leads us into the golden dreamland of peace even in our waking hours. The sweetest repose reigns around, we feel a pleasurable sense of perfect tranquillity steal over us, and without actually realising the various elements which go to make up the beauty of the scene, without even being conscious of our enjoyment, we revel like children in the bliss of simple existence. There is no room in our hearts for sorrow or sadness or gnawing desires, and



RUSTIC BALL, BRIENZ.

The cradle of the Giessbach stands high up behind the Faulhorn, in the midst of the blue glacier of the Schwarzhorn; thence it takes its first bold leap down the steep precipice to the Tschingelfeld, and after



THE GIESSBACH HOTEL

two more descents it falls in with the companion streams which rush down from the Faulhorn and the Battenalp. Then follow a fresh plunge and a furious struggle in the narrow, rocky gorge of the Bottenklemme, which would have swallowed the torrent up altogether at one time, if human hands had

not come to the rescue and filled up the yawning gulf. After this follows a short period of repose, while it makes its way quietly through the peaceful valley of Wiesenthal; and then it stands, startled and hesitating, on the edge of the mountain, which towers some eleven hundred feet above the lake, into which it at last precipitates itself by a succession of giant strides, fourteen in number, which bring its gay career to a close.

For many hundred years it remained unnoticed in the depths of the forest, and its nearest neighbour, the Reichenbach, was famous long before the Giessbach attracted any attention at all—indeed, it was



THE GIESSBACH.

not till 1820 that a path was opened up through the wilderness of fir-trees, and carried on as far as the tenth cascade. This was done by a schoolmaster named Kehrli, who was a great lover of nature, and his work was taken up and carried on by Pastor Wiss of Brienz and the family of the Von Rappard; by them the beauty of the Giessbach was at last brought to light, and it soon proved to be another source of gain to the neighbourhood.

A few years ago, when the traveller made his way up to the falls he found nothing but one homely little cottage, belonging to Kehrli the schoolmaster, who saluted him on his arrival with a concert of native airs, sung by the fresh, well-trained voices of his children. There was very scanty accommodation

for visitors in those days, and not much comfort. Now, people come by steamboat, and are saluted on their arrival and departure by a few female singers from the village, who assemble in the waiting-room and *jodel* away with their worn-out voices in a very feeble manner. Like many other things in the Bernese Oberland, the whole performance is got up solely with a view to money-making. But when we reach the hotel on the height above we encounter an individual who is entitled to our deepest respect, the Moltke of all hotel-keepers, whose praises are trumpeted forth in loud tones by everybody, no matter how exhausted he may be by admiration of the Giessbach. If the Giessbach be a model first-class waterfall, the Giessbach Hotel is certainly a model first-class hotel—is it not? We appeal to all the guide-books and all the visitors, and from each and all comes a unanimous shout of assent which echoes far across the lake, and Herr Hauser bows low in the midst of his well-drilled band of kindly and attentive serving-maids, all of whom are attired in becoming Oberland costume, and the torrent adds the thunder of its voice to the general chorus. Every evening throughout the summer, from the first of June, the universal satisfaction vents itself in a brilliant illumination of the falls, which is announced by the ringing of bells and firing of guns. The cascades are lighted up by all the colours of the rainbow, changing from white to violet, from green to crimson, while the admiration of the bystanders reaches its highest pitch. Those who wish to remain after the conclusion of the spectacle will find themselves well provided for in the enchanted castle, with its brilliantly lighted saloons; those who desire to proceed on their journey may take a charming walk by gas-light down to the lake, where they will find a steamer which will speedily convey them back to Interlaken.

As we pass by Brienz, with its hospitable lights, it looks so inviting that we determine to see it and its tranquil lake by daylight; and the next morning accordingly we take a boat, and, steered by the hand of some sturdy maiden or skilful boatman, we glide pleasantly through the clear blue heavens which smile at us from the water, and contemplate the village quite at our ease.

Natives of Bern who have spent some time in foreign lands, say that when they return to their own canton it is like coming into a warm, comfortable room—which no doubt is true. Almost every place in the canton answers this description, and the situation of Brienz, together with the character of its buildings and the surrounding scenery, combine to give it a look of Sunday-like repose. It possesses also the additional charm of a mild climate, thanks to its being entirely sheltered from the rough north and north-east winds; and not only do fig-trees and laurels pass the winter in the open air without being any the worse, but human beings also enjoy almost uninterrupted health. Accordingly, in front of all the houses, which are built close down to the water's edge, we find flourishing gardens, and fruit-trees grow most luxuriantly high up the grassy slopes which rise above the village, under the shelter of the sacred forest of Wang.



UPPER FALL OF THE GIESSBACH

Brienzen possesses so much individuality of its own that it makes an indelible impression upon the memory. At the west end of the village, on a round rocky eminence above the lake, stands the ancient little church, and near it the ruined castle of the once important Counts of Brienzen.

The parsonage, a picturesque-looking building, stands close to the lake, and at the foot of the cliff down whose steep face leaps the Planalpbach, which, in the spring-time, is a torrent of considerable volume. The houses, which are snug and comfortable, are all of wood, and are built in the neat style which characterizes the Bernese Oberland. Brienzen has long since ceased to live exclusively on the produce of its dairies, though the dairy business is still carried on upon the elevated pastures above the village called the



THE VALLEY OF LAUTERBRUNNEN AND THE STAUBBACH

Rothalp and Planalp, also in a valley on the Rothhorn, and on the grass lands at the back of the Giessbach, where the Brienzen cheese, which is highly esteemed all the world over, is made in perfection. But wood-carving is the more profitable business of the two, and, now that it is carried on systematically and artistically, it affords employment to almost the whole male population of the place. Brienzen may be looked upon as the birthplace, and the clever artist Fischer as the father, of this lately-developed industry.

People in Brienzen work with the utmost diligence all the week, but when the well-earned rest of Sunday comes the young people come out like swarms of bees, and, as we pass along the crowded shores of the lake, we see the lads, their faces crimson with delight, walking arm-in-arm with the spruce Oberland



WOMAN WOOD-CARTER IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND

maidens, drinking wine or dancing, and entirely absorbed by the pleasure of existence. We hear the scraping of a fiddle and the low notes of a bass, and ringing shouts, together with the furious tramping of many feet, are borne to us from the inn of Brienz as well as from the inn of Iseltwald, which is quite overgrown with creepers, and peeps out upon the charming little bay from amid a perfect bower of green foliage. There are groups of people in the garden, old men sitting at little tables with their wine, and young men and women chatting in the balcony; in fact, there are picturesque scenes in plenty, for the whole parish spends its Sundays in this way, and as the parish contains the hamlets of Brienzwyl, Hofstetten, Ebligen, Schwanden, and Oberried, those who wish to study dialect or popular manners and customs cannot do better than attend one of these country balls. The men of the above-mentioned place of Ebligen enjoy the reputation of being the best eagle-hunters.

The rocky peaks which overlook this place are said to be the favourite haunt of the eagle—that is, the genuine rock or golden eagle, not the osprey—and he is supposed to keep his eye upon the lower rocks round about even in the winter. The hunters of Ebligen lay bait for him all the year round, even in the height of summer; and it must be confessed that this practice of theirs is anything but agreeable for the traveller whose way crosses their path, and whose perplexity is naturally great at finding skeletons and rotting carcasses so high up among the mountains. The huntsmen keep watch upon the eagle's domain all day long, and as soon as they see one approaching the tempting morsel they have laid for him, they climb the steep rocks in haste, and, as the bird is both greedy and ravenous, he seldom manages to escape them.

As might be expected, many legends and traditions linger about the shores of the lake, and deep traces of Mediæval history are found engraved everywhere. Every one has tales to tell of the Iseltwalden giants and of the old Bugle-horn, and there are stories without end of dwarfs, gnomes, unfortunate chamois hunters, and herdsmen who have been favoured by the fairies.

There is a good deal of freshness and poetry about the legend of the old Bugle-horn which plays around Iseltwald, itself a poetical little place lying in a nook of the lake. The fisherman on the lake often hears the soft notes of a bugle coming from Iseltwald; the sportsman hears them in the wood; the herdsman hears them on the mountains. Sometimes they are soft and low, like the hum of bees; and then again they are as loud as the tones of an organ. Everybody has heard them, and they have a meaning for all. To some they come as a passing greeting, to others they portend good fortune; to others,



BLOWING THE ALP-HORN

again, they are sent as a warning, and to the bride they bring certain happiness. This ghostly bugle-horn belongs to a certain old huntsman, who used, once upon a time, to sound it in forest and field, in village and play-ground, and, in fact, throughout the whole neighbourhood. Till the day of his death he blew his horn, to the delight of many and the sorrow of some. When his last hour came, it found him still in the green-wood. A beggar happened to be passing by at the time, and to him he gave all the possessions he had about him—namely, a little purse of money and his bride's ring. Then he told the man to make



SURPRISED BY THE STAUBBACH.

him a grave with his own hands in the moss under the trees, and to lay his faithful horn by his side, as he could not bear to part from it even in death. The beggar did as he was told, and the old huntsman still roams at times through his former haunts, blowing his horn as he used to do; and every one who hears its tones recognises them immediately.

“ Does it come from the depths of the forest ?
 Does it come from the mountain-height ?
 Does it come from the clear blue ether ?
 From the valley with flowers bedight ?

"I know not whence it cometh,
But still, with a bliss that is pain,
Where'er my footsteps wander
I hear that magic strain."

It is rather hard to go straight from the woodlands back to the crowded gardens of Interlaken, back to the brilliant gas-light, the well-dressed multitudes, the noisy, exciting music of the bands, and last, but not least, the troop of waiters with their flying coat-tails and fluttering white napkins, who effectually put all the small remains of our poetry to flight. To console ourselves, therefore, we will make a morning excursion to the valley of Lauterbrunnen; but we must admit that, if all the poetry has not been driven away thence also, no thanks are due to anybody, for every effort seems to have been made to render the expedition as prosaic as possible, and, in spite of what awaits us at the end, we shall find our patience not a little exercised by the way. Those come off the best who have learnt to require no other assistance but that of their stick and their feet, and who can carry their own knapsack without grumbling. Under such circumstances as these, it is very delightful to set off in the early dewy morning and make our way past charming villas and through groves of fruit-trees into the "valley full of nothing but clear, pure fountains." That is the meaning of the name of Lauterbrunnen given to the valley, which is traversed by the rapid White Lutschine, and is adorned right and left by some twenty clear, silvery cascades. The beautiful Staubbach ranks first both in fame and loveliness; but the Laubach, Sausbach, Fluhbach, Murrenbach, and Sesilutschenenbach, on the right of the valley, and the Wengenbach, Schiltwaldbach, Trümletenbach, Mattenbach and Staldenbach on the left, which enliven the upper valley chiefly, all claim some attention. The valley is very contracted, being nowhere so much as a mile in width, and it winds along between steep precipices of rock which are so lofty as seldom to allow us a glimpse of the Jungfrau, though we are drawing nearer and nearer to her. Most of the visitors who come hither in swarms on fine days go no farther up the valley than the Staubbach, which is close to the village of Lauterbrunnen. The inhabitants of this place lead a most forlorn, isolated existence at all other times of the year, and are eagerly on the watch to make what gain they can out of the tourists whom the summer brings them. This,



THE TRÜMLETEN TORRENT

in fact, is the usual halting-place, and the spot whence the fall is seen to the best advantage is always occupied by spectators. The scenery around is certainly grand and striking, but many people experience a feeling of disappointment when first they come within full view of the Staubbach. Generally speaking, it cannot be said that there is any grandeur about it, but the phenomenon is a lovely one even in the height of summer, when the nymph who presides over the destinies of the torrent sends forth but a small quantity of water from her urn. After a severe storm the fall presents a very different aspect; being very much increased in size and changed to a dark gloomy colour, the volume of water which then comes thundering down the precipice is really a grand sight; indeed, the torrent which now looks like a silvery cloud waving to and fro with every breath of wind, has in times gone by done a great deal of damage in the valley below.

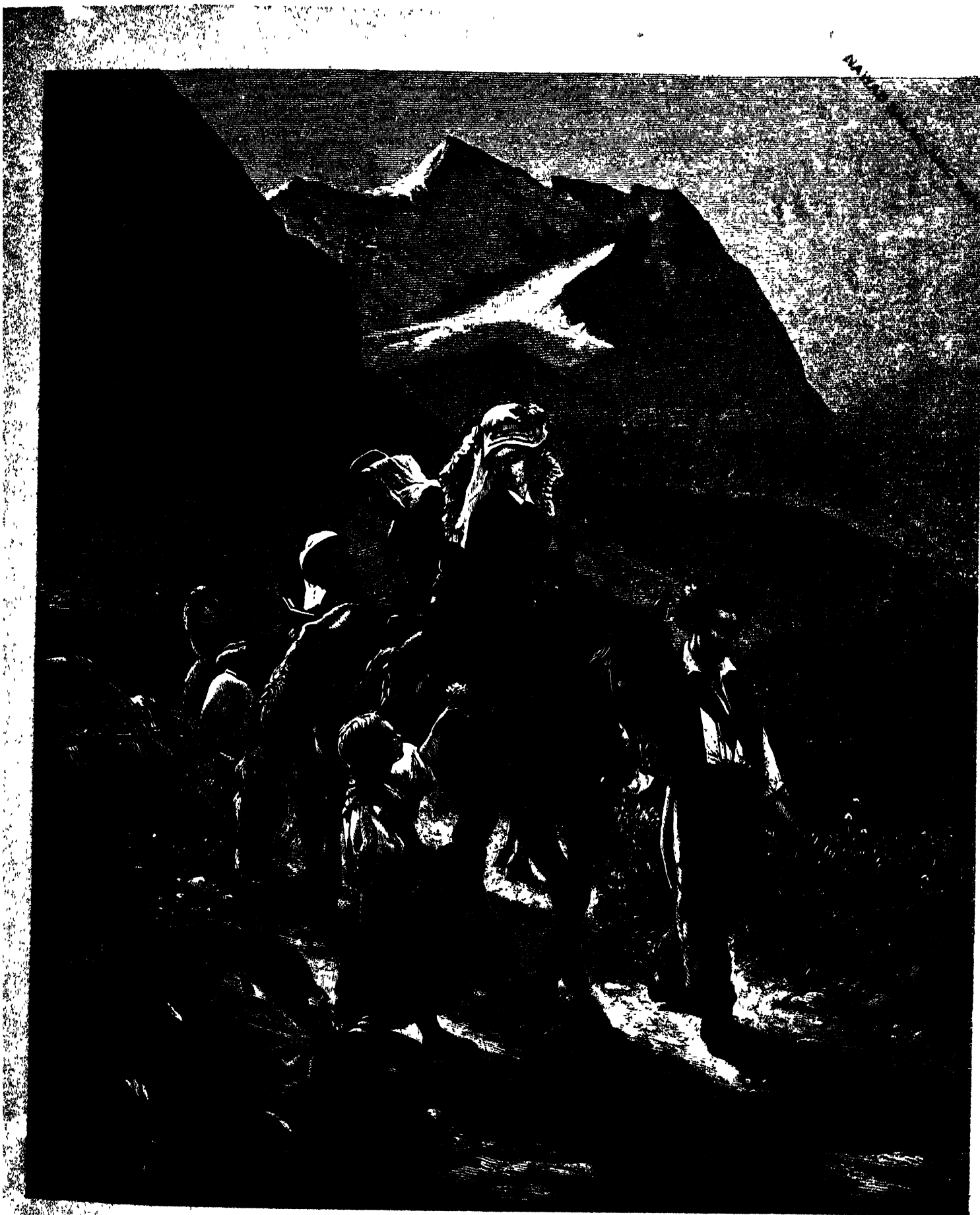
Opposite the Staubbach, but still unapproachable, stands the Jungfrau, unchangeable as ever in her sublime repose; and to the poet it may seem as if the shining waterfall were her veil, which the wind has carried off from her exalted brow and has left fluttering from the fir-clad rocks. It floats and waves above the dark valley like silver lace or gauze, and the scattered drops sparkle like a blaze of diamonds in the summer sunshine. A great deal has been written and printed about the Staubbach, but it is of too nervous and restless temperament to be photographed.

The finest description of it, both in prose and verse, is unquestionably that of our own Byron:—

“ It is not noon—the sunbow’s rays still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver’s waving column
O’er the crags headlong perpendicular,
And fling its lines of foaming light along.
And to and fro, like the pale courser’s tail,
The giant steed to be bestrode by Death.
As told in the Apocalypse ”

Many other poets have written the usual common-places about the “Nymph with silver locks, robed in sunlight, and glorified with the resplendent colours of the iris,” but with these we need not now concern ourselves. Sometimes, when she finds the crowd down below too troublesome, the Nymph will indulge in a practical joke, and shake the bright drops from her silver locks right in the faces of the assembled tourists, just as the menagerie lion will get up and shake his mane at the spectators who press too close up to the bars of his cage.

But, worse than this occasional shower-bath, is the constant persecution which the visitor has to endure at the hand of lace-makers and lace-sellers. Did they learn their art from the numerous waterfalls which enliven the valley? There are lengths of lace of all sorts and sizes—long, short, wide, and narrow—made on the pillow or embroidered with the needle; there are *guipure* laces and laces worked on net, flowers done in *point à l’aiguille*, and flowers done in *point plat*, besides a variety of others not now to be enumerated. Lace! there are whole stalls full of lace! The pilgrims to the Staubbach are pursued by boxes full of lace, and tenders are made in all the languages of Europe. The poor lace-makers work hard all the winter to produce this supply; but, though children begin to take their share in it at a very early age, it is extremely monotonous, weary work. Those who have no lace to dispose of sell bits of coloured stone, carvings, photographs, alpenstocks, chamois horns, and fruit, though the valley itself is too cold to allow any fruit but cherries and a few kinds of berries to ripen. The population is said to be poor, for most of the pastures on the heights above belong to their neighbours, and agriculture is out of the question.



TOURISTS IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND.

Accordingly the people seem almost to have forgotten how to work, and employ themselves by doing a little fishing and a little wood-carving, acting as guides to visitors in the summer, and hunting chamois and birds of prey. They are said, however, to be extremely polite, and, even more than this, intellectual; but the stranger does not see much of it, and what chiefly strikes him is generally the spirit of speculation, which is very rampant, and even tries to make capital out of the poetical sentiment which many tourists, those of the fair sex especially, are wont to bring with them to Switzerland. All who come from the "Heimwehfluh" of Interlaken are sure to have a great wish to see and hear the far-famed Alphorn, which is said to have such a wonderfully magic effect; and, when their wish is gratified, they will most likely close their eyes and ears, feeling that they have one sweet illusion the less in the world. This famous and undoubtedly finely-toned instrument requires a great deal of breath, and consequently great



A PEASANT OF LAUTERBRUNNEN.

strength in the performer, who is perforce driven to illustrate the truth of the proverb, *Cantores amant humores*—the *humor* here being a good draught of Kirschwasser.

However, those who have watched the poor men at Rosenlauri, on the Faulhorn, at the Staubbach, and other places, often trying vainly to produce the notes, which seem to have been completely frozen by the bitter wind, must be hard-hearted indeed if they grudge them their favourite potation.

Heard at the right time and under the proper circumstances, however, the effect of the Alpine horn is quite different, and a few notes from the performer, who is almost ridiculous in our eyes to-day, will then stir our hearts with emotion.

" I hear an Alphorn yonder—
It calls me hence away "

And so adieu to the Staubbach !



ON THE SUMMIT OF THE FAULHORN.

HIGHER UP!

"The moon is rising, broad, and round, and bright,
 And here on snows, where never human foot
 Of common mortal trod, we nightly tread,
 And leave no traces; o'er the savage sea,
 The glassy ocean of the mountain ice,
 We skim its rugged breakers, which put on
 The aspect of a tumbling tempest's foam,
 Frozen in a moment—a dead whirlpool's image;
 And this most steep fantastic pinnacle,
 The fretwork of some earthquake—where the clouds
 Pause to repose themselves in passing by—
 Is sacred to our revels, or our vigils."



IN spite of all the intense delight which travellers take in climbing mountains, the taste appears to me barbarous, and even impious. Mountains certainly give us a great idea of the power of Nature; but they do not set forth the beneficence of Providence, for of what use are they to man? If he essays to dwell among them, his house will be buried by an avalanche in the winter, or carried away by the fall of a mountain in the summer; his flocks and herds will be swept away by the torrent, and his barns by the winter storms. If he goes on a journey, every step forward reminds him of Sisyphus, and every slip backward is like

the fall of a Vulcan. His path is daily bestrewn with stones, and the torrent is quite unmanageable for all purposes of navigation. Even if his cattle succeed in finding a scanty subsistence for themselves, or if he manages to scrape a little provender together for them, he is sure to be a loser one way or other, either through the havoc wrought by the elements or through the depredations of wild animals.

"Look at the zigzag mountain crests, the obnoxious walls of rock, and the misshapen pyramids of



A BLACK SALAMANDER AND APOLLO BUTTERFLIES

granite which make some of the fairest regions of the earth as terrible as the North Pole, and then say how a man of benevolent disposition can take delight in them or how a friend of humanity can honestly sing their praises."

So speaks Goethe, in his humorous fashion, or, at least, such are the words and opinions which he puts into the mouth of one of his whimsical characters; but we shall find the same in Châteaubriand, who takes a similar or even worse view of the Alps; and, indeed, every one who stands upon a mole-hill of his own seems to consider himself quite justified in thinking these or such like thoughts concerning the world of

glaciers and the sublime mountains which stand aloft benumbed amid the eternal ice. But have we any right to take a dislike to the "unknown land?" have we any right to look upon it as unfriendly to us, and to shun and avoid it, simply because, owing to the eternal winter which reigns within its borders, it cannot offer us a home?

The part of the world which has been placed under man's care and cultivation and has been assigned to him as his domain is that which has been inhabited from the earliest times, and has been the scene of the history of his race. The mountains are uninhabited and have no history; and Mother Nature has accordingly placed man's home in the neighbourhood of towns, in the plains, on the sloping hills, among corn-fields and orchards, by the side of gently flowing streams and pleasant meadows, where the fertile soil affords him the ready means of subsistence. Up above among the mountains he finds interminable walls of black, brown, and grey rock, stony precipices and huge slopes thinly covered with vegetation, dreary, desolate valleys filled with enormous masses of debris and ice, glaciers, headlong precipices, glistening snow-capt peaks, beds of pebbles, and bare blocks of stone—in fine, a dead, cold, numb world.

What business has frail mortal man in regions which are the home of Titans and demons? What is it that impels him voluntarily to expose himself to such dangers as here surround him, where he may at any moment be blown over the side of a precipice by the breath of some giant, or crushed beneath some monstrous snowball, or swallowed up like a fly by one of the many yawning chasms of the glacier? What brings him back again and again to the top of the world's highest pyramids, where the demon of destruction hovers around him, and life and warmth are left far below? What frenzy possesses him?

Men such as Saussure, Agassiz, and Weilenmann, and the many others who have boldly stormed the heights of heaven, will be ready enough to reply, but we shall get the best and most satisfactory answer from Friedrich von Tschudi, who has penetrated farther into the mysterious secrets of the Alpine world than any one else. The mere glory of having been in these elevated regions would be far too poor a reward for the almost superhuman exertions necessary to the achievement. No, it is not this which impels a man to go thither: it is rather the sense of mental power which inflames him and urges him to overcome the inanimate bugbears of the material world; it is the charm of measuring his own strength, the immense power of the intelligent will, with the rude opposition offered by that which is mere matter; it is the sacred impulse to serve the cause of science by investigating the secret links which bind all creation in one, and by studying the life and architecture of the globe—these are the motives which induce a man to explore the mountain world. Perhaps too, as one of the lords of creation, he longs to strengthen his sense of his relationship with the eternal by the performance of some daring feat, and to survey the world from a height never before attained by man.

Though these regions have been filched from the plain and lie outside the great circle of human history, they are monuments of another and grander history, the history of nature, which is proclaimed in the mighty thunder of the glacier, and is chronicled in hieroglyphic characters by the lichens which cling around the loftiest summits of these pyramids of creation. Moreover, if the history of the world be a record of judgment, that of nature is a record of mercy, and is visibly under the control of the law of love. On the numb rocks of the Finsteraarhorn, nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, you may see a small, fragile-looking mother-of-pearl butterfly just emerged from its chrysalis,



AN INN IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND

which hangs on a bare rock close to the ice—a striking extract this from the great book of nature. The butterflies so often noticed fluttering around the loftiest mountain peaks—upon Monte Rosa, which is some fifteen thousand feet high, on the extreme summit of the Todi, and on the Finsteraarhorn, which is fourteen thousand feet high—the numerous brilliant insects seen by him who first gained the summit of the Schneehorn, and the two butterflies which fluttered past Saussure as he stood on the top of Mont Blanc—may we not look on them as nature's love-tokens, cheering symbols of the aspirations which fill the human soul, leaders and guides which beckon us onwards and upwards?

So too the flowers which everywhere strike the eye and are ever trying to force their way higher and higher up the mountains: the fearless tribe of saxifrages, the hardy glacier-ranunculuses, the mouse-ear chickweed, the lovely stalkless silene, the cheerful blue gentian, the rhododendrons, primulas, knot-grass, and campanulas—what are they but kindly pioneers, who have gone before us into the “unknown world?” These tender children of the sun caress the foot of man even amid the most savage rocks, and cheer him with smiles as he searches for a path, saying to him, “Where we can live, you are not lost.”

The smallest token of life is hailed with double joy when it is met with on yonder far-off heights, and a butterfly resting upon a flower seems infinitely more beautiful now than ever it did before. It flashes past the blossoms which so nearly resemble it in colour as if it were a child of light or an embodied sun-beam; and surely, if ever the name of the sun-god Apollo be appropriately bestowed, it is so in the case of the loveliest of all mountain butterflies. *Parnassius Apollo* is the entomologist's name for it, combining a reference to its exalted birth-place as well as to its divine beauty. There is indeed something very uncommon in its appearance, which is as peculiar as that of the Alpine flower from which it derives its nutriment. Rich as is the colouring and beautiful as are the wings of the *Papilio podalirius*, the swallow-tail, aurora, peacock, Camberwell beauty, or the highly distinguished Schiller-butterfly, the *Apollo* surpasses them all; its wings, with the simple black marks on the edge and the red eyes on the hinder wings are distinctly veined, and as transparently clear as the ice of a glacier. There is a wide difference between it and the whole tribe of white cabbage-butterflies; the latter frequent the plains and valleys, but the *Apollo* begins its existence at a height of from three to four thousand feet above the level of the sea, and accordingly nature has made its wings strong enough to withstand the effects of wind and weather for at least one summer, besides giving its body a thick covering of silken down similar to that which she has bestowed upon the edelweiss and many other Alpine flowers. This beautiful butterfly shall go before us, as we wend our way upwards among the mountains, and shall be at once our guide and a good omen for the success of our enterprise. Surely its lot is well-nigh as glorious as that of the poet, who dwells alone far exalted above his fellow-men; and, though its life be short, at least it is lived on the most sublime heights.

“What more felicity can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with liberty,
And to be lord of all the works of Nature,
To reign in th' air from th' earth to highest sky,
To feed on flowers and weeds of glorious feature,
To take whatever thing doth please the eye?
Who rests not pleased with such happiness,
Well worthy he to taste of wretchedness.”

Spenser might well have had the Apollo in his mind when he wrote many of the lines descriptive of his unfortunate hero Clarion; as, for instance:—

“Of all the race of silver-winged flies
Which do possess the empire of the air,
Betwixt the centred earth and azure skies,
Was none more favourable, nor more fair.
* * * * *
“The fresh young fly
Did much disdain to subject his desire
To loathsome sloth, or hours in ease to waste,
But joy’d to range abroad in fresh attire,
Through the wide compass of the airy coast
For he so swift and nimble was of flight,
That from this lower tract he dared to stie
Up to the clouds, and thence with pinions light
To mount aloft unto the crystal sky,
To view the workmanship of heaven’s height.

* * * * *
“And then about his shoulders broad he threw
An hairy hide of some wild beast whom he
In savage forest by adventure slew,
And reft the spoil his ornament to be.
* * * * *
“Lastly his shiny wings as silver bright,
Painted with thousand colours, passing far
All painters’ skill, he did about him dight:
Not half so many sundry colours are
In Iris’ bow; nor heaven doth shine so bright,
Distinguished with many a twinkling star;
Nor Juno’s bird in her eye-spotted train
So many goodly colours doth contain.”

But the Apollo does not lead an altogether solitary life, for many pleasant companions followed him when he left the dusty earth for more elevated regions. We are not here alluding to the dismal black salamander; for, although it inhabits the same districts, this creature leads a slothful sort of existence and never leaves the ground. No; what we have in our mind’s eye, is a lovely little bird much resembling a butterfly in its colouring and the motion of its wings. You may see it half climbing, half fluttering up the face of a steep cliff, thrusting its skilful little beak into the rugged crannies and crevices of the rock in search of food, and delighting to build its nest here instead of in the more comfortable quarters afforded by the woods below. Saussure found it busily engaged among the frozen mountains at a height of nearly eleven thousand feet. If the Apollo is the loveliest of Alpine butterflies, the Alpine wall-creeper is certainly the loveliest of all the birds to be found in these elevated regions, and may be called the humming-bird of the Alps. It is graceful in shape, and its prevailing colours are black and brown, with brilliant spots of white on the quill-feathers, and patches of deep rose colour on the under-wings. Indeed, its colouring is as brilliant as that of its associates, the Alpine flowers, which frequent the same rocks and cliffs; but it does not contribute much to the life of the Alpine world, being too rare a visitor, as well as too small and too silent. The wild fowl would do more to enliven the rocky desert, if they had not been more than decimated by the sportsman’s gun. They too are an ornament to the mountains, especially the handsome Greek partridges, which live with the marmots and Alpine roses among the loose rocks and stones as high up as the snow line. Here on some sheltered rocky slope they build their nests, rear their young ones, and feed on the buds of the rhododendron and aromatic herbs, leaving their cousins, the plump field-partridges and the fat quails, to revel in the corn-fields below. The Greek partridge is quite an Alpine bird, and, like the Apollo and the wall-creeper, it wears the striking, brilliantly coloured livery common to most of the inhabitants of the Alps, its especial characteristics being its beautiful red bill, red feet, and red eye-lids. Apart from the dangers to which it is exposed, its life is an enviable one; as, indeed, are the lives of all creatures, great and small, which have found their way up from the plains into the pure, clear atmosphere of these elevated regions.

* * * * *
We are reminded of the butterfly’s cradle on the Finsteraarhorn, as we toil upwards in the bright sun-

shine through shady fragrant woods, and past whole caravans of merry tourists on foot and on horseback, on our way to the inn on the summit of the Faulhorn, which stands higher than almost any other human habitation in Europe, being raised more than eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. What can have driven the lazy caterpillar to these lonely heights? This is a question which it is hard to answer—far harder, in fact, than to say why Samuel Blatter, formerly host of the Adler, of Grindelwald, should have



GREEK PARTRIDGES AND ALPINE WALL-CRIEPLER

persisted, in spite of all difficulties, in building a house up here, which he did in 1830, in the firm belief that he should have plenty of visitors. His confidence has been abundantly justified and his guests have been numerous; for, though it cannot compete with the Jungfrau, Monk, Eiger, and other magnates of the Alpine world, the Faulhorn is celebrated too in its way, and is an especial favourite with those who have a refined taste in mountains and like to do things comfortably. It is not every one who possesses

Weilenmann's powers of description, nor is it every one who finds his chief holiday-amusement in risking his life; and so yonder elderly gentleman and his wife, with their two charming daughters, come hither to enjoy the Alps, and the newly married pair come hither for their wedding trip, for these and such-like persons cannot be dragged up to a height of twelve thousand feet for the sake of making themselves famous. The Faulhorn, with its eight thousand and odd feet, stands only half-way up the pinnacle of fame, so far as its height is concerned, but it may be said to stand quite at the top, in respect of the view to be seen from its summit—and this, after all, is the matter of chief importance. Those who have ascended the Faulhorn may hold up their heads with those who have ascended the Rigi; indeed, they may boast of having viewed the world from a standpoint two thousand five hundred feet higher than the Rigi-Culm,



THE FINSTERAARHORN AND AAR GLACIER.

without the assistance of a railway, and may add that, from the window of the inn, they have had quite a near view of mountains which can be seen only in the far distance from the summit of the Rigi. From the Faulhorn one may look down with calm contempt upon the Rigi and all his kindred, for both he and the ostentatious Pilatus, the haughty Stockhorn, and the pert Niesen look almost like pigmies when seen from this height. The great magnates of the Bernese Oberland, on the other hand, stand forth in all their overwhelming majesty, and display the inmost recesses of their boundless, silent realm before our wondering gaze. What looked like a silvery mountain-peak when seen from a distance, here assumes the proportions of a mighty pyramid whose head reaches to the heavens; while the glistening spots and streaks we noticed from below now turn into snow-fields many miles in extent, or into seas of

ice which pour through the valleys in vast floods. Our heart faints within us as we find ourselves face to face with these giant-forms; we feel half-frightened and yet elevated, and we can find no words at all adequate to express either the depth or passion of the various emotions by which we are possessed.

What a grand and glorious evening we travellers had after our long silent waiting by the fire in the inn on the top of the Faulhorn! We had had a weary, miserable journey through pouring rain, along boggy paths, and through such dense clouds of mist that we almost despaired of ever reaching the light; and then, when our patience was well-nigh exhausted, there occurred one of those sudden magical transformations which are peculiar to the Alpine world—it was like the awakening of a giant.



ROCKS ON THE SCHEIDEGG

First came a mighty wind from the west, heralding the approach of the swift-winged angel of light, who followed close behind; then the misty curtain was suddenly torn asunder, the shadows fled away, and the silvery heights appeared bathed in a flood of radiance. One by one, crowned with diadems of heavenly gold, were revealed the glistening heads of the Wetterhorn, Schreckhorn, Finsteraarhorn, Viescherhörner, Eiger, Monk, the royal Jungfrau, the Breithorn, and the Blumlisalp, one group after another rising before us in apparently endless succession. We could see the hem of their garments fluttering in the valleys below and growing whiter and whiter every moment, while the golden crowns on their heads glowed with a deeper and ruddier lustre as the departing sun showered his burning kisses upon them. Then small rosy clouds began to appear; and wherever they settled the altar-fires were

kindled into a flame, until at length every peak was illuminated with a blaze of divine splendour. After a while the mists rolled back again from the east, filling the world below and covering the valleys with the dark shades of night. One more brilliant flash of light irradiated the world of glaciers opposite, the last purple cloudlet died away, like the last leaf shed from an overblown rose, and then the beautiful world turned pale as if frightened by some unpleasant dream. The bright form of the moon rose up behind the Silberhorn, and the mysterious reign of night began. In the west, above the mountains which border the Lake of Thun, hung a heavy black cloud, which ever and anon sent forth red flashes of lightning:—

“Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder—not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue.”

But there is a weird sort of feeling about it; and the higher the moon rises the colder it grows. In fact,



PAYING TOLL IN THE OBERLAND.

though a moonlight night among the mountains is very grand, it savours somewhat of the churchyard, and one soon begins to long for the cheerful brightness of the sun. He rose again next morning in due course, and, lifting the veil which overspread the valleys and heights in the east and north, displayed to our view what looked like insignificant little grey islands rising from out the ocean; till, as they gradually acquired more definiteness of form and colouring, we recognised the Rigi, the Stanzerhorn, the

Alps of Schwyz, the Urirothstock, Susten, and Titlis, and, far away on the blue horizon, the soft, misty outlines of the Jura.

Between the more distant mountains and the Faulhorn, various other peaks arise, of which some belong to the Faulhorn chain itself: these are the Simelihorn, Röthihorn, Gemshorn, Wildgerst, Oltsehorn and Schwarzhorn, Laucherhorn, and, to the north, the Axalpenhorn, Schwabhorn, Hoheburgfluh, and Hochgrat.

When the eye is weary with gazing at the far-off distance, it rests with satisfaction upon the softly-



ENGELHOERNER, WETTERHORN, AND ROSENLAUI GLACIER.

gleaming lakes and green woods which characterize the neighbourhood of the Rigi. Here all the water is in the form of ice, and what are lakes yonder are enormous sea-like glaciers in these elevated regions—or, at least, it is the glaciers which chiefly attract attention, and give the landscape its peculiar character, for the “lakes” of the Faulhorn chain, such as they are, are too small, as well as too much concealed and too scattered, to make any feature in the landscape. The traveller does, however, pass by many a quiet piece of water, though these are generally of a very melancholy character; and there are several little lakes

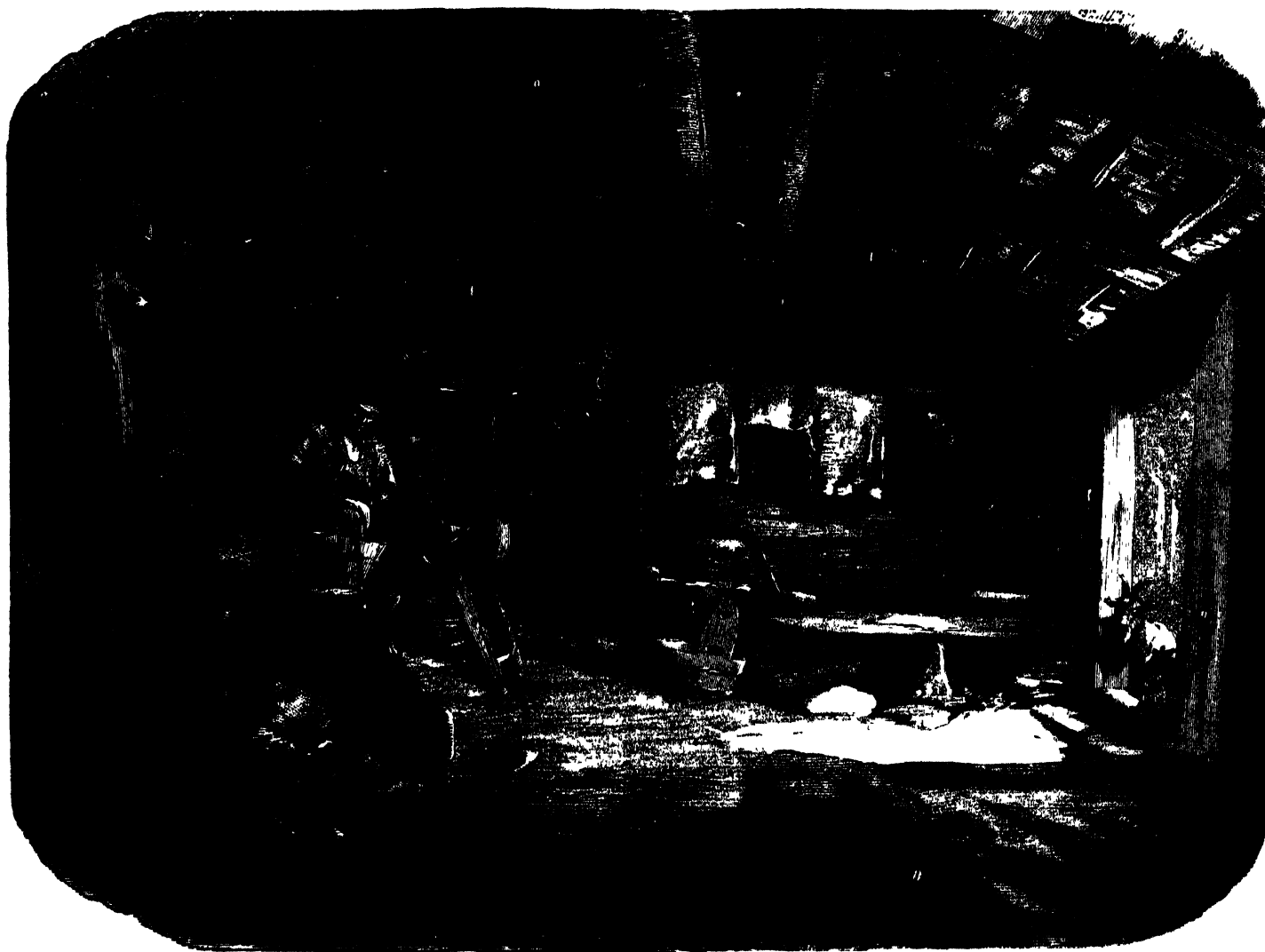
in the immediate neighbourhood of the Faulhorn, such as the lakes of Hagel, Hexen, Sägisthal, Oltschen, Bachalp, Hüttenboden, and Blatt, besides many others, which in summer are nothing more than pools, and are too shallow to reflect the sky. One must go to the Forest Cantons if one would enjoy lake-scenery; for, as we have before said, all the water which makes any feature in the Oberland landscape is in the chilly form of the glacier, or of the eternal snows which clothe the tops of the surrounding mountains.

The "monarch of mountains" here is the gloomy, menacing, precipitous pyramid of rock known as the Finsteraarhorn, to which the eye reverts again and again with increasing respect. The massive proportions of the Bernese Alps attain their culminating point in the Finsteraarhorn, which rises to a height of fourteen thousand one hundred and six feet above the sea-level. But though it ranks as the fourth in height of all the mountains of Europe, it owes its importance less to the fact of its size than to its central position, from which it dominates the whole surrounding world of mountains. It rises up like a huge tower from the various ice-filled valleys and depressions around, from the Aletsch glacier, Viescher glacier, Grindelwald and Finsteraar glaciers, and looks as if in rising it had dragged part of them up with it, for there are pillars and buttresses of ice reaching to its very topmost summit, and connecting it with its neighbours on the east and west, the fair Jungfrau, the round-headed Monk, the sharp-pointed Eiger and gloomy Schreckhorn, the Wetterhorns, Hängendgletscherhorn, Schneehorn, Oberaarhorn, Wannehorn, Aletschhorn, Grunhorn, and Viescherhorns, which stand on either side of the monarch and form his court.

That such a giant among mountains should have attracted a large amount of attention, and should have excited many persons to attempt his conquest, is only what one might naturally expect, and, accordingly, we find that from 1812 to the present day many a foot has been planted triumphantly on his brow. Dr. Rudolf Meyer von Aarau ventured to attempt the ascent in 1812; but his two Valais guides were the only persons who reached the summit, and even their success has remained somewhat doubtful. For sixteen long years after this the mountain was left unmolested, and then Professor Hugi of Solothurn, urged by his devotion to science, boldly renewed the attack. He met with an ignominious repulse on the first occasion, but returned undaunted to the charge in 1829; and at last, after three attempts and a severe struggle with the elements, he succeeded in reaching the summit. Thirteen years elapsed after Hugi's victory before any fresh attack was ventured, and then in 1842 Herr Sulger of Basel won his way to the top; after which the mountain was again left in peace. But at the end of fifteen years more, there came a whole party of our own venturesome fellow-countrymen, and five Englishmen ascended to the top of the Finsteraarhorn in the year 1857. By this time it had become quite the fashion to climb mountains, and henceforth hardly a year passed without bringing fresh visitors. Dr. Abraham Roth came in 1861; and the year following, the name of Miss Lucy Walker, a young lady of eighteen, was inscribed as that of the first Englishwoman who had made the ascent. Miss Luise Brunner of Bern achieved the like distinction in 1865; and from that time visitors have been so numerous that they have ceased to be looked upon as anything remarkable, and the tyrant has completely lost his terrors.

The summit of the Finsteraarhorn is described as an undulating ridge of hornblende, about twenty paces in length and four in breadth. The panorama visible from it is said to have a radius of nearly seventy miles, and includes the mighty chains of Mont Blanc, the Alps of Valais, the Italian ranges, the mountains of Ticino and Uri, the Grisons, the Forest Cantons, and Bern; beyond this, all outlines are lost in deep purple mist. Casting his eye downwards, however, the traveller may see at his feet the

valley of the Aar, shut in on all sides by precipitous cliffs, and looking dim and small in the distance, and he may also descry the green meadows and trees and the houses and cottages of Grindelwald. All this is very fine to hear of and pleasant to read of by the light of the evening lamp, in the comfortable inn on the Faulhorn, but those who intend to see for themselves must be prepared not only to look danger in the face, but often to see it in horribly close proximity, and will find that they need their utmost strength of body and mind. The exquisite dandy who comes hither on a spirited horse, attended by a crowd of guides and porters, and arrayed in dainty, theatrical costume, will find himself entirely out of place. He expects



CHÂLET, BERNESE OBERLAND

to find all the comforts and luxuries of Interlaken among the mountains, and a stormy night in an airy hut on the saddle of the Rothhorn would be the death of him. The only glacier excursion fit for such travellers as these is that to the Ladies' Glacier, as it is called, in the valley of Grindelwald.

Those, however, who imagine that there is any difficulty which the man possessed by a passion for climbing mountains will not overcome, or any danger that he will not brave, can have no idea of the strength of the said passion. Those too who think that, in the above short account of the Finsteraarhorn, we have dealt with the mountain most dangerous and most difficult of access, are quite mistaken. Each crest and peak in the long series of heights which we see before us has its own particular history and its

own peculiar interest; and only a few, such as the Schienhorn, Dreieckhorn, Mittagshorn, and the highest peak of the Gspaltenhorn have remained untrodden—indeed, who knows whether even these have not been trodden by this time?

The Finsteraarhorn, indeed, presents fewer difficulties than the Schreckhorn, or Peak of Terror, as it is appropriately called, whose extreme summit was reached only within the last few years, after many vain attempts. As we stand upon the Faulhorn, we see it rising to the left of the Finsteraarhorn; its form being that of a slender, beautifully shaped pyramid. It is the highest peak in the group of mountains which descend precipitously into the valley of Grindelwald and to the glacier of the Finsteraar, forming an uninterrupted series of torn, wild-looking shapes, above which the Schreckhorn proudly rears its head. Its height is thirteen thousand three hundred and eighty-six feet, and we shall best appreciate the meaning of these figures if we look at the two patches of snow near the summit. As seen even from the Faulhorn, they look like spots or patches and nothing more, and yet the one nearest the top is a snow-field more than sixty feet long, and capable of affording standing-room for several hundred persons. The highest point of the Schreckhorn was attained by a well-known member of the English Alpine Club in 1861; and he was followed in 1864 by Professor Aeby, Herr Edmund von Fellenberg, a man of much daring and enterprise, and Herr Gerwer. The view from the summit is described as incomparably grand, and as affecting profoundly those who see it. The spectator seems to be hovering in mid-air over the two neighbouring groups of mountains, namely, the three beautiful pyramids of the Wetterhorn, which rise up out of the basin of a large glacier, and the chain of the Viescherhorn, which looks like a wall of glittering crystal uniting the two corner buttresses formed by the Finsteraarhorn and the Eiger. The eye looks down with fascination mingled with horror upon the Grindelwald Mer de Glace, more than five thousand feet below, and then returns to lose itself once more among the confused mass of peaks and ridges formed by the Grunhorn, the Viescherhorn of Valais, the Aletschhorn, and other mountains in the vicinity.

Nowadays, neither interest nor importance attaches to the ascent of any mountain less than twelve thousand feet in height; nevertheless, there are a whole number of very respectable peaks which do not attain this standard, and yet, thanks to their situation, they are often more interesting than those of far greater altitude. To this class belongs the famous block of the Wetterhorn, which, as seen from the Faulhorn, rears its head to the left of the Schreckhorn, at the eastern angle of the valley of Grindelwald, out of which it rises abruptly. Its sides are precipitous and savage, and its summit is divided into three very clearly defined peaks, called respectively the Haslijungfrau, Mittelhorn, and Rosenhorn; the first of which, a sort of rival of the real Jungfrau, strikes the eye at once by the sharpness and beauty of its outline. Though it is now very much the fashion for tourists to open their campaign among the mountains by making the ascent of the Wetterhorn, its summit was reached for the first time only a short while ago; indeed, it is little more than a quarter of a century since Messrs. Desor, Dollfuss, Dupasquier, and Stengel ascended the Rosenhorn, and until then it had been considered inaccessible. Since that time, however, the ascent has been performed even by ladies; and at the present day—mountains being influenced by the freaks of fashion as well as other things—the Wetterhorn is a very favourite subject for pictures, coloured prints, engravings and etchings. The Wellhorn is almost equally popular, thanks perhaps to its intimate connection with its famous neighbour. The same may be said of the Rosenlauri glacier, which nestles at the feet of the two giants and completes the trio. At one time it was courted with such passionate ardour by tourists and artists of both sexes, that its cold heart was melted and it retired farther up into the



THE WELSHORN AND WETTERHORN.

ADAMS & SONS

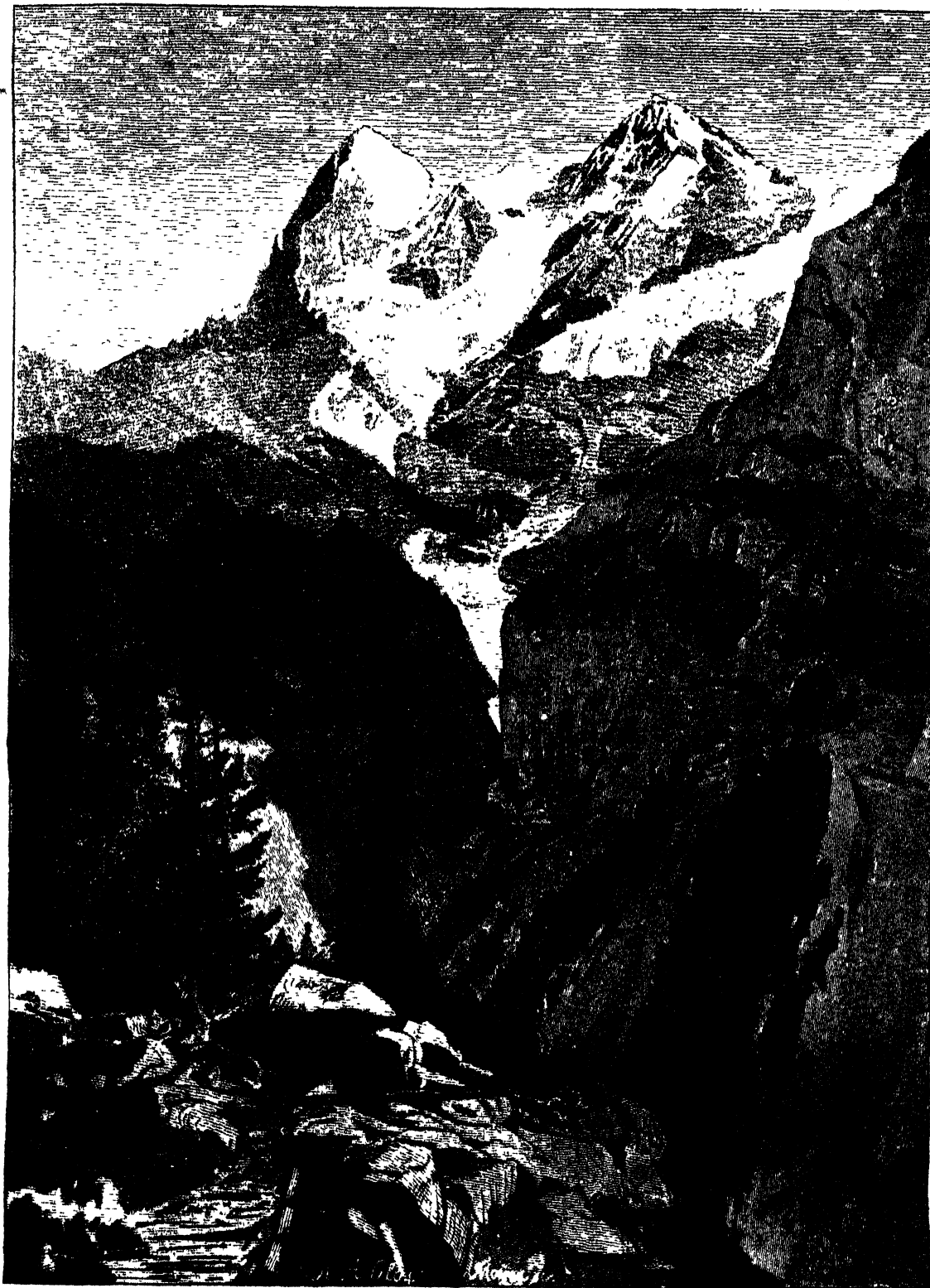
mountains in shamefaced confusion. But it is still famous for the transparency of its ice and for the unsullied purity of its surface; and any one who wishes to study and admire the colouring of the mysterious *crevasses*, or fissures, which traverse the glacier, will find an exceptionally good opportunity of



GRINDELWALD GLACIER.

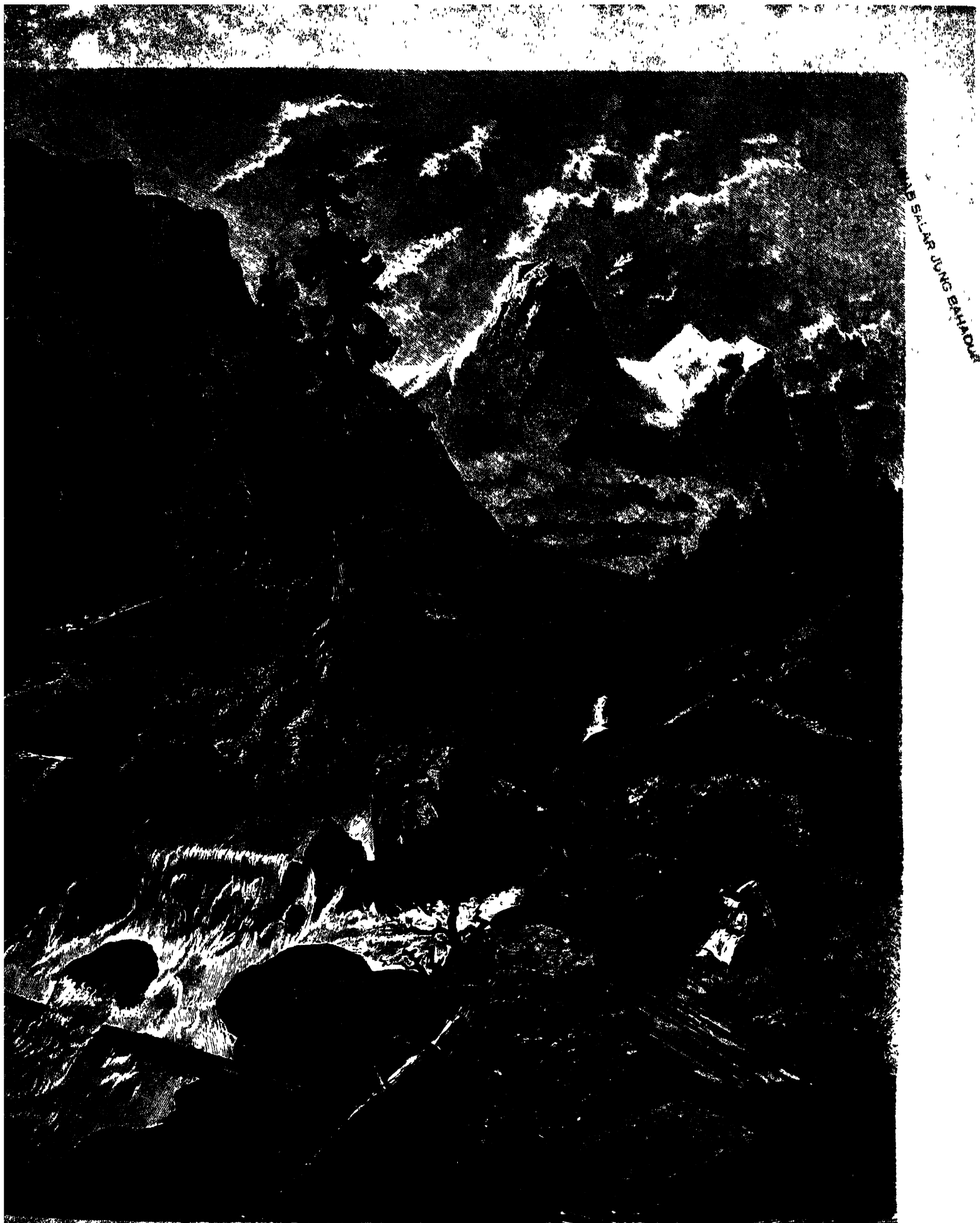
doing so. As for rose-coloured tints—surely those who named the glacier must have been thinking of white roses—he will hardly be likely to find them here, and if the romantic name has led him to expect them, he will almost inevitably be disappointed. Blue, however, he certainly will see, varying in tint from the deepest ultramarine to the faintest shade of silvery azure; and, as the

glittering surface is not tarnished by any of the dirty-looking moraines which disfigure the glaciers of Grindelwald, the sun shines through it without let or hindrance, bringing to light its most hidden beauties, and, in clear weather, producing such magical effects as render this little glacier quite unique in its way.



THE EIGER AND MONK, SEEN FROM MÜRREN.

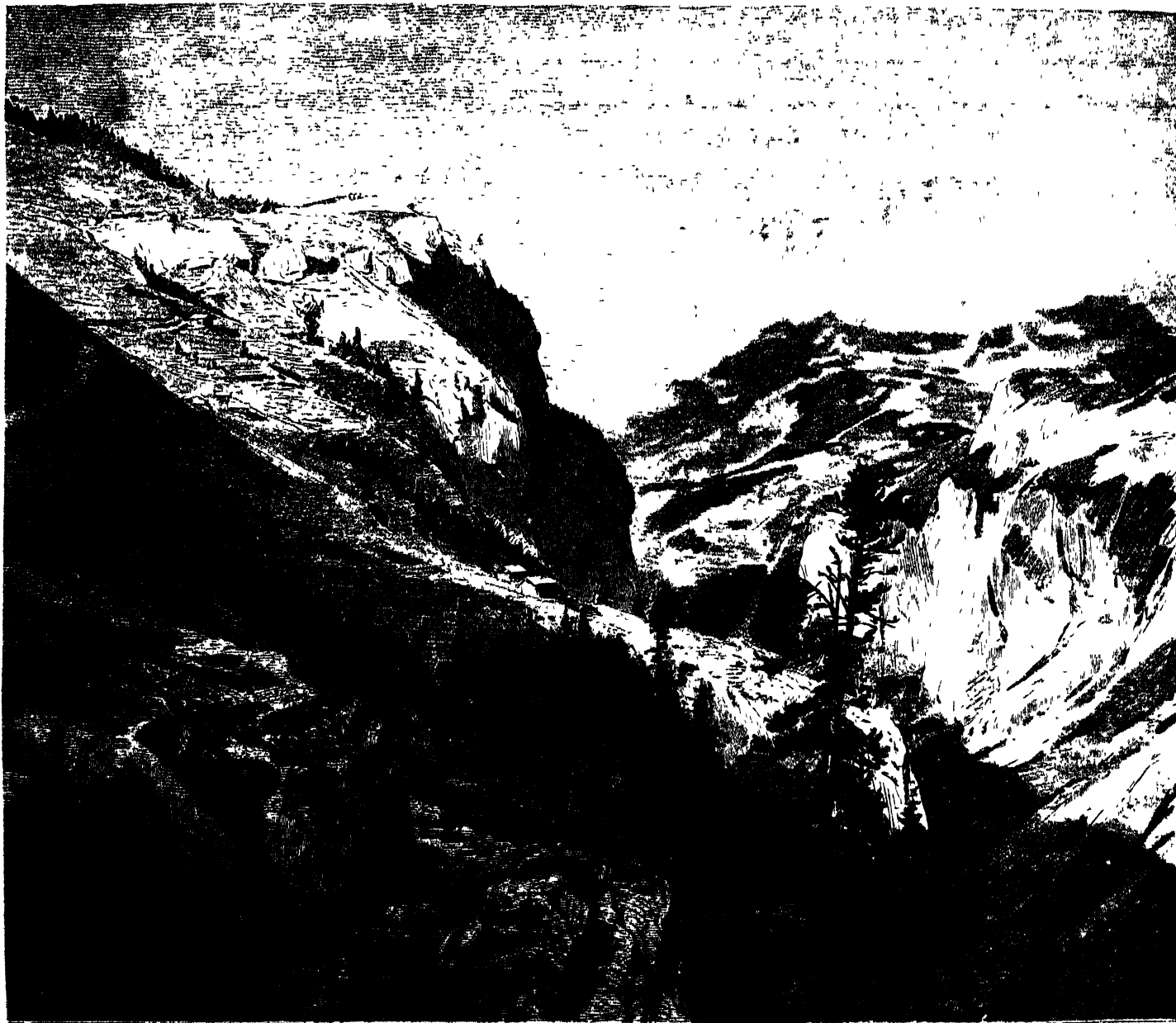
The scenery in the neighbourhood also is of a grand and varied character. In ascending to the glacier from the Baths of Rosenlaui, the traveller passes through a dark forest of firs and large masses of Alpine



18 SALAR JUNG BAHADUR

THE REICHENBACH, ON THE WAY TO ROSENLAUL

roses; and, if he glances downwards, he will see on his left hand a gloomy, wild-looking chasm, along the bottom of which rush the boiling waters of the Weissbach, a torrent which issues from the glacier. The whole vale of the Reichenbach, from the upper falls of the Reichenbach as far as the Baths of Rosenlauri, is so exceedingly rich in beauty of all kinds that it is no marvel if artists return hither again and again as to an inexhaustible treasury, though the whole of Switzerland is now included within their range. Most of the Alpine scenes which adorn the walls of our exhibitions are taken in this neighbourhood; and one is



MÜRREN, FROM GIMMELWALD.

never tired of looking at them, not only because of their intrinsic beauty, but because they portray just that part of Switzerland with which the travelling public is best acquainted.

The most frequented route through this district is that leading from the falls of the Reichenbach through the valley of Reichenbach, past Rosenlauri, up to the Great Scheidegg and thence to Grindelwald, or *vice versa*. All other excursions—as, for example, that over the Lesser Scheidegg to the Wengernalp or to Mürren and Gimmelwald, in the upper valley of Lauterbrunnen—are only like so many revolutions of the

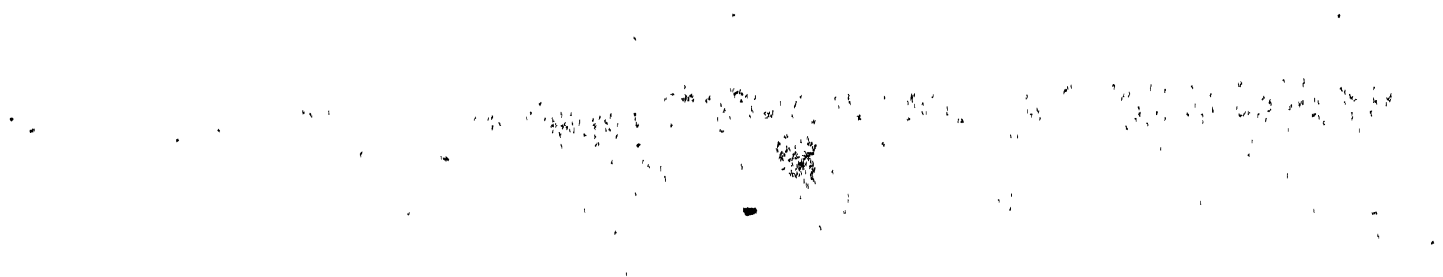
kaleidoscope, the objects remaining the same, but the lines being shifted, and their relative positions being altered according to the different points of view from which they are regarded.

And so one wanders onwards, gazing, admiring, wondering, and exercising all one's senses to the utmost. The constant motion through the keen, delicious mountain-air, the constant encounter with fellow-travellers as light-hearted as ourselves, the satisfaction of feeling our strength increase day by day, and of knowing that we are advancing nearer and nearer to regions elevated far above our usual haunts, the pleasure of surmounting the difficulties in our path, the sight of the clouds floating among the mountains, the flowers in the grass, the herd-bells tinkling on all sides, the brown cottages planted among the fir-trees or in hollows among the mountains, the running streams, the glaciers, the snow-capped peaks, which are constantly before our eyes—these are the things which together constitute the great charm of all expeditions in the Bernese Oberland. Nor must we leave out of the account the trifling mishaps and adventures which are naturally incident to slippery foot-paths, sudden violent storms of rain, and the consequent rush into any smoke-dried *châlet* that happens to be at hand.

The route from the Baths of Rosenlani to the Great Scheidegg offers all these charms, and many others besides; for Nature has been lavish of her materials, and each tree, each rock, each group, serves to show how great a talent she has for composing a landscape. Our path is most pleasantly varied, leading us up hill and down hill by turns, among beautiful, lichen-hung fir-trees, by the side of brawling streams, over rocks and moss or shining meadows; and how coquettishly the Wetterhorn looks down upon us the while, often letting us see no more than a fold of its silver robe, and then standing revealed before us in all its glorious magnificence! We are accompanied on our way by the loud, cheerful voice of the Reichenbach torrent, which collects its waters near the Schwarzhorn, and meets the merry stream known as the Scheidegg close to the Schwarzwald group of *châlets*, in the midst of a regular forest wilderness, whence the two flow together towards Meiringen.

The Great Scheidegg, or Haslescheidegg, which we have now reached, which is also known by the extremely unpoetic name of the Ass's Back, is a narrow sloping mountain, having the Wetterhorn on the south and the Schwarzhorn on the north. The pass which connects the valley of Grindelwald with that of Haslethal runs across its grassy summit at a height of some six thousand seven hundred feet above the sea-level, and has long been known and frequented by all the world. At the highest point stands a good inn, which is a favourite place of refreshment, and affords an extensive view in all directions. Overhead, in threatening proximity, are the snow-crowned heads of the mountains, and down below is the charming valley of Grindelwald.

Those travellers who do not intend to climb the Faulhorn descend at once into the valley, which indeed looks very attractive from this point. It is some twelve miles long, and lies like a green oasis in the midst of a great icy desert. There are only two ways down to this retired spot, besides the path leading from the Haslescheidegg. One of these, leading from the Lütschenthal, is a carriage-road, and runs along by the side of the Black Lütschine, which forced a passage for itself through the rocks long ages ago and formed the narrow gorge known as the Engi, now the proper entrance into the valley of Grindelwald. The other road is a very steep and stony one, which leads from Lauterbrunnen by the village of Wengern, crossing the Wengern Alp and Lesser Scheidegg, and passing through the vale of Wergisthal. A barrier of rock and glaciers extends along the whole of the south side of the valley, from which indeed it is said to have derived its name—Riegel or Grindel, signifying "a bolt." The glaciers advance up to the traveller's



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VALLEY OF ROSENLAUL, AND VIEW OF THE ENGELHOERNER AND WETTERHORN.

NAWAB SALAF JUNG SAHAB

very feet, but he is obliged to strain his neck considerably if he wishes to see the summit of the Viescherhorn, the Eiger, or the Wetterhorn. The glaciers, which are here so accessible that he can even touch them with his hands, proceed from the Eiger, the Schreckhorn, and the Viescherhörner, and descend almost to the bottom of the valley, forming the Upper and Lower Glaciers of Grindelwald, the former issuing out between the Mettenberg and the Wetterhorn, and the latter between the Mettenberg and Eiger. They are so easy of access that they are constantly beset by visitors.

The Lower Glacier, which is the more considerable of the two, is some twelve or more miles long; its middle part, at the back of the Mettenberg, is known as the Grindelwald Glacier, while the upper part is called the Eiger Mer de Glace. Ordinary travellers, however, do not usually proceed as far as this, and are wont to content themselves with inspecting the lower end of the glacier, which does not now advance so far into the valley as formerly. Though the Lower Glacier is the more instructive, the Upper Glacier is more satisfactory to mere sightseers, on account of the greater purity of its ice and the famous grottos hollowed out in its mysterious interior—which, when seen with the sunlight streaming through the pale-green masses of ice, call up reminiscences of the crystal palaces described in Northern fairy-tales as the abodes of dwarfs and gnomes.

These glaciers are a source of more profit to the inhabitants of Grindelwald during the season than all the cows on the surrounding Alps, even when these are most flourishing. If, when we were at Interlaken, we felt ourselves unable to realise that we were really in the Bernese Oberland, we can have no doubt about it

now, for the higher one goes the lighter one's purse grows. Rocks and mountains, crystals and beds at inns, bouquets and Alpine horns, guides and door-keepers, boys and girls—all have a wonderful faculty for extracting the gold from the traveller's pocket; nay, they will have even his last half-franc, his last halfpenny, out of its hiding-place; and, with a sigh, one thinks of the story of the ships in the frozen ocean, which, as they advance nearer and nearer to the North Pole, are gradually bereft, by some mysterious power, of all their nails and every bit of metal of all sorts.

It is interesting to follow up such traces of ancient history as yet remain in these isolated regions, though they are, as might be expected, very slight and chiefly traditional, for very few documents have



AN OBERLAND MILKBOY.

come down to our time. The first settlers in the valley are supposed to have been Helvetian Kelts. It certainly was inhabited in very ancient times, as is proved by the circumstance that the names of many places still survive, though the places themselves have perished. For instance, there is a spot at the upper extremity of the Bussalp, between Faulsee and Simelihorn, which is called "Die Gasse," and is often



FALLS OF THE SCHMADRIBACH, FROM THE CHÂLET OF BOHNENMOOS.

covered with snow, even in the summer. Ages ago things wore a very different aspect, for the space was occupied by a pleasant village called "Zur Gasse," which stood in the midst of a wood, the remains of which were discovered some years ago buried deep in the earth. Tradition says that one fatal day the people found one of their springs frozen for the first time, and from thenceforward the aspect of the district under-



THE VALLEY OF AMMERTENTHAL.

went a change. By degrees it became wild and desolate, and at length the village disappeared altogether. Much the same sort of thing is said to have happened to Heidenbühl, on the Rossalp; and so, again, the masses of slag found in the Schmidiger-Bidmer, on the Grindelalp, which have been long since covered up by fresh layers of soil, tell in no uncertain language of ancient workers in iron and bronze.

There is something poetical in the idea of a smithy situated high up among the mountains. Might it not have been the smithy described in Scheffel's "Ekkehart," by the Lord Chamberlain Spazzo, and discovered by him in the midst of an ancient wood of larches, which was approached by a rude bridle-path leading through chasms and over rocks and stones? The house was gloomy and something like a castle; outside there was a quantity of slag and cinders, and inside blazed a bright fire, in front of which stood Wayland the Smith busy at work. The sound of his mighty hammer was heard far and wide; a wild torrent rushed through the smithy and turned his wheel for him; the storm-wind blew his bellows and fanned the fire of his forge; and the stars said, "We must take care, or the sparks which Wayland strikes will shine more brightly than we do!"

So much for the fancies evoked by a heap of old slag! But it is an actual fact that there was once a chapel in the grotto of Petronellenbalm, a little beyond Grindelwald, immediately above the end of the Lower Glacier. It was surrounded by a wood of stone-pines, through which there was a pass leading down into Valais. The pass was used as lately as 1595 by the Protestants of Valais, who used to come to Grindelwald to be married or to have their children baptized. The trees were eaten up by the grim glacier, which also swallowed up the chapel—one bell of which, dedicated to St. Petronella and bearing date 1044, still hangs in the church-tower of Grindelwald. This latter church must also be very ancient, and the manner of its foundation exhibits strong traces of paganism, the site chosen being, as is said, the spot where two oxen, which had been sent forth to wander where they chose, at last came to a halt. Some people even try to prove that Itramen, or Intramen, a place lying between two small mountain-streams, takes its name from *Inter amnes*, and so is of Roman origin. It is quite certain that in the Middle Ages there were several castles and villages standing here, no trace of which is to be seen at the present day, and their destruction must be ascribed to the avalanches of snow, stones, and mud, which have wrought so much mischief. In the neighbourhood of the modern village of Burglauenen there is said to have been a place called Schillingsdorf, which was utterly destroyed for its wickedness, with the exception of one house, inhabited by a worthy couple, who enjoyed the protection of a dwarf to whom they had shown some hospitality.

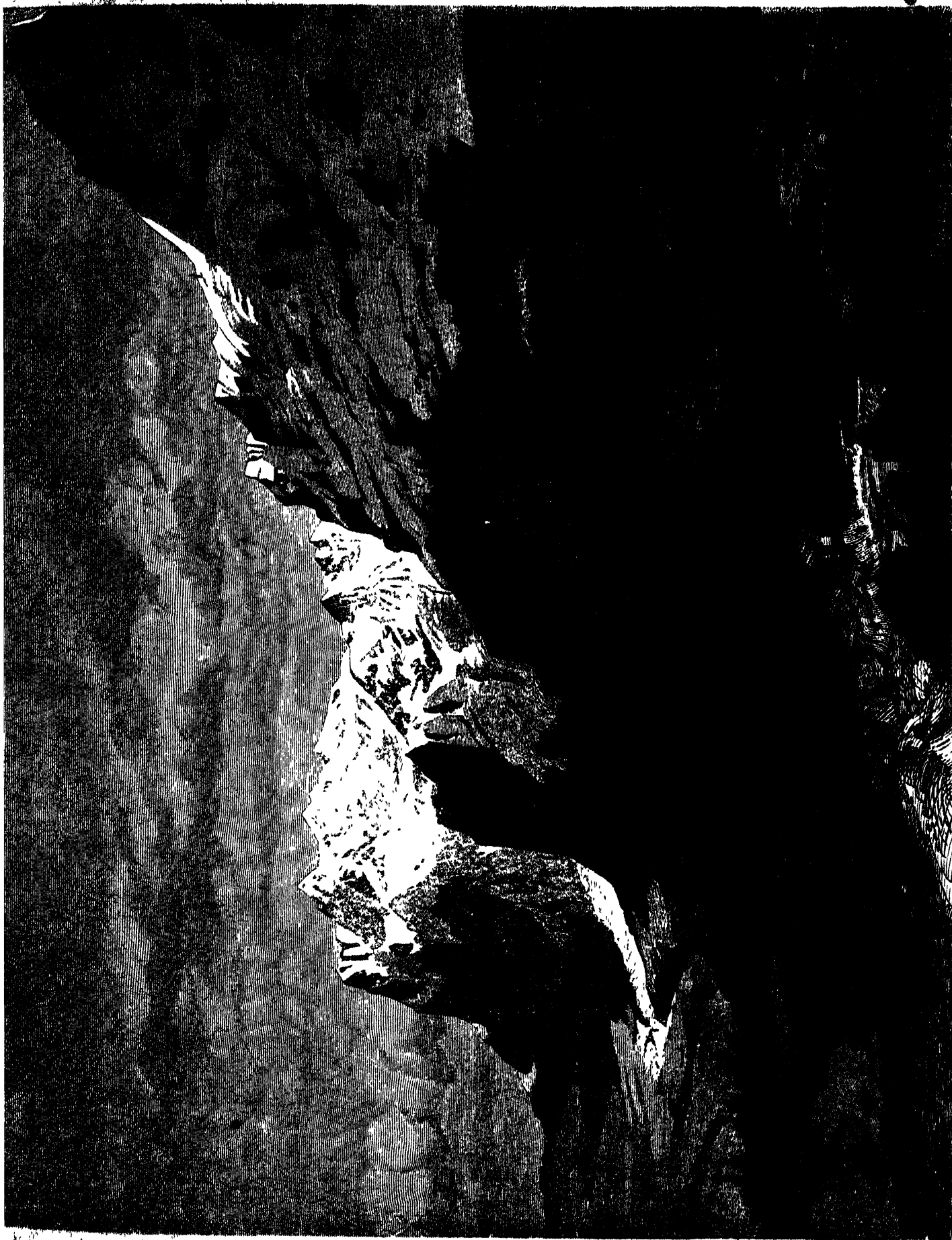
There are innumerable legends about these dwarfs, of whom there appear to have been a great many hereabouts. But inasmuch as they are supposed to have been endowed with second-sight, to have understood minerals and herbs and all sorts of medicinal remedies, besides possessing a certain skill in the composition of little rhymes, one is inclined to think that these dwarfs were, in fact, the remains of the ancient Keltic population, one of whose old places of worship, here called "Simeler," though generally known as "the place where the witches danced," is pointed out to us on the Holzmattalp.

It is not difficult to discover traces of ancient civilisation in the fertile, well-cultivated plains, on the shores of well-known seas, or on the banks of historic rivers; and, indeed, when we wander through classic lands, every step we take shows us fresh marvels of beauty and grandeur. But there is something more touching in tracing out the first little childish footprints of history, her first hesitating attempts to gain a firm footing among the awful mountains. This is scarcely work for summer tourists; but those who may wish to pursue investigations of the kind will find much to interest them at Murren.



FALL OF THE HANDECK.

Mürren is the name given to the cluster of old brown huts, which look as if they had been blown up from Lauterbrunnen by a strong north wind, and deposited on the lonely pastures at the upper extremity



NAHAR
JUNG BAHADUR

WENGERNALP, WETTERHORN, SCHRECKHORN, GRINDELWALD-GLACIER, SCHEIDEGG, AND THE GREAT EIGER.

of the valley. Here they stand, looking very forlorn, and are occasionally visited by tourists, who climb up hither with some little difficulty, in order that they may survey the Alps from a fresh point of view. Mountains which, seen from the Faulhorn, appeared as stars of the second magnitude only, gain much in majesty and importance when viewed from Mürren. The Silberhorn, for instance, which looked merely like a satellite of the Jungfrau before, has turned into a mighty independent lord, and might be a duke or herald, introducing the Monk, Eiger, Tschuggen, Lauberhorn, Männlichen, Gletscherhorn, Eberfluh, Grosshorn, Mittagshorn, Breithorn, Tschingelhorn, and Gspaltenhorn—in fact, the whole bevy of courtiers—into the august presence of their maiden queen. Mürren itself, with its three dozen houses scattered over the meadows, its gloomy firs and rocks, and the entire absence of all deciduous trees, makes but a dismal figure; but the exquisite mixture of golden-green and silvery-white, afforded by the meadows and glaciers, is both delightful and refreshing to the eye.

Mürren, Gimmelwald, and Wengi are said to be the oldest settlements in the valley. The first is written "Murn" and "Uffen Muren" in old documents, a circumstance which points to its having been anciently surrounded by Roman walls. It is supposed to have been inhabited by Romanised Helvetians, who, when the country was invaded by the Northern races, sought a refuge here in this mountain desert, where they finally settled and found springs, pastures, and safety. Documents still exist which show that Mürren, Gimmelwald, Ammertent, Trachsellaun, and Sichelalaun were inhabited in the Middle Ages by people from the valley of Lotschen, which lies between the Alps of Valais and the westerly Bernese Alps. Tradition says that there was once a populous village in the now wild valley of Ammertenthal, which lies high up at the farthest extremity of the Lauterbrunnenthal, where it is shut in by the Steinberg and the Tschingel and Breithorn glaciers, where the White Lütchine dashes wildly over wild, broken masses of rock into the valley, and the Schmadribach pours down its waters in the form of a picturesque cascade. It is said, also, that a much-frequented road led through this village into the Lotschenthal, in Valais, just mentioned above; a valley which, like many others, is now occupied by a glacier. The village has long since disappeared, and a few lonely summer chalets are the only habitations left to give animation to the desolate scene. Visitors are attracted to the valley by the Falls of the Schmadribach, which are best seen from the chalet of Bohnenmoos. This is not a mere ordinary waterfall—indeed, the large volume of water which issues from the Steinberg glacier and dashes straight down the Steinberg—a savage, fissured precipice of great height—has rather the appearance of having been produced by artificial means. The principal cascade is in the centre, but it is flanked on either side by nine lesser cascades, which unite lower down and take a second and third leap together. This Ammertenthal, though somewhat difficult of access, is a splendid natural stage, its picturesque side-scenes and background being formed by the rocks and glaciers of the Breithorn, Tschingel, and Grosshorn, whose threatening peaks rise above its edges.

Whether, after such grand scenery as this, it is worth while to proceed to the Wengern- or Wangenalp, is a question of taste and time, but it certainly offers abundance of attractions. The mountain lies between the valleys of Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald, which it separates, while it connects the foot of the Monk with the Tschugge and Männlich. The Jungfrau, the Queen of the Bernese Alps, here reigns supreme, and from this vantage-ground we can look into her inmost recesses; we can hear the thunder of her avalanches as she hurls them down into the valley; and every evening, after sunset, we feel the icy chilliness of the breath which she breathes upon the dark world at her feet.

Between the Wengernalp and the Jungfrau there is a wild-looking ravine, called in old books "the

terrible narrow gorge," in which is the little cascade of the Trümleten, so called from the noise made by the beating of the water on the stones. There is nothing else remarkable about it, and it has lost some of its beauty in the course of years, though, by dint of continual flowing, it has made its bed somewhat more comfortable, and has worn its way deeper into the rock, as the Staubbach is said to have done also.

But to go systematically through all the beauties of the Oberland, guide-book in hand, as if we were plucking the leaves off an artichoke, would be very foolish. No; we had rather follow the example of the child in the strawberry-bed, and just take that which most attracts us, whether it be flowers, fruit, sketches, or carved figures. But, as no excess of any kind ever leads to good, and as even sight-seeing may be overdone, we will bring our highland tour to an end, and follow the Reichenbach back to Meiringen, thence we will proceed to the Grimsel, and introduce ourselves to the canton of Valais, on the confines of which we shall then be standing. Those, however, who feel great reluctance in saying farewell



IN THE VICINITY OF THE HANDECK.

to the snow-fields, glaciers, mountain torrents, and waterfalls, may be consoled to hear that there is still one more waterfall to be seen—one, too, whose name resounds like a trumpet-call in our ears. This cataract is the famous one known as the Falls of Handeck, or the falls of our old acquaintance the Aar, which chooses the gloomy, lonely woods of the savage valley of Haslethal as the scene of its plunge into the depths of an awful abyss. A dozen other celebrated falls would be reduced to silence in its presence, and yet its grandeur does not make it popular. It is as great a recluse as genius—it is the Beethoven of waterfalls, an epic poet among lyrics; but people always prefer the gilt edges of the lyric to the glittering steel of the epic.

The Handeck Falls are extremely grand and imposing; the sound of the waters, as they rage against the narrow bounds within which they are confined, may be heard at a great distance, and the white, misty foam which boils up from below rises far above the tops of the surrounding trees. The Aar does not take



THE ROAD BETWEEN HANDECK AND THE GRIMSEL.

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this tremendous leap alone—the Aarlenbach pours in from the right, mingles its waters midway with the more powerful column of the Aar, and after a short struggle the two plunge together into their dark, rocky bed. A brightly-hued rainbow may be seen hovering high above the fall at certain hours.

A gay and animated scene is always going on at all hours of the day, and far on into the night, in the roomy chalet of the Handeck; which, however, really is a chalet and nothing more. It is the only human habitation between Guttannen and the hospice of the Grimsel, and in spite of the additional sleeping accommodation afforded by a little lean-to, is no longer large enough to meet the demands made upon it. No doubt an hotel “Zum Handeckfall” will make its appearance here before long. The innkeepers of Interlaken and Unterseen have been exerting themselves for years past to achieve something of the kind; and



AN ALPINE LANDSCAPE IN WINTER.

when their efforts are crowned with success, as they doubtless will be eventually, we shall lose in primitiveness what we may gain in comfort. The great charm which the present habitation has always possessed for strangers is the fact that it represents one of the primitive dwellings of the herdsmen of ancient days, and affords a glimpse into the interior of a real genuine chalet, where the mistress and the head dairyman may be seen standing before a blazing fire and presiding over cauldrons filled with gently simmering milk. The sturdy milk-boy—who, by the way, is more sturdy than clean—pushes his way through the elegant crowd of spectators with the utmost unconcern, a milk-tub on his shoulders, and his cap, which looks as if it had grown to his head, pulled down close over his eyes. The low roof compels every one, even the haughtiest, to bow his head continually; and, in fact, you may here see the cowherd's

life as it is in prosaic reality, without the rose-coloured ribbons, silk stockings, golden locks, guitars, and spangles with which it is often fictitiously adorned.

And yet, though they seem to be unconscious of it—or, at least, unable to express it—the life of the people is full of poetry, and the cattle, at least, seem to be sensible of its influence, for in the Bernese Oberland, where they are exposed to many more and much greater dangers than elsewhere, they are far more intelligent than they are in the plains and valleys.

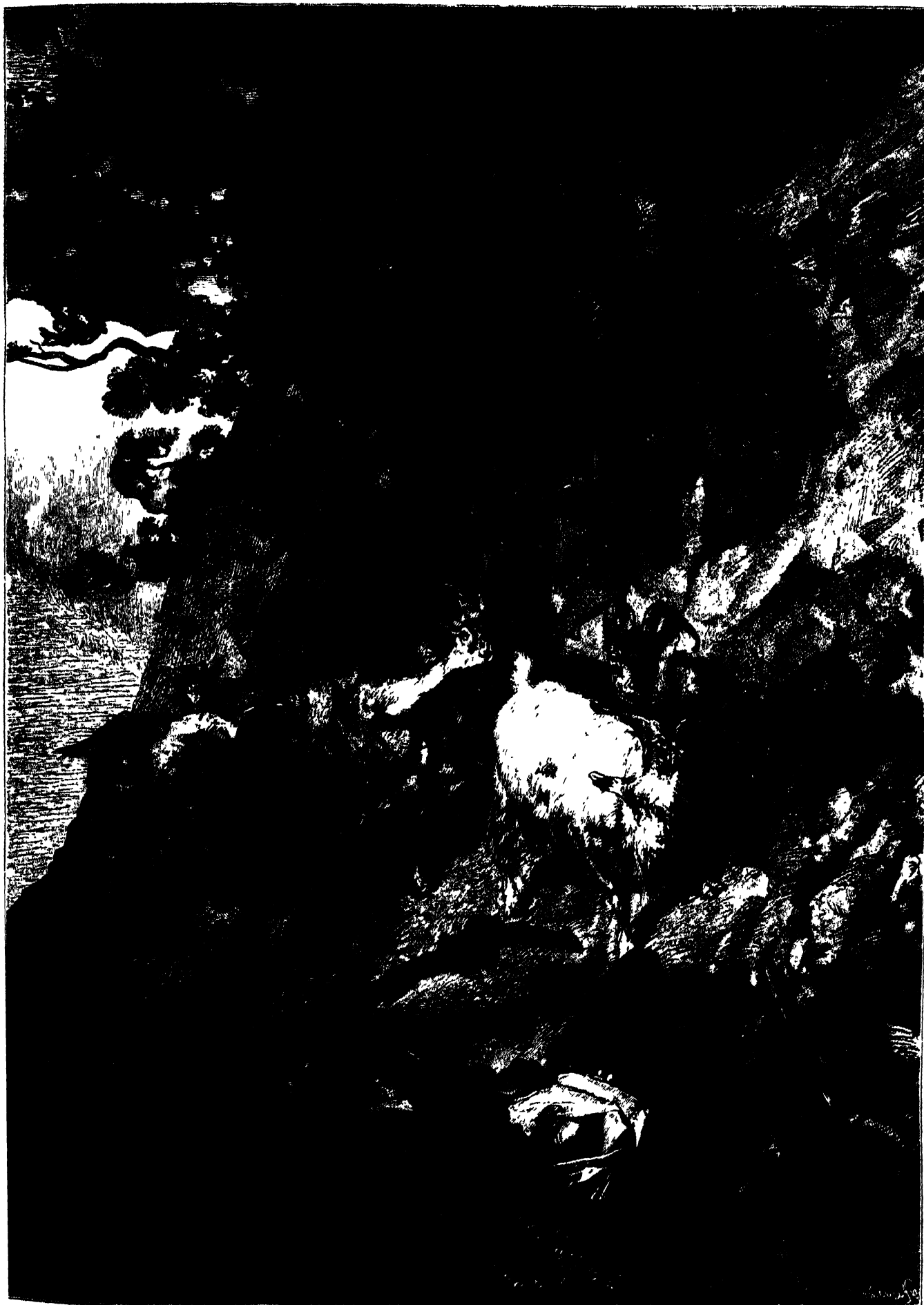
Many and many a time, as we traverse the High Alps in the summer, we shall have occasion to pass through large herds of cows, some of them lying in the grass, quietly chewing the cud, and others standing reflectively by the hedge or the wayside, staring at the stranger with their large, wise, brown eyes. They look both sensible and good-humoured, and when one has been wandering for days among the desolate mountains, without meeting a single living soul, it is really quite a comfort to look into the bright, beautiful eye of an ox. This will, of course, be deemed absurd by many people, and yet, when they come to make the experiment for themselves, they may find that the statement is not exaggerated. Tschudi, in



CRYSTAL-SEEKERS ON THE GRIMSEL.

his "Fauna of the Alps," remarks: "Wild animals are far too scarce, and of too roving a habit, to be introduced as prominent objects in an Alpine landscape; but their place is supplied by domestic animals, which hence occupy a position of increased importance. The mountains would lose half their charm if there were no chalets with their curling smoke, no flocks and herds in the pastures, and no herdsmen to make the rocks resound with their joyous songs; for all these are so many tokens that man is lord of the whole world, even of that part which is most free and wild, which confronts him with all the grandeur, and piles up all the terrors at her disposal, in a vain endeavour to daunt his spirit."

The restless, clambering, bleating goats impart great animation to the scene, as they wander among the tough bushes of the Alpine rose, with which the slopes are covered; the herd-boy, with his willow-pipe, is also an essential element in the landscape, as are also the clear-toned bells which the oxen carry far up the mountains, even to the verge of the snowfields. These are the things which constitute the poetry of the Alps; but the picture has its reverse side, for men and beasts both lead lives of great peril and privation. Sometimes the provender fails, or there is a fall of snow; sometimes there is a cold rain which lasts for weeks, and quite takes the zest out of everything; and then, again, much damage is done and much



FATAL ACCIDENT TO A GOAT-HERD.

discomfort caused by the fall of rocks and stones and the depredations of wild animals. Storms, too, especially such as occur in the night, cause a terrible amount of devastation, as may be seen by a reference to the newspapers, which every year contain accounts of such-like occurrences. On these occasions, what with terror and what with darkness, many a fine animal falls over the cliffs; as was the case on the Naus pasture on the 1st of August, 1854, when ten cows and the unfortunate cow-boy all perished together. The easy-going, dainty goats are much bolder than the cows, and the goat-herd, though somewhat looked down upon by the rest of his kind, is the boldest of all the Oberland herdsmen. The joys and sorrows of one of these individuals is portrayed in brilliant but faithful colours by Rambert in his fine work, called "*Les Alpes Suisses*," which will be found well worth attention by those who care to read a genuine Swiss work. Kaspar, the hero of this touching tale, was a poor unfortunate goat-boy, belonging not to the Bernese Oberland, but to Praz-de-Fort, and his history is given from the cradle to the grave—or, rather, to his death; for "one evening Kaspar's goats came home alone. The people of Praz-de-Fort, guessing that some accident had happened, went out with lanterns to search for him; but it was not until some weeks later that his body was discovered, the place where it lay being indicated by the birds of prey which hovered over it. He must have fallen from a height of more than a hundred fathoms, and was terribly mutilated. Such is the end of most of the old goatherds: living constantly among the rocks and cliffs, and having no other companionship, they become so familiarised with them as to lose all sense of danger, and then one day they fall down headlong and perish."

Many of the chamois-hunters meet their death by similar accidents, as do also many of the poor crystal-seekers, or "strahlers," as they are called, who toil wearily for even less profit. We may very likely have seen some of these latter in the desolate, rock-strewn region of the Upper Haslethal, on our way up to the dreary Grimsel Pass. The stony ground on the right bank of the Upper Aar cannot be turned to any account either by the haymaker, cowkeeper, or other herdsman, though one may sometimes see an eager botanist or a herb-gatherer creeping about among the small patches of vegetation; but where all other industry ceases, there that of the "strahler" begins. Opticians in Berlin, Vienna, Paris, and other great cities down below require crystals for their lenses, lapidaries want them for brooches, rings, earrings, &c., and, to satisfy the demand which thus arises, the hardy mountaineer provides himself with a scanty supply of food, a stick four feet in length, a sort of pickaxe, a hammer and rope, and a knapsack or basket, armed with which he proceeds up to the slate, granite, and gneiss cliffs, in search of the sparkling symmetrical crystals which are to be found in the caves, especially in the famous one in the Zinkenbergl, near the Aar glacier. Rogers thus describes his labours:—

"To his feet he bound
The iron crampons, and, ascending, trod
The Upper Realms of Frost; then, by a cord
Let half-way down, entered a grot star-bright,
And gathered from above, below, around,
The pointed crystals"

The work is very laborious and full of peril; the results are often small, and the actual profits smaller still, for such large crystals as those found in the caves of the Zinkenbergl, and now exhibited in the museum of Bern, are of very rare occurrence.

To the dried Alpine roses, everlasting edelweiss, lace, carvings, and other treasures collected during

our rambles, we must now add a specimen, but a very small one, of this mountain crystal, the very embodiment of one of the many sunbeams which have gladdened our hearts and eyes during our happy sojourn in the Bernese Oberland; and, as we do so, we can hardly fail to be reminded of Moore's bright little song of the crystal-hunters:—

“ O'er mountains bright
With snow and light
We crystal-hunters speed along,
While rocks and caves
And icy waves
Each instant echo to our song,
And when we meet with store of gems,
We grudge not kings their diadems ”

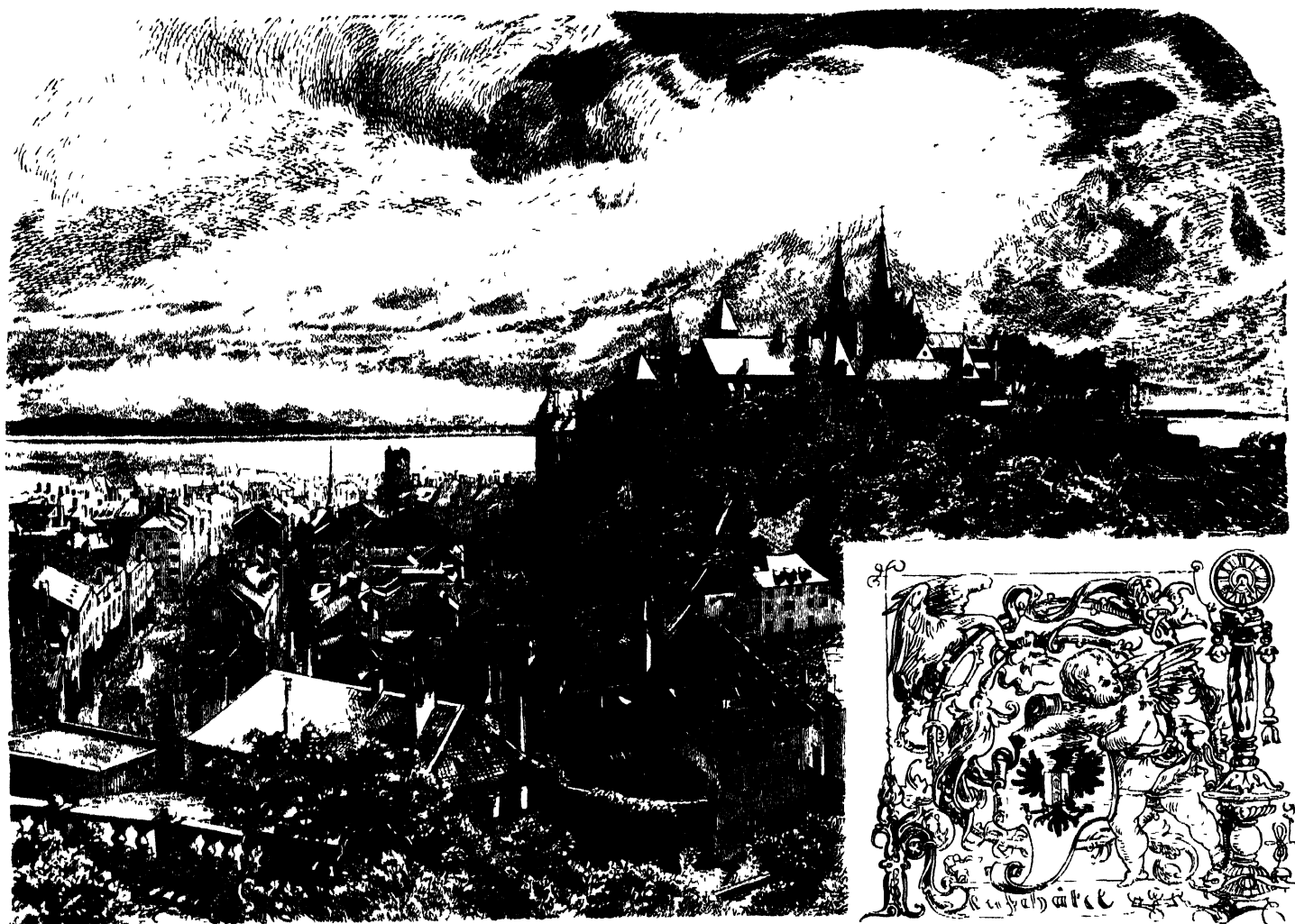




THE WESTERN LAKES.

“These grey majestic cliffs that tower to heaven,
These glimmering glades and open chestnut-groves,
That echo to the heifer’s wandering bell,
Or woodman’s axe, or steersman’s song beneath,
As on he urges his fir-laden bark,
Or shout of goatherd-boy above them all—
Who loves not? And who blesses not the light
When thro’ some loophole he surveys the lake,
Blue as a sapphire-stone, and richly set
With châteaux, villages, and village-spires,
Orchards and vineyards, Alps and Alpine snows”

ROGERS



NEUCHÂTEL



THE wildly beautiful harmonies of the Alpine landscape, consisting of ice-clad rocks and frozen lakes, are repeated in softer tones and calmer strains in West Switzerland, which is indeed like a gentle echo of the Oberland. Here all harsh and discordant notes have been softened and harmonized, and the earth has been reclaimed to the use of man, if not altogether without a struggle, yet with most satisfactory and beneficial results.

The Oldenhorn, Diablerets, Dent de Morcles, and the Moveran are all offshoots of the frozen mountains, and stand on the southern frontier like giant sentinels, looking down from their distant heights upon the softly undulating plain of the Jura. The Oldenhorn may be considered as quite belonging to the Bernese Alps, for it is robed in glaciers and rears its head aloft to a great height. It stands at the junction of the three cantons of Bern, Vaud, and Valais, which are respectively represented by the valleys of Gsteig, Ormond, and the Upper Lizerne. From the Oldenhorn to the Dent de Morcles there extends a wild chain of mountains which culminates in the great Moveran, and forms the threshold of the canton of Valais—a very steep and precipitous one too. The actual entrance into the canton lies between the Dent de Morcles and the Dent

du Midi, and has been formed by the Rhone, which, as if attracted by the prospect of a pleasanter life below, takes a violent plunge downwards from the higher Alps and pours itself into the smiling waters of the Lake of Geneva.

The district which we have described as being a softer echo of the Oberland both as to its outlines, climate, waters, flora, inhabitants, and even language, is grouped around the Lake of Geneva or Lemman, the Lake of Neuchâtel or Neuenburg, and the slopes and valleys of the Jura. For though the "Black Mountains" of the Jura may possess many terrors, still they are far less mighty than the Alps; and

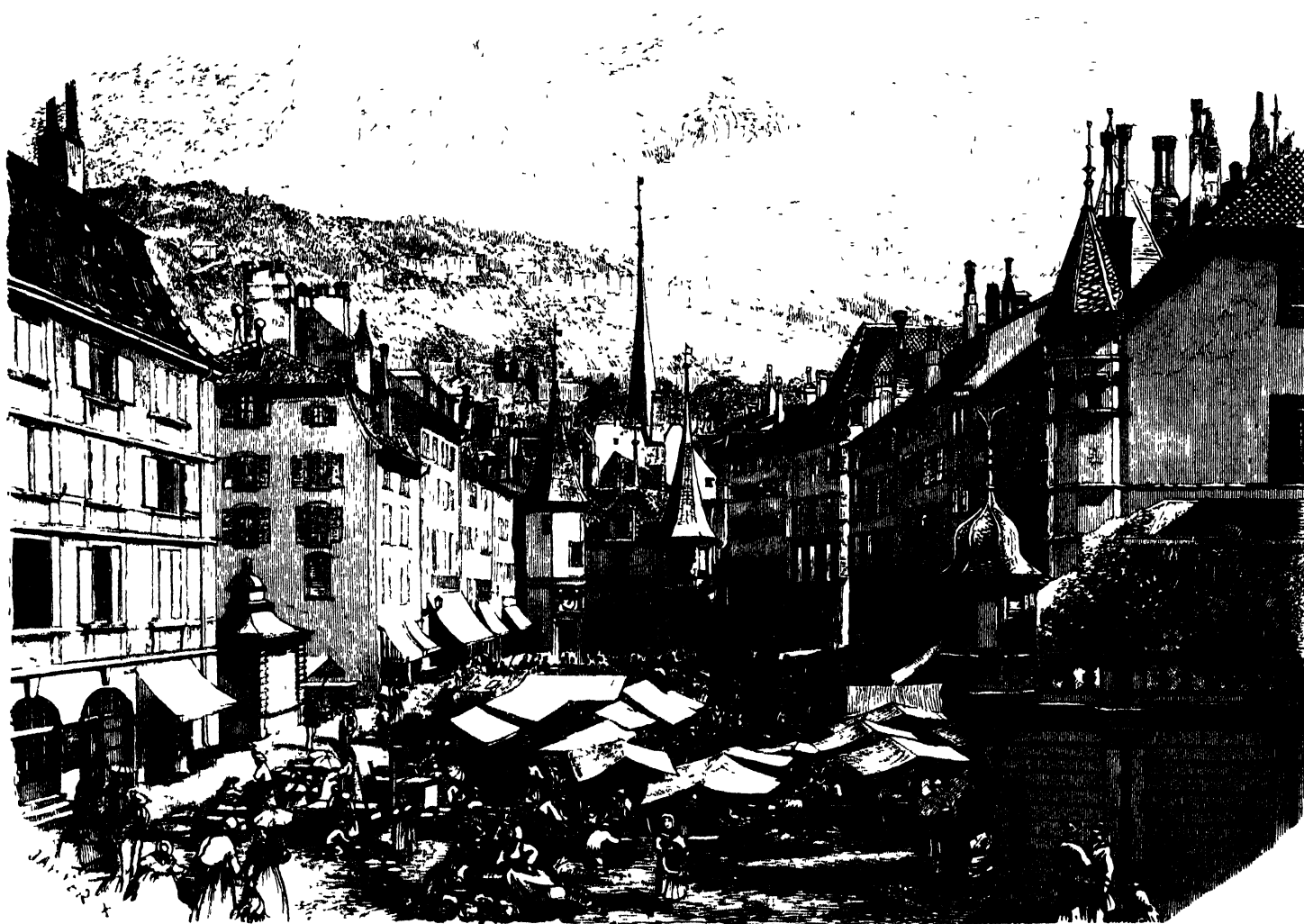


FRUIT-BOATS, LAKE OF NEUCHÂTEL.

Nature's sovereign power is controlled by milder laws here, where she lies close to the warm heart of the earth, than where she sits aloft enthroned on inaccessible heights.

These remarks, indeed, apply less to the Jura itself than to the hilly country about the lakes between the Jura and Jorat; for the Jura, which extends in a wide, gentle curve to the north-east, merely bounds the district of which we are speaking, and half encircles the great Swiss plateau, on whose southern and western borders lie the lakes of Geneva, Neuchâtel, Biel, and Murten. Two rivers only, and those the principal rivers of Switzerland, have succeeded in forcing their way through this barrier; one being the Rhone, which effects its entrance at Fort l'Ecluse, and the other the Rhine, which does the same at Baden. The length of the chain between the breaches made in it by the Rhine and Rhone is more than two hundred miles, its width varying from about eighteen to six-and-thirty miles.

The Jura takes its first rise in France and Savoy, its first noteworthy elevation being that of Mont Salève or Grand Piton, opposite Geneva, after which it sweeps round the southern extremity of the lake, and culminates farther off in the Brédoz, Reculet, Crêt du Creux de la Neige, the highest summit of the chain, Mont Colombier, Châtelet, Faucille, and Dôle. From the latter point its height gradually diminishes, though the series of ridges which border the lakes of Neuchâtel and Bienne or Biel boast such respectable eminences as Chaumont, Chasseral, &c. The Jura rises abruptly and precipitously on the Swiss side, and attains its greatest height in Switzerland, whereas on the French side the chain sinks lower and lower, subsiding at last into gentle undulations which are finally merged in the plain of Burgundy. The Jura



MARKET-PLACE, NEUCHÂTEL.

cannot be called a fine range, and it is too monotonous in character to be a favourite with tourists. It consists of wall-like parallel ridges of uniform height, which recur again and again with dull persistency, and, though often expanding into wearisome plateaux, seldom rise even into the formal, dome-shaped eminences which are its nearest approach to peaks. Its valleys are for the most part unattractive, and are often fenny and marshy; and the snow-crowned heights, glaciers, mountain-lakes, torrents and lively waterfalls which constitute the great charm of the Alps, are almost entirely wanting. Among the Jura of Neuchâtel and Vaud, the water, finding no other outlet available, glides away through caves and fissures; and what lakes there are are very unimportant, and exist only in the south-west. Besides these drawbacks

there are others, namely, the difficulty of crossing the chain owing to its want of passes, and then the fact that one very soon grows tired of making perpetual ascents and descents, when there is no prospect to be enjoyed and the country is uniformly monotonous. The great tide of tourists does indeed pour across the Jura, but it does so by the railways, which, as they cannot go over the mountain, are obliged to force their weary way through it instead, by means of such famous tunnels as those of Chaux-de-Fonds and Hauenstein.

The Jura, then, is a sort of stage whence one may survey the Alps; and this is well-nigh the sole



SCENE IN NEUCHÂTEL

attraction it possesses for the traveller. As a belvedere it is certainly unique in its way, and some of the views from it may even be considered as rivalling those of the Rigi. From the Dôle the panorama includes the whole region of the Alps from Mont Blanc to the Grimsel, Dauphiné, the Lake of Geneva, and the hills and valleys of the Jura. Mont Tourne, with its table and numerous grottoes, is likewise celebrated; and so, too, is the richly-wooded Chaumont, from the summit of which one may see the whole range of Alps extending from the Säntis to Savoy, while the lakes of Neuchâtel, Bienné, and Morat sparkle brightly below.

The geologist, however, will find much more to interest him in the peculiar geological formations by which the Jura is characterized. The rock which chiefly prevails among the mountains is the Jurassic or oolitic limestone, while chalk and detritus occur in the valleys. Soils derived from the oolite are not fertile, and vegetation is scanty accordingly, except where the limestone is replaced by marl and schist, as is the case in some few parts of Neuchâtel and Vaud. The appellation of Mont d'Or, which we meet with here and there in the Jura, refers, therefore, not to the wealth of these mountains, but to the yellow and brown colour of the rock, which glows like gold in the light of the summer sun. The Germans have bestowed upon the Jura the very prosaic name of Leberberg, or Liver Mountain, in allusion to its colour; and the darker tints which occur here and there have caused it also to be dubbed the Black Mountain.

The valleys, such as the Vallée du Lac de Joux, Locle, Chaux-de-Fonds, Val de Ruz, Val Travers,



LAKE OF NEUCHÂTEL FROM YVERDON.

which follow the direction of the ridges, have all pretty much the same history, and have all passed through similar phases, so that what is said of one will apply almost equally to the rest.

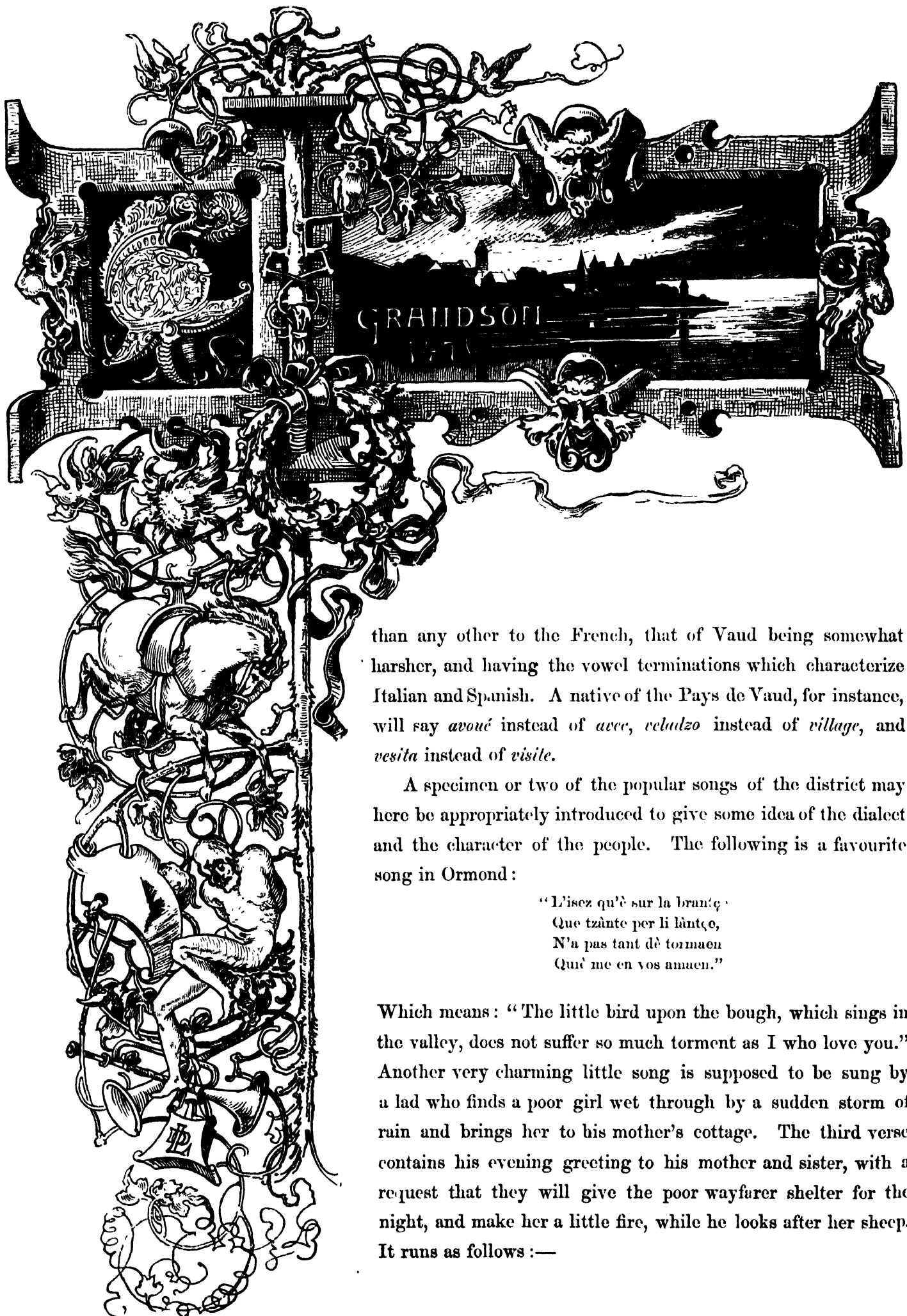
The upper valleys of Neuchâtel, for instance, looked dreary enough in the old times when foxes and owls abounded, and the people who dwelt in the wretched huts were not only ragged, but famishing. The surface of the ground was strewn with fragments of rock, between which there would grow a late and scanty crop of oats or barley; and on this the herdsmen and charcoal-burners managed to subsist, with the result that their bodies were as much starved as their minds. Nowadays, however, this is all changed, and everywhere there are large flourishing villages, which are almost like towns, and are inhabited by a thriving, prosperous people. The railway keeps them in constant communication with the outer world, and the telegraph brings them information concerning the great markets to which they send their produce and manufactures. The population is a busy and hard-working one, the chief branch of industry pursued

being that of watchmaking. Nearly thirty thousand workmen are employed about this manufacture in the villages of Neuchâtel alone; Geneva employs eight thousand, the Bernese Jura three-and-twenty thousand, and the same number are employed by Lausanne and the valley of Joux; so that altogether some eighty thousand persons, dwelling for the most part in lonely mountain villages, are engaged day by day in dictating the time to the rest of the world.

The history of the introduction of the first watch to Chaux-de-Fonds is interesting enough. It was brought thither, towards the end of the seventeenth century, by a cattle-dealer, and excited much wonder among the herdsmen and charcoal-burners. But, alas! it had not the gift of perpetual motion, and one day there was great distress, for the wheels had stopped. Thereupon a young smith named Daniel Jean Richard, who was of an inquiring turn of mind, set himself to take the little machine to pieces. He succeeded perfectly, restored it to life, and thenceforward was possessed with the desire of making watches himself. After a thousand trials and difficulties success crowned his labours, and in the end he became the father and founder of what is now a most important manufacture.

There is a very similar history to be told of the valley of Joux, whose green fir-clad slopes, overlooking the banks of the Orbe and the little trough-like lakes of Joux, Ter, and Les Brenets, are now covered with dwellings of all sizes, as well as farms and *châlets*, which are inhabited by a contented, industrious people. Things were very different in former days, when, as tradition says, the ancient Helvetians dwelt in the valley. Their sojourn is commemorated by the name of *Petra Felix*, which is still given to a narrow mountain pass and the surrounding forest. Pontius, the hermit, is mentioned as the first person who settled here in the sixth century; and he was followed by a few noblemen from Sarratz, who built the Abbey of Joux. Then a few poor people settled in the neighbourhood, and began clearing the wild primæval forests. But the soil was hard and the climate cold and inclement, corn crops could not be got to thrive, and there was much wretchedness and misery in the valley. There was wood enough round about, but no bread, and there was but a scanty subsistence to be gained by converting the wood into charcoal, or by the making of tubs, barrels, &c. Rags and dirt prevailed; the people lived in huts, which were more like cattle-sheds, and were sunk in brutish ignorance and stupidity. Better times came, however, with the introduction of watch-making in 1740, and now the whole valley is like a fair new world, so completely is it altered from what it used to be. There has been a great development of vital energy almost everywhere, and the enjoyment of political liberty has made people more enterprising and ambitious, so that now the country surrounding the western lakes is one of the wealthiest parts of Switzerland.

It is true, indeed, that in times more ancient than those we have been now considering this region had been brought to a high pitch of cultivation by the instrumentality of the Romans. Roman towns and villas, Roman temples and baths made their appearance in all directions, and both minds and tongues were speedily captivated, the one by Latin luxury and the other by the Latin language. The French patois spoken in these cantons at the present day may in fact be traced to the barbarous Latin commonly spoken by the Helvetians after their defeat at *Bibracte*. This was afterwards modified by the admixture of certain Gallic elements, and developed into a sort of composite language, bearing about as much relation to Latin as English does to German. Its dialects are very numerous, and, since the people have had more communication with their neighbours, these have undergone great changes, being more nearly assimilated to German on the one hand, and to French on the other. The Genevese dialect approaches more nearly



than any other to the French, that of Vaud being somewhat harsher, and having the vowel terminations which characterize Italian and Spanish. A native of the Pays de Vaud, for instance, will say *avoué* instead of *avec*, *velulzo* instead of *village*, and *vesita* instead of *visite*.

A specimen or two of the popular songs of the district may here be appropriately introduced to give some idea of the dialect and the character of the people. The following is a favourite song in Ormond :

“L'isez qu'è sur la brançe
Que tzànte per li lântçe,
N'a pas tant dè tormæn
Què me en vos amaen.”

Which means : “The little bird upon the bough, which sings in the valley, does not suffer so much torment as I who love you.” Another very charming little song is supposed to be sung by a lad who finds a poor girl wet through by a sudden storm of rain and brings her to his mother's cottage. The third verse contains his evening greeting to his mother and sister, with a request that they will give the poor wayfarer shelter for the night, and make her a little fire, while he looks after her sheep. It runs as follows :—

“Boéna né, poura mère,
Ma chéra, boéna né.
Voaitzé na pinchenère
Qu’ aminno por sta né.

“Fété l’ ai na voilaye
Avoé coquié grugnon
Làs ! l’ est toté gaulaye,
Réduiri sé mutons.”

The following is a rondo in the dialect of Freiburg, and we give the French version as well, that the two may be compared :—

“Vini, schigniau, damé é bordgei :
Que de plièji tot regordzei
Venidé ti, venidé totté !
No berin dei bouné gotté
A Moléson, à Moléson !”

“Venez, messieurs, dames et bourgeois !
Que de plaisir tout regorge,
Venez tous, venez toutes !
Nous boirons de bonnes gouttes
A Moléson, à Moléson !”

The light-hearted gaiety and natural grace of the people is easily accounted for by their Burgundian origin, and by the fact of their dwelling in a wine country where nature has decked herself in all her brightest charms. Even strangers feel the subtle attraction, and are first allured, then enchanted, and at last entirely captivated. After scampering over other parts of Switzerland with much restless enjoyment, one is glad to settle down near these smiling lakes—the Lake of Geneva especially—and revel in the calmer delights of perfect repose and tranquillity; and certainly both earth and sky, climate and vegetation, towns and villages, seem to vie with one another in their endeavour to make our sojourn as pleasant as possible. How many invalids, whether their ailments were mental or physical, have here been happily restored to health ! Owing to the great variety in the character of its scenery, West Switzerland unites within its own borders all the advantages, and of course many of the disadvantages, of very various climates. Many a rude blast of wind comes down from the mountains and finds its way through the valleys; but then, on the other hand, the sloping green hills, which rise in all directions, catch every warm ray of sunshine that is to be had; and, thanks to the genial heat thus concentrated, grapes ripen to perfection, and the climate of those delightful places, Clarens and Montreux, reminds one of Provence and Italy. Figs ripen



SCENE IN FREIBURG.

in the open air, and the purple blossom of the pomegranate gleams through the dark green leaves of the laurel, while a soft breeze from the lake whispers among the branches and keeps the atmosphere always pure and fresh. Other denizens of Italy, too, such as the stone-pine and arbutus, meet us as we wander along



RAVINE OF THE CHAUDRON, MONTREUX.

the sheltered shores, and here and there we find a specimen of Minerva's tree, the olive, which was at one time a good deal cultivated in the neighbourhood. The vine has here found itself a glorious home, and is tended by skilful and affectionate hands. Near it stands the peach tree, and fields of fine-looking maize grow in between; while the Spanish chestnut appears in the valley of the Rhone, and the slopes of the Jorat are shaded by magnificent walnut trees. When the spring comes the whole country is robed in the richest of bridal dresses, woven out of the pink and white blossoms of the fruit trees, and the hills are crowned with the fresh young foliage of the oak, beech, lime, elm, birch, and pine; the meadows are carpeted with brilliant flowers, and the air is laden with sweet odours.

It is different in the upland valleys; and, indeed, each valley has a peculiar climate of its own. Bullet, for instance, is exposed to winds from all quarters; while in the valleys of Joux and Sainte-Croix the west wind is constantly fighting with the north wind, and a keen blast blows night and morning through all the defiles of the Jura. Yet the air is pure and healthy, and there are so many places to choose from that every one is sure to find some congenial spot—all he has to do being to make up his mind whether he prefers the haunts of the larch or those of the pomegranate.

Even before they reach Geneva, natives of Northern Europe will find much to delight them in Neuchâtel and its lake—and, indeed,

in the entire neighbourhood, with its villages, green mountain slopes, and valleys. The whole aspect of the district is so pleasant that strangers speedily feel themselves quite at home in it. The smallest towns are exquisitely clean, the streets are well swept, the trim, well-kept gardens are brilliant with flowers, the meadows are bordered with luxuriant fruit trees, and the houses look radiant with prosperity, as do also

the inhabitants, the expression of whose faces, notwithstanding a certain air of business-like gravity, is as cheerful as if every day were a holiday. Add to all this the heights of the Jura, which fill the background, and conceal many a golden hive full of industrious workers, and the picture is complete.

The town of Neuchâtel is the product of all these various elements combined. It is not only neat and clean, but rich and handsome; and its aspect, like that of its citizens, betokens cheerfulness, contentment, ready sociability, and much confidence in its own powers. The inhabitants were determined that their town should present a handsome appearance, and have accordingly vied with one another in their endeavours to beautify it. The necessary funds have always been forthcoming when wanted, nor has there been any lack



MONTREUX.

of public spirit, or indeed of noble acts of generosity, as we are reminded by the name of David Pury, one of the greatest benefactors of the place.

The fragrant scent of the vine pervades the whole surrounding district, and the grapes grown on the hills of this little canton are by no means the worst of their kind. The red grapes of Cortaillod and Derrière-Moulins, and the white grapes of Bevaix, Auverneier, and St. Blaise are highly appreciated in the grand hotels on the lake; and the white have no cause to blush, nor the red to turn pale, even if they should be subjected to the refined criticism of a Burgundian palate.

The ancient name of *Lacus Eburodunensis*, by which the Lake of Neuchâtel was formerly known, is derived from that of the town at its southern extremity, now corrupted into Yverdon, or Iferten, as it is called. It is not so very long since the walls of Yverdon were washed by the waters of the lake, but the banks have been raised by the accumulation of dried mud blown up by the north wind, and the lake itself

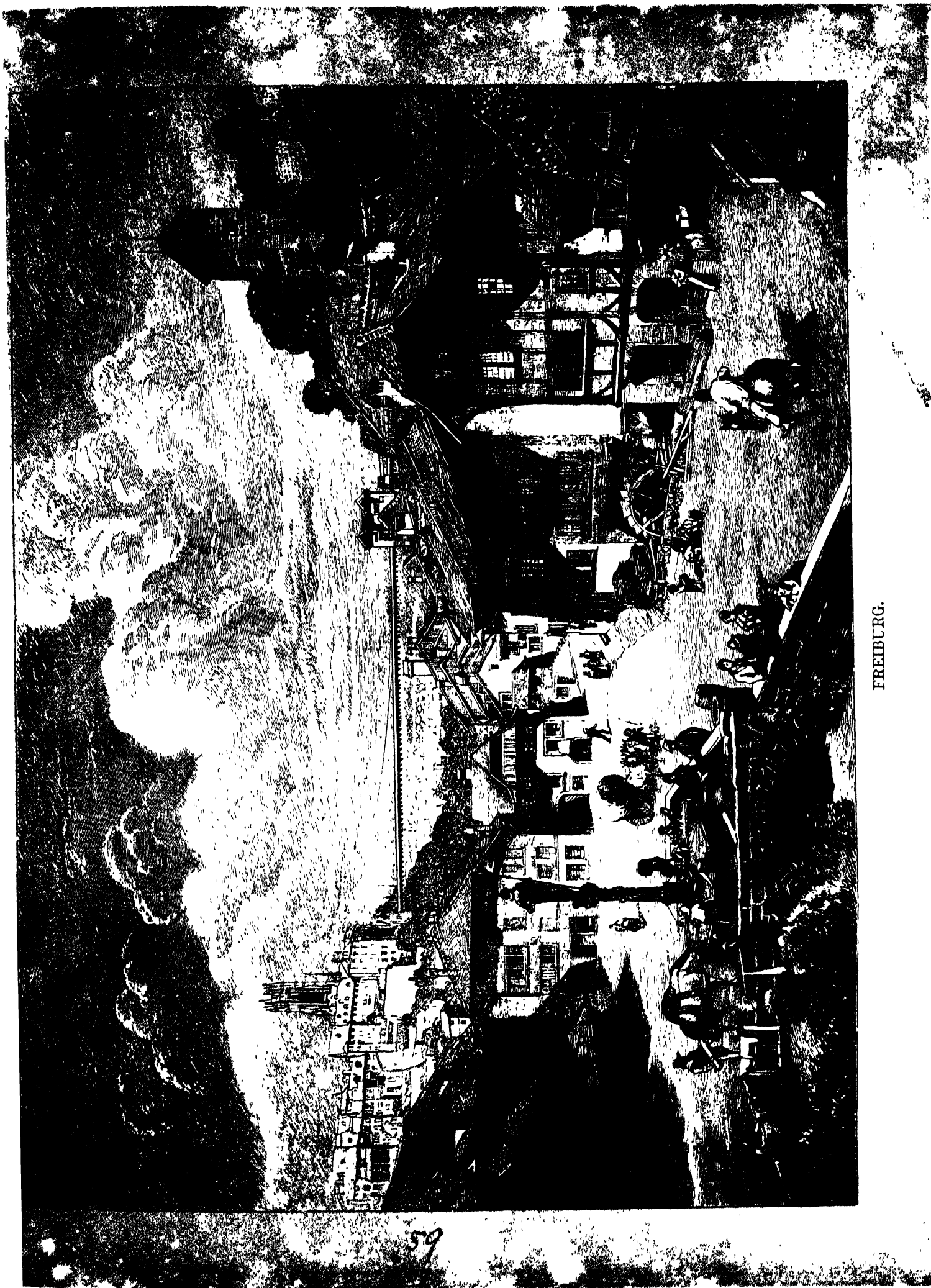
has grown shallower just in this part. The boats which carry the produce of the country—such as wine, iron, and salt—from one shore to the other, land at the mouth of the Thiele, which is not a very convenient place. Indeed, boating on the Lake of Neuchâtel is not very tempting—for, in the first place, the winds blow in all sorts of contrary directions, and sometimes do a great deal of mischief; and, in the second, the name given to the boats, which are called *noye-gens*, is anything but encouraging or attractive.

The ancient castle formerly belonging to the Von Zähringen, which stands in the market-place, is pleasantly associated with Pestalozzi the philanthropist, who lived here from 1805 to 1825, pursuing his educational labours amid many great trials and difficulties.

The grand old Castle of Grandson, on the other side of the bay, boasts a yet prouder name, and reminds us of two incidents in the memorable war with Burgundy, the one being an atrocious crime and the other a great victory. Grandson was garrisoned by Swiss Confederates, who, after a gallant defence, surrendered the castle on the understanding that they were to be allowed to depart free; but Charles the Bold, refusing to be bound by this promise, tyrannically caused them to be hanged on the surrounding trees and drowned in the lake, to the number of four hundred. The Swiss, however, had not long to wait for vengeance. Three days later, the whole Burgundian army, nearly seventy thousand strong, was annihilated in the neighbourhood of Moitiers, by a Confederate force amounting to less than half that number. To this day old-fashioned arms of various kinds are continually being dug up in the neighbourhood.

In those days the people of Yverdon and Grandson were traitors to the Confederacy, but they are loyal enough to it now, in spite of the fact that their language is not German, but French. A native of Geneva or the Pays de Vaud feels himself just as good a Swiss as the native of Zurich or St. Gall, and is every whit as patriotic, though the one speaks of his country as *la Patrie*, and the other as *das Vaterland*. Ample provision has been made with regard to this diversity of language by the legislature of the Confederacy, one of the articles of which runs as follows: "The three principal languages of Switzerland—German, French, and Italian—are the national languages of the Swiss Confederation." French is the language most used in this neighbourhood, though one hears a good deal of German too; and though Fribourg, Neuchâtel, Bienne, Porrentruy, Montbeliard, and Morges are usually known by their German equivalents of Freiburg, Neuenburg, Biel, Pruntrut, Mömpelgard, and Morsee, yet the French language predominates in them all. There is a decidedly French air, too, about the people of Grandson, while their fair hair, blue eyes, and slim, active figures equally betray their Burgundian extraction; and, at the same time, their light-hearted gaiety is evidently a reflex of the smiling land in which they dwell, whose gardens, vineyards, fields, and rich meadows rise up like an amphitheatre from the margin of the lake to the fir-clad heights of the Jura.

The castle, with its lofty tower, which stands at the end of the little town, was, from the year 1050, the home of a mighty race of barons, who gave bishops to Basel, Geneva, and Lausanne, and distinguished generals to England and France. Their motto was the ambiguous one of *Petite cloche à grand son*, which might be interpreted in two ways; but the loud voice was silenced in the fifteenth century, when the unfortunate Otto de Grandson, the last of his race, fell in single combat with Gerhard von Stäffis, who brought a false accusation against the old man simply from envy of his power. Otto was buried in the minster of Lausanne, where a marble statue of him is still to be seen in the choir; but the hands have been cut off. Every place here, from Bern to the great lake, is full of historical reminiscences of the Roman empire; every field and every stone has something to say on the subject. But history does not keep the



FREIBURG.

field entirely to herself: as usual, she is associated with Tradition, who entwines her legends with the ivy which hangs from tower and castle, and invests with a magic charm the whole district lying between the "tyrant's trees" around Grandson, which once bore such bitter fruit, and the ancient lime-tree which stands before the Rathhaus of Freiburg. With Tradition for our guide, then, we will now proceed to Freiburg. We are in what was anciently called Uechtland—the Desert—for such it seemed to the Romans settled at what was then known as Aventicum, but is now Avenches. They did not like it at all. Dense forests, waste lands, rugged mountains, and uncultivated valleys found very few admirers among the children of Italy, in spite of the attractive character of the lake and its shores. In after years the district fell under the dominion of the German emperor, and was governed by the powerful Dukes of Zähringen, one of whom, Berchtold IV.,

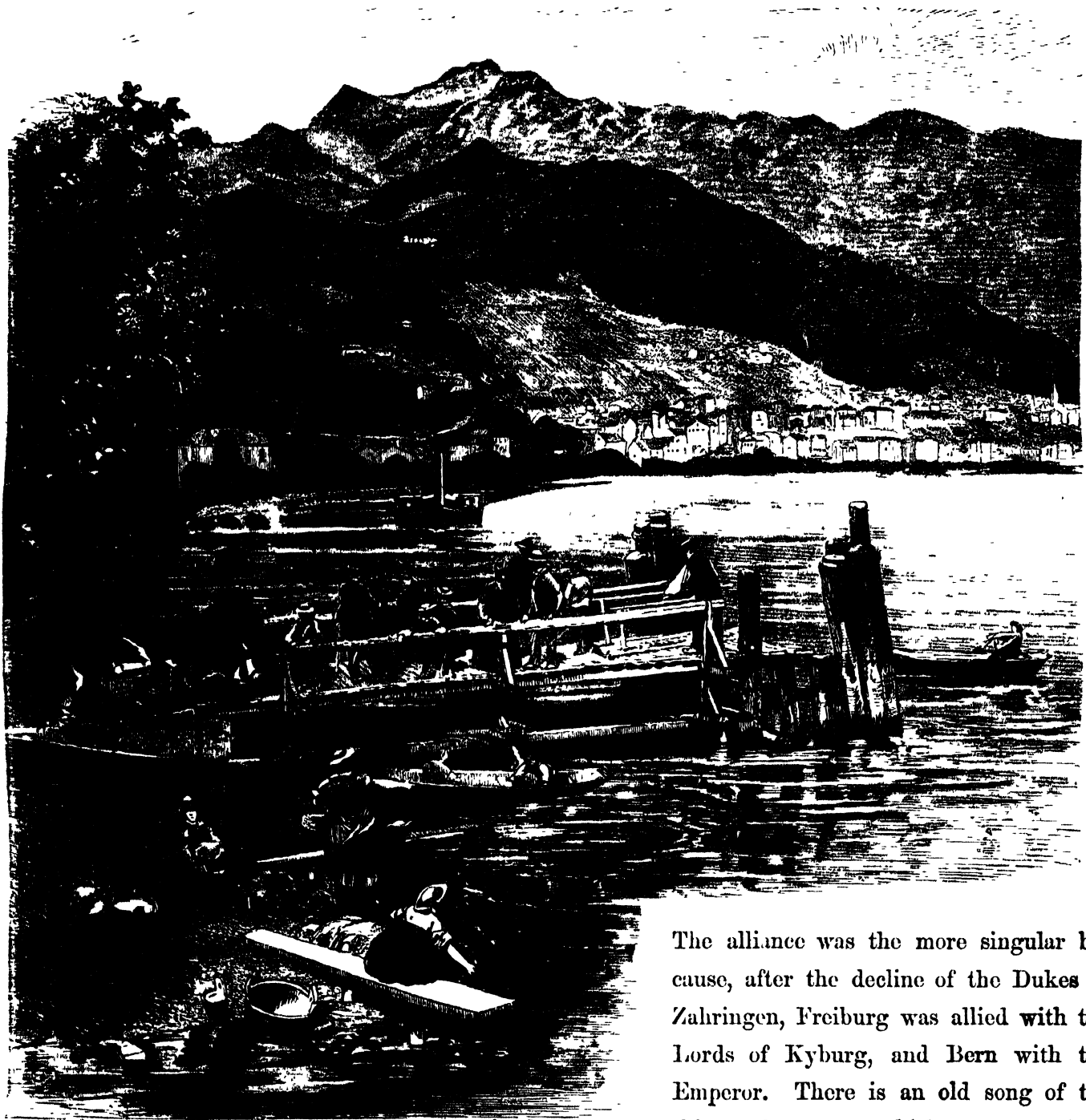


CHURCH OF MONTREUX.

took it into his head to imitate his uncle, who had built a town of Freiburg on the Dreisam, in Breisgau, and so built one of the same name about the fortress of Thira, on the river Saane. This was in 1179, or twelve years before the founding of Bern. His desire was that the new free town should act as a check upon the overweening pride of the nobles and ecclesiastics, and to this end he granted various liberties and privileges to the citizens. But the monks of Payerne withstood him from the first; and, as soon as the new church was begun, their opposition became so actively violent that the duke was obliged to have recourse to force before he could drive them and their vassals away. They returned again later; and, indeed, until quite recently, their convents and monasteries were more numerous in Freiburg than anywhere else. There were monks and nuns of all colours and habits—Franciscans, Augustinians,

Capucins, Ursulines, Cistercians, and many others; and Freiburg was not only a stronghold of the Jesuits, but the strongest stronghold in the land.

The town of Bern had been built for much the same reasons as Freiburg, and common interests supplied a strong bond of union between the two, which was further cemented by repeated leagues and covenants.



LANDING-PLACE AT MONTREUX.

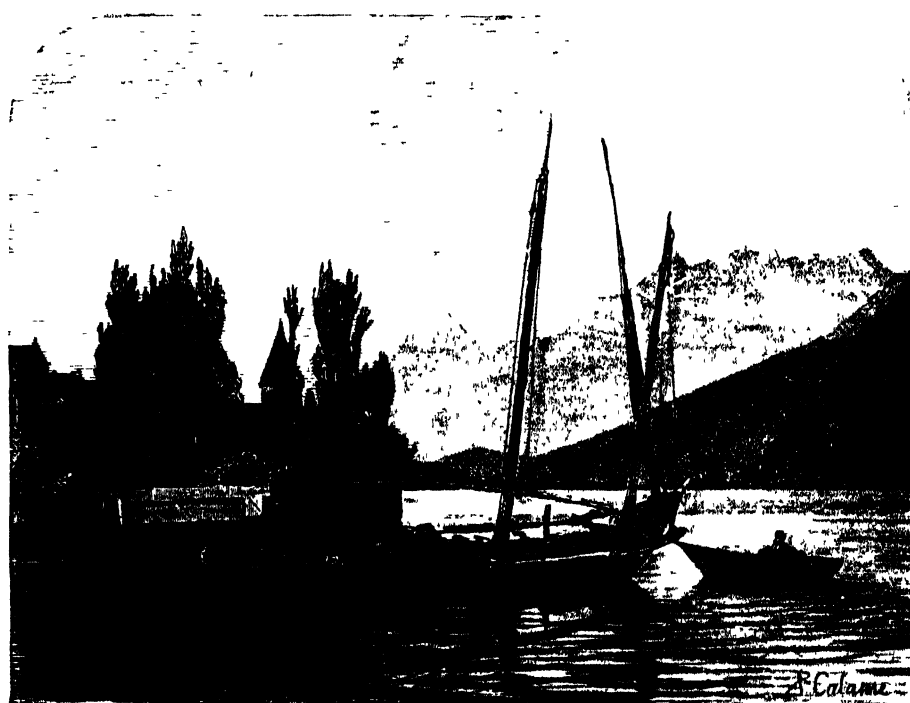
The alliance was the more singular because, after the decline of the Dukes of Zähringen, Freiburg was allied with the Lords of Kyburg, and Bern with the Emperor. There is an old song of the thirteenth century which compares these two sister towns with a couple of fine

oxen sharing the same meadow, and the Justinger chronicle observes that "people who are desirous of understanding the various leagues between the two cannot do better than read these masterly verses written on the subject in ancient times."

Bern and Freiburg together threatened many a foe with their formidable horns in later times; and, more than this, they used them so effectually on the field of Murten as completely to drive the Burgundians out

of the country. It must have been a grand sight to see the strong and proud array which passed through the gates of Freiburg on the 25th July, 1476, three days after the glorious victory of Murten, or Morat, on their way to hold a splendid sitting of the Diet of the Swiss Confederation. The Bishop of Grenoble came in full canonicals to bring the good wishes of King Louis of France, and he was followed by the Duke of Lorraine, the representatives of Austria, France, Savoy, St. Gall, Appenzell, Biel, Valais, Solothurn, and the brave warriors of the eight confederate cantons. Peace with Savoy was the question they had met to discuss; and there was not much ink wasted on the occasion. The duke gave the Pays de Vaud as a guarantee, and Freiburg and Bern received Murten, Aigle, Orbe, and Grandson.

The lime-tree which stands before the Rathhaus, and is now looked upon as a venerable relic of "long, long ago," had not taken root on the day of which we are speaking, and was, in fact, hardly three days old. It has weathered many a storm since then; but has been treated with great reverence, and placed under the protection of the law. The story connected with it is as follows:—The Confederates had advanced in the direction of Morat, and the inhabitants of Freiburg were waiting in a state of great anxiety to hear the result of the battle. When the day was won, the captain of the men of Freiburg hastily dispatched a messenger with the good tidings, bidding him fly with utmost speed and relieve the suspense of the citizens. It is some ten miles from Morat to Freiburg; but joy lent wings to his feet, and the youth pursued his way beneath the scorching summer sun without halting till he reached the market-place, breathless and exhausted.



DENT DU MIDI, FROM VIVAY

Then, as the people came running together to hear the news, he struck his spear into the ground, and supporting himself by it, panted forth the words, "Victory! victory!" They were uttered with his last gasp, and the next moment he had expired. The branch of lime which he had carried in his hat as a token of victory, though drooping and faded from the heat, was planted in the market-place as a memorial, and took root. In time it grew to be a magnificent tree with wide-spreading branches, and though now old and decaying, it still survives to tell of the victory of Morat.

In these days war news is comfortably transmitted to the ends of the earth by means of the telegraph wire, and people build schools, factories, barracks, and chain bridges, instead of castles and cathedrals. But if, after a dream of the past, called up by the sight of the old lime tree, we open our eyes and look upon the present state of things, we shall find that Freiburg has grown into a handsome modern town. The Castle of the Von Zähringen has long disappeared, and its site is occupied by the town-hall; and the

minster has lost its spire—or rather has never had one, for people's aspirations have been curtailed in the interval since it was originally designed.

But the wire bridge—or rather bridges, for there are more than one—brings us to modern times. Besides the large suspension bridge, which stretches from one bank of the Saane to the other, at an elevation of one hundred and eighty feet, there is a second suspended across the gorge of Gotteron, and a third, called the Viaduc de Grandsey, at Dudingon, or Guin, which we pass in the railway on our way from Bern, just before we enter Freiburg. Guin, by the way, is a large well-built village, with a parish



HARBOUR OF VEVEY.

church, and recalls the old times and picturesque fashions which have been driven farther and farther away by railways and modern manufactures.

These bridges, however, were simply indispensable; for although, in the Middle Ages, it might be extremely pleasant and convenient to build one's nest on a rock, where an enemy would have great difficulty in getting at it, still, now that modern times have taught us that time is money, we find that level roads are better adapted for purposes of traffic, and our forefathers' love of elevated situations involves us in the expenditure of a good deal of money and trouble, and obliges us here and there to erect bridges such as those we have been describing. The situation of Freiburg is extremely similar to that of its Bernese sister; the river Saane, upon which it stands, resembling the winding Aar in its innumerable twists and turns, and in the number of promontories and peninsulas which it makes. The Saane has gone to work in a somewhat recklessly romantic fashion in the vicinity of Freiburg; and what with ravine and

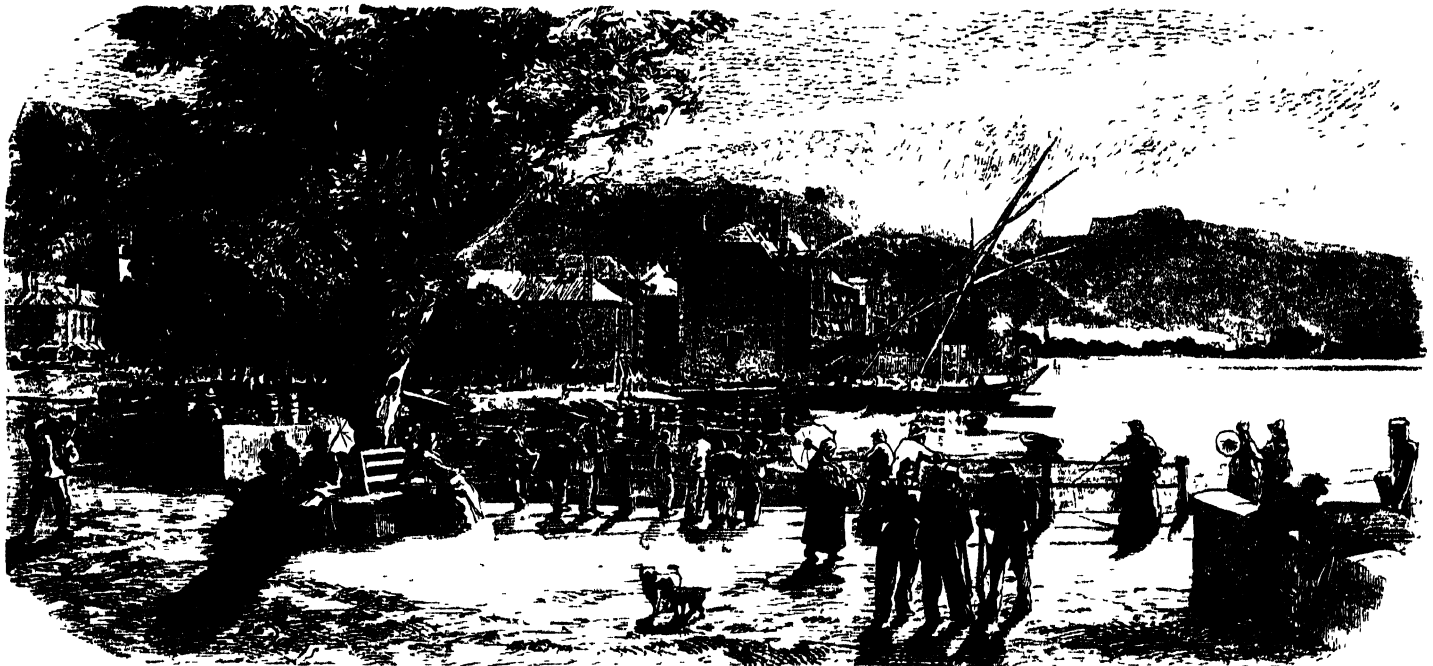


W. H. R. S. 1875

ENTRANCE TO THE CHURCH OF GUIN, CANTON FREIBURG

rock, precipice and plateau, all thrown together in careless confusion, the town has had rather a hard time of it. Looking at it from the north, one sees at once its striking resemblance to Bern; but, with the exception of its fine Gothic cathedral, famous organ, Rathhaus, fortifications, and ancient monastic buildings, it possesses few objects of interest, and can boast nothing in the slightest degree worthy of comparison with the grand old houses which characterize the sister town. The fine large edifice on the top of the hill is not a government building, as might be supposed, but a college dedicated to St. Michael. It formerly belonged to the Jesuits, but was closed after the miserable war of the league of the Sonderbund. Its first founder, Father Canisius, who lived in the sixteenth century, was canonised with much pomp in 1865. It was in this same year also that Vevey witnessed the last celebration of the *fête des vignerons*, or "festival of the vine-dressers;" and the mention of Vevey brings us to the shores of the proud Lake of Geneva, the most beautiful of all the lakes of Switzerland.

Its name lives in the poetry of all nations, and its praises, like those of Italy, have been sung by a



LANDING-PLACE, VEVEY

hundred voices. Many great men have found a home upon its shores, and history and poetry have adorned its towns and villages with undying wreaths of love and fame. Our garland would, indeed, be a large one, were we to gather up all the blossoms which the poets have scattered in such rich abundance over this region. Voltaire exclaims, with enthusiasm, "*Mon lac est le premier!*" Boufflons tells a fanciful tale of the ocean coming to visit the Pays de Vaud, and being so enraptured with its fresh young beauty, that when he took his leave he left his portrait in miniature behind him. Pezay said, "What a fine thing it is to be in a land where there is no garden, simply because the whole is a garden!" In what glowing terms Lamartine and Victor Hugo have extolled the charms of the landscape! Olivier, like Matthisson, who sang its praises enthusiastically, expresses a wish that, if not allowed to look upon the lake again, he may, at least, be buried in its vicinity:—

"O bleu Léman, toujours grand, toujours beau,
Que sur ta rive au moins j'aie un tombeau!"

But, besides all these, there is another name which seems to re-echo from every part of the lake. Who can forget the author of "Childe Harold" and the "Prisoner of Chillon," when—

"Lake Leman woos him with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue"?

We have extolled the Lake of Zürich, and have lavished warm and well-deserved praise on the Lake of Lucerne, but nowhere else is there such a wonderful combination of grandeur and sublimity with soft beauty and loveliness as here, where all things speak to us in tones of cheerful earnestness or earnest cheerfulness, just as we please. The massive but beautiful forms of the Alps of Savoy, with their shining ice-crowned heads, bound the horizon to the south; beneath them rise dark forests and green Alpine pastures, enlivened by numberless flocks and herds, and sprinkled with cottages and houses; and below



MELLERRE.

these again the sunny landscape slopes gently downwards to the lake, like some flower-crowned, vine-wreathed goddess preparing to bathe in the blue waters.

On the Savoy side of the lake, indeed, beyond Montreux, Vevey, and Lausanne, the aspect of the country is wild, savage, and barren; but this only serves to enhance the charms of the Swiss shores, which nature and art have combined to beautify and adorn. Strongholds and castles were built here by mighty nobles in past days; and when these had lost their importance, towns, villages, country-houses, and villas sprang up in all directions, and are at this day inhabited by people dwelling under the free banner of Switzerland, and so contented with their lot that they would not exchange it with any other in the world.

It is just this happy mingling of the hoary past with the rosy present which gives the place its charm; and if the sight of Chillon, Vufflens, Bloney, and La Sarraz conjure up from the mists of history and tradition the form of many an ancient hero, armed with his rusty shield and spear, so, on the other hand, Lausanne, Ferney, Coppet, Genthod, and Claren, seem to be illuminated with the radiant light of genius, and remind us of men who have wielded the bright sword of knowledge in the cause of liberty.

All these things together explain why the Swiss shore of the great lake has come to be looked upon as

a sort of Eden by all summer travellers; its mild and genial climate being of itself sufficient to account for its popularity as a winter resort.

Of all the places along its margin, Montreux and its pleasant neighbour Vevey deserve to be first mentioned. Victor Hugo, indeed, finds only three *choses charmantes* for which to praise Vevey—namely, its cleanliness, climate, and church, all of which Montreux can boast equally; but therewith he has by no means exhausted the list of charms peculiar to either place. In fact, he can hardly be said to have begun the enumeration; for, though a genial climate is, of course, a great matter, cleanliness may exist in the dreariest mountain valley, and we could mention innumerable hotels and country-houses which are just as



BOSQUET DE JULIE, NEAR VEVEY.

well situated as Vevey Church. No; that which distinguishes Vevey and Montreux in such an especial manner is the fact that they command an extensive view of the sublime world of Alps, and that the beauty of their position upon the lake is enhanced by the charms of the surrounding scenery, and the luxuriance of the vegetation, as well as by the traces of man's care and labour which abound on all sides. No pen, however clever, can hope to succeed in describing the panorama which meets the eye in either place. Even Goethe feels his incapacity in such a scene, and says: "When my whole soul is so filled with the world around and the sky above that I feel as if I were gazing upon the form of one I love, then my heart swells with yearning, and I think to myself, Ah! if I could only breathe out upon the paper some of the glowing images which teem within, so that the sheet should be a perfect mirror of my soul!" Those

who have ever stood on the terrace in front of the Church of Montreux will readily enter into the great poet's feelings. The spot is a very celebrated one: not on account of the little Gothic church, with its graceful spire, which nestles so snugly by the side of the tufa rocks of Cau; not on account of the nut trees which clothe the steep slopes, nor on account of the green vineyards which cover the banks of the lake. In fact, it is no one thing in particular which constitutes the charm of the place: neither the sight of the blue lake gleaming through the green trees, and constantly varying in tint with the changes of the sky, nor the view of the savage, mist-veiled cliffs of the valley of the Rhone and the spires of Lausanne; nor, again, the distant view of the Dent du Midi, which rears its ice-crowned head to meet the kisses showered upon it by the sun. It is all these things together: the air and the light, the vines and the glaciers, the earth and the sky, which combine to produce a whole of such indescribable, fascinating beauty as must always strike one with wonderment.

Montreux, the Swiss Nice, in one respect resembles Interlaken—that is to say, no one exactly knows



CHILLON.

where the place itself is, though the name is given to an extensive district. Montreux is, in fact, made up of the villages of Les Planches and Sales, and to these belong Veytaux, Chatelard, Verney, Clarens, Glion, Sonzier, Brie, and a number of others, which dot the green slopes of the Dent de Jaman down to the edge of the lake. The space between the villages is occupied by woods, vineyards, streams, groups of trees; and everywhere you may see gardeners, vine-dressers, and boatmen busily and cheerfully pursuing their various avocations. Over all there is an air of blissful peace and repose, and the place is salubrious as well as lovely. Many a person who had lost his health in the rude world without has found it again on these sunny hills; and as for the sound health of the natives, that is sufficiently attested by the lightheartedness, almost Greek in its character, with which they celebrate their festivals when their labours are over.

Talking of Greek characteristics, there is quite a classic flavour about the Narcissus Festival, which is held on the green sward belonging to the châteaux of Avent, where this flower blooms in profusion in the springtime, and invites the pleasure-loving population to make merry with dancing and singing; and the



VINTAGE FESTIVAL, VEVEY.

Fête of *l'Abbaye des Vignerons*, the guild of the Vevey vine-dressers, completely recalls the time when the temples of the ancient gods were still held in honour. The vintage season is of itself provocative of jubilant mirth; but when traditions of Roman festivals held in honour of Ceres, Pales, and Bacchus survive among the people—as they do in Rome, Naples, and other parts of Italy, and even here on the shores of Lake Lemman—it is only natural that such fêtes should be celebrated in a manner worthy of their classical origin. The spread of Christianity has entirely done away with the festivals held in honour of all the old heathen divinities, save one, that of Bacchus, which has obstinately held its ground. Its observance was continued in Italy and Greece for long centuries, and the same may have been the case here; but, unfortunately, there is no accurate evidence as to the time and manner of its celebration, as the archives of the vine-dressers' guild were consumed by fire towards the end of the seventeenth century. It recurs at intervals of about fifteen years, and has been celebrated only five times since 1797, the last occasion being in 1865.

In ancient times the whole honour of the festival belonged to Bacchus; afterwards, Ceres, the guardian of the corn-fields, and later still Pales, the patron of the herdsmen, were admitted to a share in it, and the triple fête was celebrated in the middle of summer, instead of being divided between April and October, as was the case in old Rome. When the great day at last arrives, what a bustle and stir there is on the shores of the lake, on the quay, and in the streets of Vevey, and upon the open space towards which the crowds are hastening! Everywhere there are signs of exuberant mirth. Foreigners pour in from all quarters, and there is a perfect Babel of languages, for the fête enjoys a European reputation. Balconies, roofs, walls, and trees are all occupied by eager spectators; flags wave from the triumphal arches leading to the scene of action, trumpets sound incessantly, and the air is filled with the sweet scent of flowers. Then comes the procession. It is headed by a company of halberdiers, in the costume of the old warriors of the Confederacy, and the guild of the vine-dressers of Vevey and Tour, accompanied by their “abbot,” carrying a bishop's crozier, whose function it is to make the customary speech and to crown the two vine-dressers who have been most successful in cultivating the vine. Then comes Spring, all lightness, freshness, and brightness: here are boys carrying garlands; there are gardeners, male and female; shepherds and shepherdesses, and rural musicians—all sweeping by in the mazes of the dance, singing and shouting as they go. After them comes the goddess herself—a beautiful young maiden in a triumphal car, decked with ribbons and flowers; and, when she has passed by, come a group of Alpine herdsmen, driving before them some of their fine-looking cattle, the loud tinkle of whose bells mingles oddly with the strains of the music. The herdsmen fill the clear air with their tuneful notes as they pass on, singing lustily their version of the old *Ranz-des-vaches*:—

“Les armaillis dé Colombetta
Dé bon matin sé son lévâ
Ah' ah! lioba, lioba, por t'âria!
Venidé toté, petité, grozzé,
Et bliantz' e néré . . .”

which is followed by the mighty sound of the Alpine horn, and by such shouts as waken all the echoes of the neighbourhood. Spring is succeeded by the summer goddess Ceres, whose procession consists of a waggon drawn by oxen and decorated with corn, children carrying a beehive, as a symbol of industry, reapers, gleaners, and threshers—all in honour of the joys of summer. This procession, like the former one, winds up with a lively throng of singers and dancers.

Summer ripens into autumn. Evoc! behold! Bacchus approaches with fauns, satyrs, and thyrsus-bearers. The victorious god is drawn by fiery horses covered with panther-skins, amid the clashing of cymbals, the beating of kettledrums, and the blowing of pipes and flutes. Corybantes, fauns, and Bacchantes—a wild, noisy crew—swarm round the chariot of the god, performing their Bacchanalian dances. The priests lead the singing, and are answered by the choruses, and thanks are offered up to the god who

has blessed the shores of the lake with his bounty. So exuberant and tumultuous is the mirth of autumn that it infects even the spectators. Silenus, riding backwards on his ass, and troling forth in loud tones a song in praise of the Pays de Vaud, is greeted with rapturous applause, and, what with the clapping of hands, the gay dresses, the blue sky, bright sun, flowers, trees, intoxicating music, and happy faces, the general excitement is wrought up to the highest pitch. The climax of splendour and brilliance has been reached, and nothing could possibly heighten the effect. Besides, where would be the use of representing winter, when we can see it glistening down upon us from the snowy Alps, in all its inimitable beauty?

It is superfluous to add that on such days as these full honour and justice are done to the wines of Vaud. The merry-making is continued well on into the night, and, indeed, is often in full flow when the sun rises the next morning.

Such is the festival of the Vevey vine-dressers, and, if we cast a



PLEASANT GIRL IN THE PAYS DE VAUD

glance at the natural stage upon which it is celebrated, we shall see that it has the advantage of the finest amphitheatre in the world. Above the foaming Veveyse rise the green vineyards of Desaley, and around and among the vineyards lie numerous villages, such as Chardonne, Corseaux, Jongny, all embowered in green. Then there are the mountains—the nearest being the proud Plejaden, the Moleson, and the Cubli, which rises above the Castle of Chatelard; and the most conspicuous, the beautiful and stately Dent de

Jaman. Whichever way one turns one sees new cliffs and rocks: thus, above Chillon, there are the Sonchaux; above Montreux, the Cau and the Rochers de Noye; and opposite, the great Morrau, the Dent de Morcles, and the Dent du Midi; while between them, far away in the valley of the Rhone, rises the Catagne, with its dark woods; and, farther off still, the silvery head of the Great St. Bernard. Opposite, on the inhospitable shores of Savoy, rises the savage-looking group of mountains of the Dent d'Oche, among whose bare, naked rocks, close to the lake, lies the village of Meillerie, whence Rousseau's St. Preux indited his glowing letters, and where he often stood gazing with ardent yearning across the water, trying to discover Clarens, the home of his Julie.

Two castles catch the eye on the hills above Clarens—one, the hoary Castle of Chatelard, and the other, the more modern and cheerful-looking one of Les Crêtes. The way up to them leads through vineyards and flower gardens, and under shady walnut trees; and in the rear of Chatelard there is a fine park containing some old trees; while around Les Crêtes, which is a pleasing though rather fantastic edifice, there are extensive grounds charmingly laid out, and containing the most delightful nooks and retreats. The Bosquet de Julie, a little chestnut wood sacred to all admirers of Rousseau, is said to have stood here; but, if it ever existed, it disappeared in the course of the last century—at all events, people sought for it in vain even then; though those who wished to find it found it, and may do so to this day if they will. It is here that Rousseau laid the scene of his famous romance the “Nouvelle Héloïse,” the pages of which glow with descriptions of the master-passion of the human heart, the flames of which were extinguished in tears of most bitter anguish.

Julie and St. Preux are one of those famous pairs of lovers, like Hero and Leander, Romeo and Juliet, Abelard and Héloïse, Werther and Lotte, whose fame will last as long as springtime and love exist upon the earth.

“Clarens, sweet Clarens, birthplace of deep love
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought
Thy trees take root in love; the snows above,
The very glaciers have his colours caught,
And sunset into rose hues sees them wrought
By rays which sleep there lovingly ”

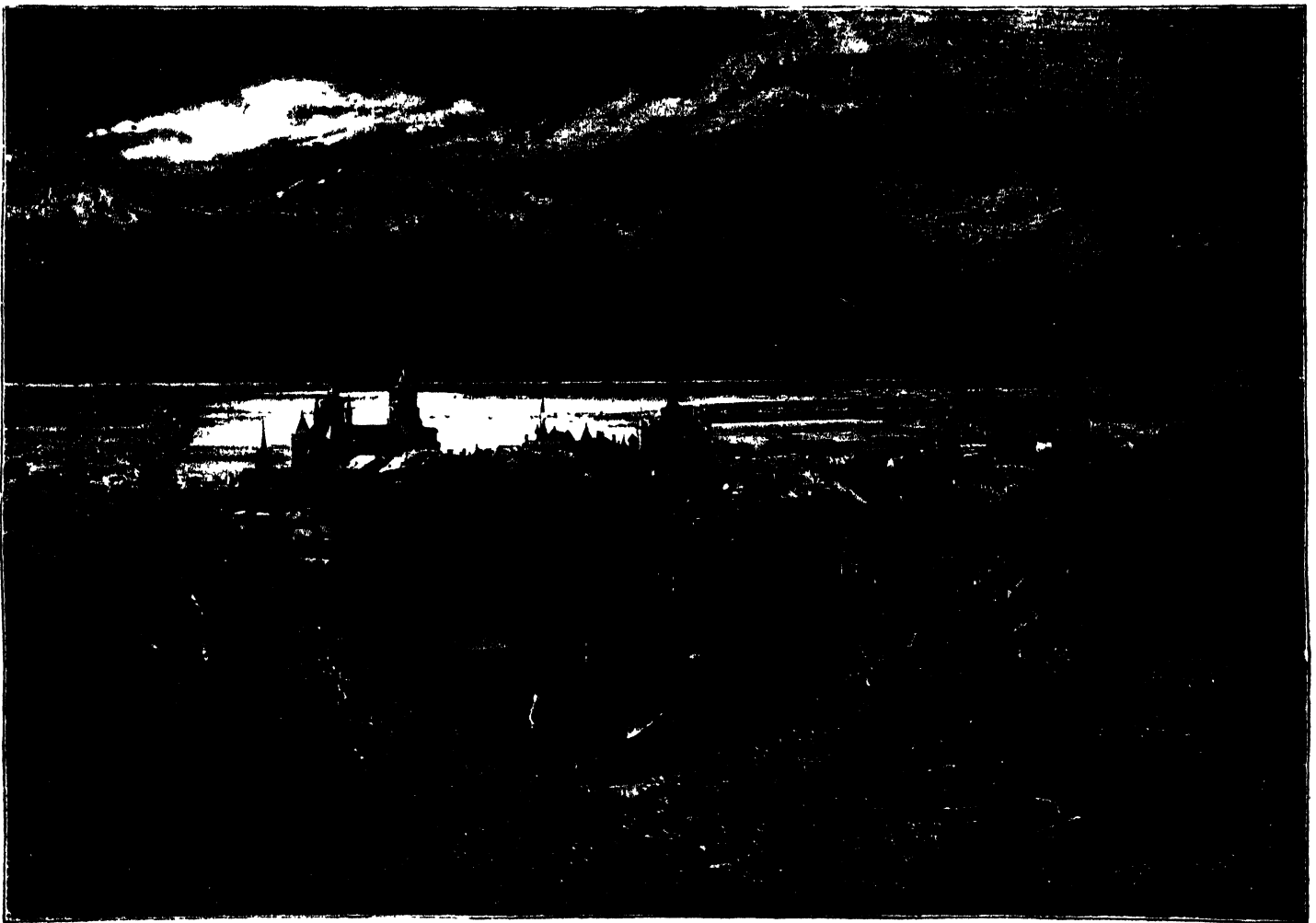
Charming as is the situation of these two castles, that of Gilon, a pastoral village on the height, is equally so; and it possesses besides some hospitable boarding-houses and delightful walks. Indeed, Clarens and its neighbourhood abound in walks, two of which deserve special mention—that, namely, which leads through the old and beautifully situated cemetery, and the other, a more modern path, which leads to the Gorge du Chaudron.

It might seem almost superfluous to say anything more about Chillon. It is very picturesque, no doubt, but one soon gets tired of it, from the mere fact that it is perpetually obtruding itself upon one's notice. The castle and its history are, however, both very ancient; for, as early as the year 830, we are told that Louis the Pious imprisoned the intriguing Abbot Wala of Corbier in a castle, whence nothing was to be seen but the Lake of Lemane, the Alps, and the sky, to punish him for having incited the princes to rebel against their father. The castle was much enlarged at a later date; and the walls, towers, battlements, and loop-holes still remain, to show what a well-appointed fortress was before gunpowder came into use. It was a place of considerable importance as long as it stood in the centre of the ancient countship, which included the whole eastern shore of the lake from Morges to St. Moritz. There are many

historical associations connected with its walls, and among them the name of the brave Peter of Savoy is especially conspicuous. The romance of the place is, however, entirely bound up with one name—that of Bonnivard, the “Prisoner of Chillon,” the patriot who languished for six years in its subterranean dungeons, and was only released at last by the combined efforts of the Bernese and Genevese.

“Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar; for 'twas trod
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard!”

When, early in the spring of 1536, the Genevese forced their way into his cell, the lonely prisoner lay,



LAUSANNE.

looking like a shadow, stretched out by the side of the pillar round which he had paced hopelessly for so many weary days.

“Bonnivard, arise! thou art free!” they cried, as they burst into the prison, and Bonnivard slowly rose; but his first question was, “Geneva?”

“Geneva, too, is free!” was the answer. Yes; it is the free, fresh air of liberty which we breathe, and this lends an additional charm to our wanderings along the lake. If we are constantly meeting with dark spots in the history of the towns and in every place to which we go—if the wine in our glass looks like blood, and the very vines seem to be planted on the graves of suffering races—we may at least rejoice

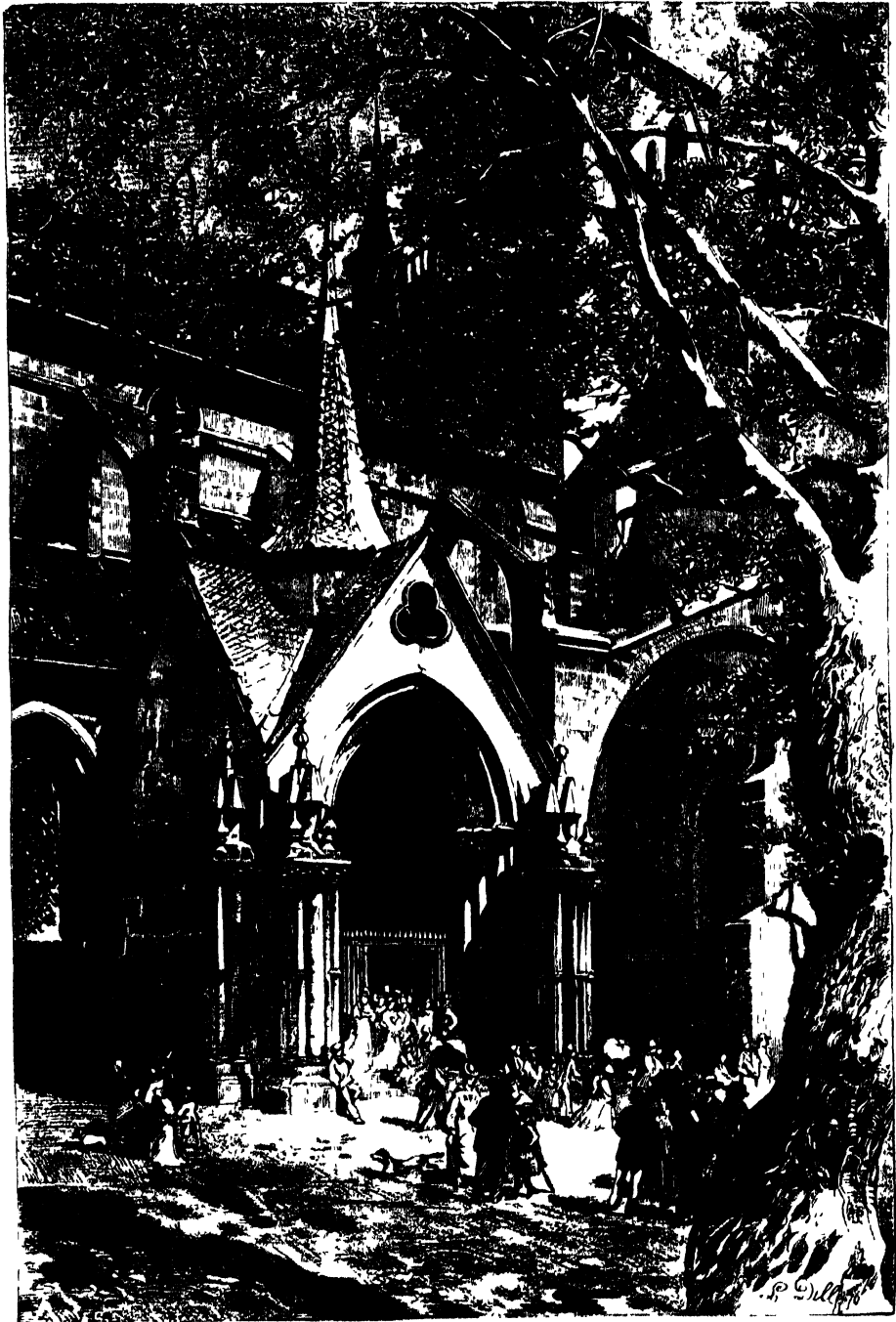
in the bright present which has been born from the sorrow and anguish of the dark past ; for nowadays every town is a stronghold of liberty and progress, and the motto of the canton is "Liberté et Patrie."

Full of these thoughts we land at Ouchy, the flourishing port of Lausanne, the town of the three hills, the capital of the canton. Unfortunately we can pay it but a hurried visit, as we are bound for Geneva, which is beckoning to us yonder.

How many famous names are associated with Lausanne ! It is like a dream to think of the time when Voltaire, Tissot, Rousseau, Gibbon, Constant, Fox, Mercier, Eynod, Haller, and Bonstetten, used to meet and join the brilliant circle of witty and intellectual women then assembled here. This was in the days when the scoffing philosophy was in vogue ; yet, with all its impertinence and scepticism, its devotees were very cheerful people, by no means averse from pleasure, and though they drank deep draughts from the cup of liberty, they never lost their charming grace, even when most intoxicated.

The inhabitants of Lausanne at the present day are said to be somewhat like them in character ; that is, they love life, sunshine, and gaiety, and are original, natural, and rather indolent. One feels disposed, however, to question the justice of this last imputation when one looks at the massive arches of the great granite bridge which connects St. François with St. Laurent. It is solid enough to be the work of the Romans, and yet these few

indolent people accomplished its construction without any assistance. In some respects Lausanne resembles Freiburg, for the ground upon which it stands is very much broken. Some parts of the town and some streets have now been connected ; but in the heart of the town things have been left much as they were originally. The streets and alleys run up hill and down hill, and some one is wicked enough to declare that it is impossible to walk about the place without a drag on one's feet. But modern Lausanne



CHURCH OF ST. FRANÇOIS, LAUSANNE

does not live here; she has built her numerous handsome villas by the side of level roads, on wooded slopes and eminences, and will continue to spread as far as she can without losing sight of the cathedral-tower. The cathedral, which has the reputation of being the finest in all Switzerland, will always be the centre-point and crowning glory of Lausanne, both for the sake of its venerable antiquity, its history, and its intrinsic beauty.

But, though the town abounds with objects of interest, natural and historical, we must deny ourselves the pleasure of penetrating farther into the treasure chamber, for fear we should not get away again. Just a passing glance must be bestowed, however, upon St. François, the southern part of the town. The venerable old Church of St. François, the last object which meets our eye, used to be eagerly watched for as the goal of his journey by the traveller arriving by diligence in former times, before there was any railway-station at Lausanne, or any landing-place for steamboats at Ouchy.

There are many historical associations connected with the building. It has something to tell us of its founder, a pope who was not a pope—of Amadeus of Savoy, the anti-pope, elected by the council of Basel, who took the title of Felix V. It has reminiscences of the said council, which was transferred from Basel to Lausanne two years before the death of Felix. It will tell us—— But we can listen no longer: the boat is starting for Geneva, the blue waves are dancing around us, new shores are rising before us, and, willing or unwilling, we must say farewell to Lausanne!

“Lausanne and Ferney! ye have been the abodes
Of names which unto you bequeathed a name;
Mortals who sought and found by dangerous roads
A path to perpetuity of fame.”

CHILDE HAROLD.



A RAILWAY CARRIAGE, LAKE OF GENEVA.

FROM
THE LAKE OF GENEVA TO THE "MER DE GLACE."

"Far, far above, piercing the infinite sky,
Mont Blanc appears—still, snowy, and serene,
Its subject mountains their unearthly forms
Pile around it, ice and rock, broad vales between
Of frozen floods, unfathomable deeps,
Blue as the overhanging heaven, that spread
And wind among the accumulated steeps."

SHELLEY



WE went out upon the lake. I steered towards the middle of it, so that we soon found ourselves opposite the eastern shore. Here I showed Julie the mouths of the Rhone, which, after rushing wildly on for the space of a quarter of an hour or so, seems suddenly to stop, as if it were afraid its turbid waters might pollute the crystal purity of the blue lake. I was glad to challenge her admiration for the rich and beautiful country of the Pays de Vaud, which is, in truth, a sort of fairy-land, where the well-tilled soil yields a sure and abundant harvest, both to the farmer, herdsman, and vine-dresser, and where no covetous tax-gatherer robs them of the fruit of their labours. Then, pointing to Chablais, which, though not less favoured by nature, presents an appearance of utter misery and wretchedness, I was able to explain to her the different effects of the two governments, as shown in the comparative wealth, numbers, and prosperity of the two populations. The teeming earth joyfully yields up all her treasures to those happy people who cultivate the soil for their own benefit. She seems to smile with increased animation wherever she sees freedom and liberty."

Thus writes Rousseau, and many persons besides himself have probably made similar reflections when they have noticed the ancient black towers of St. Pierre rising out of the mist on the distant horizon and surrounded by all the beauty of an earthly paradise. There she lies, in the southern angle of the lake, wearing the most brilliant gala costume outside her coat of mail—Geneva, the Queen of the Lake, the city of freedom, the refuge of genius, and the stronghold of thought! Right cordial is the greeting which bursts from our lips when at last she stands revealed to our gaze.

As our boat glides on towards the shore we are reminded of an old legend attaching to this neighbourhood, which tells how, once upon a time, there appeared upon the blue waters of the lake a magic ship, bright as the silvery moon, and drawn by eight swans. Its occupants were a troop of rosy children, in the midst of whom stood a tall maiden, robed in white and wondrous fair. Wherever the ship touched the shore, there the fields were at once clothed with beauty, flowers sprang up in golden splendour, and all was joy and prosperity. It was last seen on the Genevese shore, and there the noble maiden landed. The ship



THE ARVE

disappeared for ever; but a beautiful and stately town arose on the margin of the lake, and within its favoured walls Fortune took up her abode, never more to depart.

This may seem to be saying too much in the opinion of some people, too little in that of others, for Geneva needs to be looked at with very far-seeing eyes. Externally—so far, at least, as man's handiwork is concerned—it is nothing but a large modern town, and modern fashions are rarely combined with beauty. In accordance with the latest theories in favour of the admission of light and air, there has been a great deal of pulling down, and throwing open, and levelling, so that the streets are now wearisomely regular throughout, and the smooth, uniform faces of the houses, with their doubtful plaster ornaments carried up to the fourth story, together with the barrack-like aspect of the other buildings, fill one with a dreary, yawning sense of monotony.

Seen from the bridges, Geneva reminds one of some well-to-do watchmaker who has spent a good deal of time in Paris, and is doing his best still to live in Parisian style: but these are only first hasty impressions. Geneva is the city of thought, and serious thought does not find expression in the form of ballads. Monuments and memorial buildings must needs hold a very subordinate place in a city whose moral grandeur would dwarf the loftiest tower and the most stately pantheon; we may, therefore, console

ourselves by singing the praises of the Genevese people, who are endowed with all the noblest civic virtues. They are and have been energetic folks—energetic not for the moment, not for years, but for centuries past, and energetic they will be for ages to come. But they are not selfish: their activity is not for themselves alone, but for the general good; and though gain is their object, though they speculate and calculate to an amusing extent, they never do it in the niggardly, cut-and-dried style natural to some commercial souls. The character of the people is not a product of yesterday, but was tempered in the fiery oven of Calvin, and has been not only tried but strengthened by several centuries of eventful experience. Every true Genevese has in his veins something of the genius of Calvin, the hard, inflexible man—inflexible even to the extent of tyranny—who was more logical than even a Luther or Melancthon in the



QUARRY ON MONT SALÈVE.

way in which he carried out his ideas. The record of his private life shows him to have been a man of grand self-denial and of firm loyalty to his avowed principles. Where, indeed, would you find another man as powerful who would fix his income at a hundred and fifty francs a-year, and never exceed it as long as he lived, and at his death would leave books and household furniture to the value only of some five hundred francs? Such a man as that naturally cared too much for the kernel to have any thoughts to spare for the shell; and as for the fine arts, he was not merely indifferent to them, he thought them positively injurious.

It is not to be denied that Calvin's puritanism had its melancholy and even gloomy side, and was as different as possible both from the light-hearted *cultus* of the old Greek divinities and from the worship of the Roman Church, with its powerful appeals to the senses. Its exaggerated austerity and penitential

Ash-Wednesday-like colouring divested life of all its charm, and entirely ignored youth and beauty. Nevertheless, Calvinism is the religion of duty and labour—the religion of the strong-minded—the religion of those who are reasonable, sensible, and conscientious; and, in fine, it is the religion of Geneva. Thus Geneva became a sort of Protestant Rome, and is so to this day, though in a modified sense, for much of its old hardness was rubbed off and forgotten when the city became an asylum for political refugees from every country in Europe. The change began to show itself in the course of the last century. The blazing sun of the Revolution shone in upon the darkness, and many a beautiful thought which had hitherto crawled upon the ground like a caterpillar now emerged from obscurity and became a butterfly, if not an eagle! Many families who had been quietly growing rich began to alter their mode of life and to rejoice



STATUE OF ROUSSEAU, GENEVA.

in elegance and cheerfulness as pleasant additions to their solid prosperity. They even quitted the gloomy old heart of the town and built themselves beautiful houses upon the hills, or in charming green nooks along the bright borders of the lake. The lower parts of Geneva, however, still remained as narrow and dull as ever, and here the citizens and workpeople continued to lead weary lives in tall, dark, airless houses, planted one on the top of the other, instead of side by side, for the fortifications with which it was surrounded prevented the town from spreading freely in the most natural direction. In 1830 the condition of the lower town was still just what it had been for centuries.

But as Geneva was brought more and more *en rapport* with foreign lands, and the number of her visitors increased, she became ashamed of her old garb and began to make improvements, and even to indulge in decorations. The people went to work in a very economical fashion, however, spending exactly

as much as they had to spend and no more; and they thought they had done a great deal when they had built the two quays, the Pont des Bergues, and a harbour. The subsequent adornment of the little island in which Rousseau's statue has been placed, the removal of the shops and heavy, black, round roofs of the Rues Basses, and the taking down of the arcades which obstructed the way into the upper town, all did much to improve the place; but the ugly old fortifications were still spared, and the work of destroying them and creating the new Geneva was left to the radical administration which came into power in 1848. Thanks to their vigorous action the ramparts were razed; the new quays, which now look so handsome and imposing, were built; large new regular streets were planned, gardens laid out, and boulevards and squares made after the Parisian fashion. The old, inner part of the town has indeed undergone no alteration, and the Quartier Madelaine, for example, still savours suspiciously of the Middle Ages. The houses still crowd round the venerable Gothic church; the very names of the streets, which in other quarters have been called after Voltaire and the philosophers, remind one of pre-Reformation times, and the foreigner who may have strayed hither by chance can hardly believe he is in Geneva at all, so utterly dull and joyless is the aspect of all around. Even the inhabitants of this district, which is chiefly given up to workmen, are unlovely to look upon, for they live in darkness and breathe damp air and evil odours.

Comparing the situation of Geneva with that of the towns of the Pays de Vaud, on the north-west shore of the lake, it must be admitted that the latter have the advantage; but still, the angle formed by the Alps and the Jura to the south of the lake confessedly affords one of the finest sites in the world. The scenery of Geneva is extremely soft and lovely in character, and has a soothing, cheering effect upon the spirits. The combination of shrubs and trees, meadows and gardens, woods and orchards, is very pleasing, diversified and enlivened as it is by the presence of numerous châteaux and villas; and the beauty of the scene is, of course, greatly enhanced by the lake and its reflections, as well as by the Alps, which form the framework of the picture, and seem to make it quite complete in itself.

The town is divided by the Rhone into two parts: the district called Saint-Gervais and the town proper, which contains all the public buildings, collections, palaces, and other noteworthy objects. Saint-Gervais was for a long time nothing but a suburb; but it is building its new houses in a grand and luxurious style.

The river flows out of the lake at this point, having undergone such a complete purification on its way hither from Villeneuve, that its wholesome, vigorous waters have become perfectly blue and transparent. It encircles two little islands, one of which contains some lofty black-looking houses, and was, in all probability, the place where the castle stood in the old Roman times; the other, the island of Rousseau, being shaded by some fine old poplars of unusual size, and connected with the Pont des Bergues, is altogether of a more cheerful aspect. It is as he walks along the handsome quays, over the wide bridges, and through the pleasure-grounds which line the shores, that the stranger feels the full charm of the situation. First, there is the lake in all its mysterious beauty; and, among the numerous summer residences which enliven its banks, we see the hospitable château of Coppet, once the residence of Madame de Staël; and Nyon, anciently known to Julius Cæsar as *Julia Equestris*. To the right is Cognny, with its villages, surrounded by a circle of villas and bright green vineyards, which contrast well with the dark handsome foliage of the beautiful chestnut woods. There, too, lie the Villa Diodati, in which Byron composed some of his poems; and, somewhat nearer the town, the luxurious Villa Favre, where lived Merle d'Aubigné, the famous historian of the Reformation.

From the Pont du Mont Blanc, as well as from the island of Rousseau, one looks far away into the



PLANTS AND SHRUBS, LAKE OF GENEVA.

sublime distance, where, high above the grey rocks of the Little Salève, Mont Blanc rears his silvery head surrounded by a stately train of other glacier-mountains, whose domes and peaks rise on either side o

him. The Môle pyramid, to the left of the Little Salève, guards the entrance into Faucigny, and farther off the mountains of Voirons, with their green pastures, subside into woods and meadows which slope down towards the lake. On summer evenings, when the sun has disappeared behind the dark mountains of Jura, the colouring of the whole scene is something wonderful. The foreground and middle-distance are veiled in mist and shadow, while the chain of the Alps, and it alone, is still illuminated with the rosy splendour of daylight. The heights of Mont Blanc are all aflame with gold and red, and a thousand other varying tints, which gradually fade away into deep purple. It is just at this hour that the numerous gas-lamps are lighted on the quays and bridges, and in the streets, and the glare from them illuminates the dark lake to a great distance. The wind blows softly across the gently sobbing waters, and whispers among the trees; and then the moon rises over the Alps, and the whole scene is changed, and we are at once transported into the realms of fairyland. Long streaks of bluish light glide over the surface of the water, and stud the tops of the waves with diamonds, making the dark lake look like the starry heavens. The nearest hills are all brilliantly lighted up, and gay sounds of music come to us from the Rousseau island. A row on the lake at this hour will recall to our minds all the old tales of water-nymphs and fairies; and as we watch yonder boat gliding along, with its shining ghostly sail, we are tempted to ask whether the old magic vessel of long ago has not returned to these shores.



CHAMOUNIX

"It is the hush of night, and all between
 Thy margin and the mountains dusk, yet clear -
 Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
 Save darkened Jura, whose cap heights appear
 Precipitously steep; and, drawing near,

There breathes a living fragrance from the shore
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood ; on the ear
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
 Or chirps the grasshopper one ' good night ' carol more."

Some one says that the Lake of Zürich should be seen by daylight and the Lake of Geneva by moonlight, and the Genevèse themselves declare that no one knows what their lake really is until he has seen it at midnight, when the moon is at the full. Certain it is that evening is the time when the real life of Geneva begins ; for the whole of the day is devoted to the serious business of buying and selling, and the manufacture of watches and jewellery. In the evening the shores of the lake are crowded with foreigners from all parts of Europe ; and, under these circumstances, modern Geneva is often pronounced to be one of the finest towns in the world.

Even the Cathedral of St. Pierre may possibly gain somewhat by being seen at this hour, when everything shares in the general transformation ; but by daylight it is very evident that it is no great work of art, and has suffered a good deal in various ways at one time and another. It was originally built in



SKETCH ON MONT SALÈVE.

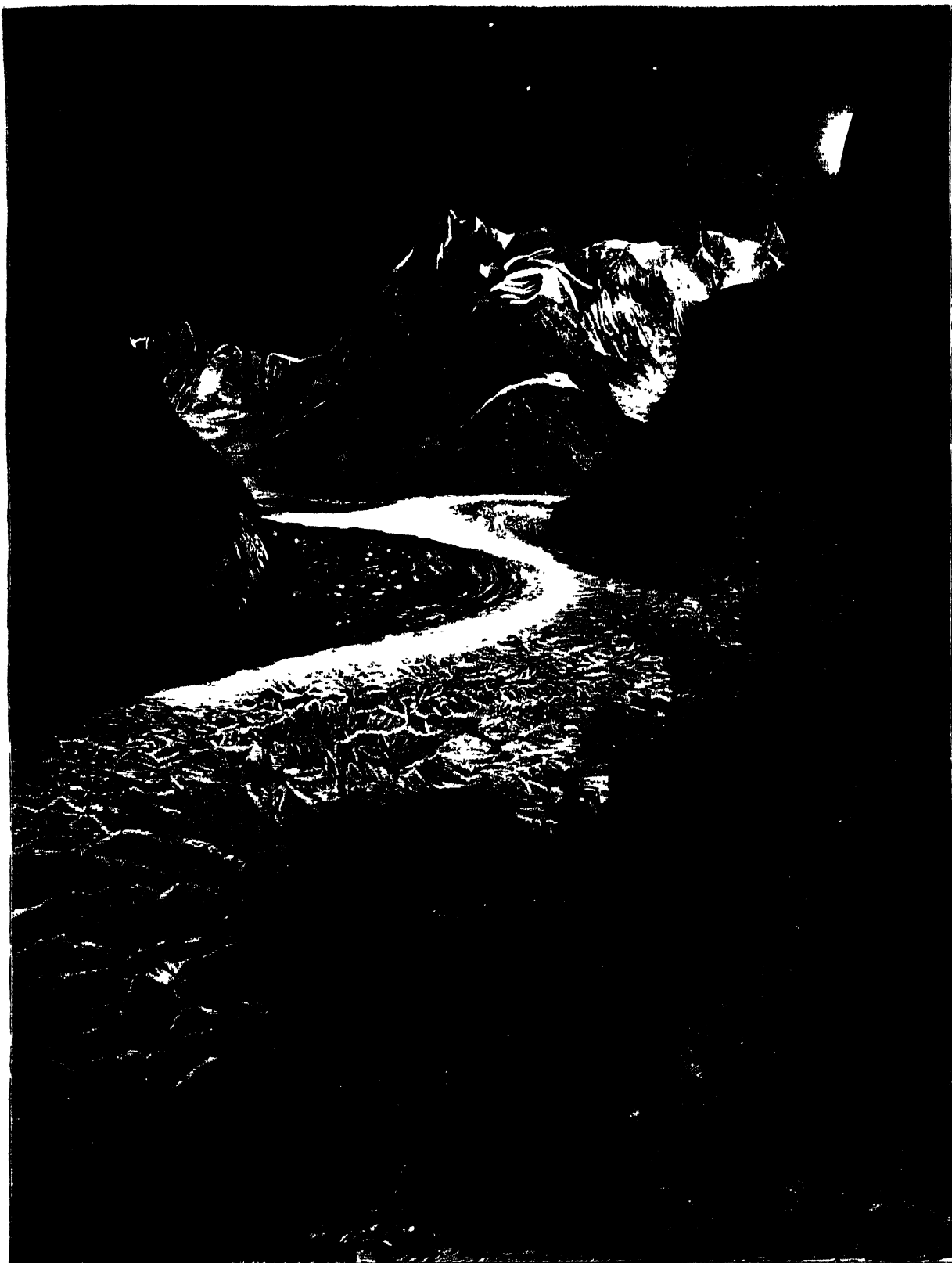
the eleventh century, being consecrated in the year 1034, in the reign of the Emperor Conrad, and was the foundation-stone of Geneva's independence as a town and a state ; so that, passing over the time of the lake-dwellers and the Roman, Burgundian, Ostro-Gothic, Frank, and New Burgundian periods, we might begin the real history of Geneva with the Cathedral. A very strange history it would be, stripped of the too-charming flowers with which the present loves to adorn and disguise the past. But we will leave the ivy and the roses to clothe the ruins and cover up the dark stains, for we have no time to devote to their consideration just now. Neither can we pause to mention the proud names for ever associated with Geneva, which shine like a galaxy of stars in the European firmament ; and as for the " sights and objects of interest," we must leave them entirely to the conscience of the traveller and his red-coated guide.

We are just going up to the summit of the Salève, to have a general view of the town and canton, and then we must hurry on to Chamounix and the " Mer de Glace." We must, however, first give notice that this will take us out of Switzerland, for both Mont Salève and Chamounix are in Savoy ; so we must smuggle ourselves surreptitiously across the frontier, and make our expedition rather a hurried one, though



GENEVA.

it comes strictly within the limits of the traditional Swiss tour. Mont Salève, indeed, ought hardly to be mentioned in the same breath with the giants of the vale of Chamounix; but still it has its own peculiar



"MER DE GLACE," MONT BLANC.

attractions, and affords us a good opportunity—the best we shall have—of waving our last farewells to Geneva. Seen from the town, the Salève looks like a bare precipitous wall of limestone, and its aspect does

not improve much on a closer acquaintance. The eastern side, however, along which the road winds, is a gentle slope occupied by pleasant villages and orchards, handsome villas, and gardens surrounded by flourishing groves of beech and chestnut. Higher up, the mountain is clothed with a low growth of small beech trees, hollies, aspens, junipers, and sweet chestnuts, which gradually diminish in number till they disappear altogether, and are succeeded by mosses and lichens. The mountain is much fissured, and is full of caves and grottoes. In the ravine which divides the Greater Salève from the Lesser lies the quiet,

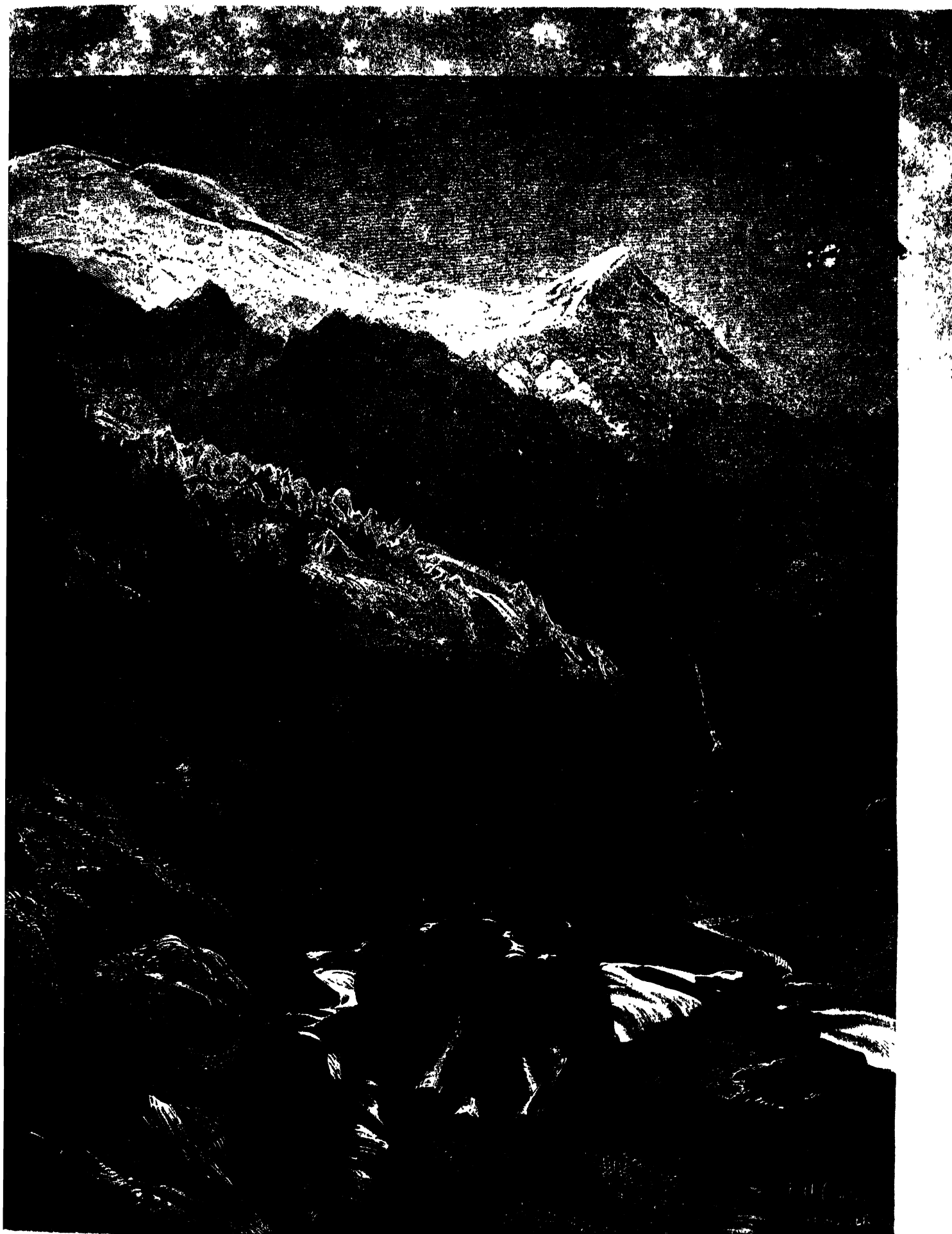


LE CHAPEAU.

charming little village of La Croisette. The erratic blocks of granite which are everywhere to be met with were transported hither at the time when the great glacier of the Rhone and its train extended from the Galenstock, past Geneva, as far as Lyons, and covered the whole slope of the Salève. From La Croisette we ascend to the Grand Piton, as the highest point of the Grand Salève is called, and thence we see the whole mighty mass of Mont Blanc, with the Aiguille du Midi, Argentière, Géant, Tours, and others leaning against its shoulders, and the shining glaciers of des Bossons and Taconay flowing down their sides. In the foreground, at our feet, lies the little Lake of Annecy; to the left, through the valley of Cluse, flows the silver Arve, which wends its tortuous, snake-like course to Bonneville, below the Môle, and close up to the foot of Mont Salève, after which it throws itself into the arms of the now purified Rhone, close by Geneva.

The Arve shows us the way up to the great vale of Chamounix—a way which it has made for itself in its own wild, impetuous fashion, heedless alike of cliffs and chasms, cultivated fields and human habitations. Bridges, whether of wood or stone, have no chance here, for the river will not submit to any yoke, and if we look carefully from the Grand Salève, we shall see that its course is

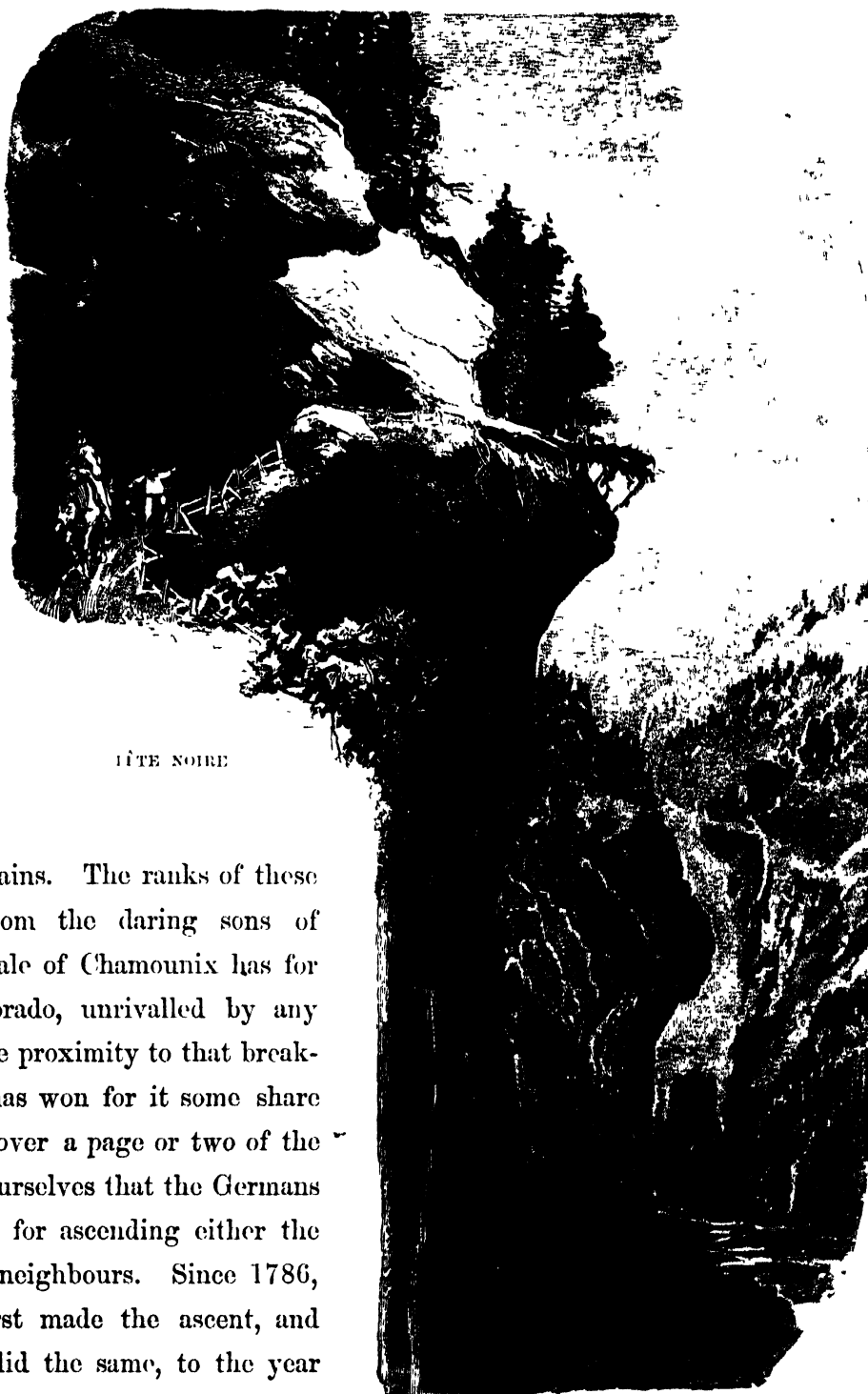
marked by such tokens of devastation and destruction as mud-banks, islands of débris, and beds of sand. Still it is very beautiful, and the valley—beginning high above Chamounix, at the foot of the famous Col de Balme, and then descending past the mountain terraces of the Aiguilles Rouges, La Flegère, and farther still—is full of all the charms belonging to Alpine and river scenery. Each bend in the road brings a fresh picture before us, for the presence of water always lends a peculiar charm and beauty to scenery, and this is doubly the case with an Alpine stream of such a decided character as the Arve. Its waters appear to be inexhaustibly abundant here, for the torrents and rivulets which it receives from the glaciers right and left are simply innumerable.



GLACIER DES BOSSONS AND MONT BLANC.

"Ravine of Arve, dark, deep ravine,
 Thou many-coloured, many-voiced vale,
 Over whose pines, and crags, and caverns sail
 Fast clouds, shadows, and sunbeams; awful scene,
 Where Power, in likeness of the Arve, comes down
 From the ice-gulfs that gird his secret throne."

The artist might fill a dozen books with sketches of the valley of the Arve alone, and no number of pen-and-ink descriptions will ever exhaust its charms. The quiet little towns which we pass in ascending the valley are all French, with the exception of Carouge, in the canton of Geneva; but neither Bonneville, at the foot of the Môle, Cluses, nor Sallanches, are anything more than temporary halting-places for those who are bound for Chamounix. The vale of Chamounix may boldly challenge comparison with all that is grandest and most beautiful in Switzerland; for, besides the wonderful attractions it offers to the ordinary run of tourists, it also discloses a boundless field for the exploits of those who devote themselves more par-



MÔLE NOIRE

ticularly to the climbing of mountains. The ranks of these latter are generally recruited from the daring sons of England and America; and the vale of Chamounix has for many years past been their Eldorado, unrivalled by any other—save perhaps Zermatt, whose proximity to that break-neck mountain, the Matterhorn, has won for it some share of attention. We need only turn over a page or two of the annals of Mont Blanc to convince ourselves that the Germans as a nation have no great fondness for ascending either the "monarch" himself or any of his neighbours. Since 1786, when Balmat and Dr. Paccard first made the ascent, and 1787, when the famous Saussure did the same, to the year 1873, about seven hundred and thirty foreigners have reached its summit; but among these there were hardly four-and-twenty Germans. It has no more terrors for people nowadays, for it has been climbed by ladies; and in 1873 the ascent was even

accomplished by a boy of fourteen, Horace de Saussure, a descendant of the naturalist already mentioned. Also, strange to say, very few accidents—hardly more than half-a-dozen, in fact—have hitherto occurred in connection with it. Still, travellers may well content themselves with the lower valley and glacier, which will afford them abundant delight and satisfaction of an unpretending kind, though differing in character from that which they have enjoyed at Clarens and Geneva.

We have now left the lively shores of the lake, with its vineyards and bowers of roses, far behind us, and have mounted up through the quiet green valley to a new world of ice, where we are surrounded by numbness and silence, and where man again becomes a wrestler with the ancient powers of nature.

“Voilà la Mer de Glace!” (“There is the Sea of Ice!”) cries the guide when we have ascended the Flegère or Montanvert, as if he were calling our attention to some quite ordinary spectacle. Three rivers of ice combine to form the enormous Glacier du Bois, to the middle part of which the French give the high-sounding name of “sea.” From the Aiguille de Lechaud descends the glacier of the same name and the Glacier Talêfre, and from the Col du Géant comes the Glacier du Tacul. The name of “Mer de Glace” is by no means inappropriate, for, seen from above, it looks just like a sea frozen while its mighty waves were

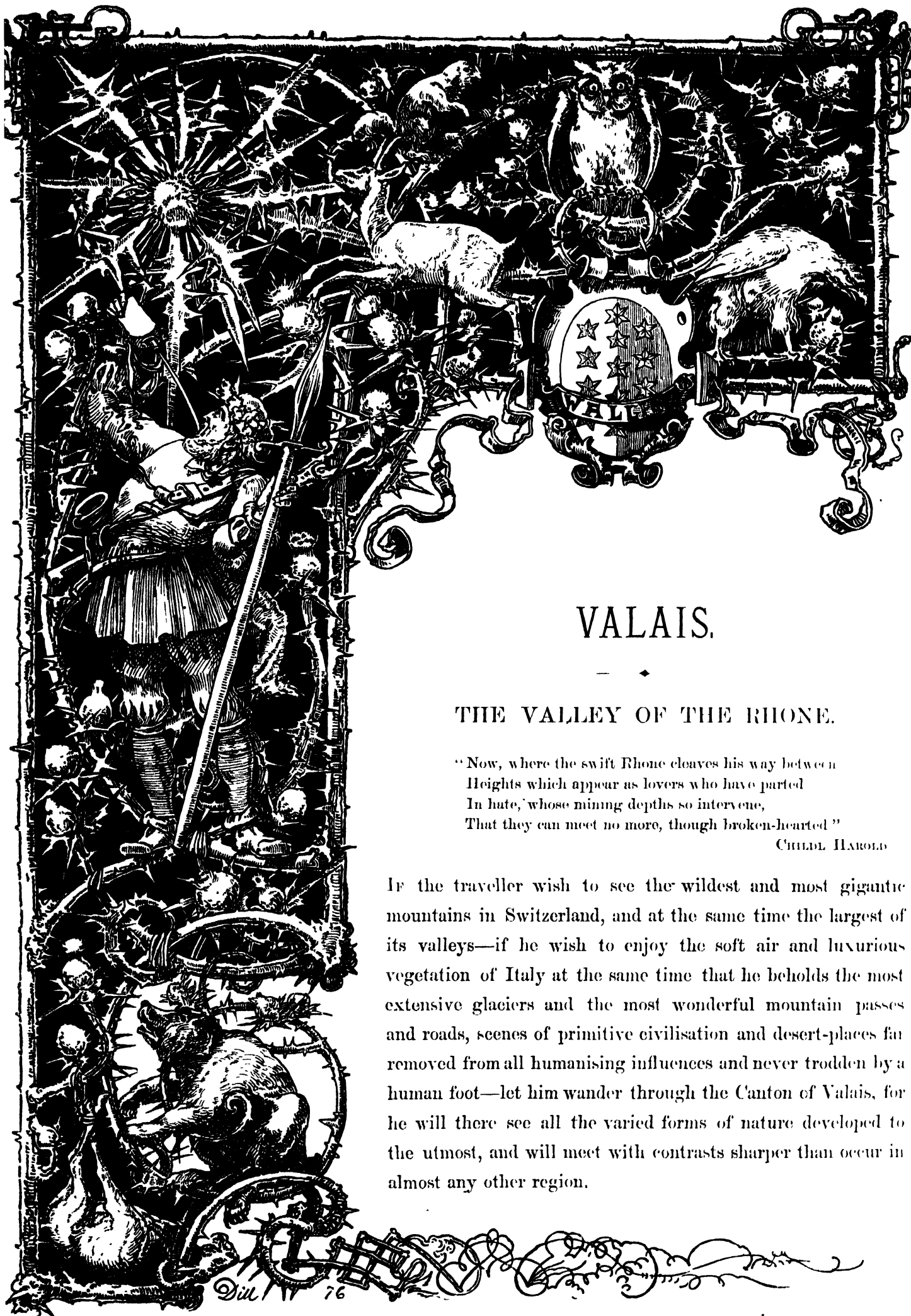


SKETCH AT SALLENCHES

in full career; seen, however, from the nearer point of view called the Chapeau, a cliff opposite Montanvert, the icy waves take the form of pyramids and obelisks of such gigantic size as to make human beings and their ships look like children's toys in comparison.

“The glaciers creep
Like snakes that watch their prey, from their far fountains
Slowly rolling on, there many a precipice
Frost and the sun, in scorn of mortal power
Have piled dome, pyramid, and pinnacle,
A city of death, distinct with many a tower
And wall impregnable of beaming ice
Yet not a city, but a flood of ruin
Is there, that from the boundaries of the sky
Rolls its perpetual stream, vast pines are strewing
Its destined path, or in the mangled soil
Branchless and shattered stand, the rocks, drawn down
From yon remotest waste, have overthrown
The limits of the dead and living world,
Never to be reclaimed.”

SHREVE



VALAIS.

THE VALLEY OF THE RHONE.

"Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted"

CHILDE HAROLD

If the traveller wish to see the wildest and most gigantic mountains in Switzerland, and at the same time the largest of its valleys—if he wish to enjoy the soft air and luxurious vegetation of Italy at the same time that he beholds the most extensive glaciers and the most wonderful mountain passes and roads, scenes of primitive civilisation and desert-places far removed from all humanising influences and never trodden by a human foot—let him wander through the Canton of Valais, for he will there see all the varied forms of nature developed to the utmost, and will meet with contrasts sharper than occur in almost any other region.

"Valais," writes Wolfgang Menzel, "is full of the most glaring contrasts, both as regards its climate and the national characteristics of its inhabitants. There you have the fervent warmth of Italy side by side with the eternal frost of the polar regions; you look up from the midst of beautiful fertile valleys, and your eye rests upon numb, menacing; cloud-enveloped mountains, round whose awful peaks the *lümmergeier* circles, as he watches for his prey; you find the ardent vine and the Oriental peach growing side by side with miserable firs and larches, and you may even find all the four seasons of the year prevailing at once within the limits of a single parish. The ruined castles and mountains possess a magic charm from the fact of their being associated with a grand but terrible period of Mediæval history. The canton is inhabited by



THE VIÈGE, AT MONTHÉY.

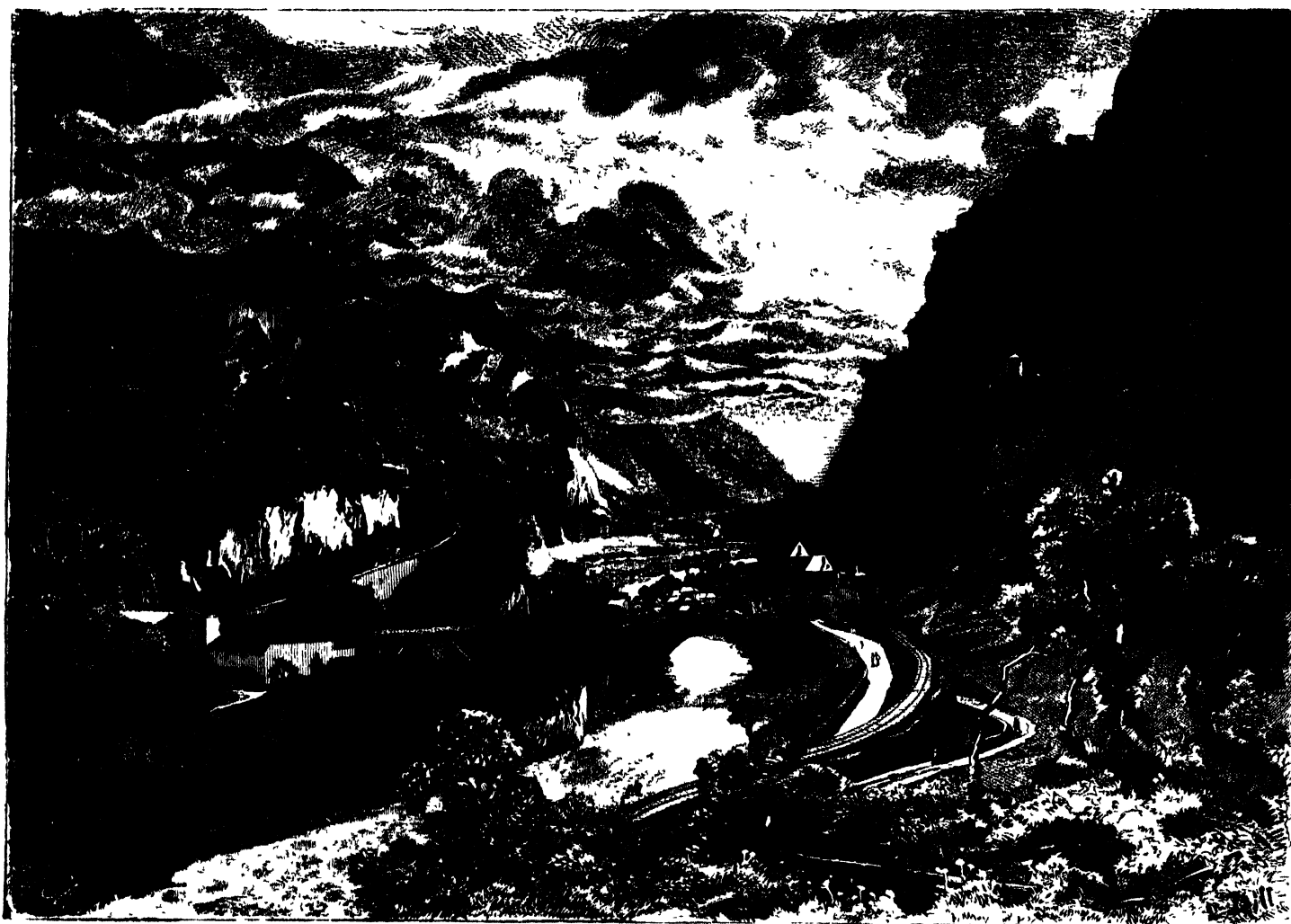
two distinct races, though it is all contained in one large valley, and is watered by the same river; and while, in the eastern and more mountainous part, speech, manners, and customs have preserved their German vigour and purity, in the west, where the land is flatter, the people are much afflicted with cretinism, and speak a corrupt French dialect."

Yes, Valais is truly a wonder-land; but it has had to wait some time for its Columbus, and has only lately been admitted to a place in the programme of the Alpine tourist. Monte Rosa and the dome of the Mischabel, mountains which rear their heads to some fifteen thousand feet or more above the level of the sea, and cast even the Finsteraarhorn and Jungfrau into the shade; the Lyskamm, Matterhorn or Mont

Cervin, Weisshorn, Dent Blanche, Grand Combin, Les Jumeaux, or Castor and Pollux, all of which attain a height of more than thirteen thousand feet; and the Dent d'Hérens, Alphubel, Breithorn, and Grand Cornier, which are more than twelve thousand feet high—these, whose names are so familiar to us, are all to be found in Valais. Among these mountains lie the largest glaciers of the Alps, namely, the Gorner and Aletsch glaciers, with which more than a hundred others are associated. The principal elements, indeed, which go to make up the Canton of Valais are rock, snow, and glaciers; and, as these occupy nearly nine-tenths of its area, there is but little space left for the population or for the cultivation of corn and wine; and as, in addition to this, one is constantly meeting with traces of the havoc wrought by the elements, one is apt to go away with the impression that the whole canton is more or less like a desert.

Valais is, indeed, very thinly populated, and such inhabitants as it has have naturally congregated along its main artery, the Rhone, near which runs the only good road it has been possible to construct. This river has shown itself a very faithless friend throughout its whole career for centuries past; it has committed the wildest ravages, flooding the fields and villages of Upper Valais, and destroying human habitations and human lives by the thousand. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at, especially if one knows something of the history or town chronicles of Valais, that the whole canton should look uncared for and dreary, or that its people, in spite of their gentleness and good temper—in spite, too, of their ardent love of liberty and their ancient heroism—should almost universally bear the stamp of neglect on their faces; at least, there is an essential difference between them and the Bernese, Italians, and Vaudois, their nearest neighbours in the north, south, and west respectively. They lead very isolated lives, and are quite cut off from the outer world; for, though their land is intersected by numerous famous roads, these serve only as means of communication between the lands to the north and south, and, by facilitating the passage of troops, have frequently done Valais more harm than good. Certainly they have not been the means of introducing any improvements into the country. Yet these great carriage roads which climb the steep sides of the Alps are very magnificent works, and those who have travelled along the cloud-enveloped Simplon will hardly be inclined to believe that it is the lowest of the Valais Alpine passes. There is a grand sound, too, about the name of the Great St. Bernard; but the most remarkable and the most daring of all the passes is that of Mont Cervin, or the Matterjoch, one of the most ancient and most elevated mountain passes in Switzerland. It was crossed in the eighth century by the Bishop of Sitten, whose chapel once stood on its summit, and in honour of him it is also called the pass of St. Théodule. The other “bridges of cloud,” across which the mule pursues his misty way, are well known to the summer tourist. Who is there, for instance, who does not know the labour and peril of crossing the Gries and Grimsel by way of the Rhone glacier, and who has not passed by Kandergrund up to the Gemmi and down again to Leuk? Who is there who does not know the Sanetsch and Rawyl, and the Col de Balme above Chamounix? In spite, therefore, of its being imbedded among the highest Alps, and thus severed from the world, Valais really lies open on all sides, and if it had to be held against an enemy, it would be necessary to place a guard at each one of its many passes. These latter play the chief part in the history of the canton, the possession of which has always been much coveted by crowned heads, not for its magnificent Alpine scenery, which they cared not a rush for, nor for its products, which might be had elsewhere with less trouble, but for the sake of its natural fortifications, which have been used against the north and the south by turns.

The Romans easily made their way from the Lake of Geneva to its western portal; nor was there any need to ask them twice to come and help to settle the disputes raging between the Seduni, Viberi, Veragri, Nantuati, and other ancient tribes then settled in the valley. Octodurum, the modern Martigny or Martinach, fell into their power, and Roman castles sprang up by the side of the Dranse and along the banks of the Rhone, one of which, the picturesque Castle of Valeria, in Sion, has survived to the present time, and, as many persons maintain, bears the name of a Roman general, Valerius. Many other names in Valais are of Latin origin, however, for the Keltic language was very soon superseded by the Roman. Champlain, Präfalcon, Gampel, Bifig, Verdun, Chandolin are said to have been anciently known as Campus



ST. MAURICE.

Planus, Pratum Falconis, Campus, Bivium, Verdunum, and Campus Dolii respectively; and, besides these, there are many others of like derivation. Valais itself was called Vallis Pennina under the Romans, and is even now very much what it was when the invaders entered by the gate of Octodurum and made their way up the Rhone. The valley runs north-east and south-west, and is three days' journey or about sixty miles in length, and here and there as much as three miles in width. Through this valley flows the river Rhone—the Rhodanus of the Romans—from its source at the foot of the Maienwand, on the west side of the St. Gotthard. Close to its right bank rise the precipitous Bernese Alps, while the Pennine Alps follow its course on the left, but at a greater distance. At St. Maurice, on the lower Rhone, these mountain

chains approach so close together that there is but a narrow passage left for the river between the Dent de Morcles and the Dent du Midi; and, in former times, this being the only easy entrance into Valais, it was



CONVENT, MARTIGNY.

closed every evening by two strong gates placed to the right and left of the river. It is to this circumstance that Rogers alludes in his well-known lines :—

“Journeying upward by the Rhone,
That there came down a torrent from the Alps,
I entered where a key unlocks a kingdom :
The mountains closing, and the road, the river,
Filling the narrow space.”

The rivulets and glacier-streams which flow into the Rhone on all sides are simply innumerable. A large body of water flows into it from the glaciers of the Finsteraarhorn and the St. Gotthard ; but it is from the lateral valleys on the south that its most important affluents are derived, and among these are the Visp, the Turtmannbach, which falls from the Weisshorn, the Vesonce, Borgne, Prinze, Dranse, Viège, and Trient. These waters, whose career is for the most part a short one, descend from precipitous heights, and are often suddenly swelled by the storms which rage among the mountains, so that, as might be expected, they do not always confine themselves within their proper channels. Accordingly, there is no land more exposed to frequent and sudden inundations than the valley of the Rhone, and in summer the flooded districts are converted into poisonous swamps. But there are other perils to which the land is exposed at all seasons of the year. Frosts in April and May frequently blast the hopes alike of the vine-dresser and



MASSONGER.

husbandman. There is no end to the tempests and hail-storms, and not a winter passes without immense havoc and great loss of life caused by the descent of avalanches ; while, as if this were not enough, the unfortunate canton is visited by oft-repeated earthquakes, of which there have been more than thirty in the course of the last three hundred years. The terrible one which occurred in 1855 is still fresh in everybody's mind. But if Nature wounds she can also heal ; and, as if to make amends for her wild vagaries, she has endowed this land of terrors with all the charms of a southern climate. To the north she has placed an insurmountable barrier, which effectually keeps out the wind from that quarter, and she allows only the soft winds from the south, east, and west to enter the valley. The sun shines upon its walls from early morning till evening, and, wherever there is sufficient depth of soil, there the vegetation is richly and abundantly luxurious.

The flora of Valais includes that of nearly all parts of Switzerland, and comprises plants belonging

STORM IN THE VALLEY OF THE RHONE.

THE ALPINE

64

to Spitzbergen as well as those of the most southern parts of Europe. The botanist knows well what grand treasures await him in these valleys and on these mountains; but those who desire to exercise their scientific knowledge upon splendid fruits as well as leaves and flowers will find reason to be equally well satisfied. Besides excellent pears, apples, plums, and nuts, the neighbourhood of Siders and Sitten will also afford them almonds, pomegranates, figs, and good chestnuts; nor need they be astonished if they also meet here and there with a native of the south, such as an agave or cactus. The tuneful hum of the cicada, a creature which loves the warmth and sunshine of an Italian summer, is heard round about, and valuable healing springs flow forth on all sides. But the vine is perhaps the most highly prized of all the possessions of the canton. It climbs about wherever it can find a footing, even up the high cliffs to a height of two or three thousand feet; and the vine-dresser, who trains it along narrow terraces and abrupt projections, has to go about his work with great caution, being exposed as he is to all the dangers which beset those who collect the wild grass. At Stalden, a picturesque village lying in a rocky valley, where the Visp divides into two branches, the traveller will be astonished by the beauty of the trellised vines which grow along the road-side, and by the old vine which grows round the village well. One of the vineyards here enjoys the distinction of being situated at a greater elevation than any other in Switzerland. But the proper wine district, that which produces something which does more than "look like wine," is that which lies between Siders, Sitten, and Ardon.

Who does not know the golden champagne of Ardon, the Malvoisier and Ballioz of Siders and Vetroz, the Arvin and Humagne or Salin of Sion, and Martigny's de la Margne and Coquembien? It is said that in former times the vine was much more extensively cultivated than it is now, and many of the popular sayings of the canton seem to refer to this fact. Tschudi tells a tale of an old man, Peter zur Mühle, belonging to Aussenberg, near Raron, who used to declare, fifty years ago, that when he was a shepherd he had found ancient vine-stocks on the Wiwamhorn, near the Aletsch glacier. St. Théodule, the principal saint of Valais, who lived in the time of Charles the Great, and was much devoted to the cultivation of the vine, is still commemorated in popular songs; and in the Valais breviary there is a short petition addressed to him entreating his prayers for the prosperity of the vineyards.

Rousseau, in his "*Nouvelle Héloïse*," while speaking of the large-hearted hospitality of the people of Valais, takes the opportunity of also mentioning their great drinking powers. "It was," says he, "hardly possible to keep within bounds when in the company of such inveterate tipplers—when, too, the wines of the country are so fiery, and no water is ever to be seen on the table. How could I make up my mind to offend such good people by playing the part of the only wise man among them? I therefore drank myself tipsy out of gratitude; and, as I could not make my purse pay the score, I made my brains do it instead!"

Everywhere in Valais Rousseau's hosts declined money, and even felt hurt at its being offered, so that, throughout his whole journey, he had no occasion to spend a single crown-piece. It seems, therefore, that he must have travelled under a more lucky star than did his contemporary Saussure, who writes thus of his arrival in Zermatt: "We had the greatest difficulty in finding a house where they would take us in; and the curé, who sometimes lodges travellers, sent us word that he would not sell us anything." Saussure found himself obliged to have recourse to violent measures at last before he could induce even a peasant to give him a lodging for the night. Those who followed in his track thirty years later found very decent, clean, and comfortable quarters at the parsonage; but in 1839 travellers, instead of being received here, were conducted to Dr. Laufer, who had enlarged and arranged his house expressly with a

view to the accommodation of respectable wayfarers. Subsequently, the large and good hotel known as Seiler's, and other inns, were developed out of this original establishment. Matters went elsewhere as they had done in Zermatt, and accordingly we may set forth on our journey through Valais quite free from any apprehension that we shall be compelled to spend the night in the open air, or have to obtain a lodging by force. We will begin fairly by starting from St. Maurice, at the western end of the valley. Any one who comes hither from Villeneuve, near the mouth of the Rhone, will be disappointed in his expectations of beautiful scenery by the flat marshy district of the Grand Marais, which forms the entrance into the valley of the Rhone, and is notorious for its evil odours, bushy shrubs, and harsh, scanty herbage. It is no wonder that about Vouvry and Vionnaz there should be lingering traditions of ancient dragons, for these no doubt represent the poisonous exhalations that proceed from the morasses. The "Vuivra" was a monstrous dragon with fiery wings, which wore a crown of diamonds, and it was finally disposed of by a native of the place, which it favoured with its unwelcome presence. This man is mentioned in the chronicle as Sulpy Reymond, and the year 1350 is given as that in which he destroyed the monster with his arrows. The vine-dressers of Vouvry, however, know a better version of the story, and according to them Reymond first enticed the beast to a cask, spiked all over outside with nails, then himself took refuge within it, and when the dragon wound himself round the cask to try and crush it, the nails ran deep into his body, and so put an end to him. The people of the neighbouring town of Vionnaz also have a marsh, so of course they must also have a dragon and a hero. Their dragon lived in the jagged-looking mountain of Inseny, near the village, and the knight who was their dragon-slayer was named Finam Mario. He made very little fuss about the matter, and simply shattered the dragon's head with a stone. Unfortunately, however, this dragon still lives, and has developed seven heads. His name is the Rhone, and he crawls along through the low country, bringing destruction in his train. Nor would one stone or many be enough to crush his head. In fact, as many would be required as would suffice to build a respectable embankment.

In Bex—which, however, is in the Canton of Vaud—things begin to look better, and the guests who flock hither for the sake of the baths will find many a lovely bit of scenery in the vicinity. Next to Bex, on the opposite or left side of the river, in Valais, lies the large village of Monthey, which almost deserves to be called a little town. Persons visiting it from Bex will get into the ferry-boat at Massonger, which is situated at the junction of the Avançon with the Rhone. Massonger, too, with its old church standing on a wooded mountain slope immediately above the river, possesses many attractions for the landscape-artist; but this is still more the case with Monthey, a place higher up the valley, built at the mouth of the Val d'Illicz, which runs north and south among the mountains, and is watered by the Viège, the last tributary which the Rhone receives from the left side of the valley. Monthey is especially interesting to the geologist from its erratic blocks, which Charpentier calls the most remarkable, the most important, and the most instructive of any in the Alps. They were, in fact, deposited by the great terminal moraine of the Val d'Illicz glacier in former days, and any tourist who wishes to gain an idea of the carrying power of a glacier had better mount to the top of a certain gigantic block which he will see from a considerable distance, surmounted by a pavilion. Thence he will also gain a splendid view of the Vaudois Alps. For the most part, however, none but visitors to the baths of Bex come hither, and they find the whole district, as far as St. Maurice, apparently laid out with a special view to walking tours. There are hundreds of paths through the green mazy woods of chestnuts, which seem here to have found their veritable home, while a

number of little villages, scattered about here and there in shady, sheltered nooks, afford pleasant opportunities for rest and refreshment.

Passing by the lovely hamlet of Chouex, we come to St. Moritz (or St. Maurice), which has entrenched itself in a position of much natural strength between the cliff and the river, whence its castle dominates both the bridge and the road which runs along the right bank of the Rhone to the Lake of Geneva and Savoy. The scene here is familiar to every one, and possesses many peculiar features. There is the boisterous river, which is here confined between steep cliffs, and spanned by a bold-looking bridge; then the dark castle, which towers aloft like a petrified Leonidas, and guards the defile of the Valais Thermopylæ; the weird, gloomy old town, which already reminds one of Italy, and is decidedly unlovely, in spite of a few fine houses; the wildly romantic mouth of the valley; the flashing threads of water which cling to the face of the cliffs; and, finally, there are the various bastions and the little Church of Notre-Dame du Scex.

St. Moritz is a place of great historical interest. Anciently the chief settlement of the Nantuati, it was called Tarnada when it passed under the dominion of the Romans, then changed its name to Agaunum, and afterwards to Fanum St. Mauritii, which last name has clung to it to the present day. St. Maurice was the commander of the Theban Legion under the Emperors Diocletian and Maximin. "St. Maurice and his companions," as they are called in the martyrologies, were converts to the Christian faith, and felt themselves bound to refuse obedience when their general called upon them either to fight against Christians, or to assist at some sacrifices which he had ordered to be celebrated in honour of Jupiter Penninus, as a thanksgiving for the successful passage of the army across the Alps. Maximin, finding himself unable by repeated decimation to coerce them into obedience, finally caused the legion to be surrounded and cut to pieces, in accordance with the laws of military discipline. This was in the year 302; but the names and the burial-place of the martyrs were held sacred by the Christian Church, and their bones, after lying for a long time in the catacombs, were removed in 517 by Sigismund, the pious King of Burgundy, to the convent he had himself founded. Here they remained and were venerated as most precious relics, and the name of St. Maurice was given to the town surrounding the convent. Looking at the present gloomy buildings, one is apt to forget that in former days the site was occupied by the wealthiest convent on this side the Alps, and that it afforded accommodation for five hundred monks who lived like princes. The convent of



CASCADE DE LA SALLANCHÉ

St. Moritz has, indeed, suffered in an unusual degree from conflagrations, and though the tower, built in the thirteenth century, still survives, all the other buildings are of later date. Up to the year 1700 as many as nine fires had been chronicled—two of them being caused by the Saracens—and in all these the town was burnt nearly to the ground. Notwithstanding these misfortunes, there are still some few things in the place which are worth seeing; but among them cannot be reckoned the faces of the inhabitants. Among the upper classes, indeed, one often sees strongly marked peculiar features of an almost Italian cast; but the common people look utterly toil-worn and wretched, and the stamp of misery is impressed



PASS OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

more distinctly still on the faces of the unhappy cretins, of whom there are many, especially at Martigny, Branson, and Fully. The French seem to have thought they could clear the country of these poor misshapen creatures, and in the invasion of 1798 they massacred a hundred and fifty of them by way of benefiting the human race.

The cause of this grievous deformity has not yet been satisfactorily ascertained, and as yet our sympathy must take the place of more substantial assistance. Lower Valais suffers especially under this terrible scourge; and unhappily, as we have already remarked, it is not the only misery which Nature has inflicted upon the unfortunate canton. All things considered, therefore, it is not astonishing that the poor Valaisan

should at last leave the valley of the Rhone altogether, hoping that, in some other part of the world, he may be able to continue the struggle of existence with better success. There is, in fact, a great deal of emigration, for no one likes to see floods, avalanches, torrents of mud, and falling mountains threatening year after year the tiny vineyard or small bit of meadow or arable land which constitutes the whole of the peasant's scanty property, and has had so much weary labour bestowed upon it. The descent of the glacier of Getroz has more than once interrupted the course of the river Dranse, whose waters, being deprived of their natural outlet, formed a lake high up the valley, and suddenly burst their bounds in 1595, and again in 1818. The accounts of the ruin and misery caused by these terrible inundations are quite sufficient to account for the fact that the poor Valaisan, in spite of his strong attachment to his home, usually ends by taking up his staff and setting forth on his travels. Notwithstanding the many beautiful forms under



CUSTOM-HOUSE AT ISELLA, ON THE SIMPLON.

which it challenges our admiration, water is the ruin of the Canton of Valais. One-fourth the quantity would keep the soil quite moist enough for the crops.

Continuing our way up the Rhone from St. Moritz, past Eviomaz, the ancient Epaona, we next come to the little villages of Balme and Mieville, and the famous Fall of the Sallena, or Cascade de la Sallenche, which the shepherds call by another and less refined name. This waterfall, which is fed by the glacier of the Dent du Midi, flings itself down the high black cliffs in a broad and mighty mass of silvery whiteness, and scatters its spray abroad as far as the high road. In former times it was one of the most beautiful of waterfalls; but it has been spoilt by an unfortunate attempt to improve it into an imitation of the Giessbach. The idea was to arrange matters so that visitors might see and admire the waterfall from above, and from below, and in the middle—with a view, of course, to making money by the exhibition—and the result was the ruin of the cascade. It is still seen to greatest advantage from below, either when

it is spanned by the broad arch of the rainbow or when it is illuminated by the moon, for under these circumstances its modern wounds appear to be healed. Grandeur and more mysterious than the Cascade de la Sallenche, however, is the ravine of the Trient, or Gorge du Trient—and here, too, a toll is demanded. Those who are endowed with lively imaginations may fancy, as they pay their entrance-fee, that they are disembodied spirits paying the obolus demanded by gloomy Charon for ferrying them across the Styx. The Stygian waters which rush through this gorge come from a great distance, namely, from the glaciers of the Aiguilles Rouges and Buet, from the Tour Salière and the Ruan, as well as from the Trient glacier. Below the Tête Noire they unite to form the river Trient, whose bed from this point contracts more and more until from being a ravine it becomes a mere chasm in the rock. Next to the Rhone this chasm is the object of the greatest interest and curiosity. By means of a wooden gallery—which, like the one at Pfäfers, has lately been made perfectly safe and strong—the traveller penetrates into the secret recesses of Mother Earth, and hears her heart's blood coursing through her veins in a way that makes him shudder. How many thousand years has the water here been washing, and boiling, and raging, and struggling, and grinding away at the sand and pebbles to make this bed for itself? The story which it tells here in a voice of thunder, between the two steep cliffs which shut it in, is the life-story of a Titan. What it whispers mysteriously yonder in the great vault, round whose walls it slowly creeps and sobs, is a very old sad story of the time when the poor raftsmen toiled here between life and death for their scanty day's wages. Rambert listened to the story with fear in his soul, and then when he came out again he repeated it, with tears in his eyes, to the people who dwell always in warmth and sunshine. His book is called "The Raftsmen of the Ravine of Trient"

One looks rather longingly at the glimmer of light which comes in from the top; but after a while the ravine widens, and a few trees and some bushes and underwood are seen clinging to the grey rock, and looking nervously down into the depths below. The ravine of the Trient is grander than that of the Tamina. On emerging into the daylight we hasten onwards in the direction of Martigny, and find no dearth of travelling companions, either on the road or in the excellent Hôtel du Cygne and the other inns, which are the last places for rest and refreshment before the road divides. As soon as we reach the valley of Martigny, we begin to hear the alluring voice of the siren of Italy; for people are all asking one another, "Do you know the mountain?"—meaning thereby the Great St. Bernard, with the sign-post pointing down towards Aosta. But then, too, Martigny is overlooked by the Tête Noire and the Col de Balme, both of which seem to beckon us towards the valley of Chamounix to prepare for excursions among the mountains; and then, again, from Martigny we may go up the valley of the Rhone till we come to Brieg, whence the beautiful road over the Simplon will take us down into Italy.

Martinsch—or, if the reader prefers the sound of the French name, Martigny—is historically famous; but this has not been of much advantage to it, and, in fact, the fate of the town has been like that of many a noble old family, whose remote descendants have had but a miserable sort of existence. It stands on the site of the ancient Octodurum, or Roman colony of Vicus Veragrorum—the same which claims as her founder Sergius Galba, who built a castle to the west of the Dranse, and was sent by Cæsar to subdue all the native races in this part. Many scenes of bloodshed and violence ensued, nor did the general state of things improve much until the beginning of the seventh century, when King Theodoric II. founded a convent here, and placed it under the protection of St. Martin. In spite of this, however, Martigny is said to derive its name not from the saint, but from Marteau, a blacksmith who must have held a position of great



CHATEL TRENT, VALAIS

importance, and have been looked upon as exactly the right man in the right place in a neighbourhood where both men and animals need be well shod, if they are to attempt the long and trying roads which branch out hence in various directions.

What a number of knights and travellers, kings, bishops, and grandees have passed through the upper and lower town in bygone days on their way to or from the Pass of the Great St. Bernard! This famous pass has been so intimately associated with the history of Europe, that any one who feels inclined to write a monograph on the subject will find materials enough to fill several volumes. The Great St. Bernard rears its head aloft among the clouds like some ancient monument—not, indeed, that it is distinguished for its beauty any more than are the pyramids; but it possesses considerable interest because upon its walls one may read the fate of many nations, and upon the stones by the wayside one may still trace their footprints. What a number of shadowy forms seem to move on along the road before us! First there are the Roman priests, whose duty it was to minister to Jupiter Penninus in his temple on the summit of the pass, near which a castle was built and garrisoned with veteran soldiers, for the protection not only of the temple, but also of the road. To the priests succeeded Charles the Great, Henry IV., and many, many others, until we come to those world-renouncing monks who, about the year 1800, were guarded by a body of Frenchmen, just as the priests of Jupiter had been by the warriors of Rome. The name of Aosta—a place on the Italian side of the pass—reminds us of the famous emperor after whom it was formerly called Augusta Prætoria.

Summus Penninus was the name given to the mountain on whose summit sacrifices were offered to Jupiter Penninus. He was the tutelary genius of travellers, and, after a successful passage across the mountain, people used to show their gratitude by hanging votive tablets in his temple. A mountain was naturally a more terrible and awful object to the Romans than it was to those northern races who were accustomed to live in a land where the mean temperature of the year was below freezing point, where for a hundred days out of the three hundred and sixty-five all things appeared enveloped in a thick grey fog, and where the snow generally lay for nine months out of the twelve, and in many places reached a depth of forty feet. Whether the priests of those days exhibited such love towards men as those do who have succeeded them is very doubtful. Theodosius drove them away summarily, and destroyed the temple and statue of Jupiter. But the old superstition still lingered, and the name of Mont Jou, given by the common people to the Great St. Bernard by way of distinguishing it from the Little St. Bernard, reminds one of the Mons Jovis of the Romans. The site of the temple is well-known; it is a little plateau situated at the most elevated part of the pass, not far from the Hospice, and is covered with broken fragments of rock and wall, among which are to be found many ancient remains, and to this day it goes by the name of the Plain of Jupiter.

Franks, Burgundians, and Longobardi garrisoned the mountain in succession after the retreat of the Romans; and then, towards the end of the ninth century, came the Normans, and they too established themselves among the clouds. To them succeeded the wild Saracens, who brought terror and destruction to all the towns and villages in the neighbourhood; and, when they had been driven away, it was still found impossible to master the band of robbers who had taken possession of the pass and held it against all comers. So shamefully did they behave that the most terrible stories were told of them in all the countries of Europe, and no one any longer cared to travel by this road. They had thrown up earthworks the whole way from the lake to the mountain, leaving but one opening, through which travellers were

permitted to pass only on the payment of an exorbitant toll. Conrad II., Rudolph III., and Canute the Great had full opportunity of seeing how bad the state of affairs was when they crossed the pass together in 1026, and they accordingly determined to clear the mountain.

The building of the house of refuge is ascribed to St. Bernard of Menthon, Archbishop of Aosta, who hoped to put a stop both to the plundering and to the horrible and superstitious rites which were still practised there, by establishing this house and placing in it a brotherhood of regular canons, who should conduct the service of the Christian Church strictly according to the prescribed rule. When Pope Leo IX. crossed the mountain he found the new institution in the best possible order, and the mountain, which up to that time had been called after St. Nicholas of Myra, henceforth bore the name of St. Bernard, the benefactor of mankind. But there is another name besides St. Bernard's which is also intimately connected with the mountain, namely, that of Napoleon. That Hannibal never crossed the pass is now quite an established fact, but Napoleon did cross it. He was clever enough to deceive the allied Powers; and the assembling of his troops at Lausanne was but a feint to conceal his preparations for traversing the



SION

Alps. On the 19th of May he arrived at Martigny, and then the question was how to convey the baggage and war material over the still snow-covered mountain. The cannon were taken to pieces, all the sledges in the neighbourhood were requisitioned, and, besides these, trunks of trees and barrows were employed as means of transport. By the 20th of May the Consul was across the pass. The people who dwell in the vicinity declare that Napoleon promised them he would make the road over the St. Bernard into a carriage-road like that of the Simplon. At present carriages from Martigny can go only as far as Cantine, a little beyond St. Pierre, while on the Italian side they can go only from Aosta to Etroubles. The intermediate part of the road is a mere bridle way, and in the middle of the pass, at a height of eight thousand feet above the sea, stands the famous Hospice, one of the most exalted human habitations in Europe.

People who disport themselves during the months of June and July in the sunny watering-places down below, wearing their lightest summer clothing and complaining of the heat of the valley, or perhaps taking refuge in their comfortable hotel at the first breath of the evening breeze, have no idea of the wild winter storms which are raging among the mountains at this same time, nor of the clouds of sharp needle-like



DOGS OF ST. BERNARD.

snowflakes which flutter round the savage cliffs, blowing in the face of the half-frozen traveller and completely hiding his path. In those upper regions terrible dangers are everywhere lurking; and those who escape death at the hands of the avalanche and treacherous snowstorm too often perish from hunger and fatigue.

However, the monks and their servants keep constant watch over the lives of the wayfarers, and are greatly assisted in this their arduous labour of love by the faithful St. Bernard dogs. The little band of watchers take no rest night or day; even when the sun is shining two servants are constantly pacing to and fro on the look out for travellers, and in bad weather the whole establishment turns out to search for those who have lost their way and to administer restoratives to such as have become exhausted and



LAKE OF MONT D'ORGE, ABOVE SION

unconscious from exposure to the cold. The grave-looking beautiful building of dark free-stone which stands in the midst of this dreary desert is deservedly looked upon with admiration, as are also all its inhabitants, both men and animals, who have renounced the sunshine and other attractions of the valley below; and it is with a feeling of reverence that one enters within walls so sacred, which have already extended their generous hospitality to so many hundred thousand human beings. Unfortunately the genuine old breed of St. Bernard dogs had almost if not altogether died out at one time, owing to the unusually severe weather which occurred in the winter of 1830, when both packs, male and female, were taken out and great numbers of the dogs perished. Lately, however, the original breed has been revived at Hollingen, near Bern, and has been re-introduced in this and other hospices. It is superfluous

to do more than mention the name of the noble "Barry," the most famous of all the dogs. His praises are in every man's mouth; for though "Barry" was "only a dog," he had a very human heart, and deserves to be as honourably and gratefully remembered as Mrs. Houstoun's "Bruno."

"Shrill sounds are breaking on the startled ear,
The shriek of agony, the cry of fear,
And the sad tones of childhood in distress
Are echoing through the snow-clad wilderness.
And who the first to waken to the sound,
And quickly down the icy path to bound,
To dare the storm with anxious step and grave,
The first to answer and the first to save?
'Tis he, the brave old dog, who many a day
Hath saved lost wand'ers in that dreary way;
And now with head close crouched along the ground,
Is watching eagerly each coming sound.
Sudden he starts—the cry is near!
On, gallant Bruno! know no fear!
On! for that cry may be the last,
And human life is ebbing fast!
And now he hurries on with heaving side,
Dashing the snow from off his shaggy hide.
He hears the child, he hears his gasping sighs,
And, with a tender care, he bears away the prize."

Those who desire to reach Italy by a less difficult road than that over the St. Bernard had better proceed farther up Valais by way of Sitten until they come to Brieg, and so reach another famous pass—that of Sempronius, Cimpron, or Simplon—which will take them out of the valley of the Rhone, and through a region of snow and ice down to Domo d'Ossola, in the vale of the Tosa, whence they may be speedily conveyed to the rosy bowers which encircle the Lago Maggiore.

The Simplon road, which fills one with unfeigned admiration for the man who could conceive and carry out so stupendous a work, is far more worthy of the genius of Goethe's "Faust" than the reclaiming of a bit of land from the sea—and, in fact, it owes its existence to that Faust of our century, Napoleon I., who hewed—

"A pathway for his host above the cloud,
Guiding their footsteps o'er the frost-work crown
Of the throned Alps."

In obedience to the mandates of his iron will, the whole colossal work was executed within five years—that is, between 1801 and 1806. Before this time it had been dangerous, and often impossible, to cross the pass, owing to the wild havoc wrought by the torrents, which are nowhere more fierce and violent in character than they are here. The chronicles say that, at the time of the passage of the Great St. Bernard by the French troops, a thousand of them under Bethencourt attempted to cross the Simplon. At Isella, where the Italian custom-house is now situated, they were brought to a halt by finding that a long bridge had been shattered to pieces by avalanches. The upright posts on which the planks had rested had, however, been left standing, and one of the soldiers boldly proposed to try and get across from one to the other. He succeeded in reaching the other side, carrying with him one end of a rope, which was then made fast across the gorge, and by this means the whole body of troops, with the general at their head, managed to swing themselves over into Italy, carrying all their baggage with them.

MAY 5
1945
JUNE 84

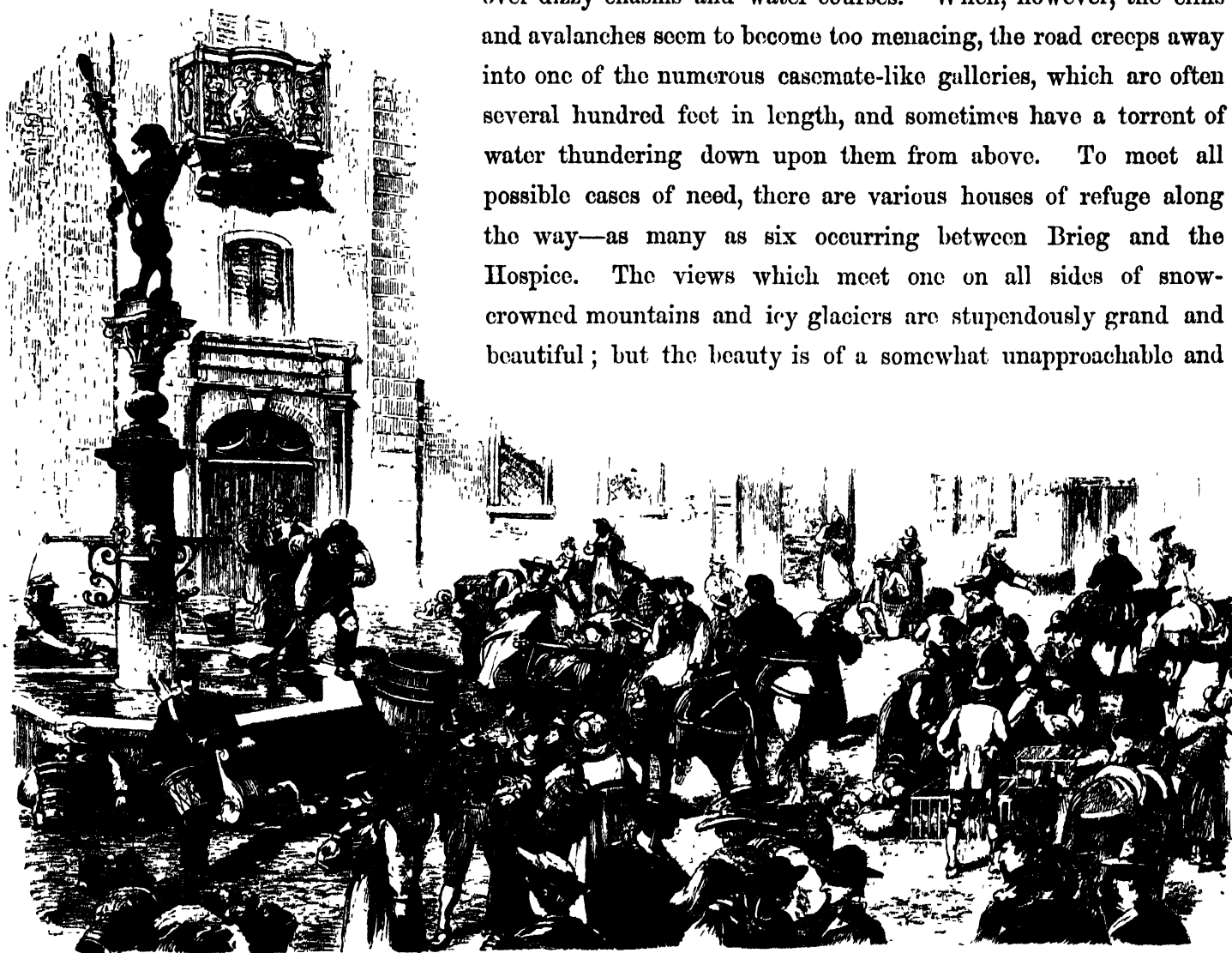


SIMPLON ROAD.

As early as 1797 Napoleon expressed in Milan his intention of constructing a military road across the Simplon, and in 1800 he gave orders for the work to be begun. France and Italy were each to contribute a hundred thousand francs a month, and Valais was compelled to furnish labourers. By the 25th September, 1805, the road was passable for carriages, and a hospice, consisting at first but of one story, was erected for the reception of travellers. The cost of the whole did not exceed eighteen million francs, and, even before it was completed, a memorial with the following inscription had been put up to the newly crowned Emperor by the new-fangled and "grateful Republic of Valais:"—

"Napoleone Primo Reipublicae Valesiae Restauratori,
semper Optimo in monte Jovis et Sempronii
semper memorando."

By means of two-and-twenty large bridges and an immense number of small ones, the traveller is conducted over dizzy chasms and water-courses. When, however, the cliffs and avalanches seem to become too menacing, the road creeps away into one of the numerous casemate-like galleries, which are often several hundred feet in length, and sometimes have a torrent of water thundering down upon them from above. To meet all possible cases of need, there are various houses of refuge along the way—as many as six occurring between Brieg and the Hospice. The views which meet one on all sides of snow-crowned mountains and icy glaciers are stupendously grand and beautiful; but the beauty is of a somewhat unapproachable and



MARKET-PLACE, SION.

terrible character, and is apt to make the lonely traveller shudder even while it fascinates him. But the Simplon road leads us into a land of sunshine, whose soft warm air and luxuriant Southern vegetation become more and more attractive the lower we descend.

But, indeed, we may fancy ourselves to be in Italy as soon as we reach Sitten, or Sion, for the flowers

and shrubs, the fruits and the wine, all tell of a more ardent sun, and even the town itself has such a foreign, Southern aspect that at first sight we are apt to forget that we are still within the borders of Switzerland. If a pilgrimage up or down the valley of the Rhone be on the whole a wearisome business, this town, at least, is an oasis in the long, monotonous tract, for it is situated in the midst of most lovely scenery, and the view of the distant landscape to be seen from the top of the castles is very charming. The long, weary high road looks less monotonously straight; the bare cliffs, from which the scorching sun beats down upon our heads, look soft and blue in the distance; the river, often such a wild, destructive neighbour, gleams out here and there like a silver thread amid the groups of trees which border its course through the brown damp soil; and the town itself is, as all artists agree in declaring, and as our own eyes assure us, extremely picturesque. But by the town we must be understood to mean not so much the grand principal street, nor the gloomy, narrow, and occasionally dirty heart of the town, but rather the castles which crown the heights, and, though grey with age, are still as undecayed as the courage of the Valaisans. Sion's history has been a wild and tumultuous one, both physically and politically, and traces of the convulsions through which she has passed are still clearly discernible. For centuries the tide of war flowed around her walls with as little intermission as the waters of the Rhone, and neither castles nor fortifications were always able to prevent its forcing an entrance into the town. Fortunately, there is a good deal of toughness and power of endurance in the human species, otherwise Sion must long since have become a tradition of the past. As it is, she has still plenty of warm life-blood left in her veins. Her last great time of suffering was when she was captured by the French Knights of Liberty, for the unfortunate town was given up to plunder for six hours. Her streets ran with rivers of blood, and an extortionate tax was levied upon the inhabitants. Such wounds as these cannot speedily be healed, and accordingly the town still looks rather grave and mediæval, and has, as some people think, the air of a fortified convent. But the history of Sion involves the history of the whole country, so we must reluctantly abandon any further investigations at present; though, had we the time to listen, we might obtain a good deal of information and hear a good many lamentations from the ruins of the old episcopal Castle of Tourbillon which crown the northern height above the town. It was destroyed in 1798, after an existence of three hundred years. The ancient Castle of Valeria, which stands on the neighbouring peak, and contains a very ancient church dedicated to St. Catherine, has had a similar history, and the Castle of Majoria, formerly the bishop's palace, has also weathered many a storm. The number of these silent witnesses to the history of the town might be further increased by the neighbouring ruined castles of Mont d'Orge and Sion, which stand behind the battle-field of La Planta, the present exercise-ground, and saw the army of the Duke of Savoy cut down and butchered by the inhabitants of Upper Valais and their allies. Many a castle fell a victim to the flames in those days; and the victorious Valaisans pressed on past Martigny and St. Maurice. The solitary "Witches' Tower," near the Cathedral, is all that has survived from those days in the interior of the town, for the old fortifications have been abandoned since 1831. Those who expect to find anything else that is worth seeing in Sion, or Sitten, as the Germans call it, will infallibly be disappointed. The most interesting thing about the place is its history, and the most beautiful is the view from the castles. The view from the Castle of Tourbillon, for example, embraces the whole district from Leuk to Martigny, a grand and beautiful bit of Alpine scenery, in which the most striking figure is the Bietschhorn.

Immediately opposite Sion rises a series of green pleasant-looking hills, clothed with trees and pastures,



SION.

which the people call *Maiensasse* ; and the innkeeper's pretty little daughter looks up from the Hôtel de la Poste at the clouds which hover over the fir-trees up above, thinking regretfully of the beautiful days which she has spent there in the rustic summer-houses under the trees drinking milk fresh from the cow. Everybody who can, in fact, goes up there when the atmosphere of the Rhone valley becomes too close and oppressive ; and, in the eyes of the young folk of Sion, all the poetry of life is to be found in the "Mayens." It is here that the Raphael of Sion, the benefactor of the Valaisan mountaineers and the active climber of mountains, has found the subject for his picture, "The Chapel in the Wood," which has the merit of being thoroughly true to nature, for the people of Valais are still faithful to their churches and chapels, and throng them in crowds. Sion, as Ritz has found, is a capital centre whence to make sketching excursions.



ROUMA, ABOVE SION

The little hermitage of Longeborgne, for instance, which lies buried among rocks and cliffs quite close to Sion, and is like a tiny strange world all by itself, affords plenty of material for the artist. So too do the ruins of Mont d'Orge on yonder rocky eminence, with the quiet little mountain tarn lying in the hollow hard by, of which the people in the neighbourhood have so many fabulous tales to tell. This spot abounds in charming picturesque "bits," and a little farther on we come to Molignon, Drona, and Bramois, all of them possessing great attractions for the artist, and all within walking distance of Sion. It is needless to add that longer excursions are abundantly plentiful.

But now we must proceed on our way to Brieg, passing through Sierre and Leuk. On a hot summer's day we shall find the sun in the valley very scorching ; moreover the road is dazzlingly white, and there is no end to the dust. Under such circumstances as these the valley of the Rhone becomes very wearisome ;

which indeed it is, with but few exceptions, throughout its whole course. All the charm and attraction and fresh beauty of Valais are to be found in its more elevated lateral valleys. But the grapes would be less fine than they are but for this ardent sun; and, as those who intend to undergo the grape-cure do not come hither till the autumn, when the heat has somewhat abated, they will probably admit that, at this time of the year, there is a good deal to please the eye even in the neighbourhood of Siders. The valley becomes broader at this point, the mountains recede, and the long stretches of green grass are shaded by fruit trees of various descriptions; the hills are covered with grape-vines laden with ripening fruit, and above the vineyards shine forth the golden corn-fields, and these again are surmounted by the dark-green

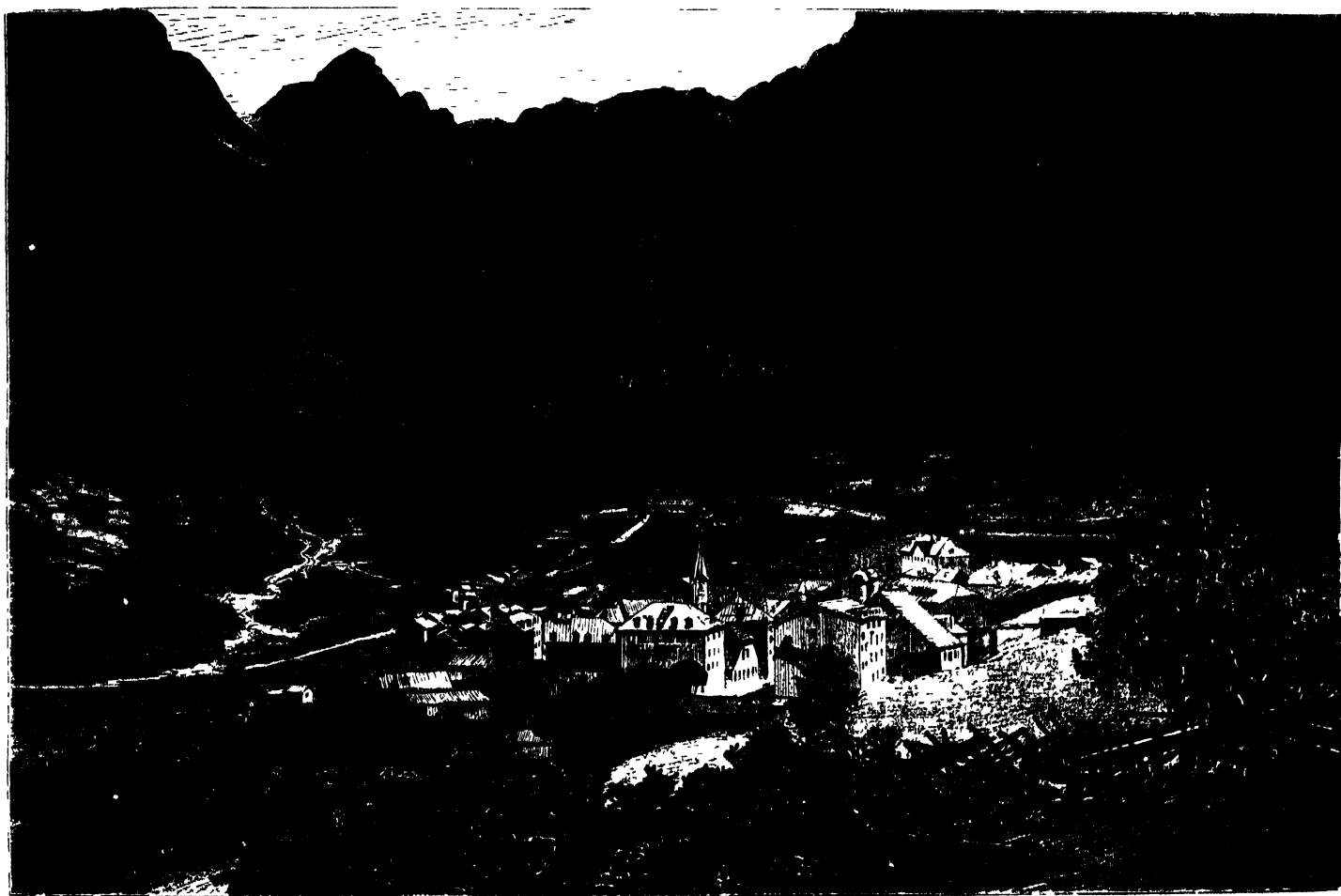


CHAPEL IN THE WOOD, NEAR SION.

woods. What with its substantial houses, formerly belonging to old patrician families, and the ruined castle which crowns its rocky height, the town itself produces a very pleasant impression on the traveller when viewed from a distance. On a nearer inspection he will discover that here, as elsewhere in Valais, there is a great want of cleanliness, and cretinism is fearfully prevalent. This latter evil may be attributable to the bad water, which is said to be almost undrinkable and to produce hoarseness; though when it has passed through the woody stem of the vine it is converted into the precious wine known as Malvoisier, or rather Malvasier, as we ought to say, for at Siders, or Sierre, we bid farewell to the French language and enter upon the German division of the canton.

Proceeding on our way, we go through the wood of Pfynwald and past the little hamlet of Pfyn, and

then past Leuk, which lies on the other side of the Rhone to our left, and is connected with the Simplon road by an old covered wooden bridge of rather fragile appearance. Above the bridge the road mounts upwards to the ancient mountain town of Leuk, a brown-hued little place which looks nearly as frail and rickety as the bridge. The famous Leuk baths lie some nine miles higher up among the mountains, and are connected with the town by the Dala, a torrent which dashes into the Rhone with much impetuosity at this point. In the old feudal times Leuk was a place of more importance than it is now. Its castles are in ruins, and even in broad daylight it is haunted by many a poor ghost of the Middle Ages, while at other times and in stormy weather, if we are to believe the stories of its inhabitants, all the demons who



THE GEMMI AND THE BATHS OF LEUK.

have been banished to the neighbouring gorge of the dangerous Illgraben are let loose, and make use of their liberty to send avalanches of tufa, mud, and stones thundering down upon the town. Those who do not feel it absolutely necessary to pay Leuk a visit may go on at once to the cascade of the Turtmannbach, which leaps down the face of the cliff opposite the village of the same name, and is surrounded by scenery of great beauty. This torrent is fed by the Turtmann or Tourtemagne glacier, which descends from the Weisshorn; and those who are weary of the long dusty road and the melancholy Rhone may refresh their eyes and minds by the contemplation of this fall of crystal-clear water. Lavater, indeed, was so enraptured with the waterfall that he was beginning to declaim an enthusiastic hymn in its honour, when a mathematical friend interrupted him with, "Come, come, be moderate. After all, the water is only obeying the

natural law of gravity. If it were to flow up the cliff instead of down it, now there might be something worth declaiming about !”

Our next halting-place is Visp, or Viège, situated on the slope above the dangerous river Visp. The



THE RATHHAUS, BRIEG.

road runs through the middle of the village, and at each end there is a church; but if they were placed there by way of guards they have done their work ill, as the chronicles of Visp only too plainly show. Looking at the surrounding country now, and seeing how profoundly peaceful it looks with its orchards, splendid walnuts and Spanish chestnuts, with its soft meadows and terraced vines, with the woods above, and the strong, steep mountains forming a protecting wall in the rear, we can hardly guess how much the people hereabouts have suffered from the violence of the elements; and the only evidence that anything extraordinary has ever taken place here is in the broken-down church tower and various modern ruins, as well as in the gaps and cracks which are visible both in the peasants' cottages and in the solid old palaces of the nobility. The extraordinary catastrophe which occasioned all this destruction was not a flood, however—floods are every-day affairs here—but an earthquake, which occurred in July, 1855, producing a disastrous effect upon the whole valley of the Visp. The entire village was converted into a gigantic ruin, and the terrified inhabitants thought of leaving the place altogether and settling themselves elsewhere—a project for which they had already asked and obtained the Pope's benediction. Those terrible days are still vividly remembered by all who were alive at the time, and many horrible and wonderful tales are told of them by the peasants. Comparing it with what it was in the Middle Ages, Visp is in a state of decadence. Formerly it was a strong, stately-looking place, inhabited by numerous patrician families, who are even said to have had a church for their own exclusive use, so that they might not be forced to worship with the poor. They do not seem to have possessed much artistic taste, for the “palaces” of Visp are very shapeless masses of stone. The nobility, whose shattered castles stand before the town, injure the people no longer; but the river Visp is a bad neighbour, and the exhalations from the surrounding marshes render Visp an unhealthy place. The traveller will not care to loiter here when he may get away from the dust and vapours to the other side of the wall-like cliffs where lie the white mountains,

one of whose snowy heads looks through the opening of the valley and seems to promise great things. This mountain is the Balfrin, which stands at the entrance to the valley of the Saasthal.

But to continue our journey, the primary object of which will be accomplished when we reach the spot where the lively Saltina pours itself into the Rhone, and the magnificent road by which we have been travelling turns off to the right in the direction of the Simplon and Italy. Here stands Brieg, or Brigue, perhaps the best-looking town in the whole of Valais. It is really quite a grand place, and excites great expectations when we first behold it embowered among the rich green trees in the distance. As we draw nearer, our attention is caught by the shining roofs of its tall white houses, and by the odd pear-shaped glittering cupolas which surmount its turrets. When the sun is shining the town looks very bright and aerial, for the houses are surrounded by orchards and meadows, and the light is reflected with dazzling



WATER-MILL, VALAIS.

brilliancy from the roofs and cupolas, which are covered with plates of tin or tiles of mica slate. On further acquaintance, Brieg, if not exactly disappointing, can hardly be said to possess any special attractions for the traveller, unless he cares to penetrate into some of the many courtyards, where architectural relics of the Middle Ages—such as walls, friezes, and arches—are still preserved. A great many powerful families used to dwell in Brieg; but the Church was more powerful than all, as is evident from the numerous ecclesiastical buildings which still remain in a good state of preservation. The immediate neighbourhood is very charming, and abounds in subjects for the artist's brush. Vegetation is extremely luxuriant, thanks to the Italian breezes which find their way hither over the Simplon in the spring-time, and the wine has all the fiery ardour of the South. Brieg is more ancient than any other town

in Valais but one, and is supposed to have been the ancient Keltic Viberiga, the chief settlement of the Viberi; Briga meaning "a bridge," and Viberiga "the bridge of the Viberi." No doubt the Romans valued it for the sake of the passage which it afforded them across the river.

The history of the town is abundantly interesting, but we cannot even touch upon it now, and must content ourselves with the narration of one episode, which is not only intrinsically interesting, but possesses the further recommendation of being purely Valaisan in character. This is the history of the "Mazze," which helped to bring about the great insurrection of 1414. "Mazze" is an odd, uncanny-sounding word: the German will be reminded by it of the words *metzeln*, to massacre, and *metzger*, a butcher, and these will put him on the right scent; but the Italian knows well what *andare alla mazza*, or *menare*



TIMBER HOUSE, VALAIS

alla mazza means. *Mazza*, in Italian, is a thick stick or club, and *mazze*, in the dialect of Valais, has the same signification. But the customs connected with the Mazze were very strange, as may be seen by a reference to what occurred in the year 1414.

One of the chief families of the Canton of Valais was that of the Rarons, whose mighty castle has now almost disappeared, leaving but a few ruined fragments to show what it once was. These Rarons had been gradually growing more and more overbearing in proportion as they became more powerful, until at last they began to oppress both rich and poor, robbing them of their property, and perverting justice wherever they could. One member of this family, a certain Baron Wittschard von Raron, who was governor of the canton, was pre-eminent above all the rest for his insolence. He treated the peasants entirely according to his own arbitrary will and pleasure, and behaved more scornfully to the nobles than any one of his

predecessors. As, however, no one of any importance stood up to protest against his conduct, the people considered it to be the duty of all honest men to do what they could to help themselves by having recourse to the Mazze; and, accordingly, one of them took a large club and went with a few trusty friends one evening to a place where there was a birch-tree, whose boughs they twisted tight together, sticking the club in the middle. They then tore the tree up by the roots, by way of signifying how all evil ought to be rooted out of the country; and, after this, proceeded to carve upon the club a woeful human countenance, which they wreathed about with thorns, each person present also driving a nail into the stem of the birch-tree. The whole extraordinary concoction was then hung up to a tree by the way-side. Early the following morning they silently took up their station close by the tree to take note of the remarks made by the passers-by, and to wait until their numbers should be increased. At last one valiant man came forward, offered himself as "Master of the Mazze," and, unfastening the club, placed himself by its side. Then from all sides arose a chorus of questions: "Mazze, what are you here for? Mazze, what is the matter with you? We'll help you, Mazze, if you will only speak and say who is tormenting you. Is it the Silinen, or the Asperling, or is it the Henngarten?" But it was not until the question was asked, "Is it the Baron von Raron?" that the Mazze nodded its head. Then the man who had constituted himself the Mazze's advocate began to speak, saying, "She has told you her wrongs, my honest men. Let every one who will save the Mazze lift up his hand." Soon after the cry went from village to village, "The Mazze is going to the governor and the bishop, and to all the Von Raron party!" and every one rose up and followed in her train. This happened at Brieg.

The Valaisans do not seem to have been a people of much refinement, and their want of cleanliness was an evil of long standing, as is evident from certain regulations made by this same Wittschard before mentioned, which no doubt were intended to correct some of their old bad habits. In January, 1414, he directs that "people shall be appointed to see that the inhabitants, or at any rate the citizens, clean out the town gutter, so that it does not overflow. No one is to wash dirty clothes or offal in the water which men and cattle have to drink from. For the sake of the decency of the town and its inhabitants, no one is henceforth to have a dunghill before his house, and the principal street at least is to be cleaned out once a week."

These decrees are no longer in force, and if you go a little way out of the town and enter a Valaisan village—well, all we can say is, you had better forget what you have seen in Appenzell-outer-Rhoden and in the Bernese Oberland, where the neat tasteful wooden houses and bright shining windows have so often rejoiced your eyes and heart. Generally speaking, a Valaisan village is a dreary collection of crooked weather-beaten barns and dwelling-houses, which tell a dismal tale of poverty, ignorance, and dirt, whenever the wind blows. The idea of a neat, tidy homestead seems to be quite foreign to the minds of the people; and as for the barns and other farm-buildings, they give themselves no trouble whatever about their construction. The timbers and boards of the dwelling-houses are left perfectly plain, and are just fastened together with rough pegs; the barns are merely square black boxes, made of larch-wood and full of chinks, and remind one of the ancient pile dwellings, inasmuch as they are raised upon a number of props, each one with a flat stone on its head, for the purpose of keeping the stores dry and out of the way of the mice. Meat too is hung up to dry in these granaries, often for several years; and here are also kept the ancient cheeses, of which many a family makes a special boast. These, of course, are Valaisan delicacies, for it must be confessed that the mutton which

one meets with here and in the Grisons, cut into little strips and dried in the air, is rancid and unsavoury, and so tough that it is impossible to get one's teeth through it. The village magnates, however, are glad to eat it raw. Münster mentions this delicacy in his "Cosmography," written in 1598, and says, "They prepare a great deal of dried meat, made from the flesh of their fattest sheep. They do not smoke it, but, after it has been salted, they dry it in the air and then store it away in straw." May they enjoy it!

But one is more likely to get a good appetite out in the free, fresh, pure air than in any of the mountain huts which Rousseau's imagination idealized so wonderfully. Châteaubriand saw them as they are in sober reality, and was greatly distressed at not being able to find anything in the famous cottages of Valais but ugly huts filled with filth and the odour of sour milk and cheese. Nor is this all: the unlucky guest is well-nigh stifled by the smoke as it struggles to find its way out at the low door, and if, as a last resource, he betakes himself to his bed, he will find only too soon that there is no rose, not even a Valais Alpine rose, without a thorn.





VALAIS CHILDREN GATHERING ALPINE ROSES

THE LATERAL VALLEYS.

"Lightly, Alpine rover,
 Tread the mountains over,
 Rude is the path thou'st yet to go,
 Snow-cliffs hanging o'er thee
 Fields of ice before thee
 While the hid torrent moans below
 Hark! the deep thunder
 Through the vales yonder'
 'Tis the huge av'lanche downward cast
 From rock to rock
 Rebounds the shock
 But courage, boy! the danger's past
 Onward, youthful rover,
 Tread the glacier over—
 Safe shalt thou reach thy home at last "

MOORI.



SUNDAY on the Sanetsch Pass, is the name the artist, Herr Ritz, gives to the sketch in which he brings before us a group of genuine mountaineers, assembled in silent meditation before the wayside cross on the Sanetsch. These people are cow-herds, and they and their wives have come from their châteaux to this spot, on the borders of the Cantons of Bern and Valais, to celebrate the Lord's Day by prayer, since they cannot go down to Sion to hear mass in the church. All around them is still and silent. Close at hand are the Diablerets and the Wildhorn,

while in the distance rise the grand frozen mountains of Valais, with the cliffs of the Val d'Hérens and Val de Nendaz in front—these are the walls of their cathedral, whose roof is the wide blue vault of heaven. Even when she is in repose, Nature here seems to call upon her children to pray; and when she is in a state of agitation and commotion, poor puny man must needs throw himself on the mercy and protection of the heavenly powers, for there are no others who can help him.

Those who visit the villages of Valais cannot fail to be struck with the neglected condition of many of the fields, with the apparent laziness of the population, and the great want of cleanliness everywhere prevalent; and when they also notice, as they are sure to do, that the churches and chapels are handsomely decorated and richly endowed, they will be inclined to make up their minds that the people have been suffering for centuries under the oppression of the clergy, and so have been kept from making any progress. This notion, however, is by no means altogether correct. It is true, indeed, that the Valaisan mountaineers were not at all friendly to the Reformation, and that a violent reaction set in which speedily removed all traces of it from their midst; it is true also that the Bishop of Sion, who was endowed with very important political privileges, made every effort to increase tenfold the number of the convents, churches, chapels, places of pilgrimage, and hermitages in his diocese, and that in these efforts he was greatly assisted by the Jesuits; it is also true that the Valaisan's love for the mass and the rosary is one of his most marked characteristics, and that, as we have said before, you will nowhere see more wealthy churches, nowhere hear more bells ringing early and late in the mountains and in the valleys; but it must also be remembered that religion is a second nature to the Valaisan, and is as essential to his happiness as freedom and independence—in fact, it is the possession which he prizes before all others. And we shall be able to enter into his feelings when we come to be better acquainted with the untamed nature of the land in which he dwells. If the great wide desert and the narrow cell both teach man to pray, there is something grander than the desert and more sobering in its effects than the walls of a prison in the character of these valleys, with their perpetually recurring troubles; and trouble also teaches people to pray. In this country man is not the conqueror, but the conquered; he is Nature's victim, not her lord and master. He still wrestles and struggles; but while he does so, he places his cause trustfully in the hands of the Almighty, the blessed Virgin, and the saints. It is touching to see the communities of Valais gathered in their churches and chapels, or kneeling in prayer upon the cliffs, and the children carrying home flowers for some festival of the Madonna—for these are their only moments of hope and real happiness. How much the forefathers of the present generation, and the haggard, wrinkled men we are constantly meeting, must have suffered, and how much the children will have to suffer, even before they grow up to man's estate!

We will just open the chronicle of Valais haphazard, and read the first record which meets our eye. What a tale of woe it is! It tells of the time, at the close of the sixteenth century, when Yvorne, which then belonged to the diocese of Valais, was overwhelmed by the fall of a mountain, which occasioned the loss of a hundred and twenty lives. In the same year, at Saas, the lake of Montmort burst its banks and flooded the whole neighbourhood; and the mischievous river Dranse committed great ravages in Entremont, Bagné, and Martigny, destroying fifty houses in Martigny alone. The village of Auf der Egg, above Simpeln, was swallowed up by a glacier, and the Rhone was greatly swollen by two fresh landslips; while, as if this was not enough, pestilence and earthquake added their quota to the general misery.



SUNDAY ON THE SANETSCH PASS, VALAIS.



LYNX AND COCK OF THE WOODS

If we pass over a hundred years, we shall find that from the beginning to the middle of the eighteenth century was one long chapter of accidents. Thrice in quick succession there was the fall of a

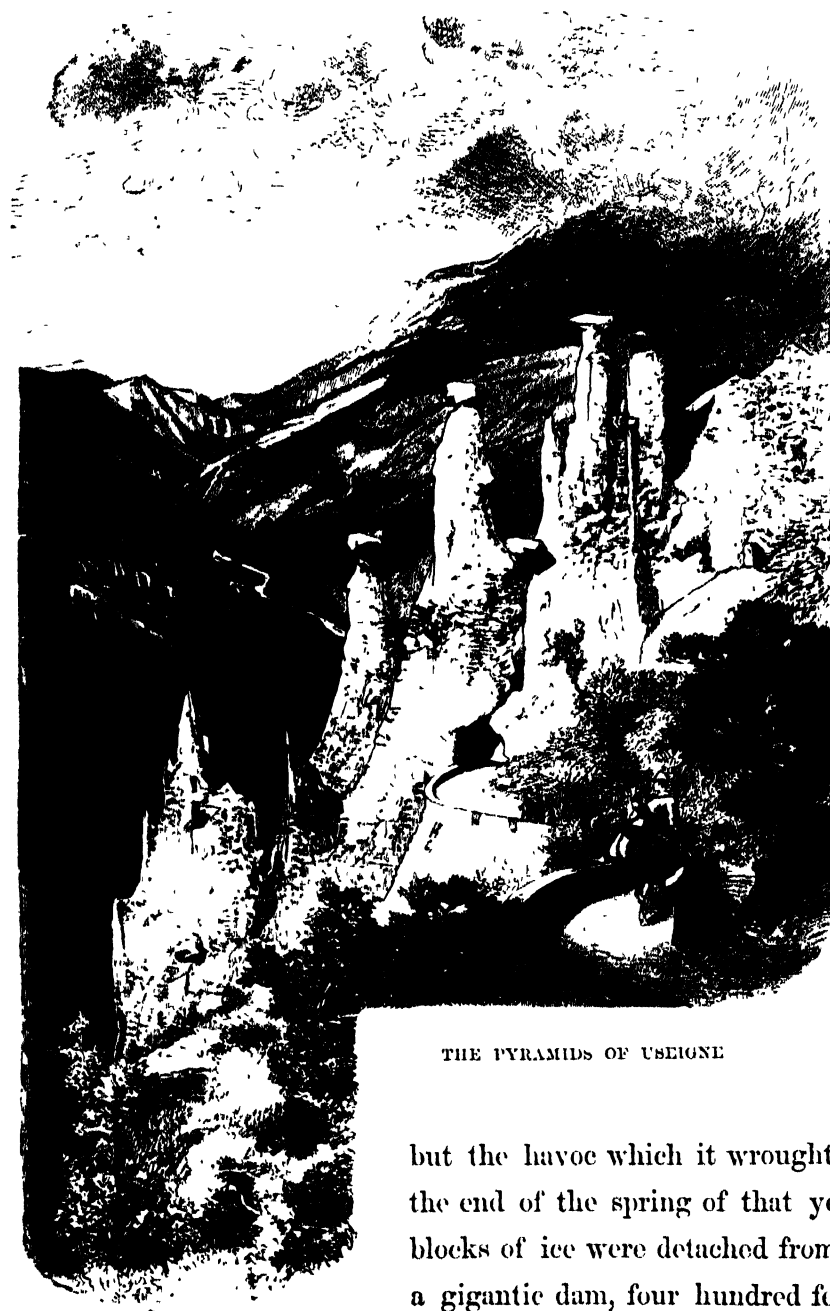
large portion of the Diablerets, which buried several people alive and covered a large space of country with débris; and there were minor landslips and mountain slips in all directions. Great devastation, too, was caused by avalanches, one of which fell upon Leukerbad, destroying the village and burying fifty persons; another fell on Obergestelen, killing more than eighty persons; while a third discharged itself near Randa, destroying forty houses. There were also floods and inundations

without end, in one of which the town of Sion had all its bridges carried away, and was filled with mud up to the first floor windows. And to these terrible catastrophes were added the further horrors of repeated shocks of earthquake.

Such is a faint outline, and a very faint one, of some of the miseries which this unfortunate valley has had to endure; but, to give some idea of the horrors of an inundation, we will glance for a moment at what took place in the Val de Bagne, which opens out to the east of Martigny, and ascends into the glacier-world of the Grand-Combin, Mont Avril, Otemma, and Ruinette, on the Italian frontier. The valley is a very fine one, abounding in wild, bold scenery, and is watered by the turbulent river Dranse, which derives its waters from the glaciers of the Grand-Combin and the Getroz glacier, and is often only too abundantly supplied. In 1545 it swept away the village of Bagne, and drowned a hundred and forty of the inhabitants of the valley;

but the havoc which it wrought in 1818 was simply incalculable. Towards the end of the spring of that year, as the heat began to set in, some huge blocks of ice were detached from the Getroz glacier, and by degrees formed a gigantic dam, four hundred feet high and three thousand feet thick, which extended seven hundred feet across a narrow part of the valley and completely

blocked it up. Behind this huge dyke the waters of the Dranse continued to accumulate until they formed a lake of formidable size, which filled the whole of the upper valley, and continued steadily to increase. Noticing that the waters of the Dranse were unusually low, the inhabitants of the lower valley were not long in guessing the danger which threatened them, and they courageously set to work to avert it by cutting channels through the ice and providing the new lake with a safe outlet. The work succeeded, the waters flowed off, and in two days the lake had diminished two thousand feet in length. All danger seemed to be



THE PYRAMIDS OF USEIGNE

MAWAB



THE EVE OF THE FESTIVAL OF CORPUS CHRISTI, IN VALAIS.

over, when a terrible catastrophe occurred. The ice dam gave way, and the whole volume of water rushed at once down the pastures with awful velocity; it leapt high over the bridge of Mauvoisin, surged over the neighbouring alps of Mazeria, Ceppi, and Bencholey, levelled the wood of Livonnaire, rolled madly over the chalets of Teionin, Granges Neuves, Chleity, and Laventin, and then forced its way on to the numerous villages which lie along the road, demolishing the houses of Lourtier, Les Morgues, Champfer, Saveyer, Versegère, Chable, and Sembrancher. The great black waves seemed to gather strength, and to be more furiously bent on destruction as they rolled on past Martigny and down to the Rhone, laden with blocks of stone and ice, trunks of trees, wreckage of houses, and the dead bodies of men and animals. Very little could be saved, though beacons were lighted and storm-bells rung in the upper valley to warn the people of their danger. The damage done was enormous.

This catastrophe was of course of exceptional magnitude, but smaller accidents of a similar kind are constantly occurring. But, as we have intimated above, the constant danger in which they live leads the people to put their trust in a Higher Power, besides developing their courage, self-reliance, and independence of character. No man, however powerful, could inspire them with so much awe as do the powers of nature; and so the Valaisan has managed to keep his liberty time out of mind; and if liberty has not brought so many advantages to him as it has done to his neighbours, nevertheless the people of Valais, especially those of Upper Valais, are a very estimable race of men. These latter are slow and apparently indolent by nature, and possess but few external attractions—their minds, too, are heavy and sluggish; but they are endowed with a spirit of order and obstinate energy, and with that invincible old republican courage which has made it impossible ever to subjugate them, though they wore no other armour than the usual herdsman's shirt.

The Upper Valaisans are almost all herdsmen; but here, as elsewhere, hunting is usually combined with pastoral pursuits. The reader had better abstain, however, from forming any ideal picture in his mind of what these pastoral huntsmen are like. There is nothing at all attractive about their costume, and their rather miserable-looking figures, which are totally devoid of grace, convey no idea of the iron strength of their muscles. When they come down from the mountains and walk along level roads and streets, they do so with bent knees and heads sunk between their shoulders. Their whole gait is tottering and uncertain until they reach the rocks and cliffs; but then they straighten themselves out and stretch their muscles, their limbs become strong and steady, and they seem suddenly to acquire nerve and coolness. They have plenty of passion too then; but it is kept under control by their habitual calmness and patience, and there is no trace of excitement visible in their demeanour. The hidden fire within is betrayed only by an occasional flash of the eye, otherwise their features are perfectly immobile; and whatever their emotions may be, their brown, tanned faces never exhibit the slightest change of colour. Such is the herdsman, huntsman, and guide of Valais; and of them all, but especially of the latter, many fine traits are told by those who frequent the High Alps.

Troughs for conveying water among the mountains are very general, especially in Upper Valais; and the work of laying them is very arduous and dangerous, though but little is known of it, and it is wholly devoid of poetry. Seeing these long water-troughs carried along the face of precipitous cliffs at a great height, the traveller is at a loss to understand how they ever got there, unless he happens to have seen the men at work boring holes in the rock for the wooden supports on which the troughs rest, themselves being suspended in their perilous position the while by ropes let down from above.

If the precipice happens to be covered with loose, sliding stones, the conduit is buried in the earth and covered with wood to protect it; but still many are injured in the winter, and when the spring comes those whose business it is are summoned together to repair the damage. This is done by one man creeping along inside the trough at the risk of his life. The water conveyed by these troughs serves to irrigate out-of-the-way pastures unprovided with any natural stream, and each receives its share on certain days and at certain hours. This, then, is one of the labours incidental to the struggle for existence in the secluded valleys of Valais. Hunting is hardly to be reckoned among the toils of its inhabitants, for the genuine mountaineer takes the greatest possible delight in it, and even in the Middle Ages laws were passed to prevent his indulging too recklessly in the sport. Bishop Adrian of those days gave a reward of two florins for every bear killed, and one florin for every wolf; but, on the other hand, he protected all harmless wild animals, and threatened to punish any hunter who was found meddling with them from February to August. The ancient amusements of the Valaisans were sociable meetings in the open air and in one another's houses, evening gatherings, running races, shooting at a mark, and hunting. Six crowns from the tithe-box were paid to every community for practising shooting—an art in which they are great proficient at the present day; in fact, there is no canton in which more guns are fired from the 1st of September to the 1st of February than in Valais, where a license costs only six francs, and those who are citizens are exempt even from this trifling payment. There is a law, now well-nigh superfluous, forbidding the shooting of deer and steinbock; but all predatory animals, such as foxes and badgers, and all birds of prey, including crows and magpies, are held to be fair game. The old chronicler speaks of Valais as possessing a very large stock of deer; and, as the character of the country is particularly well suited to them, the boast was probably justified. He says: "As the valleys are fruitful, and provided with all things needful, so too the mountains are well stocked with game and wild fowl; for they say there are not only Greek partridges, pheasants, capercaillies of large size, hazel-grouse, partridges, and wild geese, but every sort of wild fowl you can desire, and among them a strange sort of bird which is covered with hair instead of feathers. Sometimes, too, you may meet with the steinbock, which is of great value medicinally, though by no means delicate eating."

In addition to these, bears, lynxes, and wild cats still inhabit the lateral valleys of Valais; and those who have seen the primeval forest at the entrance of the valley of Turtmann, which is known as the forest of Dudenwald, and skirts the road on either side for some nine miles, will see at once that these four-footed brigands are provided with all the conditions necessary to their continued existence and well-being. Firs and larches of large size and ancient date stand thick together, closely intertwined with brambles and wild clematis; and many thousands of hollow lifeless trunks, with long grey lichens waving in ghostly fashion from their decayed branches, still stand upright in their places simply because they have not room to fall. Storms, avalanches, and conflagrations have made wild work here, and the ruins they have left behind, in the shape of dead or dying trees, are full of convenient holes and hiding-places such as the lynx, or *thier*-wolf, as he is called in Valais, loves to dwell in. Here, too, he might find abundance of such ordinary food as badgers, marmots, hazel-grouse, capercaillie, and black-cock, which he might hunt with impunity if he chose; but, unluckily, he has a hankering after very different game, and is given to visiting the well-stocked pastures in the neighbourhood, and committing depredations among the sheep and goats. His cruel, cat-like nature comes out strongly on these occasions. He is never satisfied with one animal, but kills several at each visit; and, therefore, as soon as his track is discovered

the whole village turns out to give him chase. To catch him, however, is by no means easy, owing to his great cunning and the number of different hiding-places in which he conceals himself during the day. Happily he is dying out, and one now very rarely sees in the newspapers an announcement that a lynx has



THE MATTERHORN AND LAKE OF THE RIFFELHORN

been killed. Another rapacious animal, the wild cat, which is everywhere held in detestation, is becoming equally scarce. The wild cat leads a solitary life in the recesses of some mountain-cave at the back of a wood, and there everything that runs and flies falls a prey to its claws. It catches the rabbit at his

burrow, the squirrel on the tree, marmots, rats, wood mice, field mice, birds, and even larger game. It steals very warily up to its victim, and then makes a sudden spring upon it; taking care, with larger animals, to get them by the throat.

It is only occasionally that the Valaisan hunts these beasts of prey, chamois being the game he chiefly seeks. His great delight is to pursue these beautiful animals across the ice and snow, in storm and wind,



WILD CAT AND CROWS.

and it is in these expeditions that all the natural boldness of his character shows itself—nothing is then impossible to him, he heeds no danger, and the numerous accidents which occur every year seem only to whet his appetite. Such famous chamois-hunters as Ignaz Troger, of Oberems, are by no means uncommon, though their names are not as well known as those of the Engadine. Valais is the only canton in which the hunting of the steinbock, or ibex-goat, is still carried on, and it is the most dangerous of all sport.

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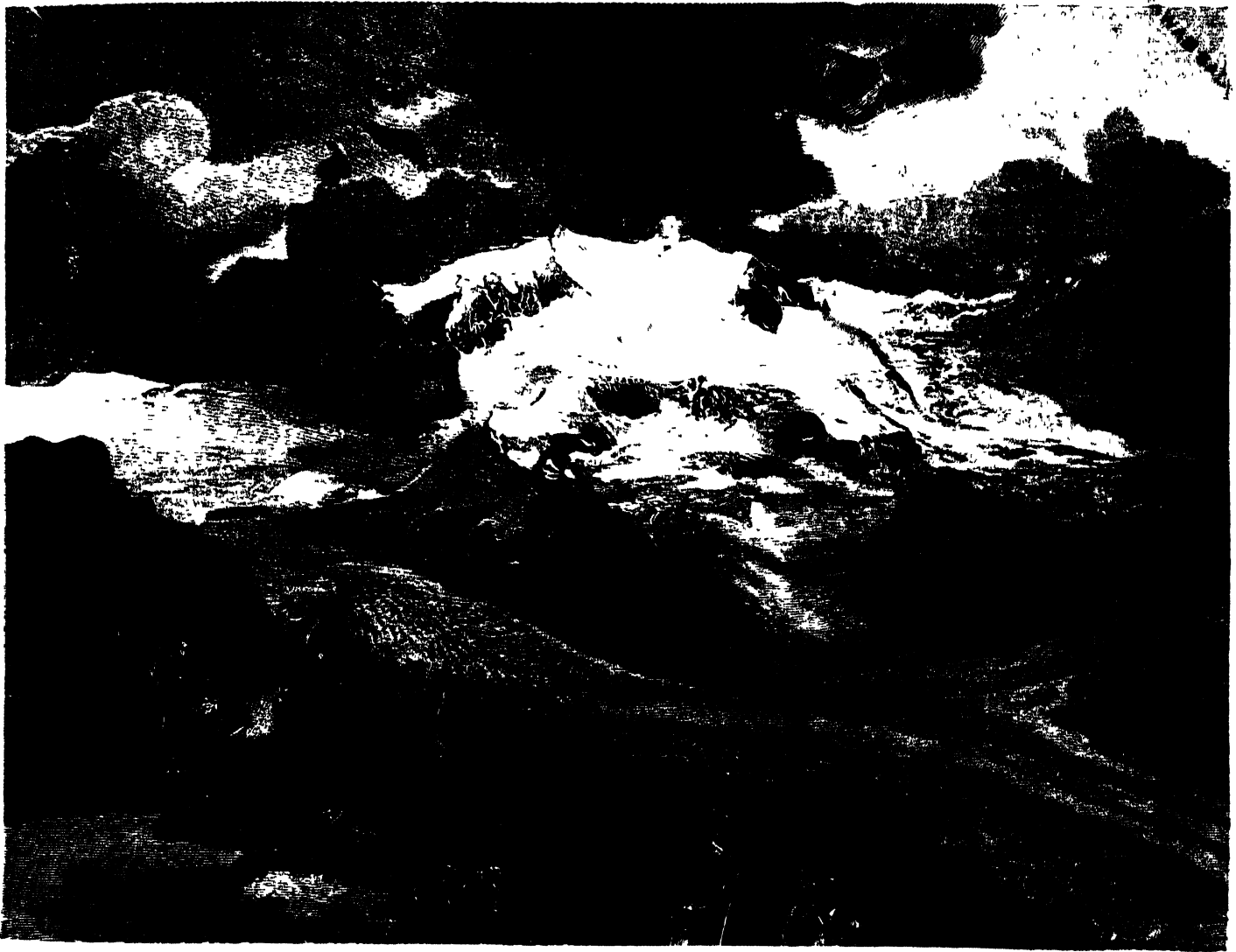
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IBEX FIGHTING.

Like the *lümmergeier*, or great bearded vulture, the steinbock has been driven from all other parts of Switzerland, and is nowhere to be found but in the inaccessible chains of mountains which divide Valais from Piedmont, and in the highest mountains of Savoy. The Valaisan hunters accordingly cross the southern mountains, and try to make their way either into the savage realms of Monte Rosa or into the Alps of Savoy and Piedmont. This requires the greatest circumspection, as they are watched by the king's gamekeepers, who are not men to be trifled with; and their utmost craft and skill are required to enable them to elude the vigilance of the latter and to get within gun-shot of their shy game. These



MONTE ROSA, FROM THE RIFFELHAUS

excursions among the most desolate regions of the Alps last from a week to a fortnight, during which time the hunter is often hungry and always half frozen, and has to pass his nights on the glacier or on the brink of the most awful precipices. Nothing but the passion of the chase can sustain him in these arduous labours, for the actual profits are very small indeed. Tschudi says that in former days steinbock-hunting occasioned the loss of a great many lives, and ruined many families; and yet, if the goats should be driven away from the neighbourhood of Mont Blanc into the Valaisan Alps, as seems likely, the number of hunters here would at once be increased tenfold. The ranks of the hunters are mostly recruited from among the herdsmen, who, when they grow weary of watching their flocks, exchange the crook for the

gun, and are as well skilled in the use of the one as of the other. Circumstances are certainly favourable to them; for the slopes and pastures of the lateral valleys ascend quite up into the higher region of the Alps and the hunting-grounds, and the game can often be seen even from the chalets. The first and most beautiful of these lateral valleys is the Val d'Illicz, where Nature presents us with a combination of soft loveliness and colossal grandeur, and has favoured her children with a fertile soil, remarkable personal beauty, and the enjoyment of good health. The valley opens opposite Bex, and slopes gently up the sides of the Dent du Midi to the ice-clad mountains on the borders of Savoy. It contains the cheerful villages of Troistorrents, Illicz, and Champéry, all of which are pleasantly shaded by splendid chestnut and walnut trees, and are charmingly idyllic in character, while its mountains are covered with ancient oaks and dark



ZERMATT.

fir-woods. Nowhere do the meadows look more resplendently and luxuriantly green. The slopes are bordered with chalets quite up to the top; below, the impetuous, swift-rushing Viège thunders through the valley; and as we look back we have a view of the beautiful mountains of Bex, the Dent de Morcles, and the wild Diablerets. The people are lively and intelligent, and their manners are still pure and simple; and the valley, which is thoroughly pastoral in character, is one of the most beautiful in the canton. Those who care for something besides glaciers, and like to enjoy the peculiar pleasures of life among the Alps with some degree of comfort, will find an inexhaustible fund of enjoyment in the Val d'Illicz.

Better known, perhaps, however, is the Val d'Hérens, which lies in the heart of Valais, and possesses a glorious view of the glacier-world in the south. It begins at Sion, but soon branches into the western



TOURISTS ON THE PIC D'ARZINOL, VALAIS.

valley or vale of Hérémente, and the eastern or Eringer Thal, known also as the valley of Hérens. This latter divides again some way higher up, and the new fork is called the Val Arolla.

These valleys, as well as those of Einfisch, Turtmann, Bagne, Entremont, and the great valley of St. Nicholas, have all been formed by the streams which pour down from the great chain of Alps which extends from the massive group of Monte Rosa past the Matterhorn to the Grand Combin. The Val d'Hérens is watered by the Borgne; and Evolena, a mountain cyrie—brown, or rather black, with age—is the centre whence innumerable expeditions are made to the snowy mountains on the other side of the stream. On our way up hither from Sion we pass the village of Vex by a tolerable carriage-road recently constructed. At Vex our attention is attracted by the strange forms of the pyramids of Uscigne—jagged weather-beaten columns of sandstone, each carrying a block of granite on its head, and looking like a gigantic petrified mushroom. These pillars once formed a continuous wall, and the blocks of granite were probably brought hither and deposited by glaciers. Then the sandstone was gradually worn away by the water until none remained but those portions which were protected by the roof-like slabs of stone. The road passes through a tunnel beneath them, and the surrounding landscape becomes sterner in character as



SKETCH IN THE VALLEY OF ZERMATT.

the glorious panorama of the Alps gradually unfolds itself before our longing eyes. There is much to look at even in the immediate neighbourhood, for the mountains to left and right of us are dotted with houses, cottages, and chapels, and a plentiful supply of water issues from the rocks in all directions, and hurries down to join the Borgne. Most of the trees are larches, whose cheerful green foliage shines like gold in

the sunlight. The queen of the mountains hereabouts is the Dent Blanche, who calmly surveys the landscape from the proud elevation of her throne of ice. The inn of Evolena is called in honour of her the Hôtel de la Dent Blanche, and deserves to be commended, though it is not always large enough to accommodate all the visitors who flock hither in the summer. It is well adapted for summer quarters, and those who wish to study the native manners and customs of the mountaineers of Valais cannot do better than stay here for a time.

There are special opportunities for getting up the subject on holidays and feast-days, but even on week days the loneliness of the mountain-paths is often relieved by the figure of a woman riding on a mule; and on Sundays the whole population of the valley may be seen riding up to the surrounding heights. The mule is the animal in general use as a beast of burthen in Valais as well as in Ticino, horses being scarce in both cantons; but the creature's real native home seems to be here in the Eringer Thal, or Val d'Hérens. One may see whole families clinging to its patient back—the wife in front, the husband behind, an infant slung in a basket, or a bigger child seated on its tail.

As regards the costume of the people, one cannot say that it is particularly beautiful. The colours are sombre—usually dark brown or blue—and the texture of the material used is stout and substantial. The men wear an awkward-shaped frock cut very short, and the women an equally awkward-looking jacket with a full skirt. The only special feature is the Valaisan hat; but whoever invented it must have desired to make it as little pleasing to the eye as he possibly could. The hat itself is made of straw, and has a narrow brim and high crown; but one can hardly see anything of it, as it is enveloped in a confused mass of ribbon fastened round it in broad, flat folds. The ribbon is generally so faded by exposure to wind and weather that it has assumed a nondescript brown hue, and it is well-nigh impossible to guess what its colour may have been originally. The young girls, indeed, are somewhat more particular about having fresh ribbons to their hats, and they sometimes wear bright coloured handkerchiefs on their heads. In fact, as long as they are unmarried they like gay colours; and when they appear in the “Grand Cotillon” in their holiday costume, no doubt they think themselves much smarter than the tourists, rigorously attired according to the prevailing mode, who scan them with such eager curiosity. The Valaisan costume is certainly better adapted for the mountains; and it must be admitted that, whereas the Parisian *modistes* have invented a good many inconvenient garments, they have not yet succeeded in proving themselves a match for the wind and weather. And yet it is pleasant to see these animated flowers disporting themselves among the brown rocks and stern mountains and in the neighbourhood of the glaciers—pleasant, too, to hear the solemn silence broken by the sound of their cheerful laughter. Sometimes a verse of a song floats down from the heights like the notes of a wild wood-bird, and the gay songsters themselves may be descried sitting behind the rocks and bushes on the favourite Piz d'Arzinol, from the summit of which all the secrets of the grand world of Alps may be discovered if only the sky be clear.

Very charming excursions may be made to this spot; and those who wish to have the pleasure of gathering edelweiss and other rare Alpine flowers with their own hands, while they see their dreams of the Alps actually realised before their eyes, cannot do better than descend into the little valley of Arzinol, the one chosen abode of the nymph of whom the young cowherds talk enthusiastically as the source of all their good fortune.

“Dreams of the Alps!” but the dreams are not always peaceful, by any means, and sometimes they are very grim and terrible. When the spring comes, filling the maiden's heart with tender thoughts which

melt her to tears, the glaciers begin to melt too, and yonder, behind Mont Pleureur, lies the Getroz glacier—and we have already shown what his spring dreams are like !

But let us look away, and over the heads of all the other mountains, to the black Matterhorn. No matter where one may be, the eye reverts to it again and again, for it is the most singular in form and the boldest in outline of all the Alps, and as such is indelibly impressed upon the memory.

The Matterhorn ! Assuredly its builder was a titanic genius, and its architecture excites the astonishment of the most cold-blooded of travellers. Among these latter, by the way, foreigners give the first place to the English, who are considered to be the most sober-minded adherents of the *nil admirari* principle.



THE TWINS, CASTOR AND POLLUX.

Yet even they stood lost in admiration when they first beheld the massive proportions of the Matterhorn ; and at last, despite all dangers and difficulties, they succeeded in reaching its summit.

The Matterhorn, formerly called the Great Horn by the inhabitants of Zermatt, and also known under the names of Mont Cervin and Monte Silvio, stands at the back of the valleys of Zermatt and Tournanche, on the frontier of Italy and Switzerland, and attains a height of nearly fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. The pinnacle itself, which rises from out the glaciers which cover the crest of the Alps of Valais, is some four thousand feet in height, and is in form an obelisk with sharply-cut edges, and smooth, black, bare sides. Looking at it from Zermatt, one feels crushed and overpowered by its magnitude ; and it may well seem utterly inaccessible to the puny beings who crawl around its base—indeed, it is difficult even now to understand how so many persons have succeeded in reaching its summit.

Ahasuerus, the wandering Jew, is one of those who is said to have visited it. He is described as coming to the valley of the Visp, climbing the Matterhorn, and finding upon its summit a handsome town embowered among luxuriant vines and tall waving trees. Then the spirit of prophecy comes upon him and he foretells its downfall, adding :

“Again, a third time, maybe I shall come,
But I shall look in vain for these fair meads !
The blooming vines, the flowery vales are gone—
A glacier makes a desert in their stead,
Rears its white crags fantastic in mid-air,
And rears its dark-green billows down the slope !”

There are other popular legends connected with the Matterhorn. The common people place the Paradise

of men and animals on its summit, because it is only one step thence to heaven. In this lofty region dwell the happy souls of the departed—those at least who are natives of the Alps, for it would hardly be to the taste of any others. The streams are bridged over with long rolls of bread, the paths are paved with cheeses, the cracks in the rock are plastered up with butter, people walk about in shoes made of wheaten bread, and amuse themselves by playing at nine-pins with balls made of cheese and pins of butter. Herds of the most beautiful chamois and wild goats live and feed together in the pastures, and besides these there are numbers of other strange and wonderful animals. Only one chamois hunter out of twenty can ever succeed in reaching this delightful region, and that only once in twenty years ; but no one is allowed to bring any animal away with him. The names of many persons who have succeeded in getting there at different times are said to be cut upon the trunks of the trees.



TAESCH.

On the 14th July, 1865, Whymper, the boldest of all mountaineers, made the ascent from Zermatt, accompanied by Lord Francis Douglas, the Rev. Mr. Hudson, and Mr. Hadow, and succeeded in reaching

the summit of the highest peak; but, as if to justify the popular saying that only one chamois hunter in twenty ever reaches the top, Whymper's three companions paid for their daring with their lives. Their names are written in blood on the sides of the obelisk as a warning to all future generations; but the marvel is that even one should have lived to come down again. However, the ascent has been successfully made several times since 1865; and a girl of eighteen, bearing the auspicious name of Félicité, has set her foot on the brow of this most defiant of giants. Yes, "the most defiant of giants," for, compared with him, his neighbour Monte Rosa looks like a sublime monarch of the Alps, and wears his many-pointed crown with calm majesty and dignity. Monte Rosa rises to a height of fifteen thousand feet, extensive glaciers nestle at its feet, and it is enveloped in a snowy mantle of dazzling silvery



THE SUMMIT OF THE EGGISCHHORN

brightness. Only two of its peaks stand actually on Italian soil, the others are on the frontier between Italy and Switzerland.

It is from the valley of Macugnaga that one gains the best idea of the size of this huge knot of mountains, which rises like a wall at the back of the upper valley. It is incontestably the mightiest of all the mighty giants which rear their snowy heads aloft in this neighbourhood; and, indeed, there is only one with which it cannot compare, namely, the great monarch of the Alps, Mont Blanc himself.

The place whence people now usually start on the numerous excursions which may be made around Monte Rosa is Zermatt (Praborgne in Italian), a village of the usual Valaisan type lying at the back of the valley of St. Nicholas. Its principal buildings are some first-class hotels, which are always filled to overflowing during the season, and are patronised chiefly by our adventurous fellow-countrymen; but, as the longest summer is not long enough for the accomplishment of all the numerous expeditions which

here present themselves in such tempting variety, the modest traveller will do well to confine himself to the beaten paths, which will amply reward him for all his exertions.

The first excursion made is usually that to the Gorner Grat and the Riffelberg, where there is a good mountain inn. The ascent from Zermatt takes us through a cool fragrant forest, and affords a splendid view of the Gorner glacier, whence the river Visp flows down into the valley. When we reach the Gorner Grat, higher up, the view becomes overpoweringly grand, and shows us alps, icebergs, snow-fields, precipices, and glacier after glacier. Yonder rise the peaks of the Cima di Jazzi and the Lyskamm, and there, above all, is Monte Rosa in all its glorious splendour. Between the black savage-looking Breithorn and the Lyskamm are the shining snow-covered peaks of Castor and Pollux; farther on are the Theoduls-



HOTEL VICTORIA, KANDERSTEG, WITH VIEWS OF THE BLUEMLISALP AND DOLDENHORN.

horn and Mont Cervin. Glaciers innumerable fill the valleys at their feet, and to the north rise the mighty mountains of the Bernese Oberland.

This is certainly the grandest scene in the immediate neighbourhood of Zermatt; and the other easy excursions to the Schwarzsee, the Hornli, the Findel glacier, the Rothhorn, and Mettelhorn offer only variations of the one grand theme. On our descent through the beautiful valley of Zermatt we follow the course of the lively river Visp—through forests, by the side of lofty cliffs enlivened by waterfalls, past glaciers which peep out over the trees in the distance, and past retired primæval-looking villages with old brown cottages—and as we wend our way downwards we cast many a backward glance at the world of ice behind us.

These villages, Tasch, Randa, St. Nicholas, and Stalden, some of which are picturesque enough, are not adapted for halting-places; they are not externally attractive and the paths are bad. The great

questions which agitate the world never penetrate to this secluded valley, and the experiences of its inhabitants are usually limited to eating, drinking, labouring, and dying; indeed, it is a matter of constant marvel that the little village of Grächen, between St. Nicholas and Stalden, should have produced a man who actually became to a certain extent famous. Every one knows the strange history of Thomas Platter, a genuine son of the sixteenth century, who, though only a poor goatherd and apprenticed to a rope-maker, was inflamed from early youth with an ardent enthusiasm for classical learning. As a boy, bare-footed and half-starved, he would hide himself among the hemp to read his Pindar and Homer leaf by leaf. He went as a journeyman to Basel, where he became one of the most respected citizens, taught Greek and Hebrew, was made superintendent of the gymnasium, and was warmly in favour of the Reformation, though he never went to any passionate lengths in his advocacy of its principles. He attained the age of eighty-three, and his grandfather lived to be a hundred and twenty-six; whence it seems that the air of the valley of the Visp must be particularly conducive to longevity.

At Stalden, the two torrents of the Gorner Visp and Saaser Visp meet, and by following their course we shall soon find ourselves once more in the valley of the Rhone, and on the high road leading to Brieg. If the traveller's eyes be not weary with so much gazing, and if there be enough strength left in his knees, he may turn to the left at Morel and wend his way upwards through woods and gently sloping Alpine meadows to the Eggischhorn, whence there is another grand view to be seen. Indeed, so far as glaciers are concerned, this point of view is the finest of all, for the Aletsch glacier is the largest and most perfect of its kind in Europe. It is the most highly developed of all the glaciers of the Alps, and the little glacier of Grindelwald is but a dwarf in comparison. The Aletsch glacier is twelve miles long, and may be well seen from the summit of the Eggischhorn; though the view from the Bellalp opposite is better still, as the entire length can be seen at once. From this point of view it looks like a stream leaping boldly down the side of the beautiful Jungfrau, and challenging the spectator's whole and undivided attention. And indeed the Jungfrau herself, as well as the Monk and the Giant, which look so sublimely down into the valley of Grindelwald, are here nothing more than snow-capped heights, and pass almost unnoticed. Appearances are indeed delusive, and distance lends much enchantment to the view, for actually from this height the glacier looks like a good easy road leading up to the summit of the Jungfrau, and the moraines might be merely wheel-ruts; whereas the whole is a vast desert of ice formed by the junction of the upper and middle Aletsch glacier with the Allma glacier. We shall gain just an idea, though a very faint one, of what it really is, if we descend from Riederalp, and, passing through the beautiful wood of larches and Siberian pines, cross the end of the glacier on our way up to the Bellalp. This is its narrowest end—its extreme point, in fact—and yet it will take us nearly half an hour to get across. From the Eggischhorn or its hotel an expedition is usually made to the strange lake of Märjelen, on whose clear waters blocks of ice may often be seen floating in the height of summer, giving the lake the aspect of a miniature polar sea.

We shall not be much struck by the glacier of the Rhone if we visit it after the Aletsch glacier; but those who come to it direct from Lucerne and Altdorf, by way of Andermatt and the wildly beautiful Furca Pass, will be greatly delighted and surprised by the deep cerulean blue of the great jagged masses of ice which they will suddenly see on their right hand—so close that they can almost touch them—as they pursue their way down the steep high road into the upper valley of the Rhone. This glacier is distinguished for the purity of its ice and the beauty of its colour; and, in spite of all rivals, it is one of

the most famous sights of Switzerland. To the man of science it is something more than this, for, being the best and longest known of all the glaciers, it has contributed greatly to the solution of various geological problems.

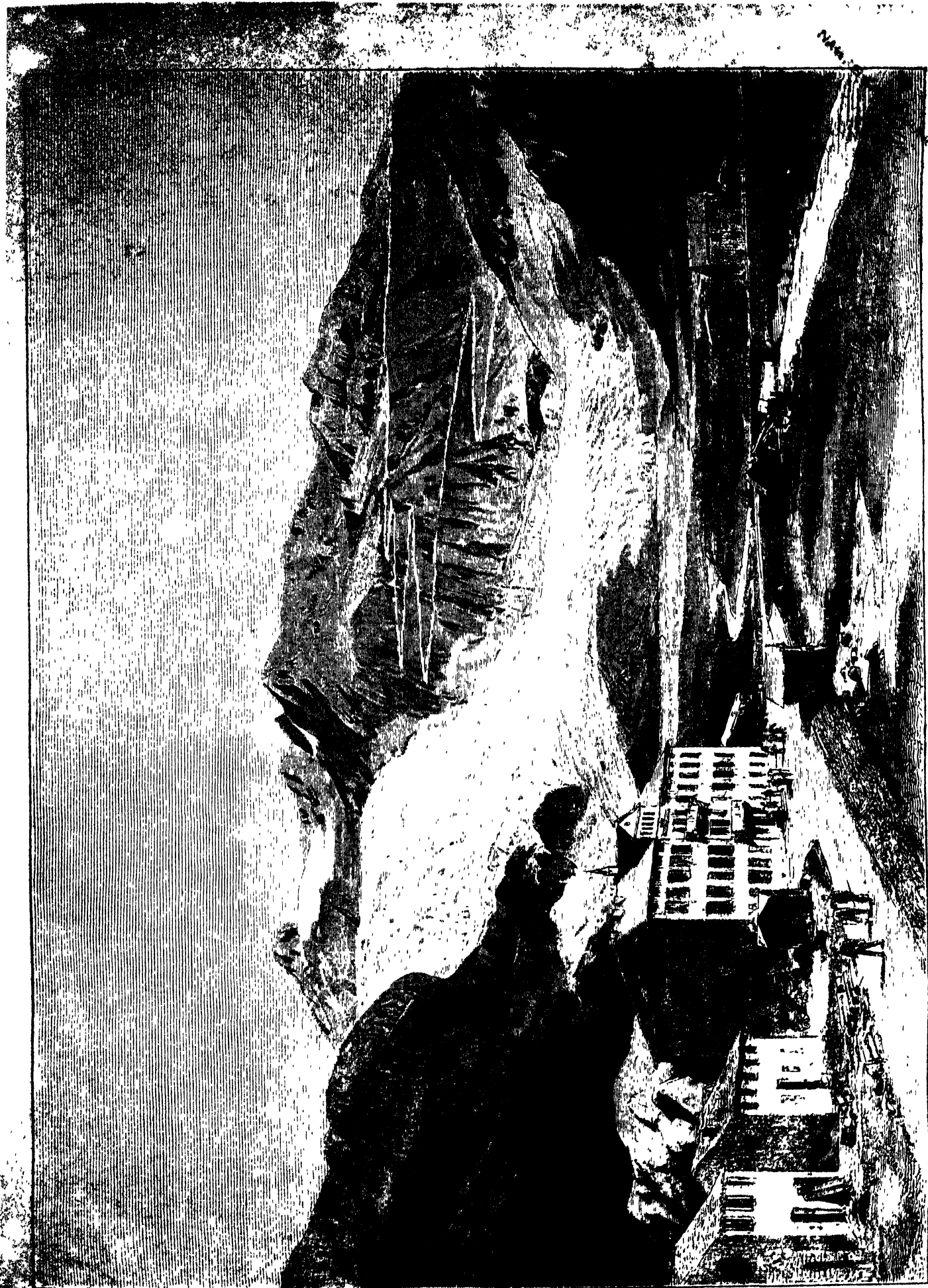
Travellers coming from the north who prefer to plunge at once *in medias res*, instead of beginning at



FALLS OF THE KANDER.

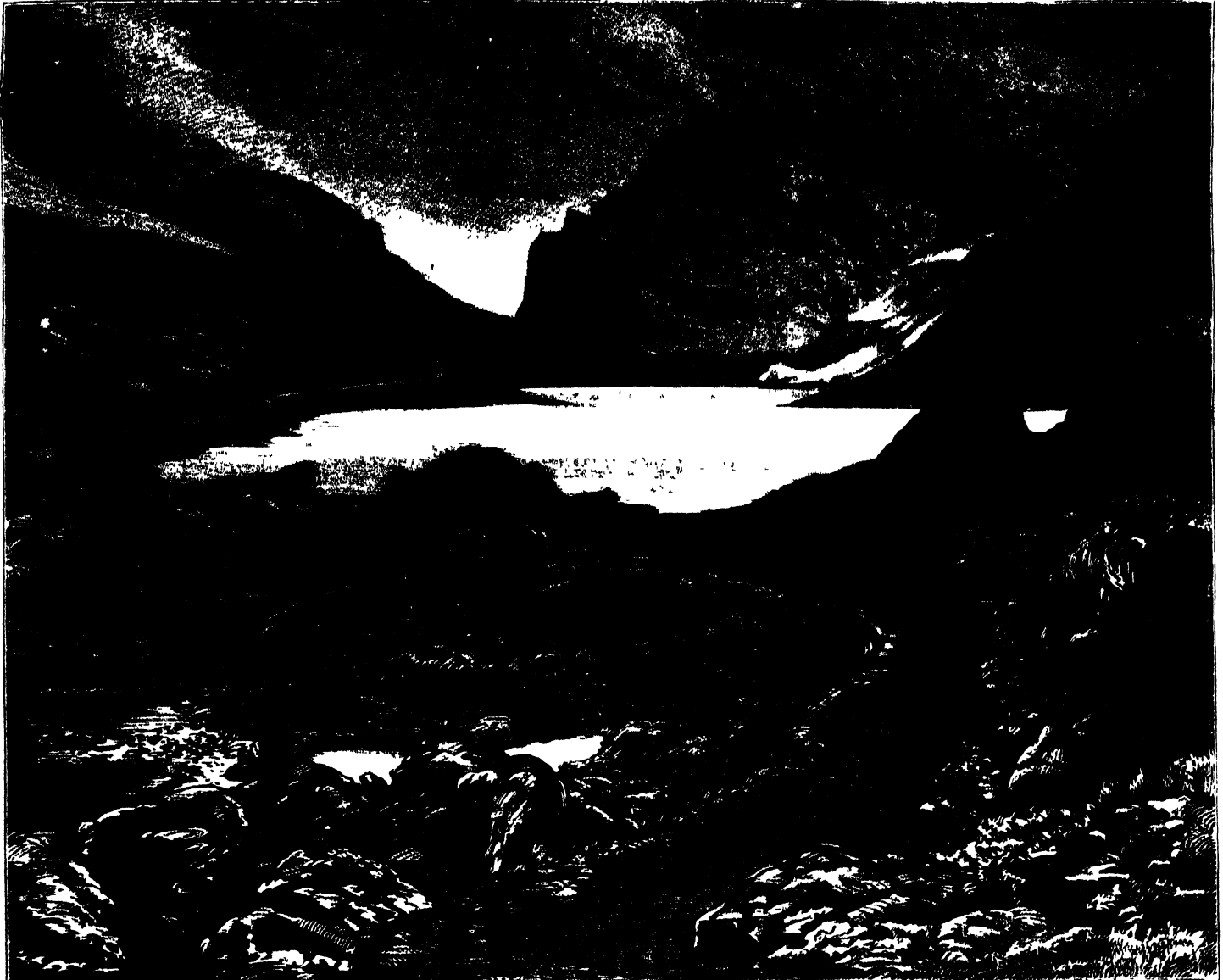
the beginning of the Rhone valley, may come from lovely Thun through the rich and beautiful valley of Kanderthal, and may drive comfortably in their carriages through the Kandergrund to Kandersteg, where the valley comes to an end and the great wide world of mountains rears its formidable "horns" before them. Here is the famous Gemmi Pass, the threshold both of the Bernese Oberland and the Rhone valley. A very beautiful mountain path leads up from Kandersteg to the desolate region on the summit of the pass, and takes the traveller past the inn of Schwarenbach, which has acquired some notoriety as being the place chosen by Werner as the scene of a very gloomy tragedy. Farther on the path winds along the margin of the melancholy little lake of Dauben, which is three-quarters of a mile long

and about half a mile broad, and is frozen nearly ten months of the year. Its waters are dull and lifeless, and the dreary waste around, unenlivened by anything more cheerful than the bleating of sheep and the croaking of jackdaws, is very dismal. Suddenly, however, as we pursue our way, a splendid panorama is



GLACIER OF THE RHONE.

unfolded before us. We are standing on the brink of a stupendous precipice, and immediately below us, at a giddy depth, we see the baths of Leuk, and a little lower down a bit of the valley of the Rhone. Dumas says that when he reached this point and looked into the depths below, the sight so overpowered him that he sank to the ground unconscious ; and while he was making the descent his teeth chattered to such a

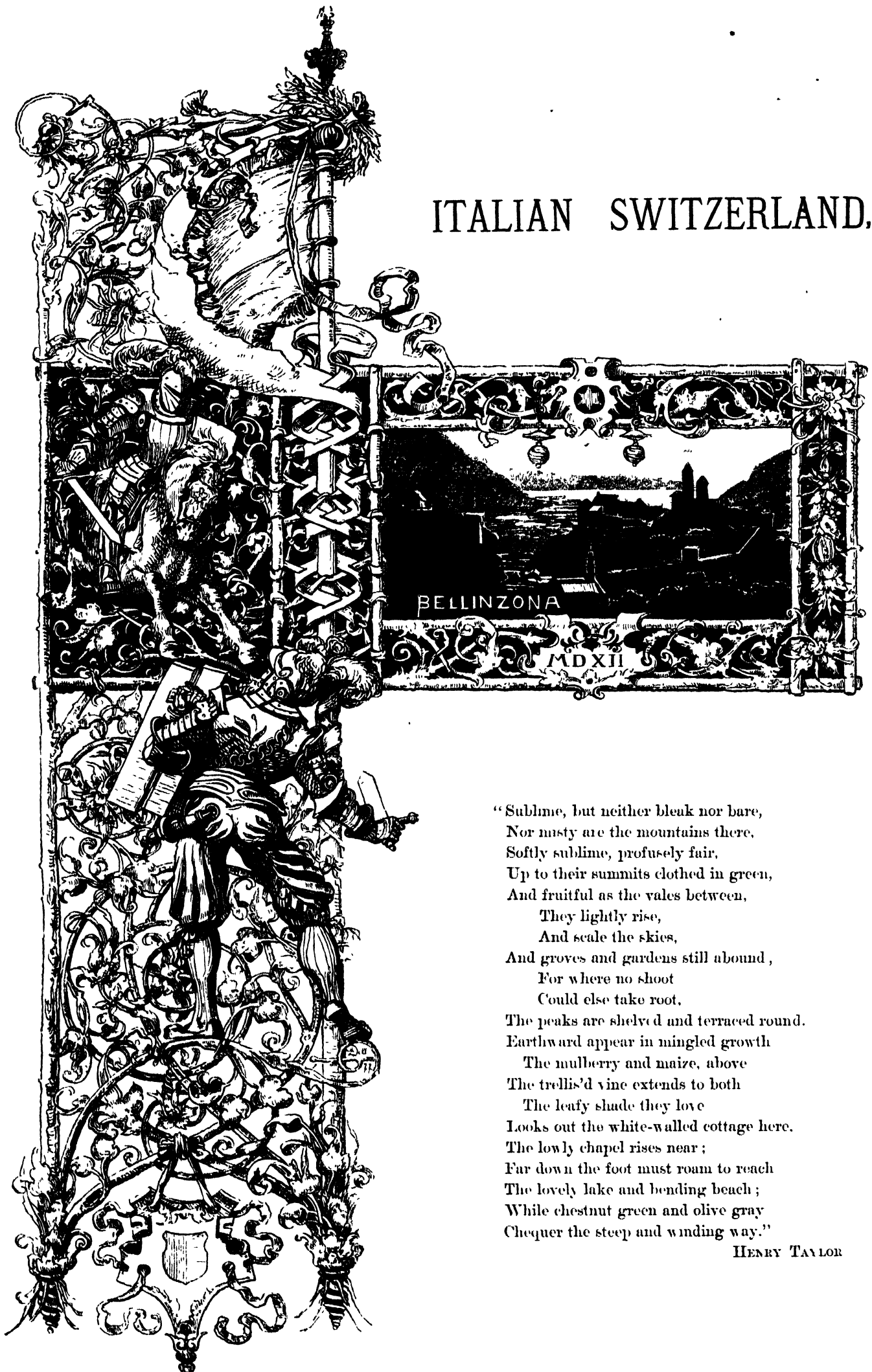


GIMMI PASS AND LAKE OF DAUBEN

degree that he was obliged to stuff his pocket-handkerchief into his mouth ; when he reached the bottom the said handkerchief looked as if it had been cut through and through with a razor.

Dumas' experiences, however, are, we believe, peculiar to himself, and have not, so far as we are aware, been shared by any, even the most nervous of lady travellers. The descent to Leuk is extremely interesting, but before we enter upon it we will take advantage of our elevated point of view to wave our farewells to the whole Canton of Valais.

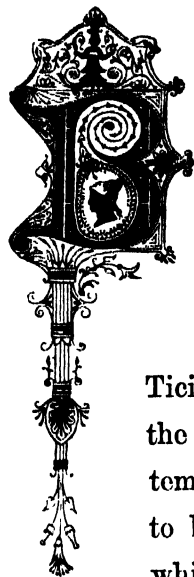
ITALIAN SWITZERLAND.



"Sublime, but neither bleak nor bare,
Nor misty are the mountains there,
Softly sublime, profusely fair,
Up to their summits clothed in green,
And fruitful as the vales between,
They lightly rise,
And scale the skies,
And groves and gardens still abound,
For where no shoot
Could else take root,
The peaks are shelved and terraced round.
Earthward appear in mingled growth
The mulberry and maize, above
The trellis'd vine extends to both
The leafy shade they love
Looks out the white-walled cottage here.
The lowly chapel rises near;
Far down the foot must roam to reach
The lovely lake and bending beach;
While chestnut green and olive gray
Chequer the steep and winding way."

HENRY TAYLOR

FROM THE LAKES TO THE ST. GOTTHARD.



BETWEEN the glaciers of the High Alps and the sunny plain of Lombardy, bounded on the east by the vale of the Adda, and on the west by that of the Doire, lies the lake district of Italy—a region of light and sunshine, endowed with all the charms that captivate the eye and rejoice the heart—a veritable garden, where the products of the chilly north and the luxuriant south meet and flourish equally.

Into this fertile region stretches the southern part of the Swiss Canton of Tessin, or Ticino, which lies between the Lago Maggiore and the Lago di Como, and almost encloses the Lake of Lugano. Here the oppressive relaxing heat of the Lombard plain becomes more temperate, though the sunshine loses nothing of its brilliancy, and its fertilising powers seem to be doubled. Umbrageous woods of deciduous trees clothe all the hills and mountains, while the slopes are covered with nut trees, chestnuts, and vine-clad mulberry trees; the fields and meadows show signs of exuberant fertility, and the gardens are bright with the rosy blossoms of the peach and almond in the spring time, and yield an abundant supply of golden-hued figs in the summer. Such are the characteristics of the southern part of the canton, which extends to and includes Locarno, on the lake of Maggiore, and Bellinzona, on the river Ticino. Beyond these places the country soon begins to assume a less genial aspect, and we enter upon the Alpine district of Ticino, with its precipitous heights, wild waterfalls, and frequent glimpses of glaciers. Southern vegetation and Italian-looking towns and villages are left behind; Nature becomes more chary of her gifts, or refuses to bestow them at all, except as the reward of laborious toil; poverty is rampant, and the people are generally too indolent to cope vigorously with it.

The canton takes its name from the river Tessin, or Ticino, the Ticinus of the ancients; but the part of the river between Bellinzona and the mouth of the Val Blegno is called the Riviera, and it is along the Riviera that the population of the canton is chiefly settled. The Ticino rises in the Lepontine Alps, one of its sources being in the Val Bedretto, on the pass of Nufenen or Novena, the other in the small lakes on the St. Gotthard. It flows southward through the Val Leventina, joins the Moesa on its way down from the Val Misocco (Val Mesolcina, in Italian), and then, in order to cleanse itself from its impurities, enters the Lago Maggiore at Magadino, after which it flows southward again until it meets the river Po. The world-renowned road of the St. Gotthard runs along by the side of the Ticino through a valley which abounds in gorges, wild-looking rocks, waterfalls, and the most picturesque and beautiful scenery. This is probably all that the summer tourist will see of the northern portion of the canton, as the Val Maggio, a valley which lies parallel with the Val Ticino on the west, is seldom visited. To most persons the Canton of Ticino means the St. Gotthard Pass, Airolo, Faido, Biasca, Bellinzona, Locarno, and Lugano; and when they have seen these they have seen the principal places of interest.

It is difficult fully to realise that one is still in Switzerland, for the earth and the sky, the style of architecture, the people themselves, as well as their language and mode of life, have all undergone a change, and the cement which binds Ticino to the Confederacy seems to have almost melted away beneath the burning rays of the sun of Italy. If the Swiss, speaking generally, be mountaineers, the Ticinesi are dalesmen, and have had their vigour and energy squeezed out of them by the misfortunes which have

weighed them down for centuries past. In the Pays de Vaud and in Geneva the people are thoroughly Swiss, in spite of their French language and manners; but the same cannot be said of the Italian-speaking Ticinesi. The fact of their political union with the Republic they do not attempt to deny; but the canton and the Confederacy have not yet really grown together, and there is little unity of feeling between them. Ticino is still to Switzerland what the ivy is to the tree, and the connection between the two is not a whit more intimate. She would like to claim all the rights which the union confers upon her, and at the same time to avoid discharging any of the duties which it entails.

However, no one ought to be surprised at this—least of all the Swiss on the other side of the



LUGANO.

St. Gotthard, for they were hard masters to Ticino for three hundred years, and ruled it in all respects as oppressively as Gessler himself could have done. The government of these “*estates of the Ennetberg*,” as they were called, was entrusted to eight bailiffs who ill-treated and plundered the whole district, and in fact tyrannised over it as a subject province. Whenever, as not infrequently happened, the miserable canton became the battle-field of the Latin and German races, it was tossed to and fro between the two in the most insulting fashion. Unfortunately for itself, it lies on the borders of Austria, Piedmont, and Switzerland, and it is a noticeable fact that living on any frontier has a demoralising influence. The

political existence of the canton, properly speaking, dates only from 1840, so it would be vain to expect from it such patriotism as that of the original members of the Confederacy. In time, no doubt, it will be educated up to its position.

Living in a state of anxiety and insecurity from seed-time to harvest, constantly expecting a storm to burst upon him either from the north or the south, it was impossible for the Ticinese to feel any great attachment for his native-land. He lived in a hurry, plying only such trades and handicrafts as could be carried on by the way, as it were, and almost neglecting the surer sources of profit afforded him by the generally fertile character of the soil. Pastoral occupations are followed in Ticino to a certain extent, but they do not seem to come naturally to the people, and are by no means so well understood here as in the northern cantons. Almost all the technical expressions used in connection with the business of the dairy are borrowed from



FISHING-BOATS, LAGO MAGGIORE.

the German. In the southern portion of the canton, the Ticinese is supplied with all that he needs by the liberal hand of Nature; in the north, he used to make something out of the roads across the Alps, and when that failed he took to begging—a very thriving trade in former days. It would be unjust to say that the Ticinese is altogether lazy; but lazy at home he certainly is, and he prefers uncertain gains abroad to a certain livelihood in his native land. One meets him on all the high roads and in all the great cities of Europe, as if he were some bird of passage possessed by a strange spirit of restlessness. In one place he is a tinker, chimney-sweep, porter, seller of roasted chestnuts, cooper, waiter, coffee-house keeper, or innkeeper; in another place he is a civil engineer—and a particularly skilful one too—or he is a mason, stone-cutter, glazier, or decorator. He is most frequently to be met with in the towns of France, particularly in Paris, but he goes also to Rome and Naples, and even to Moscow and St. Petersburg.

Only the old and the feeble are left at home with the women and children to look after the houses and gardens and to cultivate the soil, and the result is as unsatisfactory as one might expect: the fields are neglected, and do not improve; and there is no comfort in the houses, which are perfectly bare and without any attempt at adornment, often dirty, and always cheerless—just the sort of nests which might belong to birds of passage, in fact. The Ticinese looks upon his home as a temporary place of abode, and returns thither merely to recruit himself after his toil in foreign lands.

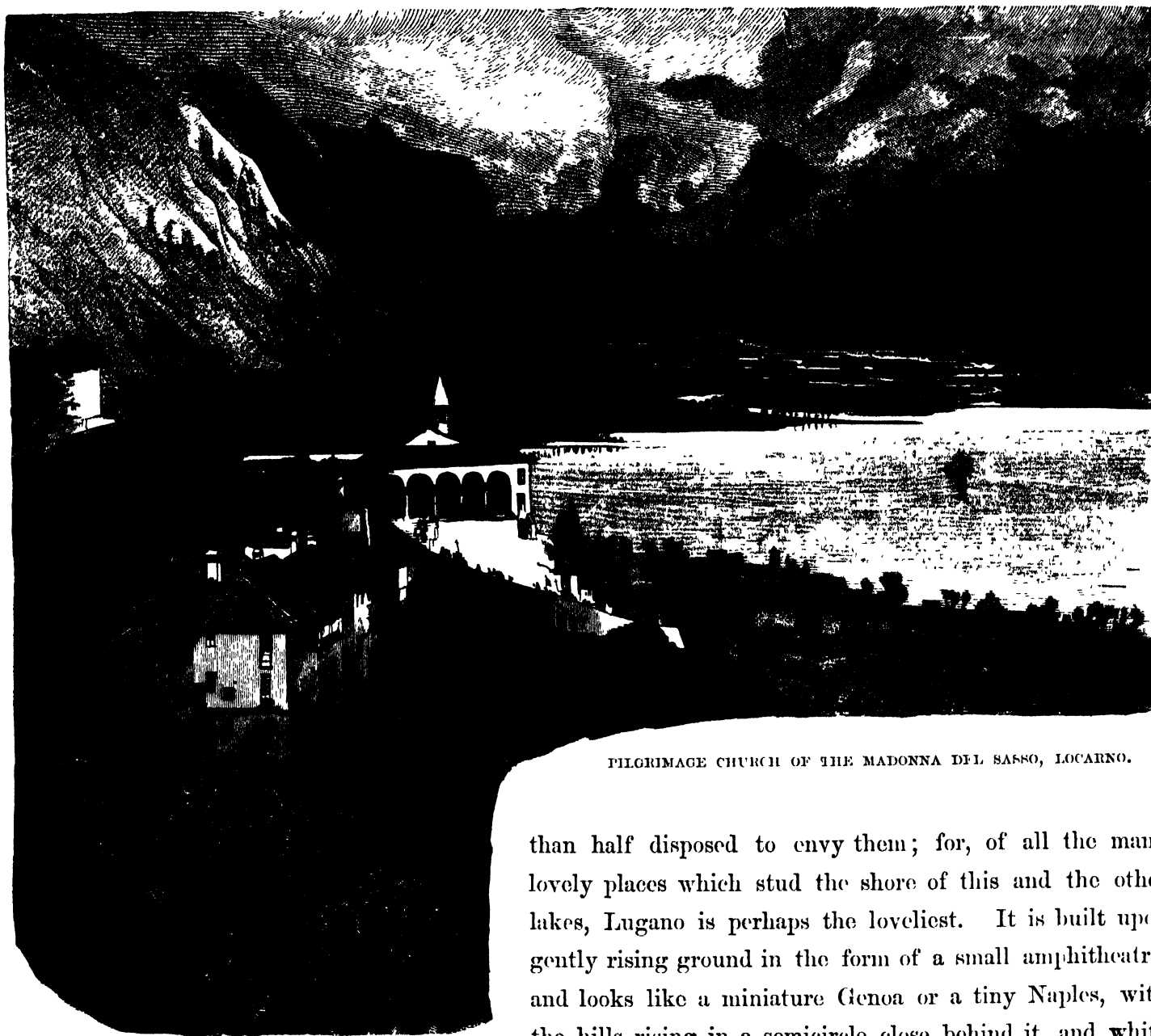
Nature has not been very bountiful to him in the matter of personal charms and endowments. Hair and complexion notwithstanding, few of the faces one sees possess any very marked Italian characteristics, and



LOCARNO.

from the majority they have disappeared altogether. The same may be said of the language, which is a degenerate and often ill-used daughter of the Italian, and becomes especially harsh north of Bellinzona. In the lake district the dialect is softer and the women are better-looking; but here, as throughout the whole Canton of Tessin, they are soon past their prime, and their comeliness is impaired by hard work even before it has attained its full development. There are almost no distinctive costumes nowadays, and the only way in which the women differ externally from their neighbours is in the manner of dressing their hair. Their abundant plaits are arranged in a sort of aurcole at the back of the head, and are transfixed by the large-headed silver pins which seem to be universally worn in the neighbourhood of the Italian lakes. Massive silver studs behind the ears complete the coiffure. Round their necks they wear

strings of their favourite garnets, the stones alternating with beads of gold filigree; and on their heads, especially when they go to church, they wear a black or white veil, arranged after the rather becoming fashion prevalent throughout North Italy. This fashion was probably introduced in the first instance by the numerous families who came from Milan and settled permanently at Lugano and other places in the vicinity. They showed considerable discrimination in their choice, it must be confessed, and one is more



PILGRIMAGE CHURCH OF THE MADONNA DEL SASSO, LOCARNO.

than half disposed to envy them; for, of all the many lovely places which stud the shore of this and the other lakes, Lugano is perhaps the loveliest. It is built upon gently rising ground in the form of a small amphitheatre, and looks like a miniature Genoa or a tiny Naples, with the hills rising in a semicircle close behind it, and white villas and pleasant villages peeping out of the green bowers below. The vegetation becomes more and more luxuriant as it approaches the margin of the lake, and the tall, beautiful trees are all festooned with vines, whose long wreaths hang down so low as almost to touch the blue waters.

From the terrace of the Church of St. Lawrence, which is situated on an eminence above the town, there is a fine view of the lake. The most conspicuous object on our left hand is Monte Brè, which rises to the north-east of Lugano, and is backed by the loftier Monte Boglia; the lake winds round its base to

Porlezza. Opposite us, the foreground is occupied by Monte Caprino, whose cool grottoes are used as wine-cellar by the townspeople; its slopes are covered with lime-trees and young chestnuts, and behind it rises the Colmo di Creccio, while farther off still we can just catch the twin summits of the Monte Generoso. To the right is the famous cone-shaped mountain of San Salvatore, from the top of which the view is equally lovely and far more extensive. San Salvatore stands on a sort of peninsular; for the lake, after running south as far as Morcote, turns sharp round to the north and proceeds in this direction as far as Agno, which is almost in a line with Lugano; and between these two towns lies the little Lake of Muzzano.

This Lago di Lugano, or Lago Ceresio, as the Luganesi themselves call it, seems to be always smiling at the sky. The sky is almost always blue, and so is the water; and the white sails of the fishing boats which glide over its surface scarcely disturb its dream-like repose. As if it would fain bestow some portion of its loveliness on its famous neighbour, it flows westward to the Lago Maggiore, when it reaches Agno, forming the deeply indented bay of Ponte-Tresa, which itself almost deserves to be called a lake. Numerous small rivers flow into the lake on all sides. At Porlezza it receives the Cucchio, at Lugano the Cussarate, which flows down into it from a valley of great fertility; farther on it is joined by the Vedeggio, Magliasina, and Sovaglia. Its shores are fanned by the most delicious breezes, and if the chilly *tramontana* prevails at night, its place is taken by the softly breathing *brega* in the day-time. Generally speaking, the climate is temperate, and the rude, stormy winds known as the *porzellina* and *marino* seldom blow. It is no wonder that those whose chief object is to enjoy themselves quietly and without much exertion should love to linger on the shores of this lake, for its charms are numerous and varied, and the Hôtel du Parc, formerly a convent, which stands close to the water's edge, and is surrounded by trees, is a very pleasant place for a protracted sojourn. Visitors are constantly to be seen sitting in the balconies, and are apparently never weary of gazing out over the sparkling waters at the blue mountains in the distance. Others take one of the hotel boats and row across the lake, sometimes to a villa or tiny village, sometimes to some of the beautiful gardens and groves which fringe its margin, and sometimes to the celebrated wine-cellar of Monte Caprino. Those who are of a more restless turn of mind will find plenty of longer excursions to satisfy them: the steamers *Ceresio* and *Generoso* will lend them the aid of their wings, and the railway will convey them, in the shortest possible space of time, either into Italy or to Melide, Maroggia, Capolago, or to Mendrisio, the garden of Italian Switzerland, which lies on the high road to Como and Milan. Besides all this, they may, if they please, make the ascent of Monte Generoso, or Gionnero, the Rigi of Italian Switzerland, which is daily becoming more famous. The people of Lugano have a saying with regard to this mountain, which runs as follows: "Senseless is he who does not desire to see it, and senseless is he who, having seen, does not admire it; more senseless still is the man who, having seen and admired it, goes away and leaves it." But there is a great deal closer at hand which is well worthy of a visit, and within easy walking, riding, or driving distance; in fact, the attractions of the neighbourhood are simply inexhaustible, and people who go hence to Locarno often think regretfully of the Paradise they have left behind them on the Ceresio.

Yet Locarno is situated on the Lago Maggiore, and all our ideas as to the beauty of Italian scenery are commonly associated with the name of this lake. And it must be confessed that Locarno is beautiful; but we miss the fresh, honest air and delightful climate of Lugano, where the warm breath of the south wind is so deliciously tempered by breezes blowing straight down from the Alps. Locarno is like a snake lurking

amid the roses and fruits which grow here in such rich profusion as to remind one of the garden of the Hesperides. Nowhere do trees of all descriptions grow more luxuriantly than on the Locarno shore, but the entire locality is a prey to the malaria, which is bred in the extensive marshes of the Ticino and spreads its leaden wings over the whole northern shore of the lake. Can it be owing to the malaria that the town of Locarno has always hitherto seemed to be in a state of retrogression?

Locarno, called Luggarus by the Germans, is an ancient town at all events, and it looks as if it were so thoroughly tired out by all it has gone through that it would fain sit still and rest in idleness. In mediæval times it belonged to the party of the Guelfs, was allied with Milan, and was constantly exposed



THE VAL MAGGIA.

to the attacks of the Ghibellines. After that, it fell into the hands of the Visconti, who rebuilt the grim-looking castle which still stands between the river Maggia and the lake; and in 1513 the Swiss became masters of the town—without, however, mending its fortunes. A year later the bridge of La Torretta, at Bellinzona, was carried away by a terrible inundation, and for a time Locarno's communication with the main road was quite cut off. The banishment of its Protestant inhabitants was a self-inflicted blow to its prosperity, which the town has even now hardly recovered. On a closer inspection one can detect many a wrinkle on the old town's face, and a good deal of grass about its feet. Generally speaking, it is a very sleepy-looking place, and seems only to wake up for a short time on market days, when all is life and bustle and the scene is really an interesting one. People flock in from all parts of the Lago

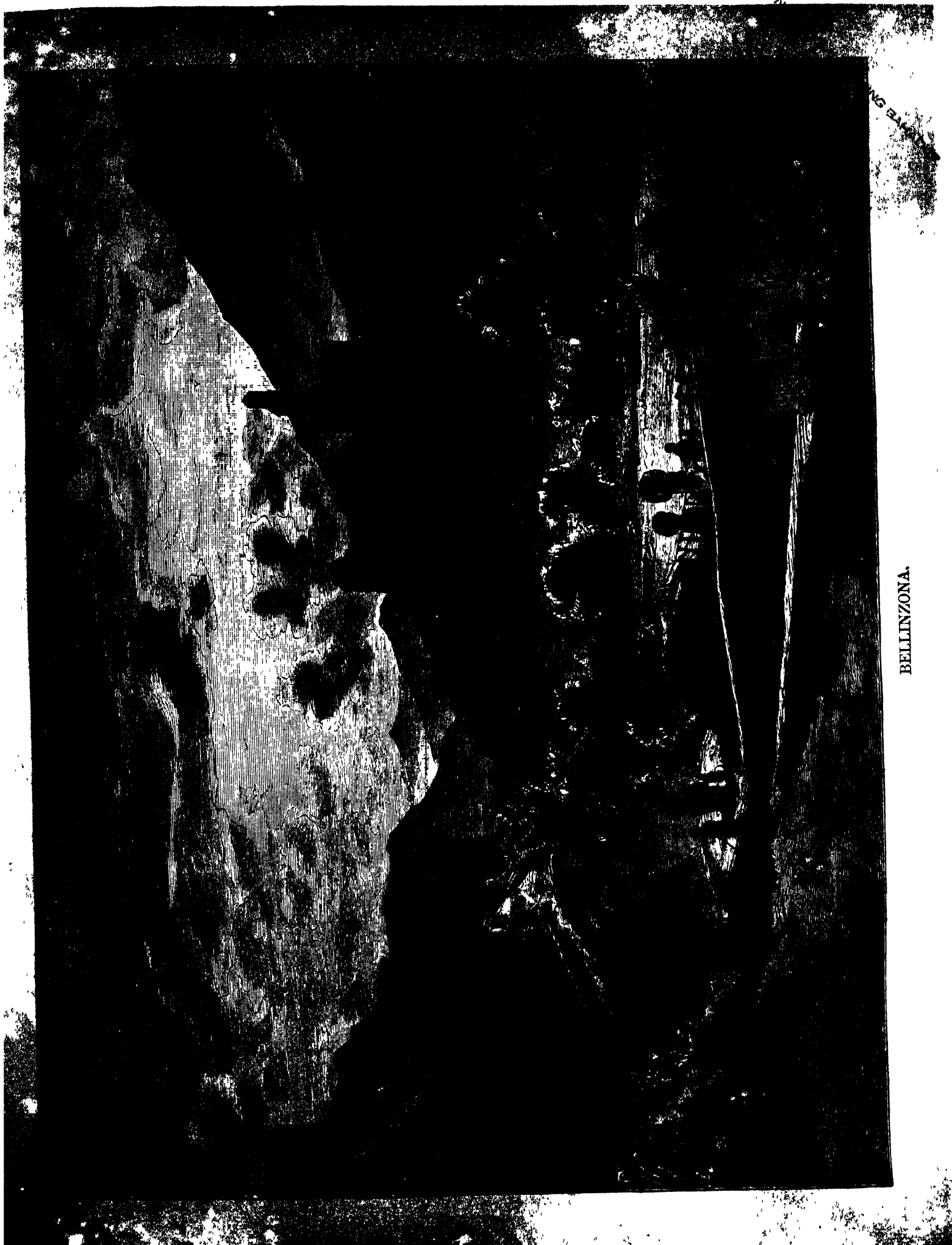
Maggiore, from all the valleys of Locarno, from the mountains of Onsernone, Centovalli, and Verzasca, from Bellinzona, and even from the district of Lugano. On these occasions the shops, which are usually closed at other times, are thrown temptingly open, and the goldsmiths make a display of their wares; for the



BELLINZONA.

market-women and their daughters are very fond of buying ornaments and trinkets with the money they make by their various goods. One is a good deal tempted to follow them back to their homes, especially those of them who dwell in the beautiful and interesting valley of Val Maggia, which is becoming more and more popular with tourists year by year. If this should be too far off, however, we might at least manage an excursion to the next most beautiful spot, namely, the ancient convent and pilgrimage church of the Madonna del Sasso. It looks extremely picturesque seen from the shore of the lake; but, when we reach the top of the eminence on which it stands, all the most charming features of the Locarno scenery are at once revealed to our gaze. The church crowns the summit of a steep narrow cliff, which rises between two small wooded valleys, whence issue the

various streams which unite at the base of the cliff, and form the wild mountain-torrent known as the Ramogna. This torrent has destroyed the good road which formerly led up to the convent, and the ascent is rather toilsome in consequence; but the view from the top is at once so grand and so lovely, and affords such unexpected pleasure, that we are more than compensated for all our exertions. Standing in front



BELLINZONA.

of the convent beneath the little *pergola* (a trellis-work covered with vines, and supported on stone pillars), we see before us a series of the most lovely pictures, in which mountains and valleys, woods and groves, the glorious blue lake, and the sparkling river Maggia form the principal features. There is something singularly charming about the elevated situation of this convent. The tall trees wave around its walls, the birds sing, the air is fragrant with the scent of innumerable flowers, and, to a superficial observer, the pictures of the Passion which adorn the convent walls, albeit by the hand of Bernardo Luino, might seem at first sight to be out of harmony with the general joyousness of nature.

The lake looks so extremely inviting from here that most people yield to its allurements and soon make their way down to its margin, where they may take a boat and coast southward along its shores until they reach those fortunate islands, the Isole Borromee, which are known severally as Isola Bella, Isola Madre, and Isola dei Pescatori.

It is hard to turn one's back on all the glorious beauty of Italy; but we have to wend our way homewards, and must therefore turn our steps towards Bellinzona, where the Canton of Ticino ceases to be Italian for those coming from the south, and begins to be Italian for those arriving by the St. Gothard road.

Bellinzona itself is a thoroughly Italian town, and its aspect is grand and striking as we look down upon



A VILLAGE SCENE, VAL LEVENTINA.

it from the slopes of Monte Cenere and see it standing on the banks of the broad Ticino, in the midst of the most beautiful and garden-like scenery. The extensive valley in which it is situated was anciently known as the Campi Canini. Its battlemented walls and the three old castles, known respectively as the Castle of Uri, or Castello Grande, the Castello di Svitto, and the Castle of Unterwalden, give the place almost an air of defiance when viewed from a distance; but this disappears speedily upon a closer and more intimate acquaintance. Indeed, the town resembles some old statue overgrown with roses and creepers, round which the children laugh and play and gather flowers, without bestowing a thought upon

their ancient ancestor. There is nothing in Bellinzona to inspire fear or awe nowadays. The sound of the war trumpet has given place to the song of the herdsman and the ritornello of the street boy, and the cicada hums its summer song in profoundest peace where once the clash of arms was frequently to be heard. There are many beautiful views to be seen from the neighbouring vineyards, which are reached by shady paths through groves and thickets. On the cliffs of Corvaro, overshadowed by trees, stands a lonely little church dedicated to the Madonna, which contains a whole world of poetry within its four walls. There are a few villages and a good many scattered houses upon these heights, and if we desire to become better acquainted with the people and their manners and customs, we shall have a good opportunity of doing so here. And now we proceed still farther north, and along the Riviera, or Revierthal, as the Italians and Germans respectively call the valley of the Ticino. Between Bellinzona and Biasca the Italian echoes grow fainter and fainter; but the roads are still bordered by vineyards, and the granite pillars which support



BRIDGE OVER THE TICINO AT FAIDO.

the trellised vines, as well as the peach, almond, and fig trees, still occasionally remind us of the south. These, however, are presently succeeded by nut trees, cherry trees, alders growing by the water-side, and plantations of pines on the mountains; and by the time we reach Biasca the snowy mountains are once more towering over our heads. The streams, too, become more voluminous and impetuous, the Frodabach forms a considerable waterfall—and, in fact, it was the rocks and floods together which wrought such terrible havoc here in 1512. It was a wealthy and prosperous district then, thanks to the German part of the population; but it is so no longer, and the numerous villages along the road and upon the heights are best seen from a distance. If one goes too near, one finds that they are dismal dens with extraordinarily narrow streets, and full of filthy puddles; and the few stone houses they contain look slovenly and ill-kept for the most part. The wooden houses are small and ugly—the front being of wood and the back of stone, and the roof covered with shingle. The first floor is reached by an outside staircase, which leads at once



BLASCA

into the kitchen, and this again into the small, low living room, whence almost all air and light are excluded. These dwellings are unbearably hot in the summer, and in winter they are stifling; for the whole family eat, drink, sleep, and work in this confined space, and the window is never opened. There is little that is attractive about these villages, though vanity has induced them to embellish, to a certain extent, that side which they turn towards the road; yet even here the evidences of Italian frivolity are too marked to be mistaken.

We are now in the Val Leventina, a valley which extends from the junction of the Brenno and Ticino, at Biasca, up to the St. Gotthard, and is enlivened by the river Ticino with its companions, as well as by



GORGE OF PIOTTA, NEAR FAIDO.

the great St. Gotthard road. It contains about twenty villages, and is generally divided into three districts, known respectively as the Upper, Middle, and Lower Valley; the boundary of the Upper Valley being marked by Airolo and Quinto, that of the others by Faido and Giornico. The valley, taken as a whole, is by no means the abode of wealth, and, when the traffic along the St. Gotthard road does not afford them sufficient employment, the men usually go and seek their fortunes abroad. The women work in the fields and meadows, or sit in their dismal little rooms weaving; but a good many of them follow the example of the men, and leave their homes for foreign lands. Whether the future will improve matters is a question; for the railway, when it comes, will only hurry travellers through the valley faster than they go at present, and the inhabitants will have nothing to do but to gaze after it. If the future has nothing

good in store for them, the past has certainly left them little but sorrowful memories, and even the grand natural memorial of the "Sassi Grossi" (Great Rocks) at Giornico, which commemorates a victory gained over their enemies, reminds them at the same time that this very victory only helped to strengthen the hands of their subsequent oppressors, the cow-herds of Uri. The people of the Val Leventina were at war just then with Milan; and Count Marsiglio Torello, who had been sent against them at the head of fifteen thousand men, a large body of cavalry, and a good deal of artillery, had advanced as far as the bridge of Biasca. There he found a number of the peasants awaiting him; but they made a feint of retreating when he approached, and drew him on to the flat ground between Bodio and Giornico, where Stanga, their captain, had made every preparation for the reception of the ducal troops. This part of the valley had been purposely laid under water, and, as it was now the month of November, one night's sharp frost was sufficient to convert the whole surface into a sheet of hard ice. The dalesmen, only a few hundred in number, took up a position on the cliffs above, and, as the troops approached, they first rolled huge masses of rocks down upon them from the slopes, and then charged furiously upon them. An utter rout ensued; several thousand of the enemy were slain, their guns and arms fell into the hands of the victors, and they fled down the Riviera in dire confusion, pursued by the Ticinesi, who took a great number of them prisoners. The men of the Val Leventina distinguished themselves greatly on this occasion, and Stanga, their captain, returned home, when the fight was over, only to die on the threshold of the numerous wounds he had received.

At Faido there are a number of beautiful old chestnut trees, which remind us that there is another side to the picture we have just drawn. It must be confessed, indeed, that the unfortunate valley was most haughtily treated by its masters, the men of Uri. In all their intercourse with these latter, the dalesmen were required to address them as "*Illustrissimi e potentissimi signori e padroni nostri clementissimi*"—"Most illustrious and most mighty lords and our most merciful masters," while they dared not speak of themselves except as "*Umilissimi e fedelissimi servitori e sudditi*"—"Most humble and faithful servants and subjects."

Such being the state of things, but little was needed to kindle the smouldering flames of insurrection, and in 1755 a premature attempt was made to shake off the Swiss yoke. It failed, however, for want of proper management, and the men of Uri and their confederates, who had come across the St. Gotthard Pass, quickly crushed the rebellion. The people of the Val Leventina were summoned to appear at Faido on the 2nd of June, and they came, three thousand of them, with shame for the past and fear for the future in their faces. They were surrounded by the Confederate troops, and compelled, bare-headed and on bended knees, to swear unconditional obedience to their masters; and in the same posture they were made to witness the execution of their leaders, who were hanged on the very chestnut trees we see before us. Horror-stricken and sad at heart, the dalesmen returned to their miserable huts to find themselves in a state of worse bondage than before.

There is something gloomy and dismal about the face of the whole country here. It looks as if there were a curse upon it; and the people themselves are grave and silent, as is only natural in those who are the heirs of such a dreary past, and have grown up in perpetual conflict with the powers of nature.

Above Faido the Ticino rushes with demoniacal fury through a narrow passage which it forced for itself ages ago in the Monte Piottino or Platifer. To describe its mad, raging impetuosity is simply impossible, for it is unlike anything else. The road is carried along close above the boiling waters, which will be spanned by a railway bridge before long.

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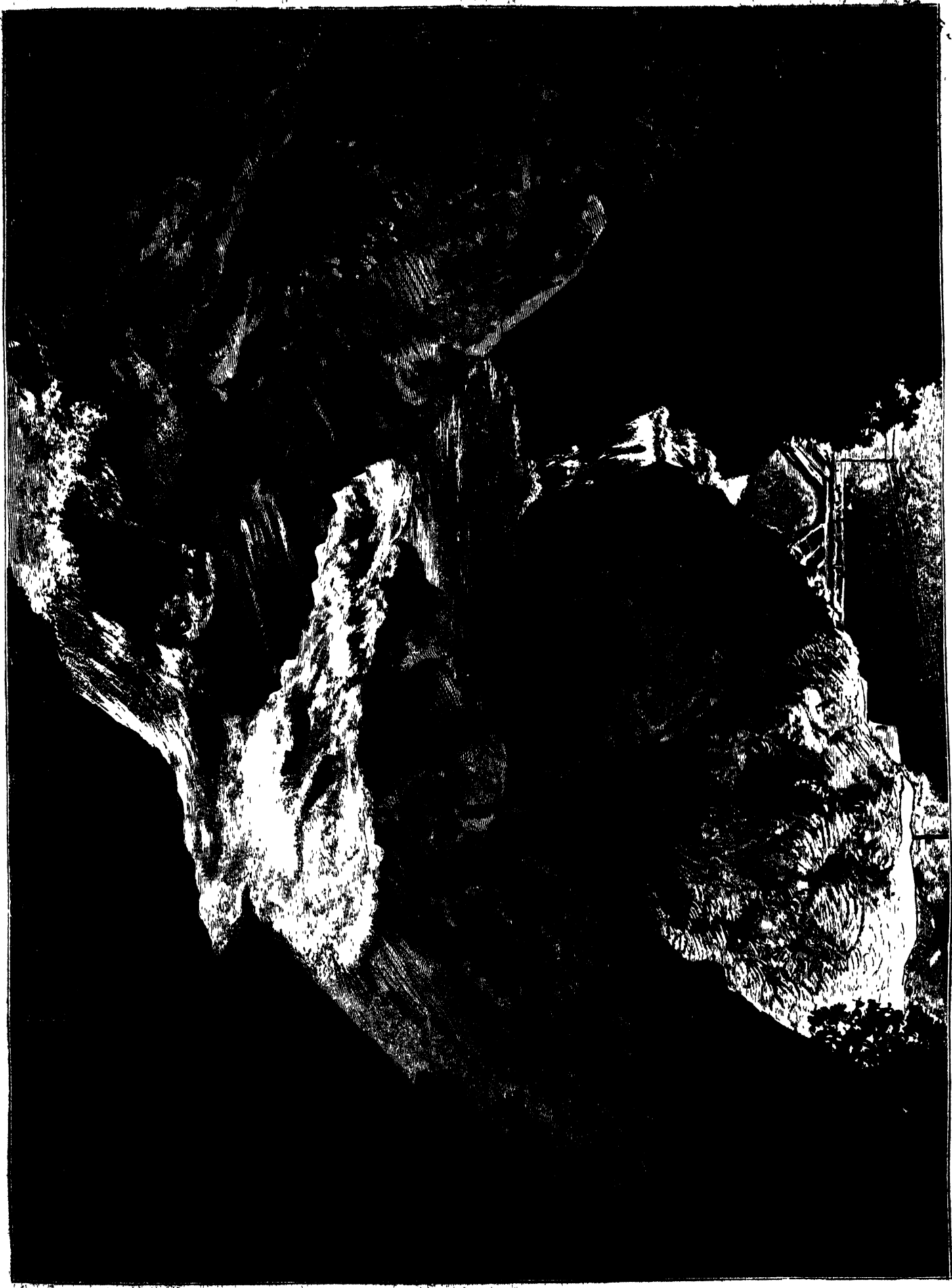
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VAL TREMOLA.

21

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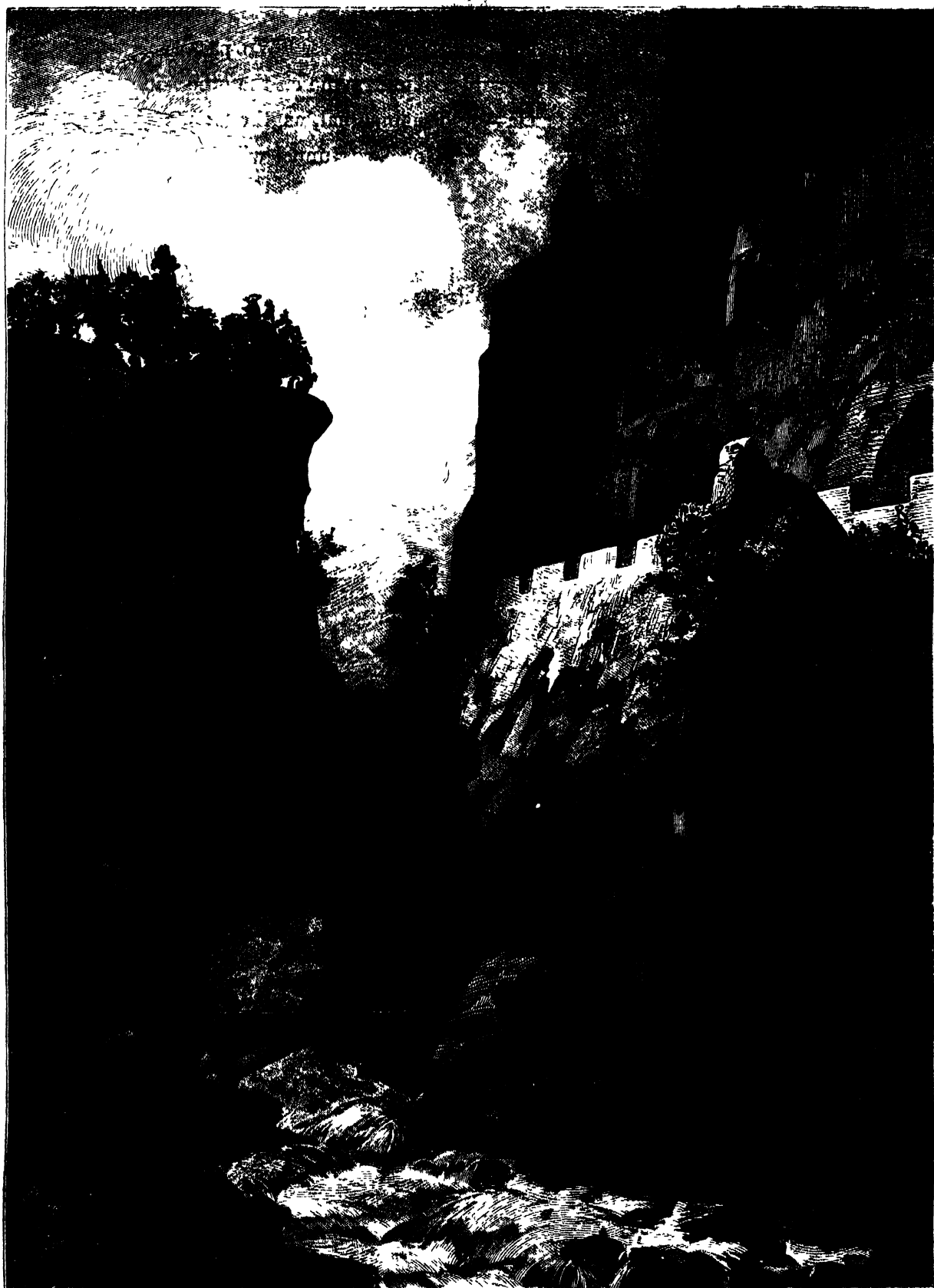
THE PIOTTA GORGE AT FAIDO, ON THE ST. GOTTHARD ROAD.

And now the scenery becomes grander and wilder every step we take forward, and the cliffs advance nearer and nearer, threatening to bar the traveller's farther progress. We pass the poor little hamlet of Piotta, which lies on a mountain-slope close to a wild-looking ravine on the other side of the road, then we reach Airolo, at the entrance of the Val Tremola—or Trümmelthal, as the Germans call it—and then the real ascent to the St. Gotthard begins. The great St. Gotthard tunnel will terminate at Airolo, and this gigantic work has greatly contributed to the prosperity of the village for years past.

The Italian element is very strong in Airolo; and one fancies that the stream of intending emigrants who proposed to cross the Alps at this point, were suddenly arrested by finding that they might make money here without going any farther. It is here that the corkscrew-windings of the St. Gotthard road begin, and from here to Hospenthal, in the Vale of Ursoren, the traveller has no opportunity of buying anything he may require on his journey, except at the humble hospice. Accordingly, there has always been a great demand here for small wares of all sorts, and for porters, agents, stables, relays of horses, and taverns, as well as for such handicraftsmen as smiths, saddlers, and wheelwrights; and all these various needs are just what the Ticinese is capable of supplying. Airolo, therefore, was a very flourishing place even in the days when the only road across the St. Gotthard was but a bridle-path, and that a bad one; for sixteen thousand travellers and some ten thousand beasts of burthen naturally required that some sort of provision should be made for their various needs. The great new road of course made many changes, however, and the new railway, when completed, will not have much to do with Airolo; so that one fears its present prosperity can be but short-lived, and must be doomed to gradual decay.



MARKET-PLACE, AIROLO.



GORGE OF THE TICINO, AIROLO.

At Airolo the ascent begins in the pleasantest manner through rich green meadows; and the pedestrian as he follows the short cuts made by the old road, can see the innumerable twists and turns of the newer and easier road, which looks at a distance like an uncoiled rope flung across the mountain, or, as Rogers says:—

"Like a silver zone
Flung about carelessly, it shines afar,
Catching the eye in many a broken link,
In many a turn and traverse as it glides."

On fine, bright days we enter even the Val Tremola, or Tremiora (the Vale of Trembling), without the least feeling of apprehension; though, when we have crossed the bridge which takes us once more to the right bank of the Ticino, we are close to Madonna ai Leit, San Giuseppe, St. Antonio, and il Buco dei Calanchetti, spots which are all of them in very ill repute for one reason or other. The last-mentioned, for instance, derives its name from a party of glaziers who all perished here when on their way back from France to their homes in the valley of Calanca. They had insisted on leaving the safe shelter of the Hospice and continuing their journey, in spite of all the warnings given them, and were buried in the snow. All this part of the road, but even more that on the other side of the Hospice, is exposed in winter to frequent snowstorms, called *tourmentes* or *guxen* by the Swiss, and *kisses* by the people of the Val Leyentina—kisses given by the fiend-like tramontana which too often end in death.

It is computed that on an average three or four persons perish annually on this pass; but we have records of some extraordinary disasters. In 1478, for instance, sixty Swiss soldiers all perished together; in 1624, three



MORTUARY CHAPEL ON THE ST. GOTTHARD.

hundred persons were overwhelmed by an avalanche, and in 1816 forty pack-horses, laden with merchandise, perished in a similar way; and yet it is a walk of only two hours and a half from Airolo to the Hospice, and only two from the summit of the pass to Urseren. The first intimation that we are nearing the Hospice is afforded by the sight of the old mortuary chapel, perched on a rock by the way-side and now falling into decay. On the height to the right stands the old Hospice itself, with several wooden sheds, and among them the modern hotel of Monte Prosa, kept by the well-known Signor Felix Lombardi



HOSPICE ON THE ST. GOTTHARD.

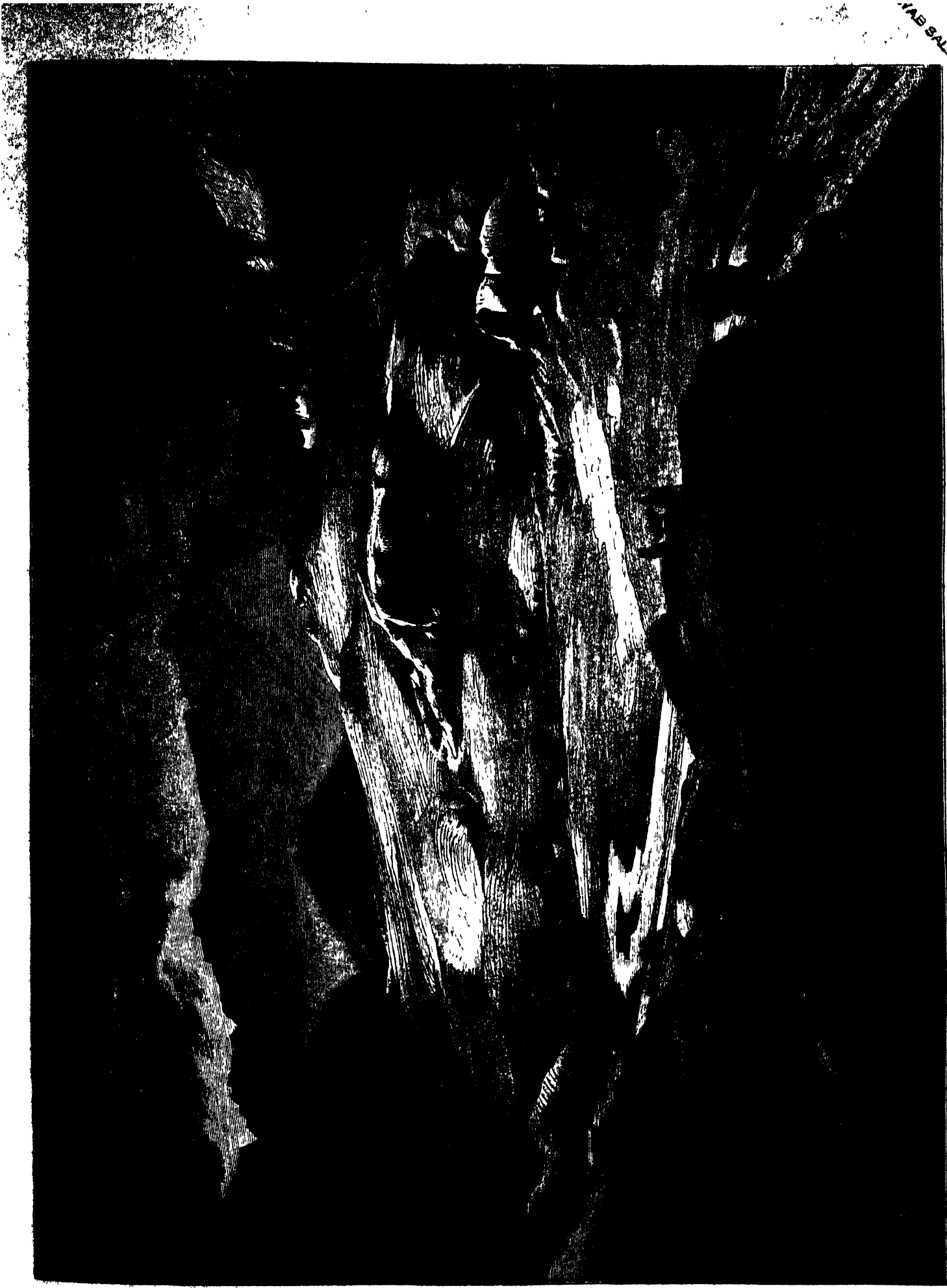
on the opposite side of the road is the Albergo del S. Gottardo, a warehouse, once a custom-house, and now used as a house of refreshment for carriers, drivers, &c.

The most noteworthy peaks around are the Pizzo Centrale, or Trittthorn, Monte Prosa, the Fibbia Pizzo Lucendro, and Piz Orsino, none of which are quite ten thousand feet in height, though some come very near it, and all are considerably over eight thousand feet.

The history of the St. Gotthard Pass and its Hospice is long and interesting, though it does not go back as far as one might be led by its present world-wide fame to expect. Our first trustworthy information concerning it dates from the fourteenth century, and is furnished by the famous Father Placido Specha. In the records of the convent of Disentis, which were afterwards destroyed by fire, he had seen it mentioned that there was a hospice at the foot of the mountain in 1300, that merchandise was conveyed



VIAB SALAR JUN 1918



STONE QUARRIES ON THE SUMMIT OF THE ST. GOTTHARD PASS.

across the pass in 1321, and that in 1374 the abbot of the convent had caused a hospice and chapel to be built on the summit of the pass. In 1431, when many of the ecclesiastical dignitaries of the time were passing through on their way to the council then being held at Basel, a certain Canon Ferrario was sent up to the hospice to attend to them. This was not for long, however; and later on, when the convent had handed over its pastures to the village of Airolo, the same place was laid under an obligation to keep up the little institution on the mountain pass.

St. Carlo Borromeo had intended to build a considerable house on the spot, but was prevented by death from carrying out his designs. In 1602 Friedrich Borromäus sent an ecclesiastic thither, and in 1629



VALE OF URSEREN, HOSPENTHAL, ANDERMATT, AND ROAD LEADING TO OBERALP.

he had a house built there, but this was deserted from 1648 to 1682. The hospice of the Capuchins was first established in 1683, through the instrumentality of Cardinal Visconti. A hundred years later it was destroyed by avalanches, was rebuilt, and again destroyed—this time by the French, who lay encamped here from 1799 to 1800, and to supply their want of fuel, burnt up all the woodwork the buildings contained. Money being scarce, a very humble little hospice for poor travellers was first erected, and this gradually developed into the present grand group of buildings.

And now, without further delay, we must follow the downward course of the Reuss to the beautiful peaceful valley below, with its green undulating pastures and silvery river; with here the pleasant little

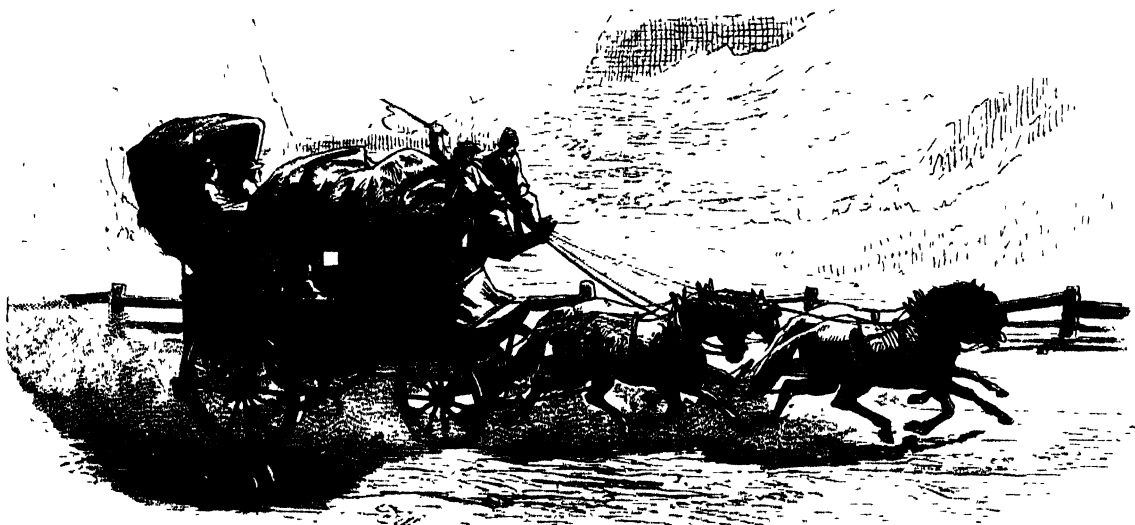
village of Hospenthal and its characteristic ruin, and farther on the imposing village of Andermatt overshadowed by its beautiful wood of pine trees.

Here we may take our choice of two or three different routes. If we proceed through the tunnel known



REALP.

as the Urnerloch, or Hole of Uri, and across the Devil's Bridge, we shall find ourselves once more by the Lake of Lucerne, while the road to the west, over the Realp and Furca Pass, will in a few hours take us back to Valais; so we must strike out in a new direction, and make for the pass of the Oberalp. And who shall be our leader? Old "Father Rhine" himself!





FROM THE
ST. GOTTHARD TO CHUR.

“This is the highest point. Two ways the rivers
Leap down to different seas, and as they roll
Grow deep and still, and their majestic presence
Becomes a benefaction to the towns
They visit, wandering silently among them,
Like patriarchs old among their shining tents.”

LONGFELLOW.

ONE of the rivers mentioned by the poet in the above lines is the Rhine, the “sacred river” of Germany, which is born amid the mountains of the St. Gotthard group. Wherever he goes, whatever he does, the German never loses his pride in the beautiful river of the Fatherland, even though he may never have beheld it with his bodily eyes. The Rhine, the green Rhine, with its vineyards and castles, towns, villages, and church spires, exercises upon him a sort of fascination not unlike that of the Lorelei who captivates the boatman with her singing. All the hopes and fears of Germany gather about the noble river, upon whose banks stand the faithful “Watch.” The Rhine will always be the poet’s river, “if only for the

sake of its wine ;" but it must be admitted that there is very little poetry about its earlier course, and that even when it reaches Chur it does not show itself in the light of a benefactor.

The country on either side is rather dull and dead-looking, and the ancient glories of the once famous province of R hetia seem to have departed, leaving hardly a trace behind. The groups of brown or grey huts which congregate chiefly about the mouths of the lateral valleys are certainly not imposing ; and, what with the huge masses of rock which meet one at every turn, the dark dense forests which cover the mountains, and the few signs of life to be seen on the road, the general aspect of things is such as inclines one to augur that the valley, or at least the greater part of it, has never yet been brought under the influence of civilisation. It seems to have been much the same in ancient times, for the first immigrants



VRIN, VALLEY OF LUGNETZ.

were fugitives, and, as they naturally preferred settling as far out of danger as possible, they made their new homes among the safe heights of the Central Alps. They were the ancestors of the present population of the canton now known as the Grisons. They did not, however, always remain among the mountains, for, when the times became quieter, such of them as did not prefer to return to Italy came down into the principal valleys, and settled along the banks of the streams and rivers. Here, after a time, their repose was disturbed by the inroads of the Franks and Saxons, who drove them back to the upland valleys. The invaders established themselves along the main arteries of the Rhine, and speedily reduced such of the inhabitants as were left to a state of slavery, while those who retained their freedom were obliged to make their homes in almost inaccessible ravines near the glaciers. The castles were deserted, the country around them became more and more desolate, and the nobles were left alone in their glory.

But the German nobility of Upper Rhætia tried to follow the people, and built their eyries high up among the Siberian pines, where birds of prey have their nests; and there are still to be seen as many as a hundred and eighty ruined castles and watch-towers of the period of which we are speaking. Now as then, however, the greater part of the population of the Grisons dwell at a great elevation; and but for the white church steeples, which peer out like lighthouses here and there above the low brown huts, and show where a village is to be found, one would be inclined to suppose the mountains were uninhabited. There are no convenient roads, often there are only footpaths, and even these generally lead up that side of the mountain which is farthest away from the main valley. The villages lying between the ice-clad peaks of the Crispalt and Trons, on the left bank of the Rhine, are none of them much less than three thousand feet above the level of the sea; and Chiamut, which may derive its name from *Caput Montis*, stands at an elevation of five thousand three hundred and eighty feet. Few of the villages between Trons and Chur, again, are situated in the valley, and these few are but poor places. All the real life and prosperity of the district is to be found higher up, on the plateaux, or in hidden nooks at the back of the lateral valleys of Somvix, Lugnetz, Vrin, Vals, and Savien, whither the people were driven in ancient times by their love of liberty or dread of enemies. It was in these highland villages that the budding liberties of Rhætia found their chief support during the fourteenth century, when the famous *Lia grischa*, or Grey League, was formed, which saved the lords of Rhäzüns, Disentis, and Sax, and all their kin, from the clutches of Austria and Chur. The villages had long since gained their liberty without any help from



COSTUMES, VRIN.

the nobles—each community was, in fact, a republic strong within and without; and, as it was quite hopeless now to think of mastering them, the only thing to be done was to join their league, and to recognise the common peasant as a fellow-soldier and an equal. The peasant acquiesced readily enough, but when, shortly after the conclusion of the compact, the nobles fell back into their old ways and became overbearing and arrogant, the people insisted upon a regular treaty, and their deputies peremptorily demanded that “the nobles should banish all injustice, violence, and scandalous excess from the borders within their jurisdiction,” adding that “at all events the people would no longer put up with the unbridled wickedness of the nobles, though quite ready to obey them in all things lawful and honourable.”

Accordingly, the Abbot of Disentis, Count Werdenberg, and the Barons of Sax and Brun, all rode to the well-known sycamore tree of Trons, where the head men of the villages and the bailiffs of the several jurisdictions met them, and received their oaths that they "would thenceforth take the people under their protection, abstain from taking the law into their own hands, would put down violence, and be true to the league, as long as the world lasted." This took place in the year 1424, and the league included the whole of the valley of the Vorderrhein as far as Reichenau with its lateral valleys, down to the Rheinwald glacier, which is the source of the Hinterrhein, and the valley of Misocco, as far as the Italian frontier.

Two other leagues existed besides the one just mentioned, namely the *Lia Cadé*, or "League of the House of God," and the "League of the Ten Jurisdictions," or *Lia dellas desch-dretturas*; but these both joined the *Lia grischa* in 1471, and out of the confederation then formed has arisen the modern canton of the Grisons.



SOMVIX.

These leagues were the ruin of most of the foreign nobles; whereas the genuine Rhetian nobility, being intimately connected with the people and deriving all their strength from them, always contrived to maintain their power and influence unimpaired. They still have flourishing representatives in the families of Planta, Salis, Travers, Jäklin, Juvalta, Sprecher, Tschärner, Enderlin, Mohr, and others. The rest of the population, too, still maintain their energy of character, and though somewhat rude and peculiar, are thoroughly honest folks, and possess many good qualities; in fact, they bear a good deal of natural resemblance to their own canton, which of late years, since the rest of Switzerland has become rather too conventional, has annually attracted many thousands of visitors by the very boldness and ruggedness of its scenery. The Canton of the Grisons certainly is peculiar, and its aspect is very different from that of the

Alpine district west of the St. Gotthard, through which we have already passed. There we have gigantic mountains rising suddenly and abruptly before us, their mighty peaks seeming to touch the very heavens, while close by there are deep valleys, such as those of the Rhone, St. Nicholas, Lauterbrunnen, and Grindelwald, in the Bernese Oberland, besides those of Ticino, Schwyz, and Uri, which lie so low as hardly to be in the highlands at all. Here, on the other hand, the whole district seems to have been uplifted together. The chains of mountains present few marked indentations, there are few deeply-hollowed valleys, few precipitous heights, gentle slopes lead from one level to another, and there are no abrupt transitions, and yet the whole is essentially a mountain district. The canton consists of a network of these mountain valleys, about a hundred and fifty in number, and of groups and chains of mountains, none of



HOSPICE OF SANTA MARIA, LUKMANIER PASS

which, as before said, attain the colossal size and majestic proportions to which we are accustomed in the rest of Switzerland; and yet there is a magic charm in the rich variety of the scenery.

A true child of nature—nature as she appears in the Grisons, that is—is the Rhine, the whole of whose early course lies through this canton. Consisting, at first, mainly of the Vorder-Rhein and Hinter-Rhein, it is afterwards reinforced by the junction of the Plessur, Landquart, and Tamina, and flows north, a full-grown, substantial river, till it reaches the frontier town of Sargans. Those, however, who think that the sources of the Rhine are easily and speedily ascertained, are quite mistaken, for the traveller will have rivulets and streams innumerable pointed out to him by the natives, all of which they call Rhein or Rin. However, tourists are not wont to be over-particular about such matters, and it is enough for them to stand anywhere near the cradle of the Rhine and gaze upon the Badus, or Sixmaduna, the mighty sentinel to whose guardianship it is committed. By its side stand the Piz Toma, Plauncaulta, and Nurgallas, bending in unbroken silence over their own reflections in the green lake of Tomasee, which

lies in a hollow among the mountains, at a height of seven thousand six hundred and ninety feet above the sea-level. It is fed by water from the glaciers, which, as it flows forth from it again, receives the name of the Rhine or Vorder-Rhein.

The whole valley, through which the river flows in an easterly direction, lies before us, as far as the grey pyramid of the Falkniss at Liechtenstein; we can see all the various villages which dot the mountain slopes on either side, and we can even distinguish the different buildings in Chur. The Rhätikon, a chain of mountains of very varied outline in the Prättigau, form the background of the picture, while the foreground, to the south-east, is occupied by the mountains and glaciers which contain the other sources of the Rhine. There are the shining heads of the Medelser and Lugnetzer mountains, overtopped by the mountains of the Rheinwald, and we see the Medelser, or Mittel-Rhein, and the voluminous Hinter-Rhein

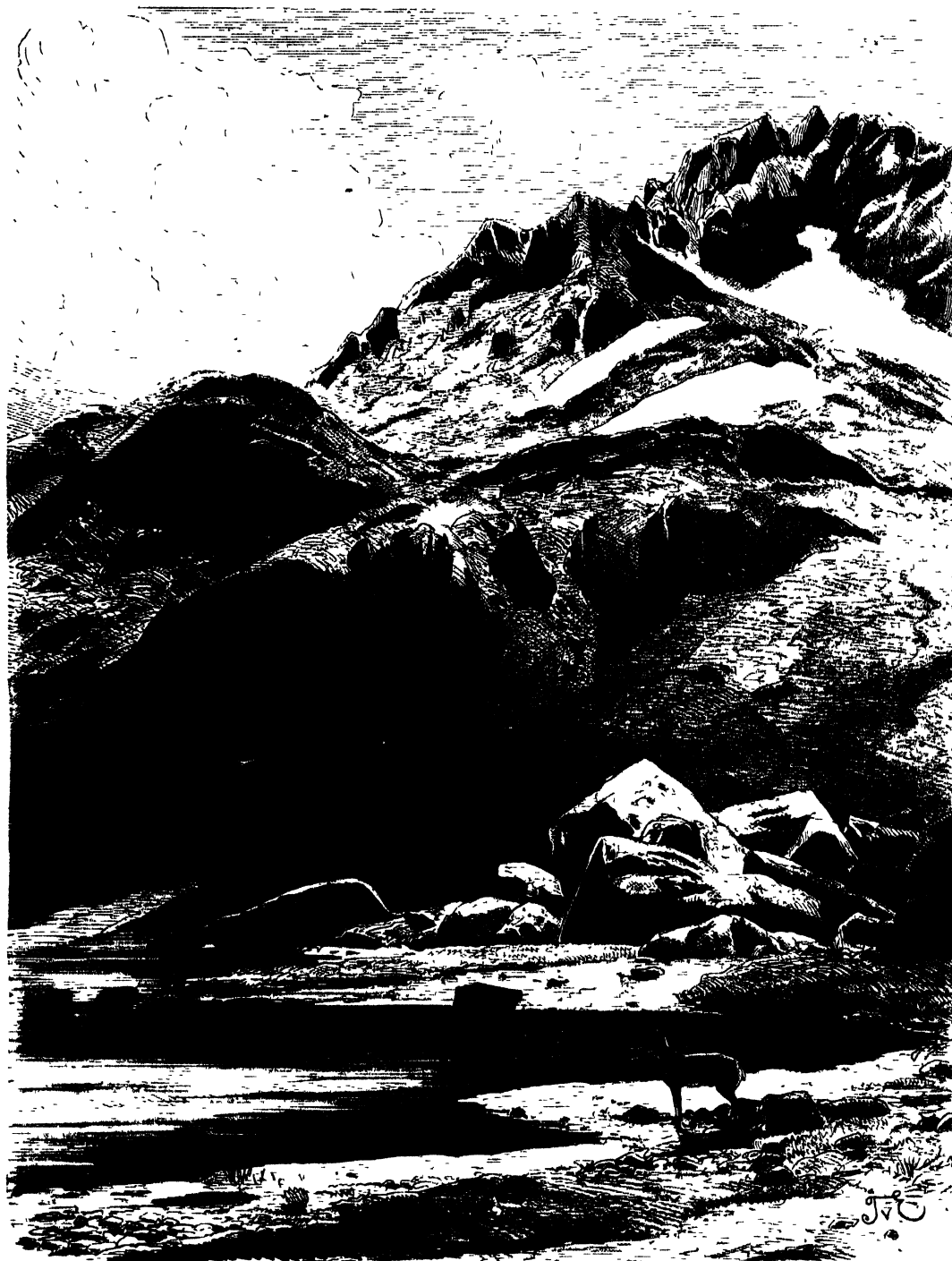


VAL MEDELS.

pouring down from them into the valley of the Vorder-Rhein, which lies before us. The first village we reach on our way down from the Badus is one already mentioned—namely, Chiamut, Camot, or Tschiamut, as it is variously called. It lies higher than any village in the upper valley of the Vorder-Rhein, being five thousand three hundred and eighty feet above the sea. It is very isolated, and by no means beautiful; all that is to be seen being a dozen tumble-down cottages, an old weather-beaten church, rickety stables, herds of cattle, and herdsmen. These latter contrive to make the soil yield a certain amount of rye, barley, flax, and vegetables every year, in spite of the elevation at which they live. Here the Gämmer-Rhein comes down from the ice-clad Crispalt to the north, and joins the Vorder-Rhein; and the farther we go down the valley the more numerous become the little streams which flow down on all sides from the Oberalpstock and Piz Rondadura to join the swelling river, which, after receiving these various additions, is called the Tavetscher-Rhein, a name which it keeps until it reaches Disentis. Here a marked change

comes over it, and its volume is increased by the junction of the Medelser, which is also improperly called the Mittel-Rhein, its first really important tributary, which rushes down from the east side of the Punta Nera. Henceforth, as far as Reichenau, the river is called the Rin Surselva, or Oberland Rhine.

The most important place in the Rhætian Oberland is Disentis, a town of great antiquity and some



PIZ BADUS AND LAKE OF TOMA.

historical importance. It was from Disentis that Christianity was introduced into the surrounding country, and the same place was the nursery of agriculture and civilisation. The neighbourhood was in a very wild state when Sigisbert came hither more than twelve hundred years ago, at the time when Victor I. was governor of Chur. Sigisbert preached the Gospel to the hunters and herdsmen and other wild inhabitants of the forest, and Placidus, a rich man of the neighbourhood, was by him stirred up to found a convent

on the site of the monk's hermitage. This, however, was more than the Victor above-mentioned would stand, and he went so far as to behead Placidus; but retribution speedily came upon him, and he was drowned in the Rhine; after which the church and convent were erected according to the original design. During the French revolution the wealthy convent, with all its valuable antiquities, was reduced to ashes; and in 1846 it was again burnt down.

Disentis is situated on a verdant plateau, bordered by terraces which on the one side descend to the



DISENTIS.

Rhine, and on the north are interspersed with wooded slopes, which rise higher and higher until they terminate in rugged and precipitous mountain ridges, above which the glaciers of the Oberalpstock are just visible. On the opposite side of the river the dark pine-woods are overtopped by the glistening, silvery-looking Medelser glacier; and, looking up the valley of the Rhine, we see the mountains rising higher and higher one above another, until the majestic forms of the Crispalt and Badus bar all further view.

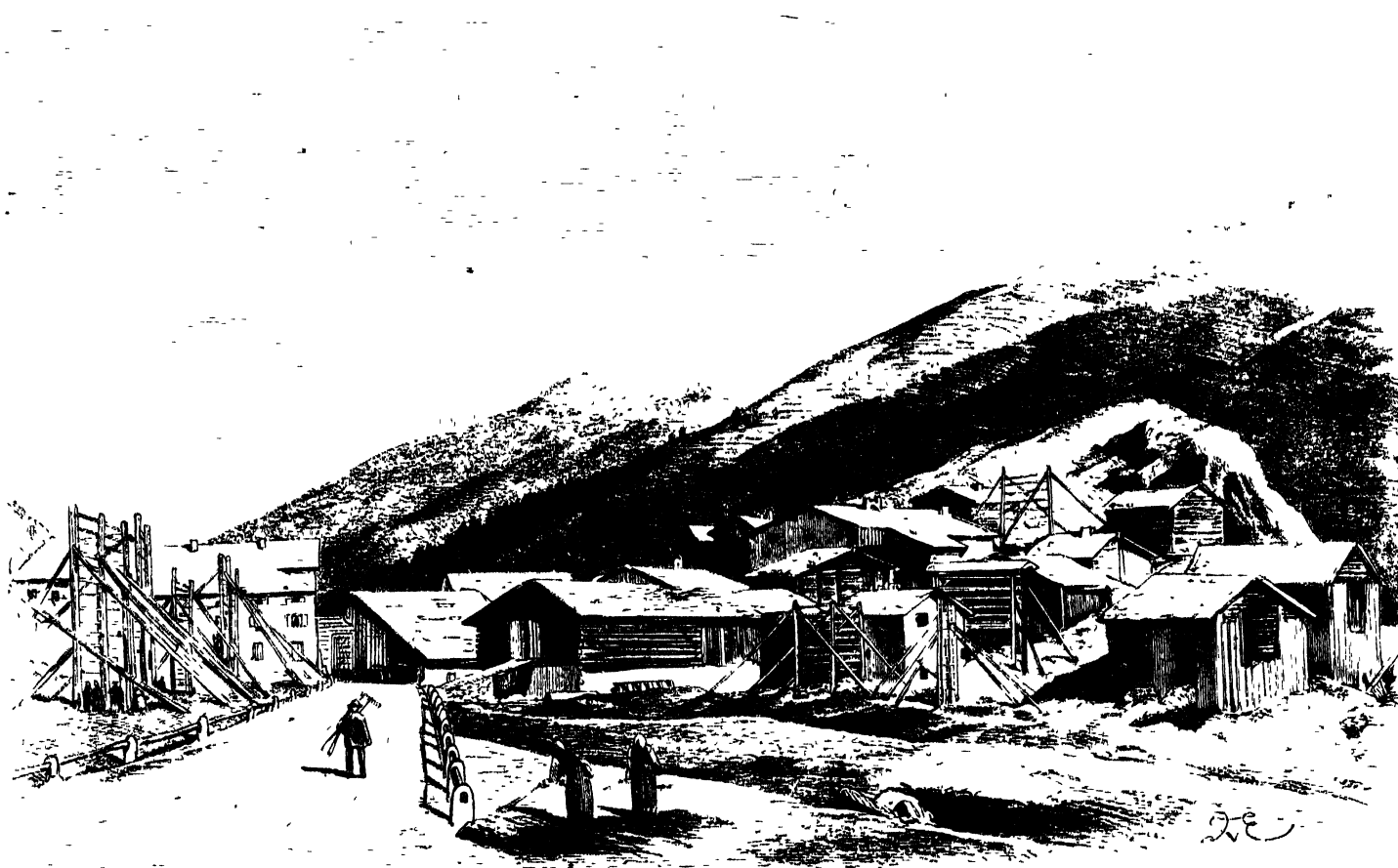
We are nearly four thousand feet above the sea, and yet we notice many respectable specimens of the apple, pear, cherry, and plum, which not only blossom, but bear fruit. None of the best corn-growing



LUKMANIER ROAD, VAL MEDVA

districts can show finer crops than are produced in this neighbourhood; and the trees here are often in full leaf while the snow is on the ground at Chur. A better site could not have been found for the monastery or for the village.

The best view of the valley of the Vorder Rhein, as well as of the Val Somvix and Val Medels, is to be obtained from the summit of the Piz Muraun, which stands opposite the Russeintobel, and which is the loftiest of the many offshoots of the Medelser chain. The peak nearest to us is the Piz Lavaz; behind it are the Cima Camadra, from which hangs the Medels glacier, and the Piz Cristallina; and behind them lies the Canton of Ticino, which is reached by the road through the Val Medels and over the Lukmanier. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries this road was much frequented by merchants, but



CHAMUT

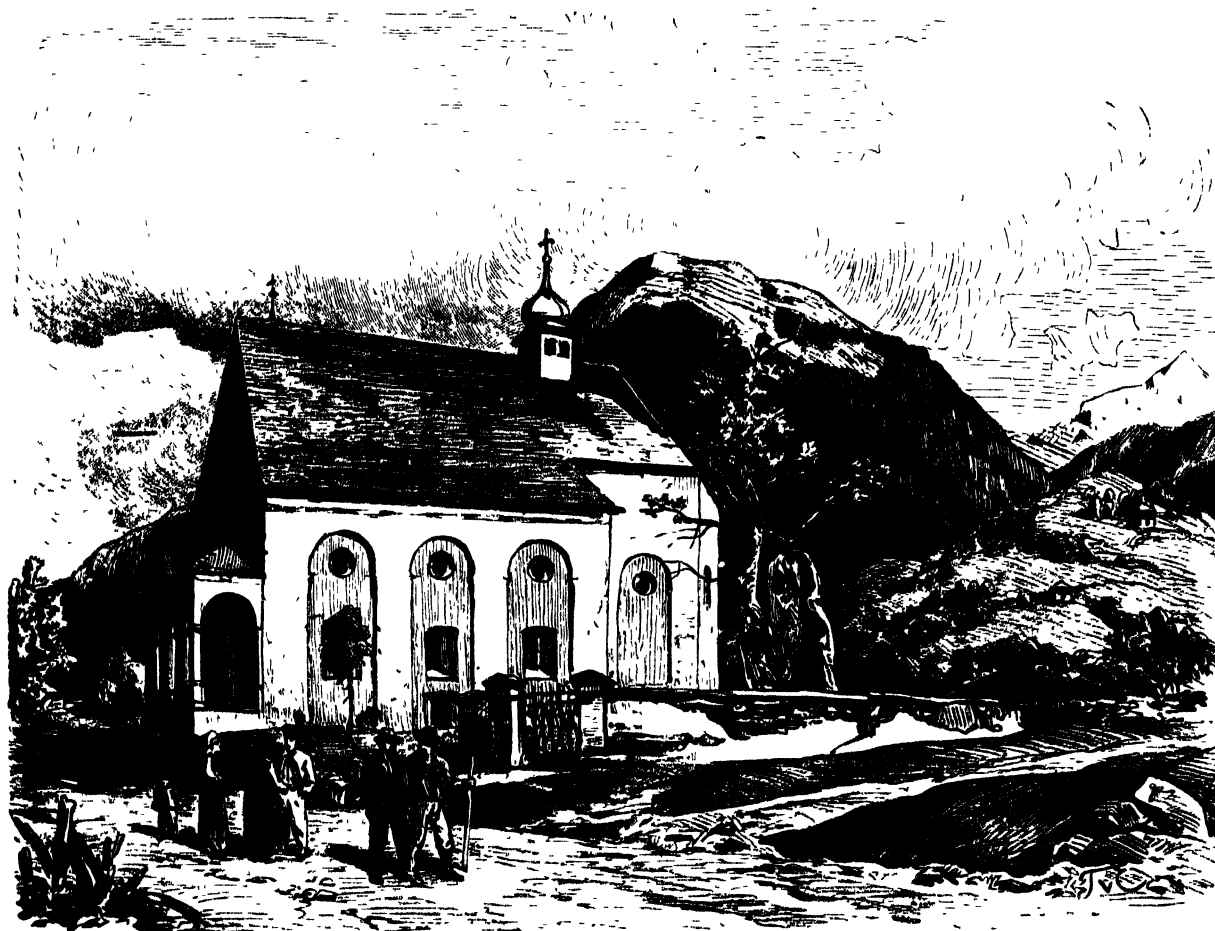
afterwards the traffic fell off and reverted to the old routes over the Alps, which had been much improved in the meantime. A splendid road has been recently constructed, and the Lukmanier pass has at last had tardy justice done it.

Opposite Disentis is the mouth of the Val Medels, a narrow, gloomy ravine, out of which rushes the Medelser Rhein, in a series of falls or miniature cataracts. The road into the Val Medels does not lead up the ravine, but along its left side, after crossing the Vorder Rhein; and the first village we come to is that of Medels, or Mompanmedels, which lies on a hill to the right. The valley is lonely and dreary-looking, and the silence is broken only by the roar of the river as it receives the tempestuous torrent which comes thundering down the Cristallina valley to join the Mittel Rhein at Perdatsch.

The road now leads up by a steep ascent to the first hospice, that of St. Joan, which is succeeded

by that of St. Gall: both are simple refuges and nothing more. A third hospice is passed, when the Rhine gradually becomes calmer and quieter; and soon we have reached Santa Maria, the highest of the hospices, which, however, is not very comfortable.

We must now return to Disentis, that we may follow the course of the river as far as Somvix. On our way we have to pass over the famous Russeintobel, a deep ravine forming the entrance to the Russein valleys, which are known by the general name of Val Barkuns, or Russeintobel. The torrent in the depth below is the Rhine of Barkuns, now crossed by a bridge, from which there is a good view of the Rhine valley and the village of Somvix. This village lies at the mouth of the Val Somvix, which is about as wide as the Val Medels, and runs nearly up to the southern boundary of the canton. People have



CHAPEL AT TRONS.

been deterred from settling here by dread of the avalanches, and the whole landscape is of a gloomy character. Time has brought few changes to this lonely spot; but this cannot be said of the famous sycamore of Trons, or Truns, which stands near the chapel of St. Anna, at the entrance of the village. In 1424, when the members of the Grey League came hither to swear fidelity one to the other, the tree had wide-spreading branches which completely overshadowed the chapel, whereas now it is only an old hollow trunk.

Trons is the birthplace of the free constitution of the Grisons, and is a tolerably nice-looking village. The fine old buildings of which it consists are most picturesquely situated in an angle formed by the Ferrerabach, the Rhine, and the mountains, and are surrounded by a fringe of gardens and orchards, while

the Tödi, always a beautiful object, stands out prominently in the background. The road from here down to Chur winds about a good deal, but those who like really crooked ways and by-paths may gratify their taste to the utmost by journeying over the hills and dales, mountains and valleys.

It is far pleasanter, however, to quit the narrow valley of the Rhine altogether, and to make our way along the sunny terraces which traverse the broad back of the Piz Mundaun. These are studded with numerous villages and farms, whose inhabitants speak German. The origin of this colony is not very clear. In all probability the colonists came from Valais in the thirteenth century, and not only retained their liberty, but enjoyed the favour of the nobles. The principal place in Obersaxen is Meierhof, which



VILLAGE OF MEIERHOF, OBERSAIXEN

is surrounded by clusters of houses, and lies near a rocky gorge enlivened by a noisy waterfall. Two passes—the Kisten and Panix—lead hence northward into the Canton of Glarus.

We now return to the main road, which has crossed over to the right bank of the Rhine, and the first place we come to is the gloomy little village of Tavanaza. It was at the spring here that the deputies used to lay down their arms, unpack their provisions, and eat their breakfasts in simple rural fashion; but nowadays there is a grand banquet at some hotel.

Ilanz, or Glion, as it is called in Romansch, is the first town we come to in the Valley of the Rhine. The town spreads out on both sides of the river, and looks much more important than it really is. Portions of the ancient towers, walls, and gates in the upper town on the right bank of the river are still standing, as well as numerous antiquated buildings, adorned with the coats-of-arms of old noble families. If Ilanz and the neighbouring town of Flims ever recall the past, they must think of the time

when they and Lugnetz belonged to Baron Ulrich Walter von Belmont, and the latter was attacked by Count Rudolf von Montfort, who rushed up the Valley of the Rhine, captured Flims, burnt Ilanz, and advanced towards Lugnetz, whither Baron Walter had retreated.

We are reminded of this ruinous invasion by the sight of the narrow pass of Porclas, or Frauenthor (Women's Gate), where the might of this noble incendiary and assassin was broken by the hands of women. This old gate is still standing in a narrow defile which leads to one of the terraces of the Piz Mundaun. The slopes are so thickly wooded as to be impassable, and it was equally impossible for the count to proceed farther along the valley on the opposite side of the river, owing to the ravines and woods which there also obstructed his path. Accordingly the greater part of his force proceeded to



WOMEN'S GATE, PORCLAS PASS, NEAR ILANZ

cross the Alpine pastures to St. Carlo, where the men of Lugnetz had assembled to defend themselves, with Baron Walter at their head. Another body of men advanced towards Porclas, expecting to find it open and undefended; instead of which all the women and girls of the neighbourhood were assembled here to dispute their farther progress. They had barricaded the gate, and had covered the rocks round about with heaps of stones and trunks of trees, while they had armed themselves with their household utensils and field implements. The enemy made a fierce assault, but it was all to no purpose; the brave women stood to their posts, and as the struggle on the heights above had been meanwhile decided in favour of Baron Walter and the men of Lugnetz, the assailants were caught in the rear, and, being unable to retreat, were either slain or taken prisoners. A great many nobles perished, and among

the prisoners was Montfort himself. As for the women of Lugnetz, they were henceforth allowed to take precedence of every one else at the Holy Communion, a mark of honour which they still enjoy.

The people here are a remarkably fine race—the men are strong and muscular, and walk with a firm bold step, and the women are tall and vivacious-looking; so that altogether one feels tolerably certain they would give any enemy as warm a reception now as they did centuries ago. Both men and women have always been noted for their strength of will, determination, diligence, and endurance, as well as for their remarkably good abilities. They speak German, and are characterized by their fair hair; this being



OBERTHOR, ILANZ.

especially the case with the good-looking women of the Valsertal, who are further distinguished by a gay costume.

When the Germans originally came to these valleys is, as we have already remarked, uncertain, but there is a plausible tradition that they were brought hither from Suabia by the Hohenstaufen emperors, who were anxious to have the important passes into Italy in safe and faithful keeping.

At Surcastels, where the river Glenner is joined by the Vriner and Valser Rhein, which both flow from the foot of the Adula, the valley of Lugnetz divides into two branches, and soon attains an elevation at which Alpine farming is the only profitable occupation. The valley is extremely picturesque.

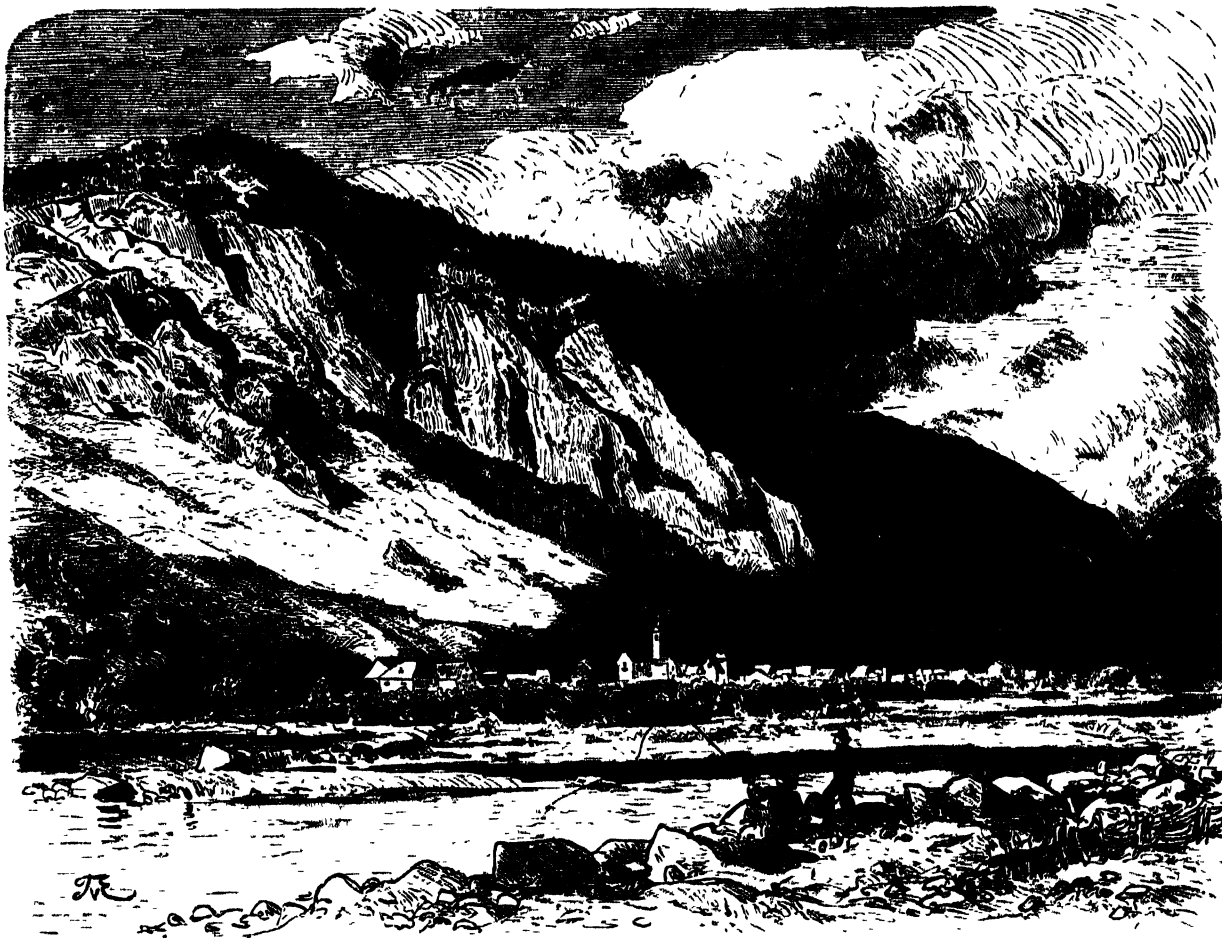
Returning to the bridge of Ilanz, we proceed through shady orchards to Cästris, and then on through woodland scenery to Valendas, Versam, Bonaduz, and Reichenau. Versam is situated at the mouth of the valley of Savienthal, which runs parallel with the valley of Lugnetz, and is watered by the Savien Rhein or Rabiusa. Standing on the bold bridge which spans the stream at Versam, we see it pouring down through a dark crooked gorge to join the Vorder Rhein, which passes through a ravine as gloomy, and then, broadening out as its channel becomes less confined, it flows on more calmly and quietly to the open country about Reichenau, where it receives its most considerable affluent, the Hinter Rhein,



JUNCTION OF THE VORDER RHEIN AND HINTER RHEIN, AT REICHENAU

which is quite a large river, and henceforth it is called the Rhine, a name which it keeps throughout the whole of its subsequent course until it reaches the North Sea.

Most people have seen views of Reichenau, with its grand-looking château and the fine bridge over the river; and every one knows that at the beginning of the present century the château was converted into a school-house, and that one of the teachers, who went by the name of Maître Chabaut, was no other than Louis Philippe, afterwards King of the French, who remained here discharging the duties of an usher for some months. This incident reminds one of the other Reichenau on Lake Constance, which another aspirant to the French throne, Napoleon III., had daily before his eyes while he cherished his youthful aspirations in the safe retreat of Arenenberg. The beautiful gardens which surround the château of which we are at present speaking seem doubly delightful after the woods and wildernesses of the Upper Rhine valleys, and they afford us a good view of the confluence of the two Rhines.



MITTENBERG AND LIGHTS OF THE CALANDA

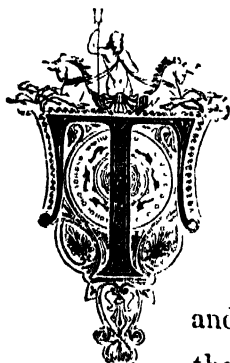
CHUR AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

“ Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of grey,
And many a rock which steeply lours,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o’er this vale of vintage bowers

* * * * *

“ The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round ”

CHILDE HAROLD



THE town of Chur, or Coire, ought to be seen on a bright summer day, when the neighbouring mountains have donned their festal array and are all ablaze with golden light, when the steep sides of the Calanda wear their richest colouring, and the whole valley is decked in brilliant hues of green and gold. Then the scene is exquisitely beautiful, and reminds one of the south and Italy. Probably the old Romans thought the same, for they came hither more than eighteen hundred years ago, and established themselves on the cliff which projects from the Mittenberg into the valley of the Plessur. This settlement afterwards developed into the Curia Rhætorum of the later empire. It was not the charm of the surrounding

scenery, however, which attracted the Romans: their keen eyes quickly discovered that the position was of great strategical importance. Accordingly a Roman castle soon arose on the spot, Roman colonists came and settled here permanently, and brought with them not only Roman civilisation, but a new language. The colony rose speedily to importance: præfects were appointed, a court of justice was established—and from this, the “Curia,” the present name of the town is said to be derived.

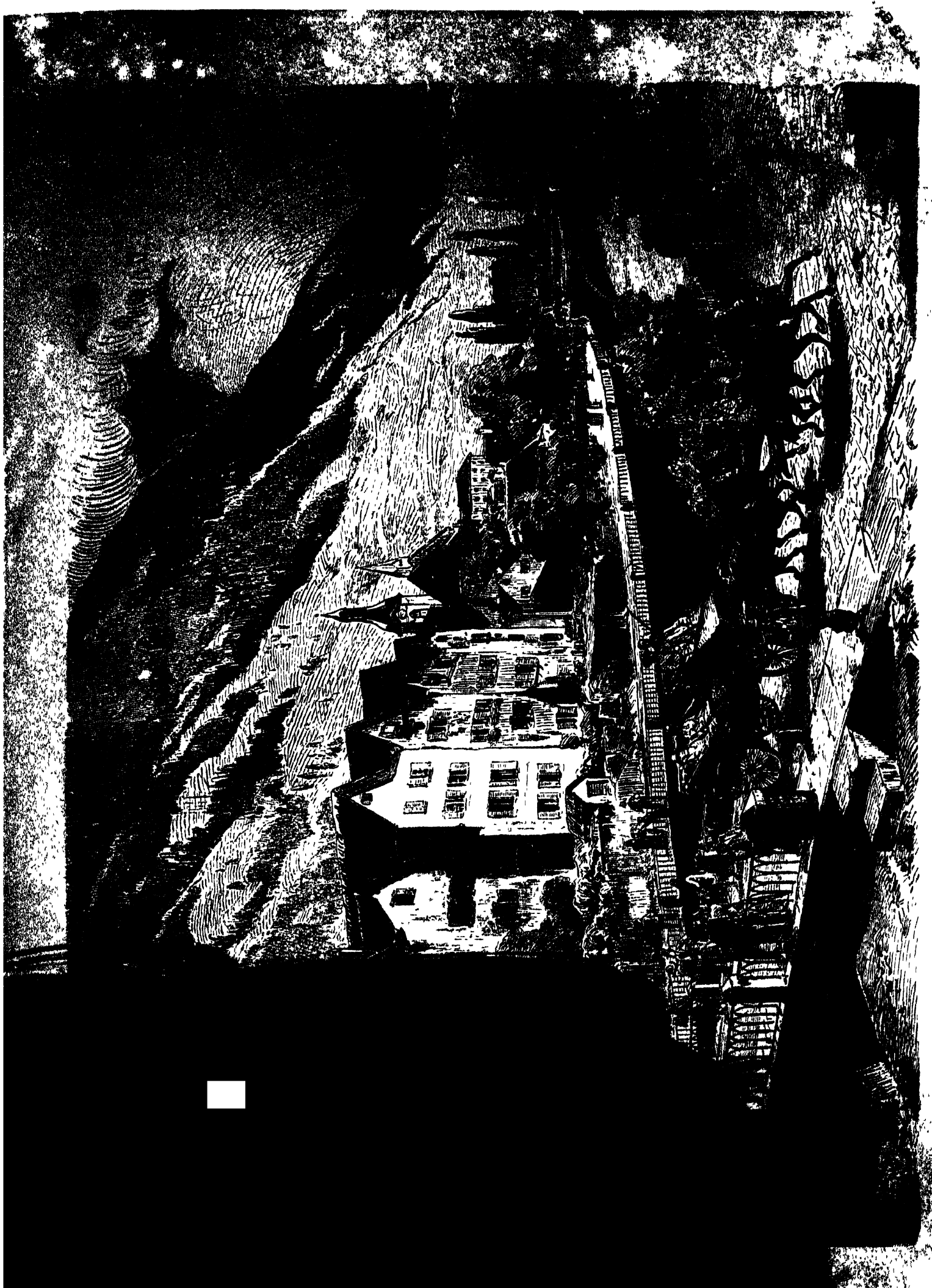
What information we have respecting the ancient history of the town is for the most part obscure and traditionary. After the decline of the Romans it fell into the hands of the Ostrogoths, who were succeeded by the Franks, who introduced the laws and regulations of Charles the Great. Christianity had been introduced long since, and though St. Lucius is a somewhat legendary personage, it is quite



CASTLE OF RHAETIA

certain that as early as the fourth century the affairs of the people were conducted by bishops, whose influence became yet greater in the fifth century. At first they simply managed matters, but under the Frankish form of government they became temporal lords of the town, which, though previously independent, soon began to lose its liberties one after the other.

This state of things lasted for some five hundred years, after which Chur awoke from her slumbers, and tried to become a little more independent. The bishop, however, opposed her with all his might and main, and even laid the town under an interdict. The townspeople retorted by besieging the episcopal palace, and at the end of three days the bishop found himself obliged to capitulate and make certain concessions, which were speedily followed by others of a more important character.



VIEW OF CHUR. FROM THE HOTEL STEINBOCK.

In 1464 the town suffered greatly from a terrible fire which consumed the chief part of it, and the Emperor compassionately bestowed upon it all the rights of an imperial free town. A quarter of a century later it was emancipated from the bishop's jurisdiction, on payment of an indemnity, and then began its season of prosperity. Order was speedily restored, and in 1544 the Reformed religion was established here by Johannes Commander; soon after which the first public school was opened.

The history of the following centuries consists only of deeds of violence, torture, executions, party strifes, religious hatred, persecutions, and foreign interference. In spite of all this, however, the town has continued to improve, and before long we may expect it to assume much grander proportions. It is



VILLAGE OF THUSIS AND MOUTH OF THE VIA MALA

situated on a slope, having lofty mountains on one side of it and the valley of the Rhine on the other. It is almost entirely shielded from the north wind by the Mittenberg and adjacent hills; but it lies open to the south, and accordingly the surrounding slopes are covered with vines, introduced probably by the Romans. The landscape is enlivened by the river Plessur, which, after doing much damage to the town for centuries, has now been brought under proper control. The mountain to the left is the Pizokel, which acts as a parasol to the town in the winter time. Chur has often been compared with Innsbruck, and there may be some general resemblance between the two; but the scenery about Chur is grander, while Innsbruck is a far more pleasant and attractive town than Chur. The latter, indeed, has been very slow

to assume the aspect and dimensions of a town, and in fact it is only quite recently that it has possessed any buildings at all worthy of its position as capital of the canton; but these are now springing up in all directions, and the town is spreading rapidly.

The old part of Chur seems to have been built without any plan, and contains no regular street: it consists of crooked lanes and alleys, all of which are narrow and confined and very ill-paved; and yet the town has always been prosperous and well-to-do. It is in the form of a triangle, of which the "Hof," or Court, is the apex, and the Graben-promenade the base. The principal thoroughfares are the Obere-gasse and Reichs-gasse, which run into the St. Martinsplatz. Chur was formerly divided into three parts: the village of Chur, which extended from the St. Martinsplatz to the Lukmanier Hotel; the Konigshof, or

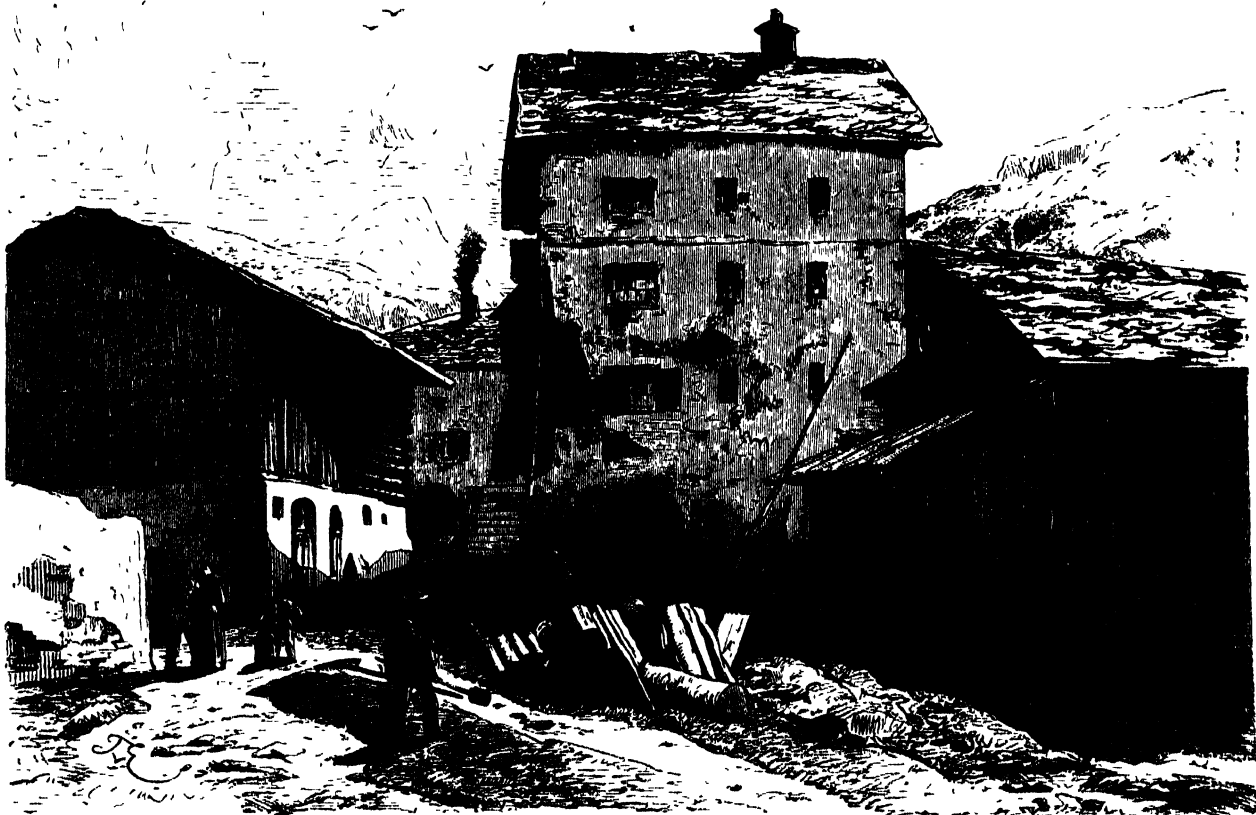


RUINS OF THE CASTLE OF HOHEN-RHETIEN.

Court; and the Borough, which contained the two towers of Marsoila and Spinoila, and two churches. Modern Chur is divided only into the Court and the Town, of which the former is certainly the best worth seeing. The prince-bishop used to reside within the precincts of the Court, where his palace, as well as the beautiful cathedral and Roman Catholic cemetery, is still to be seen. Here also stands the cantonal school, one of the best educational establishments in Switzerland. The environs of the town are made pleasant by numerous gardens and magnificent fruit-trees, and if the townspeople grow weary of their narrow streets and such restaurants as the "Rothe Lowe" and "Süsze Winkel," they can go out to the "Rosenhügel," at the foot of the Pizokel, and watch the Rhine as it flows past the heights of the Calanda, or look at the rivers Plessur and Landquart, while they drink their bottle of good old Valtellina and enjoy the peaceful sunshine in which Ems, Felsberg, Haldenstein, and the "Five Villages" lie bathed

below. On Sundays almost the whole population is to be found either at the "Rosenhügel" or the "Lürlibad," while those who are young and active climb up to the chapel of St. Lucius, which is situated on the slopes of the Mittenberg.

If we were to attempt any description of the many longer and shorter excursions which may be made in the immediate neighbourhood of Chur, such as those to Passug, to the Känzli, the ravine of Scalära, to Trimmis and Schwarzwald, we should find ourselves in the position of the traveller at the good hotel Steinbock, who, after scanning the long bill of fare, and being somewhat puzzled by the mixture of Italian and German dishes, ends by pronouncing them all extremely good. We must, however,



HOUSES IN ZILLIS.

just mention the "Maiensässe," on the Pizokel, as it is a particularly favourite resort of the people of Chur.

The interesting but ill-famed village of Felsberg, formerly known as Wälschberg, is the first place we pass on the right of the road. It is extraordinary that people can cling so obstinately to a place which threatens them with hourly destruction. Masses of dolomite and limestone may at any moment fall down from the Calanda, for the mountain is always crumbling, and is constantly sending heaps of rubbish down into the valley. Not unfrequently the crash of the falling fragments is heard as far as Chur, and the whole place is enveloped in a cloud of dust. The great mound of débris, which gradually increased in size until at last it towered over Alt-Felsberg, became at length so dangerous that, about thirty years ago, the inhabitants were obliged to move a little farther off and build themselves new houses.

The beautiful Calanda is Chur's weather prophet, and possesses many other good qualities besides, as he showed when, some time ago, people took to digging in him for gold, and were actually rewarded for their exertions; but the Golden Sun, as the mine was called, has no doubt been worked out and abandoned by this time. The first object which attracts attention is, not the village of Rhäzuns, which is just like any other, but the Castle of Rhäzuns, which stands perched on an isolated rock, and confronts us just before we reach the village. Its mediæval walls and turrets still remain, and look down upon us from a dark background of forest; but what we see in this way is only the weather-beaten shell of the



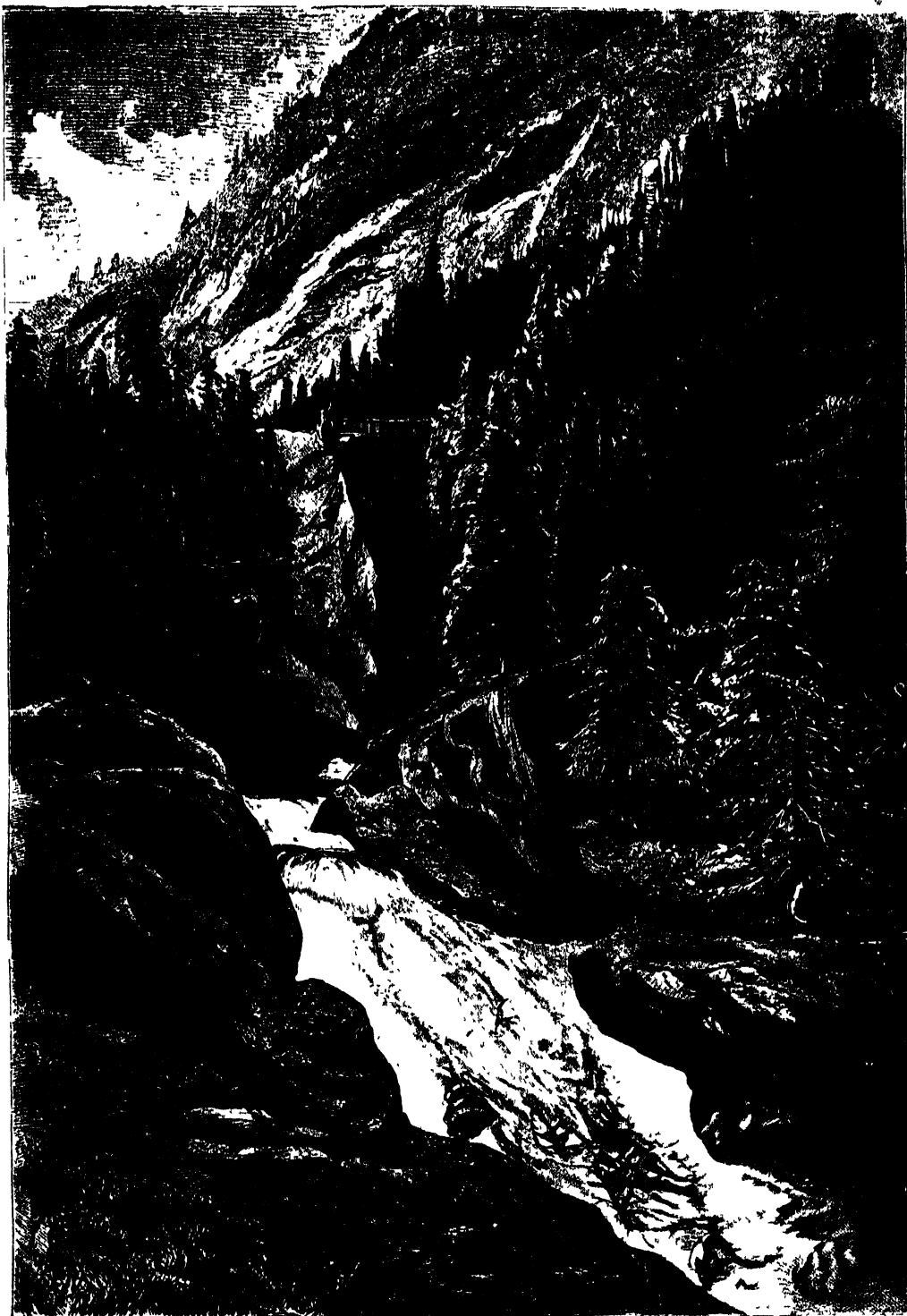
VILLAGE OF SPLÜGEN.

building, the inner part of which belongs to very ancient times, and, indeed, is said to have been founded by no other than the fabulous Etruscan prince Rhætus, who intended it to be the chief fortress of "Rhætia Ima." Until the fifteenth century it belonged to the Barons Brun; then it came into the possession of the Counts von Zollern, and then into the hands of Austria, who bestowed it on the families of Von Marmels, Planta, and Travers in succession. Later on, Austria sent some of her own people here, and they remained until the end of the last century, when the castle again changed hands, and became the property first of Bavaria and then of France. Even then its vicissitudes were not over, for again

it fell into the hands of Austria, who kept it until it was formally ceded to the Grisons at the Vienna Congress. The canton, not knowing what to do with it if it was retained as state property, finally sold it, and its present occupants are private persons.

The view from here is lovely. Below flows the Rhine, and on the opposite side of the river we have gently swelling meadows, the wooded slopes of the Heinzenberg, church spires rising from amid groves of fruit-trees, brown villages dotting the green sward, numerous castles crowning the various eminences, while far off, where the valley of Domleschg terminates, the horizon is bathed in soft blue haze. We should linger too long were we to repeat all the many legends attaching to the various ruins of Paspel, Sins, Zeuseenberg, Canova, Rietberg, Almens, Fürstenberg, or Campel.

The most interesting ruin is that of the Castle of Hohen-Rhätien, near Thusis, which stands near the pilgrimage chapel of St. John, on a steep cliff overlooking the Rhine, just at the entrance of the ravine known as the Verlorenes Loch. Hohen-Rhätien, or Hoch-Realta, gathers up into itself all the legendary lore of the Grisons, whose inhabitants trace their de-



FALLS OF THE RHINE, ROFELLA GORGE.

scend from the ancient Etruscans or Tuscans. Long before the commencement of our era these Etruscans are said to have been driven from North Italy by the Gauls, and to have been led to these Alpine valleys by their prince, Rhætus. Here they settled and took root, building castles and strongholds, among which Rhäziuns, Hohen-Rhätien, and Thusis, Tuscia, or Tosana, are especially worthy of mention.

The Castle of Hohen-Rhätien commanded the entire valley, and was, from its position and great strength, the most important in the province. It was inhabited down to about 1450, but was pulled down by the enraged Grey Leaguers in the course of the struggle between them and their petty tyrants. The castle possesses now but few remains of its former beauty, and of its four towers only a solitary one is left, and that is in ruins. But the view of the lovely Alpine valley of Domleschg, which opens out before us as we advance along the road from Katzis, is still as fresh and beautiful as ever. There before us stand the Church of Masein, the Castle of Tagstein, while the Piz Beverin towers aloft in the distance, and the Piz Curvêr and Muttner Berg show themselves in the neighbourhood of the gorge of the Via



VILLAGE OF HINTER RHEIN.

Mala, and over the valley of the Albula rise the shining heights of Oberhalbstein. In fact, we are surrounded by mountains.

The landscape is constantly changing, but always glorious, and after passing through a succession of woods and meadows we at length reach Thusis, which lies between the Rhine and the Nolla, at the foot of a bare precipitous cliff at the entrance of the Via Mala. Thusis is a rather imposing-looking place, almost worthy to be called a town, and its inhabitants speak German. After the great fire of 1845, previous to which it had already been burnt down four times, it arose from its ashes in renewed beauty. Now that the street is made wider, and the houses are less crowded together, there is somewhat less risk

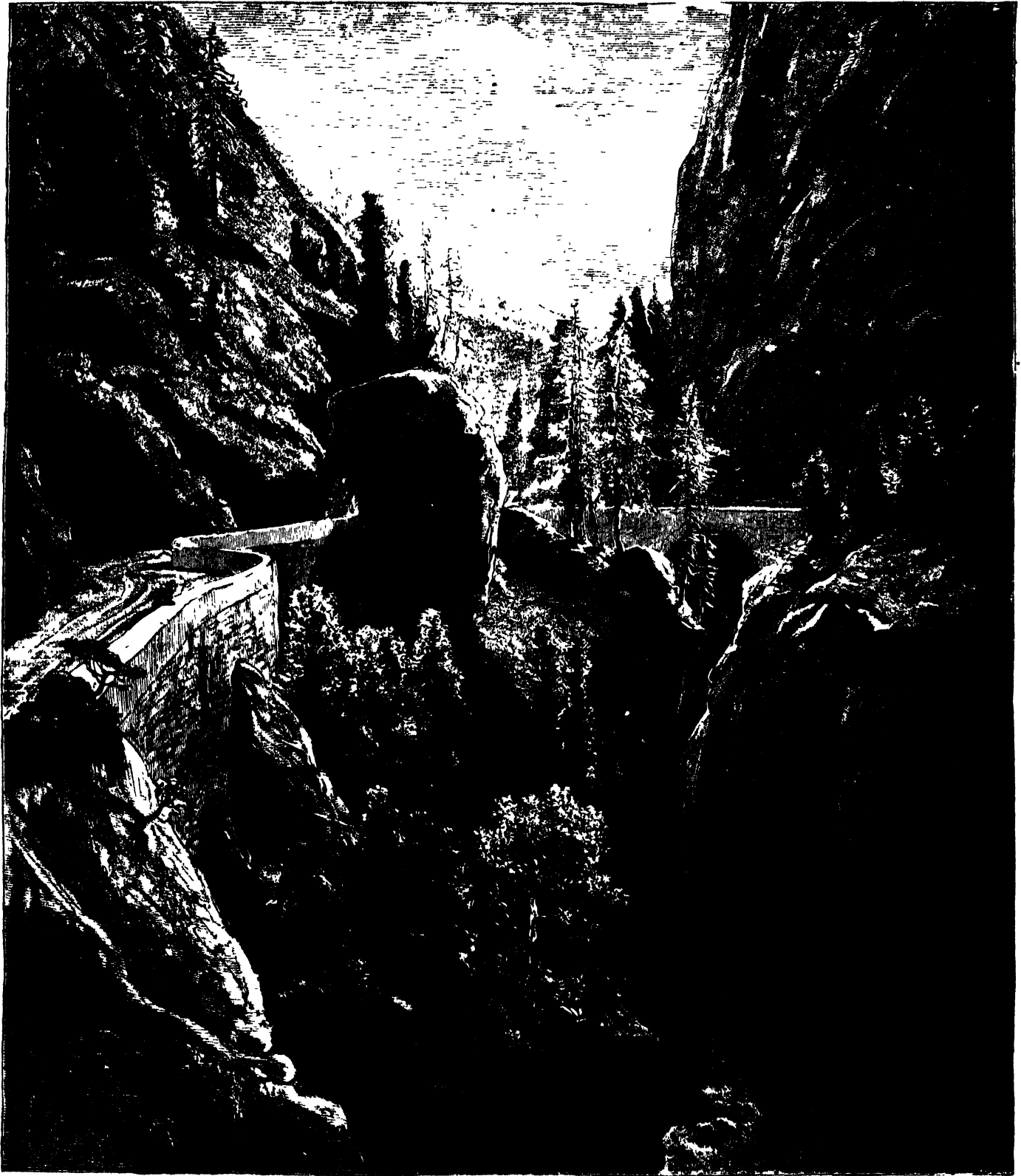
of fire; but it is still exposed to great danger from the floods of the Rhine and Nolla, which recur regularly every spring-time. In fact, the chronicles of Thusis, like those of the Rhine valleys in general, are a mere record of disasters, and when we turn to its political history things are not much better. There is one very dark page which tells of the reign of terror in 1618, when the French and Venetian ambassadors took up their abode in Thusis, finding it well adapted for their cruel purpose, and proceeded to take bloody and barbarous vengeance on the Roman Catholics. All the laws and customs of the country were set at defiance; as for moderation, or even common humanity, they seemed to be qualities utterly unknown to the persecutors, and no lighter sentence than that of torture and death was ever passed upon the unfortunate victims. Whole families, and even whole communes and jurisdictions, were



AN ARTIST IN THE VALLEY OF HINTER RHEIN.

condemned at once. Those were evil times; and what with Spain, France, and Austria, who each and all claimed them by turns, the wretched people no longer knew to whom they owed allegiance. Meanwhile, they managed to subsist on such gains as they could make out of the traffic between Italy and Germany; which, indeed, constitutes their chief occupation at the present day, though the road over the Splügen is not so important now as it was before the opening of the railways over the Brenner and through Mont Cenis. In winter a good many waggons pass this way, laden with casks of wine—for Thusis is famous for the well-known Valtellina; and in summer there are as many as ten diligences coming and going daily, besides numerous travelling carriages, for there is no decrease whatever in the number of travellers annually attracted hither by the awful beauty of the Via Mala.

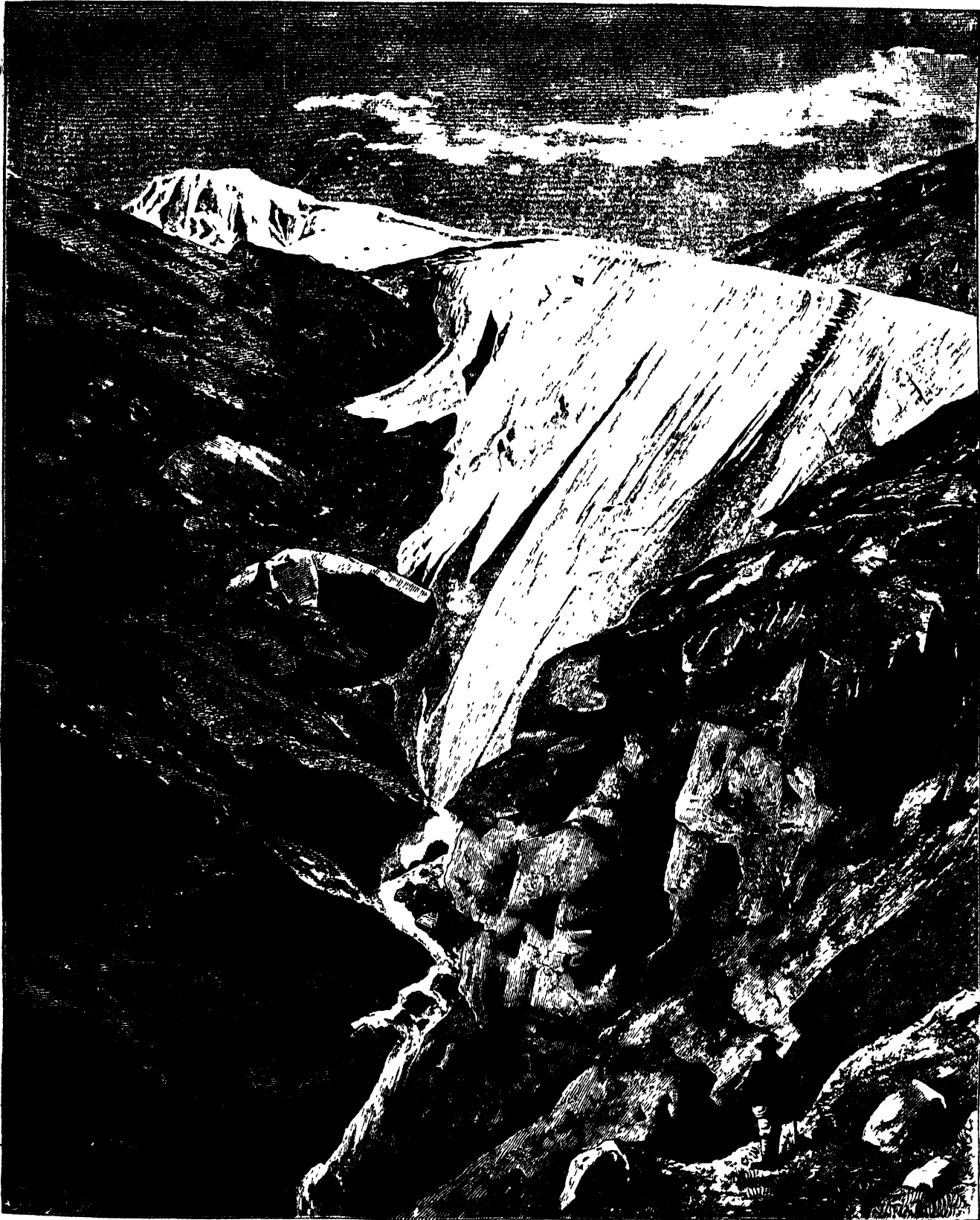
Crossing the beautiful arched bridge over the Nolla, we find ourselves immediately at the mouth of the Verlorenes Loch or Trou Perdu, the portal of which is guarded on the one side by the perpendicular



THE VIA MALA.

cliff and castle of Hoher-Rhätien, and on the other by the cliff of Crappteig. The Hinter Rhein rushes out from this defile, and the road, the beautiful Via Mala, runs into it on its way to the plains of Italy.

A great deal has been written about the Via Mala, and every one has seen sketches and pictures of it, especially of that part known as the Verlorenes Loch, which is a favourite subject with artists. In some



RHEINWALD GLACIER AND SOURCE OF THE HINTER RHEIN.

parts it looks extremely dangerous, but it is not so bad in reality. In one place the road seems to be entirely blocked up by a projecting buttress of rock ; but on a nearer approach we find that this has been

pierced by a tunnel or gallery, and the road carried safely through it. It is this gallery which is usually, though wrongly, called the Verlörenes Loch; in point of fact, the name belongs to the whole defile between Thusis and Rongella, a little village lying in a small basin between grey slate cliffs, along which the present road has been carried by the daring skill of Signor Poccobelli. It runs along in a sort of notch blasted in the side of the mountain, at a height of three hundred or more feet above the river which roars below. On reaching the second bridge the traveller finds himself in the midst of a very imposing scene, and confronted by nature in one of her wildest moods; though there is nothing really terrible



PEASANTS, VALLEY OF HINTER RHEIN.

about the road, unless one happens to be travelling along it alone in stormy weather, or when the water has risen to within a few feet of the arch of the bridge, as it did in 1834. At all other times one is struck chiefly by its grandeur and beauty, for the "dangerous narrow chasm," as it was called even as late as 1672, has been divested of nearly all its perils.

We now reach the village of Zillis, which was connected with Rongella in 1470 by a road which ran along the course of the Nolla at a considerable elevation, crossed the Schamser Alps, and descended into the valley at Sufers. Zillis lies in the valley of Schams, which forms a sort of connecting link between the

soft beauty of the valley of Domleschg and the wilder and more sublime scenery of the Rheinwald. We are now some three thousand feet above the level of the sea; but vegetation is still vigorous and luxuriant, and the soil is alluvial—a fact which indicates that the valley was once occupied by a lake some six miles in length. It now contains several ruined castles and several villages, large and small, most of the houses being roofed with stone. Zillis is well known for its old church, and the strange paintings which adorn its wooden roof are said to date from the time of the Crusades. The church itself is associated in one's mind with the Emperor Otto I., and the terrible incursions of the Saracens employed by Berengarius of Ivrea to hold the mountain passes against Germany. Otto I. gave the Church of Zillis—Ciraun in Romansch—to the Bishop of Chur, to indemnify him for the ravages of the Saracens. Opposite Zillis, on the left bank of the Rhine, lies the village of Donat, above which rise the ruins of the Castle of Fardun.



INN AND LAKE ON THE BERNARDINO.

Next come the large village of Andeer and the farm of Barenburg, with the remains of a castle which formerly guarded the mouth of the Rofla ravine. This gorge bears some resemblance to that of the Via Mala, and, indeed, used formerly to be called the Inner Via Mala, that of Thusis being known as the Outer Via Mala. The rocks here, however, are of a different character, and there is nothing equal to the wild fantastic scenery of the Verlorenes Loch. The Averser Rhein comes pouring into the gorge through a dark opening in the rocks, and plunges headlong down into the roaring Hinter Rhein. Even in the height of summer the water is perpetually boiling and foaming; and in the spring when the snow is melting, or after a violent storm, the struggle of the two rivers, as they lash themselves in fury against the porphyry and granite walls of their narrow prison, must be something truly tremendous and awful.

Above the Rofla begins the last of the three basins into which the valley of the Hinter Rhein is divided,

that, namely, of the Rheinwald, which is nearly five thousand feet above the sea. The "wald," or forest, has now been banished to the mountains; but it was probably not from this that the valley took its name, as in Romansch it is called *Val da Rin*. It contains the villages of Splügen, Medels, Ebi, Rufenen, and Hinterrhein, and its wealth consists in meadows and pasture lands. Its inhabitants are German, and are said to have been planted here close to the pass by the Hohenstaufen. This is the southernmost limit reached by the German language and German race, as well as by the Reformed Church, for on the other side of the mountains the people and language are Italian, and the religion is Roman Catholic. The people of the valley enjoyed the special protection of the German kings in former days, and in return guarded the mountain passes for them. They are spoken of in documents of the thirteenth century as



VILLAGE OF SAN BERNARDINO

"free German people." When the league was made under the sycamore at Trons, they, the "free men of the Rhyn," were present with the rest.

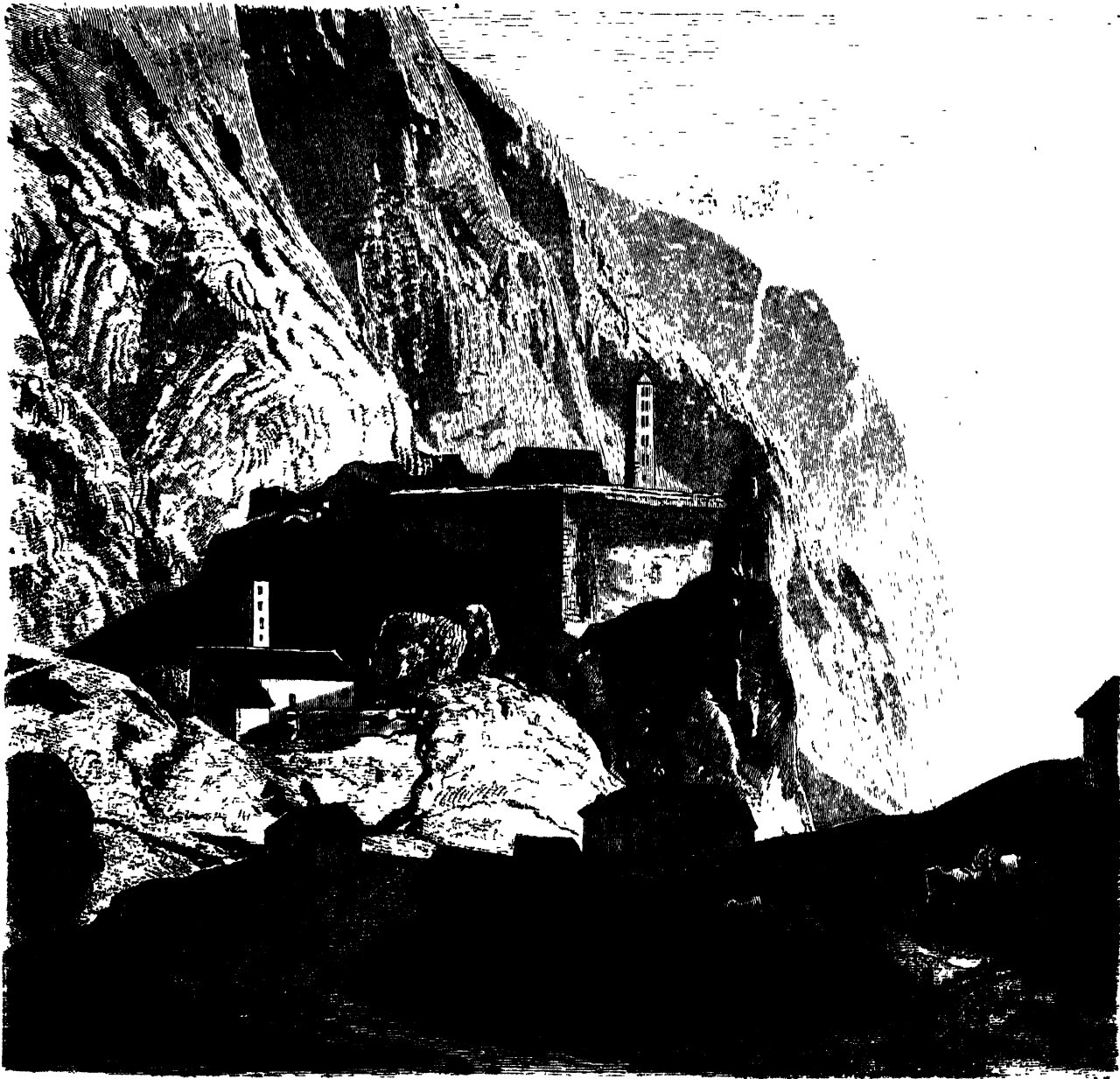
The roads over the Splügen and Bernardino have been a great source of profit to them, and the pretty village of Splügen, in particular, is much enlivened by the constant passage of merchandise and travellers. Splügen contains a good many decent buildings, and lies very near the ice-clad mountains, among which the beautiful Tamborlihorn rises conspicuous in the south. Here the road divides; but both branches will take us into Italy, the one over the Splügen and the other over the Bernardino leading to Chiavenna and Bellinzona respectively.

The Splügen pass was formerly called Urseler or Colmo d'Orso, which seems to point to its having been at one time haunted by bears. At the highest point stood a watch-tower, *specula*, from which Speluga and the Romansch Splugia have probably been derived.

Passing by Medels and Nufenen, we reach Hinterrhein, the last village in the valley, in about two hours. It is a very small place inhabited by herdsmen, and lies almost at the foot of the huge glacier

which culminates in the Rheinwaldhorn or Piz Valrhein, eleven thousand feet high, and is flanked by the peaks of the Güferhorn, Marschalhorn, Zapporthorn, Hochberghorn, Schwarzhorn, and St. Lorentzhorn. The whole beautiful group, extending from Nufenen to Monte Generoso, are together known as the Vogelberg or Adula Mountains, called Mons Avium by the Romans, and Piz d'Uccello by the Italians.

The ice-palace from which the Hinter Rhein here issues forth is most majestic and beautiful, and much grander than the cradle of the Vorder Rhein. The stream, which is from the first of considerable



RUINS OF THE CASTLE OF MESOCCO

size, rises in a vault of ice, near which the Romans built a temple to the nymphs. In later times, when Christianity had penetrated to these regions, a little chapel was erected here in honour of St. Peter, and soon became famous far and wide. Near the chapel there was also a hospice for the accommodation of those who crossed the Bernardino; it was afterwards occupied by hermit brothers, but was so completely destroyed at the Reformation that nothing was left of it but one little bell which still hangs in the belfry at Hinterrhein. Making our way back to the last-named little village, we begin the steep ascent to the

pass of St. Bernardino, which was known to the ancient Romans, and has long been a rival of the Splügen, though it can no more equal the latter in importance than the Splügen can equal the St. Gotthard. Still the Bernardino road is grand, even sublime, and takes us through some mountain scenery of a solemnly magnificent character. In a couple of hours we reach the summit of the pass, where there is a very respectable mountain inn by the side of the lake. Other tiny lakelets and pools lie scattered about close by, and from them issue the streams which constitute the sources of the Moësa. This river runs through the beautiful Val Mesocco, and eventually joins the Ticino. It rushes down from the mountains with much impetuosity, forming numerous cascades as it leaps and dashes over the rocks, and is spanned by several bold bridges. The road winds serpent-like along its margin and brings us to our next halting-place, the little village and baths of St. Bernardino, where the valley expands a little and the



PLASANTS OF THE VALLEY OF MOESA.

Moësa is augmented by the waters of the Val Vignone. It is a very quiet world-secluded spot, sheltered from the rude north winds by the ice-clad mountains which tower above it, and lying open to all the genial influences of the soft southern breezes.

The traveller feels at once that he is entering upon another world: he is surrounded by people of a different character from those he has left behind him, he hears Italian spoken on all sides, and everything he sees reminds him that he is in a Roman Catholic country. The influence of St. Carlo Borromeo, the famous and energetic Bishop of Milan, extended even to this remote place, and by him the tide of the Reformation, which had advanced hither from the north, was effectually checked and turned back. Already we feel that we are in Italy, the land of the olive and myrtle, for the sunshine is Italian in its fervour, and both the features of the landscape and its colouring are unmistakably Italian too. At Soazza we see the first chestnut trees, and just below the beautiful cascade of Buffalora (one of several which

enliven the valley) the vine begins to be cultivated, chestnuts become more abundant, and soon our attention is caught by the light green foliage of the mulberry and fig tree. At every step we take, the flowers, plants, and creepers which clothe the sides of the valley become more southern in their character, and the people whom we see standing at the doors of their houses are decidedly Italian in manner and feature. They are Italian, in fact; and, whether it be that they are more easily satisfied than their neighbours in the other valleys of the Grisons, certain it is that they are never so well off and prosperous. They generally leave Nature and the women to look after the fields and gardens as best they may, while they themselves, like the Ticinesi, go abroad and earn their living at small trades and handicrafts. This, at least, is what many of them do, and the number of emigrants every year is considerable.

In many parts of the Grisons, and also on the Splugen road, at certain seasons of the year one meets



ROVEREDO.

with numbers of men and women of a very different type from these. They are distinguished for their honesty, industry, and good looks, and are commonly called Veltliners; for they come from the Val Tellina, the beautiful valleys of the Adda and Moira, where the vine grows in luxuriant perfection. During the summer months they migrate to the northern side of the Alps, and hire themselves out as harvest labourers. They combine all the cleverness and vigour of the Graubündners with the natural grace and other characteristics of the Italians; and they possess the additional merit of wearing a particularly charming and tasteful costume.

The gem of the Mesocco valley is the ancient Castle of Mesocco, which, indeed, is the most picturesque ruin in all Switzerland. It stands almost in the centre of the valley, over which it once held sway, and in spite of its antiquity, its four fine towers and strongly built walls are still in a very fair state of

preservation. Its name in former times was *Monsax*, and it was the ancestral seat of the Counts of Sax, who fought in the Hungarian wars. It is frequently mentioned in the history of the Grisons, for its influence extended as far as Northern Rætia, and Hans von Sax was one of those who helped to frame the Grey League of 1424. The last of the race, being in want of money, sold the castle and its lands to the Lombard family of Trivulzio, who retained it for about a hundred years, after which, in 1526, it was destroyed by order of the Three Leagues. The place has some connection with Roveredo, the capital



FALLEN ROCKS AT MARMORÈ

of the lower part of the valley, where stand the ruins of a palace which reminds us of the last owners of the castle. This Roveredo must not be confounded with the one in the Tyrol, which we pass in the railway going from Bozen to Verona; and that is all we can say about it at the present time, for we must not allow ourselves to be overcome by the fascinations of the south, as we cannot bring our Swiss tour to an end without seeing what is to be seen on the other side of Chiavenna, where lies the Engadine.

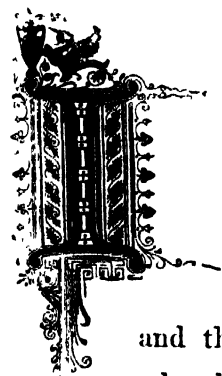


WEISSENSTEIN, ON THE ALBULA PASS

THROUGH THE ENGADINE.

“Turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword,
No vernal blooms then torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May.”

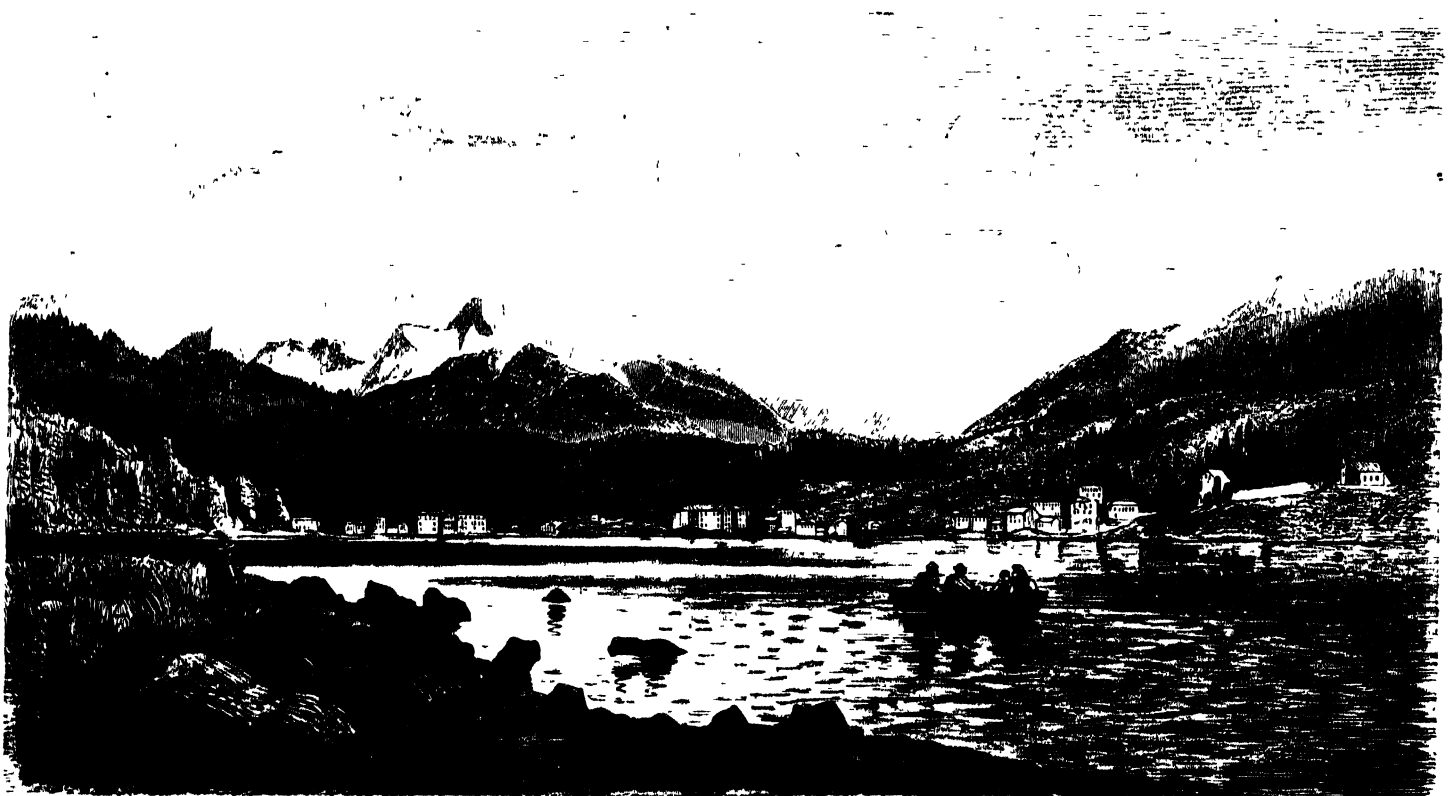
GOLDSMITH



F, on some bright summer day, when the tourist season is just beginning, we could emulate the eagle's flight and hover awhile over the Bernina Mountains, taking a bird's-eye view of the country below, we should see that it is a valley, and that it extends from the plateau of the Maloja in the south-west, to the pass of Martinsbruck-Finstermunz on the Tyrolese frontier in the north-east. This valley is the Engadine, and there are as many as seven fine roads which all lead into it. Travellers from the north who have halted at Chur may choose between the Julier and Albula pass; and, further still, have the option of reaching Tiefenkasten either by way of Churwalden or by Thusis and the magnificent Schyn pass. Arrived at Tiefenkasten, they may take the western road through the valley

of Oberhalbstein and over the Julier pass, which will bring them to Silva Plana in the Upper Engadine, or they may take the road to the east, which will lead them over the Albula pass to Ponte. Those who are not in a hurry, and would like to begin by visiting the green meadows of Prättigau and part of the Lower Engadine, had better go through Landquart and Davos, and across the Flüela pass, unless they too prefer following the new road along the river as far as Tiefenkasten. Tourists from the plains of Lombardy will enter the Engadine either by Chiavenna, the Val Bregaglia and the Maloja pass, or they will pass through Tirano in the valley of the Adda, and then proceed by way of Poschiavo and the Bernina pass, which will bring them to Samaden.

As if these were not enough, there are besides two approaches from the Tyrol, one through the pass near Nauders, which leads into the Lower Engadine, the other leading from Meran to the Munsterthal



BATHS AND LAKE OF ST. MORITZ.

and Zernetz in the Middle Engadine. In addition to these there are a number of other passes, mere footpaths, and practicable only for the pedestrian. In fact, it is only within the last thirty years or so that there have been any carriage roads leading into the valley of the Inn; but during this time the energetic Graubündners have done wonders in the way of blasting, digging, levelling, and constructing, and all the post roads are works of a most masterly character. Those who made them knew perfectly well what they were about, though they thought less of their own convenience than of making the way easy for foreigners, who at once recognised the beauty of the Engadine and the healing virtue of its springs, which soon became a source of great profit to the valley. Since that time the baths of St. Moritz and Tarasp Schuls have become a sort of Mecca and Medina to invalids, while the rest of the Engadine is a perfect El Dorado for mountaineers and lovers of beautiful scenery; in fact, the Engadine has become decidedly fashionable.



A MOUNTAIN-FOREST.

NAWAB SALAR JUNG BAHAL

Under the name of the Engadine are included the mountains, the principal valley, and numerous lateral valleys, forming the great plateau, some fifty odd miles in length, which sweeps in a wide curve round the south-east of Switzerland and connects the north of Italy with the Tyrol and South Germany. The great chains of mountains which bound it on the north and south separate it on the one hand from the northern and central portions of the Grisons—the important valleys of the Prattigau, Davos, Bergün, and Oberhalbstein—and on the other from the southern districts of the Val Tellina, Poschiavo, Bormio, Münsterthal, and Vintschgau. The river Inn flows through the whole length of the Engadine, which lies

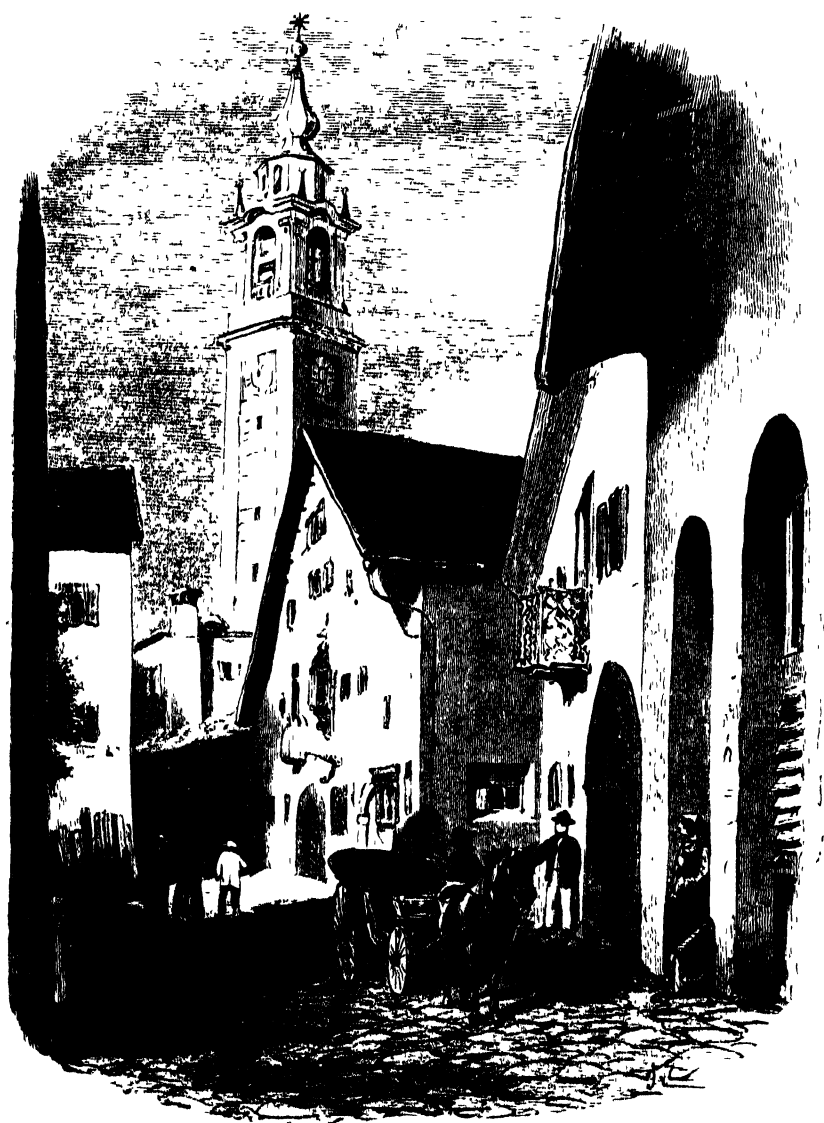


FARM OF ALPINA, NEAR ST. MORITZ

at a greater elevation than any other inhabited valley in Europe, with the exception, perhaps, of the valley of Avers. It is divided into two parts of unequal size—the Upper Engadine, which is about twenty-four, and the Lower Engadine, which is some thirty-three miles long. The Upper Engadine extends to Punt-auta or Pont-alta, a bridge below Scans, which spans the deep ravine between Cmoschel and Brail, where in the old troubled times stood a wall stretching across the valley in a diagonal direction, and dividing the Upper from the Lower Engadine. The villages in the Lower Engadine are not nearly so large or so town-like as those of the Upper Engadine. The most important are Zernetz and Tarasp

Schuls—Fex and Scharl being mere clusters of cottages. But the Lower Engadine can hardly be said to have been explored as yet. The Upper Engadine lies so far above the sea-level, that the village of Samaden is very little lower than the summit of the Rigi. Accordingly, we shall not be astonished at the absence of the orange, beech, oak, elm, sycamore, walnut, and chestnut, with which we have been so familiar in other mountain regions; and the otherwise pretty villages which stud the green pasture-lands look very bare and bald in consequence. Vegetation in general is scanty, but such plants as there are will grow here at a higher elevation than almost anywhere else.

The wild animals of the canton are as essentially alpine in their character as is the vegetation. To be



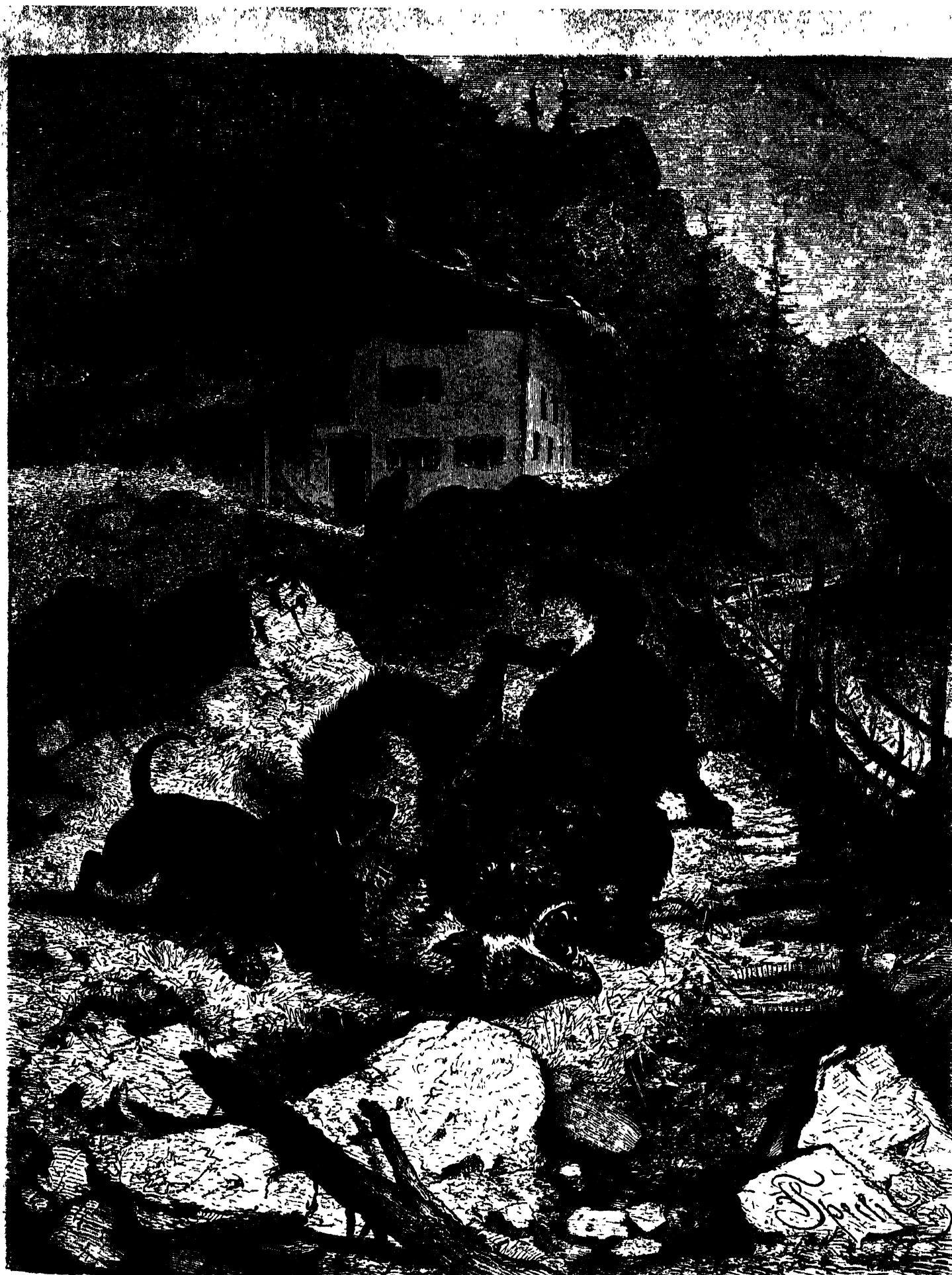
SAMADEN.

sure, the steinbock, or ibex goat, once common throughout the whole of the Engadine, has been utterly exterminated, and the chamois have so diminished in numbers that travellers very seldom succeed in catching sight of a specimen. On the other hand, the Engadine is so far better off than Bern, in that it still possesses at least one genuine representative of the denizens of the old primeval forests, namely, the bear. It is by no means rare in the Engadine, though it is allowed to be hunted at all seasons of the year, as are also the wolf, lynx, vulture, eagle, and, unfortunately, even the owl. The Engadine also possesses a good deal of feathered game; but wild deer must be considered as extinct.

There is much to interest the stranger in the manners, customs, and language of the Engadine. The people are of Romansch race and of a type more marked than the rest of the Graubündners. Their language too is softer and more euphonious, thanks to their proximity to Italy; and, to distinguish it from the

harsher dialect of Romansch spoken in the Oberland between Chiamut and Tamins, it is called Ladin. It prevails chiefly along the banks of the Upper Inn and in the Munsterthal. In outward appearance, also, the people of the Engadine are decidedly of the Italian type. They have abandoned their own distinctive costume for some time past.

The Engadine possesses no native industries, and, as the population is chiefly agricultural and pastoral, we must look elsewhere if we would discover the source of the wealth and prosperity which the valley enjoys. The Engadiner is to be found in all parts of the world; and, as he is frugal and thrifty, he



HERDSMAN'S DOGS STRUGGLING WITH A WOLF

almost always makes his fortune. But no sooner has he grown rich than he begins to yearn for home, and sooner or later he is sure to leave the busy, bustling city, and go back to the small quiet village where he was born. There he builds himself a villa, which is quite a palace in its way, and spends the rest of his days in his own beloved native land, free from all care and anxiety. Almost all the men hereabouts speak their three or four languages with fluency, and the German is especially noted as being the best to be heard in Switzerland. Protestantism is the prevailing form of religion, and the people have always been very earnest in maintaining it. As to the meaning and derivation of the word "Engadine," opinions are divided. It is generally, however, supposed to be a corruption of *En co d'Oen*, which means *In capite Oeni*, "at the head of the Inn." One thing is tolerably certain, namely, that the valley takes its name



PONTRESINA.

from the river by which it is watered, for nearly all the streams which flow from the lateral valleys are called *Oen* in the popular dialect.

The whole valley falls naturally into two principal divisions, as we have said; and so again the upper valley is divided into two clearly marked and distinct portions by the diagonal ridge of rock upon which the village of St. Moritz is situated. North-east of this natural boundary are the villages of Bevers; Campovasto, also called Camogask; Ponte, where the road over the Albula pass begins; Madulein, with the ruins of the famous Castle of Guardavall; Zutz, and Seans. Besides Samaden, there are also the villages of Cellerina, Campfer, Silvaplana, and the two hamlets called Sils.

The Maloja pass is the most elevated spot in the valley of the Inn, being five thousand nine hundred feet above the level of the sea. It forms the boundary between the Upper Engadine and the valley of Bergell, or Bregaglia, called in Roman times *Prægallia*. This mountain sends forth its waters into the

Black Sea, the Adriatic, and we may even say the North Sea. The objects most likely to attract our attention are the Piz della Margna and Piz Lunghino, which tower aloft on either side of the elevated plateau and its scanty sprinkling of cottages. More interesting than these two peaks, however, is the glorious view which the pass commands of the exquisitely beautiful valley of Bregaglia, which extends as far as Castasegna, a distance of about eighteen miles. Here the road begins to descend with surprising abruptness, and proceeds in a series of steep, perilous-looking zigzags to Casaccia; and if any one should chance to find the air of the Engadine too cold, even in the August dog-days, he need only fly across the Maloja, and in a few hours' time he may take his seat under the blooming pomegranates which adorn the garden of Signor Conradi's Hotel at Chiavenna. Most tourists, however, pursue their journey along the margin of the Lake of Sils, past the twin hamlets of Sils, and past Silvaplana to St. Moritz and Samaden.

Silvaplana is a pleasant place, situated in the midst of quiet green meadows, with a grand view of the mountains, some spurs of which advance close up to the roadway. Its name, which means "a wooded



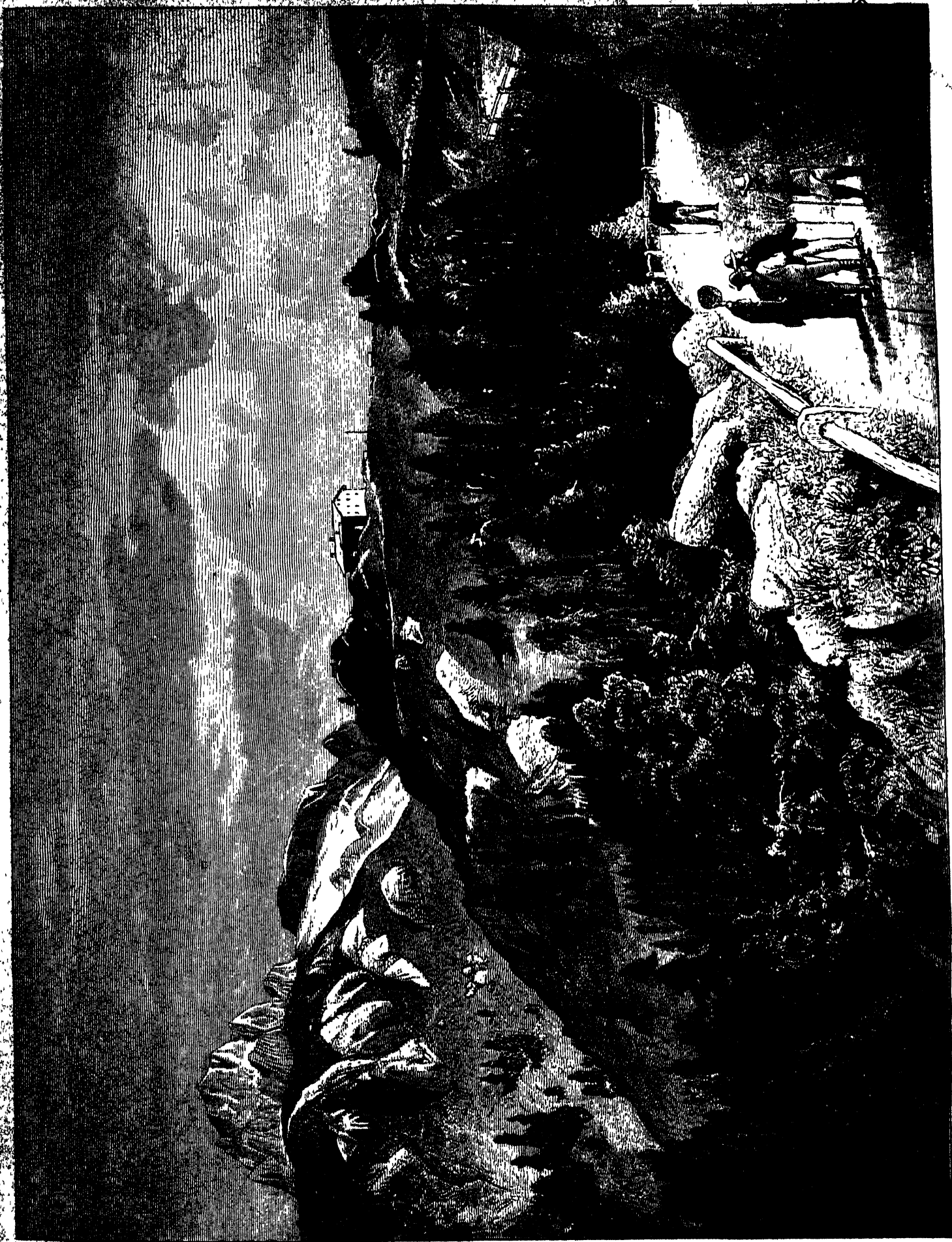
GLACIER-TABLE.

plain," has ceased to be appropriate now that the wood has disappeared; but, standing as it does at the junction of the roads from Chiavenna and the Bernina, it is important as an emporium for merchandise.

Next to Silvaplana comes the little village of Campf r, the ancient Campus ferri, where the road begins to present a more animated appearance, and we are reminded that we are drawing near to St. Moritz by encountering some of the visitors, who frequently walk to the charmingly situated Acla, or farm of "Alpina," whence there is a lovely view of the valley as far as Sils, including Campf r and Silvaplana with its lake.

But yonder lies another lake surrounded by woods, above which appears the top of the well-known Piz Languard; and here, on a gentle mountain slope to our left, stands the pleasant village of St. Moritz, the most elevated in the whole of the Engadine, and which has of late years made itself a European reputation as a watering-place. Though raised so far above the level of the sea, there is something in the situation of the place, and in the calm, simple grandeur of the surrounding scenery, which seems at once to produce a soothing effect upon the nerves. Certainly the wonderful cures wrought by the air and





THE MALOJA PASS.

the water abundantly justify all that has been said and written in their praise. Other watering-places strive to make themselves attractive by all sorts of outward adornments; but here Nature has done everything. Certainly the pleasure-grounds are well and tastefully laid out; but the eye wanders away from them and over the woods to the frozen heights of the Piz della Margna, to the savage granite slopes of the Julier pass, then from the Piz Nair to the Piz Padella and Piz Ot, above Samaden, and thence to the bleak rocks of the



FALLS OF THE INN AT ST. MORITZ

Piz Languard. Close at hand we have the village, which is increasing in size every year, and at the back of the Kurhaus there is a beautiful wood in which we may take delightful walks, or there is the lake with its gay pleasure-boats, which looks extremely inviting. Those who wish for longer expeditions may go to the Piz St. Gian, to Acla Silva, and to Acla Alpina, or they may go farther still to the Piz Rosatsch or Piz Nair.

The Inn, which is a strong vigorous river, flows through the lake, and immediately afterwards forms a very beautiful cascade in the ravine of Chiarnaduras, which was formerly supposed to be inhabited by a dragon.

Shortly after leaving St. Moritz we come to Samaden, the capital of the Upper Engadine. It has some eight hundred inhabitants, and looks almost like a town. The place is always animated, owing to the constant passage of travellers and merchandise. No other village in the Engadine can boast such grand-looking buildings; many of them, in fact, are small palaces—and this is especially the case with the residence owned by the ancient Planta family. Nearly all the houses are of stone, and very solidly built.

And now we must turn our steps towards Pontresina. The road runs along the bank of the Fletzbach,



VIEW OF THE ROSEG GLACIER, FROM PONTRESINA.

and passes the old mortuary chapel of Celerina, St. Gian, which is perched upon a rocky eminence surrounded by larches. In the summer-time the meadows are full of haymakers, whose light red petticoats and waistcoats make them very telling objects in the landscape. But people of a different type from these are also frequently to be met with on these roads, and about the Roseg and Morteratsch glaciers, namely, the Bergamasque shepherds—picturesque, interesting-looking figures, with generally handsome faces of an Italian cast, long black curly hair, thick beards, and bright eyes. These hardy men come every summer from the Bergamasque valleys of Seriano and Brembano to the High Alps of Switzerland, bringing with them their flocks of large long-legged Bergamasque sheep, to feed on such scanty herbage as they can find among the rocks.

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MORTERATSCH GLACIER AND PIZ BERNINA.

Pontresina forms the head-quarters whence excursions may be most conveniently made to the Piz Languard, the Diavolezza, the Piz Corvatsch, Boval, Fuorcla, Surlei, and Fex, to the Chapütschin and Sella pass, and round the Bernina. It is situated in a valley of the same name, which is not more than six miles long. This valley terminates in the Bernina pass, over which there is a fine road leading through the compactly built town of Puschlav, or Poschiavo, to the Val Tellina and Bormio.

On reaching Laret, the lower village of Pontresina, our attention is at once attracted by the dazzlingly white Roseg glacier, with the silvery peaks of the Sella, Glüschaint, Monica, Chapütschin, &c., rising beyond it. These all belong to the great central mass from which all the mountains of the Engadine seem



COSTUMES IN THE VAL TELLINA.

to radiate, namely, the mighty chain of the Bernina, which is remarkable both for the boldness of its outlines and the massive proportions of its snow-fields and glaciers. Piz Bernina is the name usually appropriated to the peak which towers aloft between the Bernina pass and the valley of Roseg, and from it proceed the three valleys which are overlooked by Pontresina. The valley of Roseg lies between the Piz Rosatsch and Piz Chalehagn, and terminates in the famous glacier of the same name, which is surmounted by the Piz Bernina, or Monte Rosso da Scerseen, a peak over thirteen thousand feet high, and the loftiest of the group. East of the Roseg valley, and at the foot of Munt Pers, lies a second valley, which is almost filled up by the Morteratsch glacier. Between Munt Pers and the Piz Bernina are the giant peaks of Zupo, Palu, and Cambrena, all of them girt round by glaciers. To the east of this again,

and close to the great pyramid of the Piz Languard, lies the third valley, which leads up to the pass of the Bernina. The lower part of these three valleys may be visited by the most inexperienced of tourists; but the upper part should not be attempted save by mountaineers well accustomed to snow and ice.

The way to the lower extremity of the Morteratsch glacier is by a level road which leads past the



FALLS OF THE BERNINA.

Languard cascade and a picturesque saw-mill, which have formed the subject of many a sketch. On our way through a shady wood of Siberian pines we also pass the much more beautiful falls of the Bernina brook, which dashes with a thundering roar over huge masses of syenite rock, worn quite smooth by the action of the water. Beyond the falls there are the wooden bridges—one over the Bernina brook, the

other over the stream which flows from the Morteratsch glacier; then follows a restaurant, and in a few minutes more we reach the blue wall of ice and the ice-grotto of the beautiful glacier, which descends lower than any other similar glacier in the Engadine, and advances far down into the forest. To gain any idea of the size of the glacier, or Vadret da Morteratsch, the traveller must ascend to the summit of the isolated Isola Pers, which rears its head from out the eternal ice, and has little or no vegetation to boast of. From this height there is a wonderful view of the pyramids of blue ice, which seem to rise from an utterly unfathomable depth, and of the conglomeration of fissures, crevasses, rents, and cracks which cover the surface of the glacier and present a truly formidable appearance. The action of the sun and the presence



SCHULS.

of various foreign bodies upon the ice combine to produce some most extraordinary effects, and we see great mounds, pillars, peaks, obelisks, needles, hollows, funnels, and what are known as "glacier tables"—large blocks or slabs of stone which have fallen upon the glacier, protecting the part immediately beneath them both from sun and rain, while the surrounding portion has melted away, leaving them supported upon pillars or pedestals of ice.

Yonder, by way of the rocky Isola Pers, leads the now much-frequented path to the Munt Pers, or summit of the Diavolezza, behind which lies a dreary, desolate waste, with the melancholy little lake of the Diavolezza. From here we descend to the hospitable Bernina houses, where we shall find something to console us for our exertions, namely, the splendid red Val-Tellina wine, which all travellers in the

Engadine thoroughly appreciate. It is not so abundant as it used to be in the old days when the traffic in it was at its height, and whole strings of mules with their drivers—or, in the winter, regular caravans of sledges—might be seen crossing the pass. The three houses presented a much more animated and interesting appearance then, and many a picturesque figure halted here for rest and refreshment; but now that there are so many other ways into the Engadine the Bernina pass is rather deserted.

In the summer-time the meadows about here are decked in the brightest green; but their splendour is of short duration, inasmuch as winter reigns here for nearly nine months of the year, and his dominions are said to be steadily increasing in the neighbourhood of the Morteratsch glacier, which has advanced considerably within the last few years.

On rattles the diligence, carrying us past the villages of Madulein, Scaufs, Zernetz, and Sûs, and into



PEASANTS OF THE VAL TELLINA

the Lower Engadine; which seldom, however, proves very attractive to those who visit it after they have seen and enjoyed the finer scenery of the upper valley. All who ever read newspaper advertisements are, of course, familiar with the name of Tarasp-Schuls; but the place itself is but a feeble reflection of St. Moritz. Yonder, perched on a precipitous cliff, stands the grand old château of Tarasp, formerly owned by the lords of Tarasp, who maintained their authority over the village in spite of the general emancipation effected by the League. The castle was deserted from 1815, and the medicinal springs were quite neglected until the year 1860, when communication was established between the village and the rest of the world. Since then Tarasp, as well as Schuls, Fettau, and Vulpera, has been making rapid progress. Schuls has the same aspect as St. Moritz, but the climate is milder. Its old church, situated upon a lofty eminence, reminds one of the battle between the inhabitants and the Austrians, who attacked them in

SEALAR JUNG BAYADUR

FLUELA PASS

1621. Men and women alike took part in the struggle and fought desperately, until the ground was strewn with their dead bodies.

Returning to Sûs, which stands at the mouth of a valley called the Susascathal, from the voluminous torrent by which it is watered, we proceed on our way up to the Flüela pass. The scenery is fine, and close at hand we see the Piz del Res, Murterol, Piz Badred, with the Grialetsch glacier, and the mouths of the Val Fless and Kehrenthal. The road winds about a great deal, and the diligence rolls slowly along between woods and cliffs, and often on the very verge of the precipice, until at length we reach the summit of the pass, seven thousand eight hundred and eighty-four feet above the level of the sea, where stands the



SILVAPLANA.

lonely little inn called the Flüela Hospice, surrounded by solemn, awful-looking mountains, and exposed to the most cutting winds. To the left the Schwarzhorn rears its gloomy head, and opposite it stands the dazzling Weisshorn. At the foot of the Schwarzhorn glacier, which supplies it with water, lies the green Lake of Schotten, which is almost always covered with ice; and, separated from it only by the width of the road, we see the brighter-looking Lake of the Weisshorn. A few of the Engadine and Ortler mountains are visible in the east, but in dull weather the whole scene is decidedly dreary; and the next stage of our journey is not much more cheerful, as it takes us through a wilderness of grey rocks, stones, and débris, interspersed, indeed, with abundance of alpine flowers, but still desolate-looking. A little farther on we

come in sight of the inn "Zur Alpenglöcke," and farther down still we reach that of the "Alpenrose," or "Alpine Rose," so named from the rhododendron which grows about here in immense profusion. The road now becomes more cheerful, and turning off to the left descends into the valley which is watered by the Landwasser. We catch glimpses of meadows, fir woods, mountain tops, then of a sparkling lake and a



PEASANT-WOMAN OF THE LOWER ENGADINE.

village, and we know that we are in Davos, and that the village yonder is Davos Dörfli, that of Davos am Platz lying a little farther back.

The whole district of Davos is dotted with houses, hamlets, and cottages; but it is only at the two places just mentioned, Im Platz and Dörfli, that there is anything approaching to a village. The valley is about

fifteen miles long, and the greater part of it is some five or six thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is enclosed by mountains, of which the most considerable are the Schyahorner, Schwarzhorn, and Hochdukan.

Tradition says that the valley was discovered in the thirteenth century by the huntsmen of Donat von Vaz, who were not slow to appreciate the value of its rich meadows and clear streams, as well as the abundance of fish with which the lake was supplied. The baron who was the feudal lord of the district allowed the men to settle here, and called the valley *Davos* (*Tarau*, in Romansch), or, as the common people pronounce it, *Dafos*, which means "behind." This is the popular account of the way in which the valley was settled; but, as a matter of fact, it seems that its first inhabitants came from Valais. For



DAVOS AM PLATZ.

centuries Davos was neglected and left to undisturbed repose; but of late years a number of hotels have suddenly sprung up, for as soon as it became known that persons suffering from consumption might be greatly benefited, and even cured, by a sojourn here, the fame of the place spread with wonderful rapidity. It is never empty, and even in the winter there are as many as five hundred visitors here waiting for the disappearance of the snow and the return of spring. It is to this circumstance that Davos owes all its interest, for in itself it possesses but few attractions, and the scenery of the neighbourhood is only moderately beautiful. Its healthfulness, however, makes many people glad to spend as much as six months at a time here.

The scenery about Klosters, the first large place in the Prättigau, is of a more pleasing and cheerful

character. Prättigau, "the valley of meadows," which lies between the beautiful chains of the Rhätikon and Hochwang, is the most important valley in the Grisons, and appears to enjoy the especial favour of Heaven. The mountains are fine and are terraced with rich meadows, vegetation is most luxuriant, and the people are not only prosperous and good-looking, but they live in picturesque, comfortable houses, and their alps are said to be stocked with some of the finest cattle to be seen anywhere. There are more legends and more historical reminiscences connected with this district than with any other part of Switzerland. It is delightfully refreshing to walk along by the side of the foaming Landquart, past the

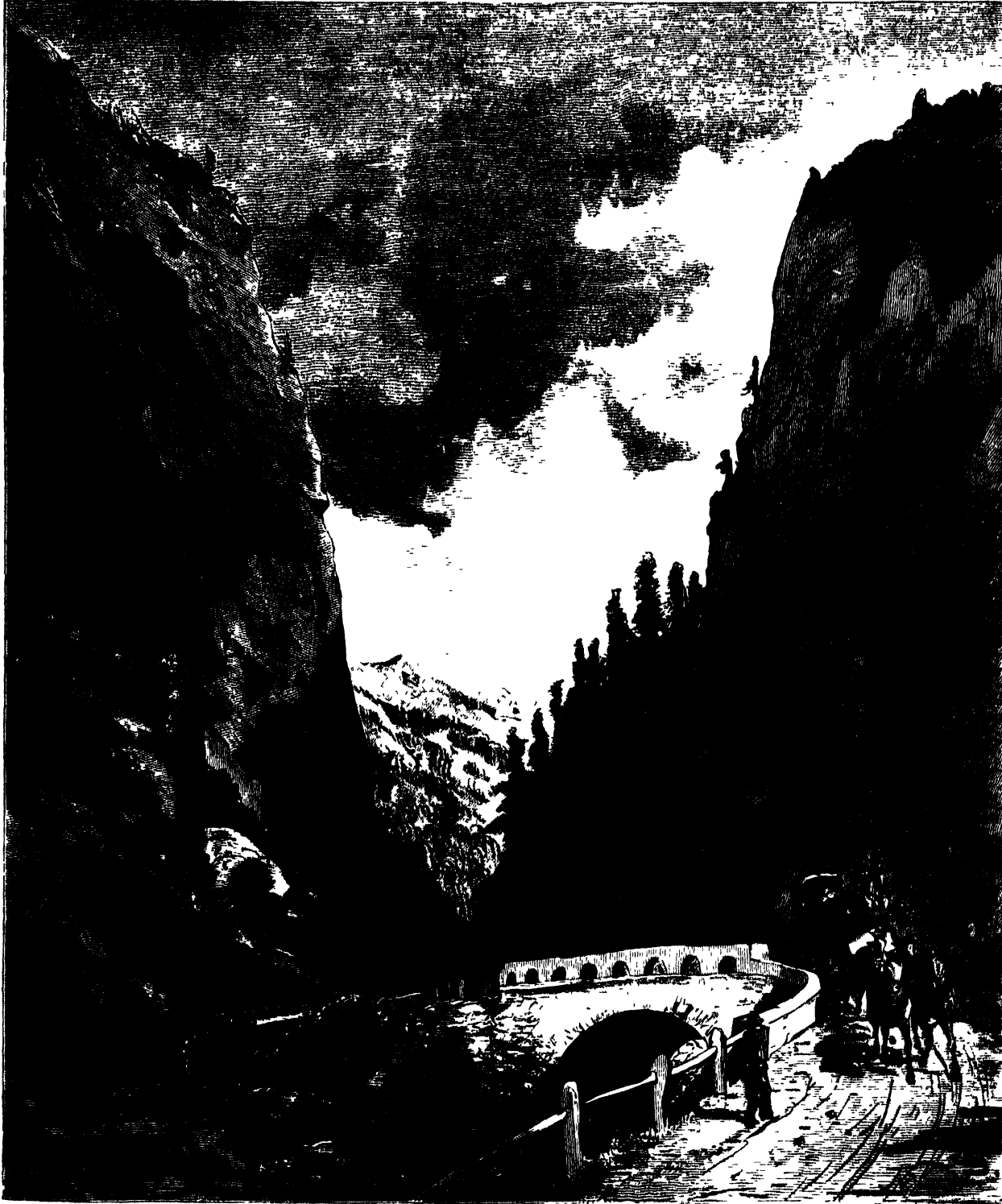


ANCIENT WOODEN HOUSES AT SCHIERS, IN THE PRAETTIGAU.

pleasant villages of Sernens, Kublis, Jenatz, Schiers, Grusch, and Seewis, and past groups of houses and numerous châteaux and stables.

As we wander along we shall often be tempted to stand still and admire the timber houses, many of which are very fine specimens of ancient woodwork, and are almost more beautiful than those of the renowned Bernese Oberland—to which, however, they bear considerable resemblance. They have, for example, the usual wooden staircase leading up to a projecting gallery, which is generally filled with flowers, the brilliant scarlet lychnis being especially conspicuous, and harmonizing well with the dark brown of the woodwork. The whole house is constructed of wooden logs, skilfully put together and carved

with various ornamental devices and inscriptions; the latter being made out in antique or wedge-shaped characters, and consisting of names, dates, and pious sayings. It is a thousand pities that we cannot stay and gossip awhile with some of the people here, for they possess rich stores of legendary lore.



THE PRAETTIGAUER CLUS.

Innumerable tales are told of the "wild men," who seem to have sprung from this neighbourhood; and there is one particularly beautiful and poetical legend current about the Fairy Madrisa, who fell in love with the son of a cowherd, and is said to have given her name to the Madrishorn ob Saas.

We are now nearing the farther end of the Prattigau, and the steep cliffs on either side approach closer and closer together, while the road is often blasted in the hard rock. The Landquart rushes furiously along in its narrow stony bed, and the wind roars through the valley behind us to blow us out into the open country. Yonder is the gorge known as the Clus, usually called the "Schloss" by the people of the Prattigau.

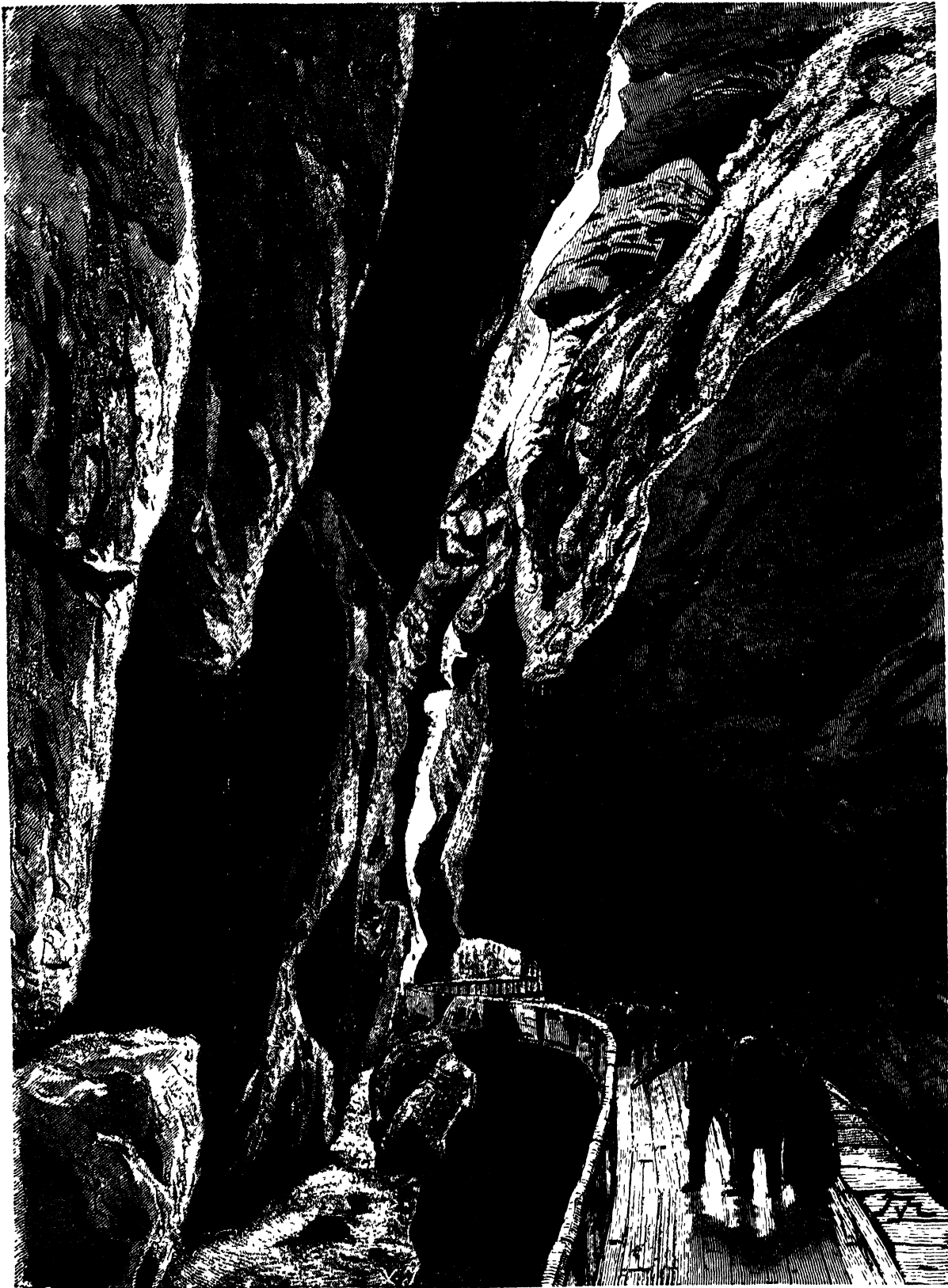
A long dusty road leads in a perfectly straight line from the Clus to the railroad, which will take us down the Valley of the Rhine to the Lake of Constance, where our tour began. But we must make one last halt at Ragatz, that we may see the gorge of the Tamina, of which we have heard so much. Ragatz itself too, standing as it does in the midst of the broad bright Valley of the Rhine, with glorious woods all around it, is a very refreshing pleasant place. The houses, which are half-buried in rich green foliage



BATHS OF PFAEFERS.

and are surrounded by gardens, look cheerful and hospitable, and there is an air of elegance and refinement about all that meets the eye, such as shows clearly that the tastes and requirements of the many distinguished visitors who annually come to Ragatz have been carefully studied and provided for. The village is overlooked by two mediæval castles, which are rich in historical associations; and that nothing may be wanting to complete the harmony of the landscape, the horizon is bounded by the beautiful forms and outlines of the ever-glorious Alps. A very little farther on, however, Nature shows herself under a totally different aspect. Grey cliffs rise to right and left of us, with trees clinging desperately to the scanty support afforded them. To the left of the winding road the impetuous Tamina rushes along with a loud roar, and here and there a mountain streamlet comes foaming down the cliff and is lost in a cloud of

spray. Alpine roses, saxifrages, and wild creepers of all kinds cover the rocks, and fragments of grey nummulite, which have gradually been worn into strange distorted shapes or marked with wonderful



GORGE OF THE TAMINA.

hieroglyphics by the action of the boiling waters, which have been dashing through the gorge from time immemorial. At the far end of the ravine, and looking as if it were jammed in between the cliffs, stands

the old bath-house of Pfaoeffers, and behind it is the celebrated chasm through which the river rushes with frantic fury. The source of the hot springs is in a cavern among the rocks—

“Dim seen, thro’ rising mists and ceaseless show’rs,
The hoary cavern wide-surrounding low’rs.
Still thro’ the gap the struggling river toils,
And still below the horrid cauldron boils.”

Surely some wonderful drama must have been enacted here long ago in old primeval times. The Titans themselves are all dead and gone now, however, though they have left their wild scenery behind, and their stage is now occupied by puny, sickly mortals, who come hither to wonder and muse over the relics of former ages.

The September sun is sinking rapidly in the west, and its last rays are illuminating the forests and mountains of our beloved Switzerland. The summer is ended and our holiday ramble is over! A good deal of snow has probably fallen upon the mountains in the interior by this time, and the flocks and herds are reluctantly wending their way down into the valleys. We ourselves are passing once more through the Canton of Appenzell, and this evening we shall cross Lake Constance and set foot on German soil again; but the wild, long-drawn notes of the Alpine horn still echo in our ears, and we seem to hear the plaintive song in which the herdsman bids adieu to his favourite Alps:—

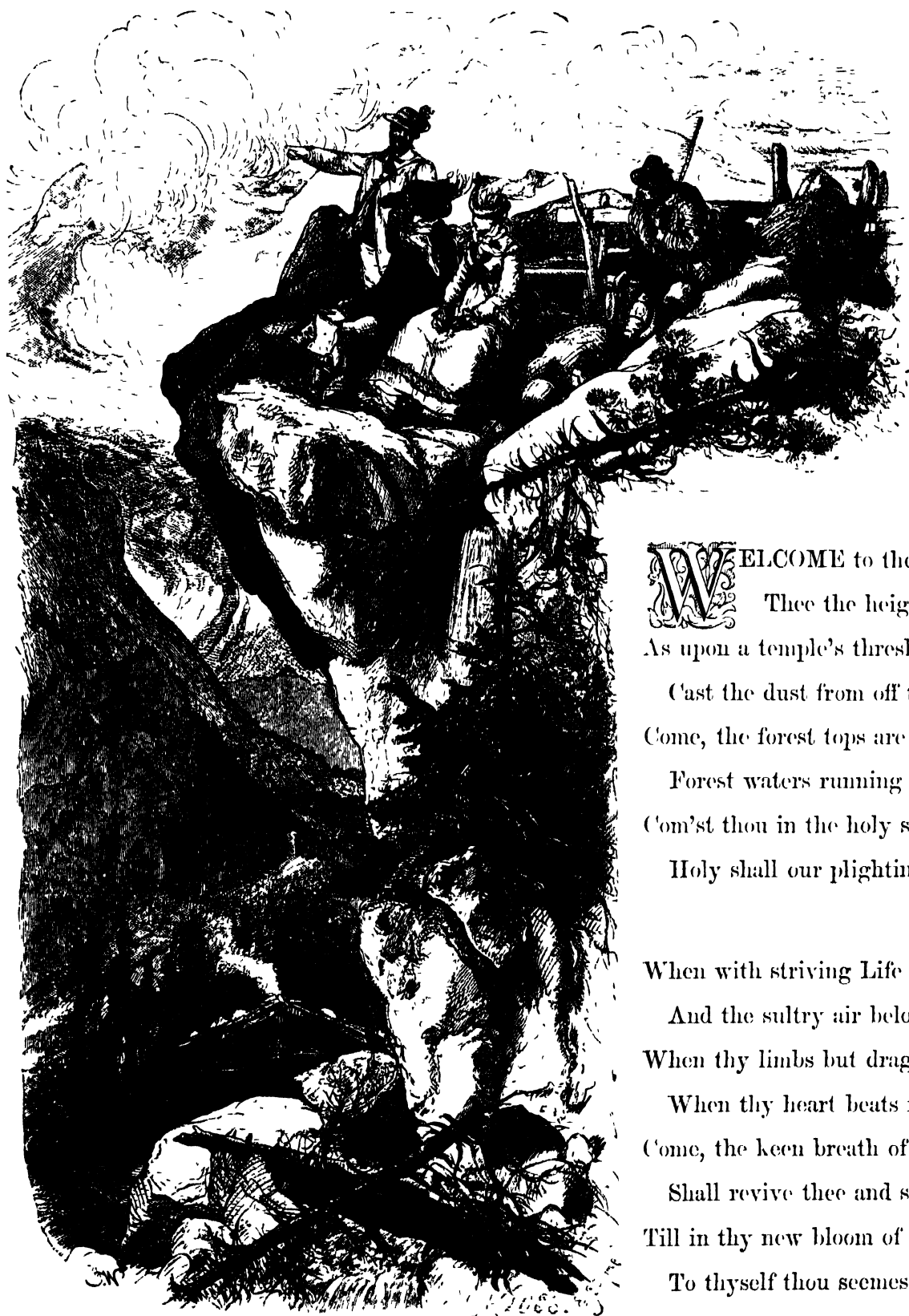
“Farewell to the pastures
So sunny and bright!
The herdsman must leave you
When summer takes flight

“We shall come to the mountains again when the voice
Of the cuckoo is heard, bidding all things rejoice,
When the earth dons her fairest and freshest array,
And the streamlets are flowing, in beautiful May

“Ye pastures and meadows,
Farewell then once more!
The herdsman must go,
For the summer is o’er”

THE BAVARIAN HIGHLANDS

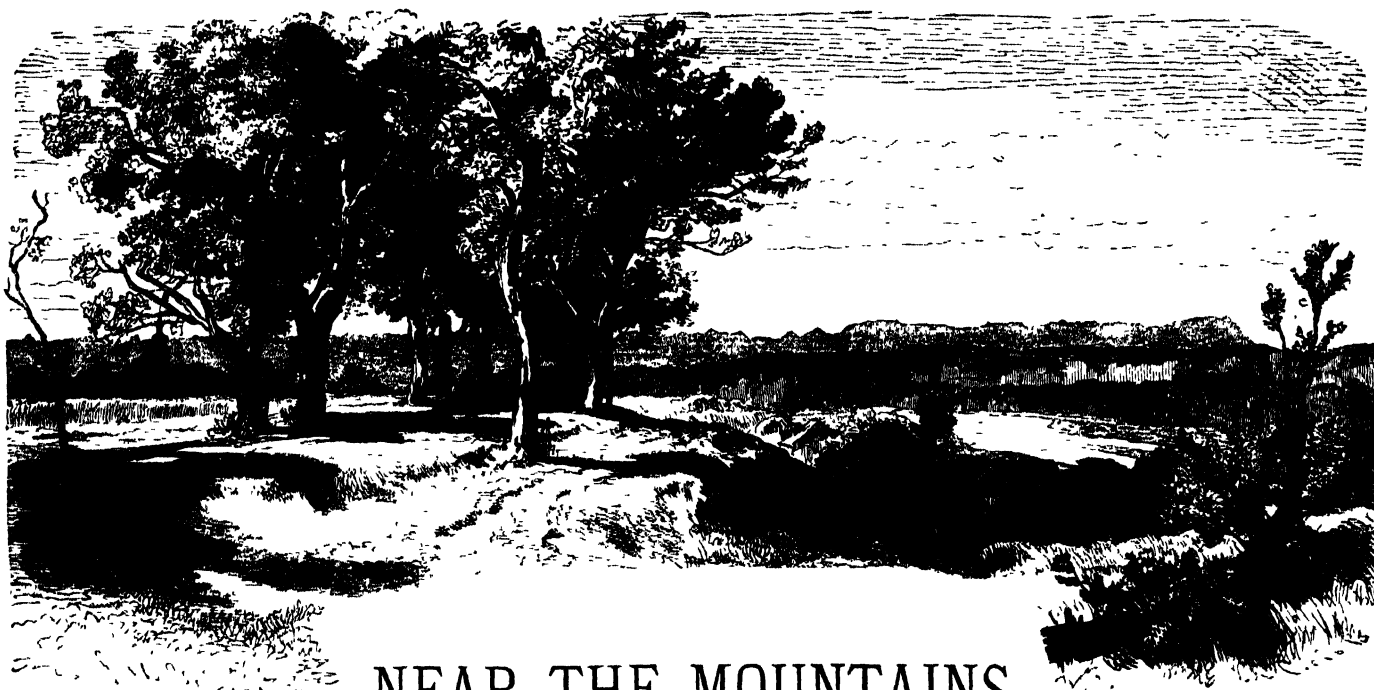
THE MOUNTAIN'S GREETING.



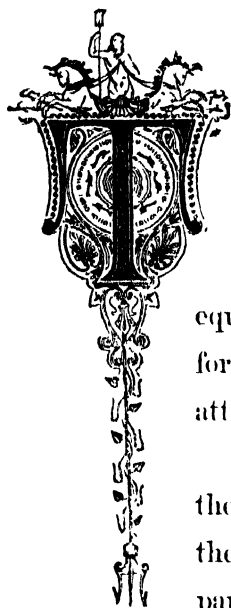
WELCOME to the mountain-climber !
Thee the heights in chorus greet.

As upon a temple's threshold,
Cast the dust from off thy feet.
Come, the forest tops are swaying,
Forest waters running free ;
Com'st thou in the holy spirit,
Holy shall our plighting be.

When with striving Life outwearied,
And the sultry air below,
When thy limbs but drag a burden,
When thy heart beats faint and slow,
Come, the keen breath of the mountain
Shall revive thee and sweep through,
Till in thy new bloom of being
To thyself thou seemest new.



NEAR THE MOUNTAINS.



THE mountains are everywhere beautiful, whether their predominating character be that of wild grandeur or graceful softness; but it can scarcely be denied that the union of these peculiarities and advantages is nowhere so complete and perfect as in that part of the German Alps generally described as the Bavarian Mountains. An equal charm is thrown over the country "Near the Mountains;" and, indeed, as its qualities form one of the chief beauties of these mountains, we are justified in first turning our attention thither.

The general character of these projecting spurs agrees in this, that more or less it bears the marks of their origin; of their dependence on the mountains themselves, which make them, and before whose feet they lie like children at the feet of their parents. The comparison is quite fitting for a great portion of the country near the mountains; for it was to the last upheaval from the surface of the globe that they owe their present shape, and that convulsion precipitated, rolled, and poured down the masses of ice-stone and water, whose impact and pressure broke the banks of the lacustrine basins then generally to be found near the mountains; and these drained of their waters, the boulder-flats, clay bottoms, the peat bogs and reservoirs remained, which still speak to the inquirer of mighty revolutions, if, not content with the charming landscape, he desires to examine the ground whereon the magic colours of this picture are laid.

The mountains themselves, then, stand up in impregnable ramparts which, like the isolated advanced works of a gigantic central fortress, spread out and push forward on every side. It is not, indeed, impossible for human courage and strength to surmount them, as trenches are stormed and roofs climbed; but the calm and happy traveller and friend of Nature prefers to seek the doors which the world of mountains has itself left open, and through these—as it were living roads, which to the present hour maintain the ancient intercourse between hill and plain—to seek his diversion. These doors and highways are the rivers and the valleys which the former have hollowed out and dug in the heart of the mountains,

and on that account lead by the nearest and safest way back to that heart. With the mountain streams, therefore, we will commence our wanderings in the mountains.

The first stream which comes under our consideration is the Lech; but here it is only the boundary which divides the proper Bavarian range from the Allgäuer Alps, the Bavarian Oberland from Bavarian Swabia; more important are the Isar and Inn, with their subordinate tributaries and vassals, the Amper and the Loisach, the Mangfall and the Prien, the Traun and the Saalach, which are all connected with each other, and hasten in common to join the chief river of the region, the Danube.

In many of the mountain streams there is an ever-recurring peculiarity, viz. that their exit from the mountains is marked by a large basin, or lake, which they seem to form and flow through before commencing their proper course through the country. The basin formed by the Amper bears its name, the Ammersee, with its solitary and hilly banks. This lake, it is related, was once a fen or marsh. He who, in a skiff of the simplest construction—often made of the hollowed stem of an oak—rows along on



AMMERSEE.

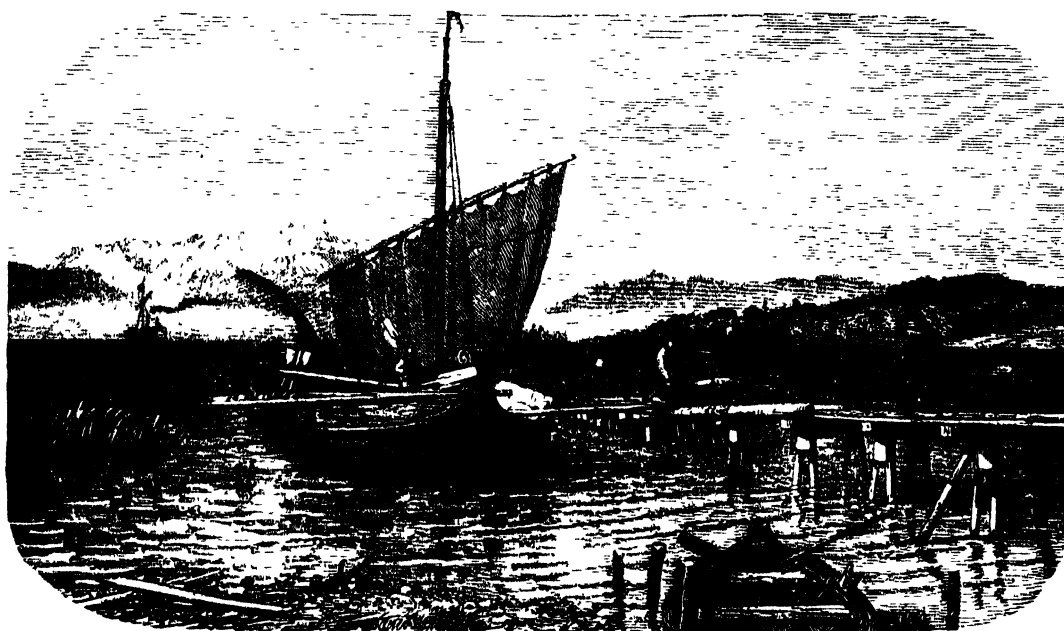
the mighty, wide-spread sheet of water, whilst he sees on his right the glimmer of the white houses of Diessen, will be hailed from the opposite height by the towers and gables of Andechs. This is the lofty baronial hall of the old Counts of that name who once held sway here, when the Roman province through which formerly the Romans conducted the road from Augsburg had become the Ambergau of the Middle Age of Imperial Germany. In front the mountains look down in the same majesty that they have displayed during all these ages, of which no vestige is found, except here and there a Roman castle, or a faded piece of embroidery rescued and honoured as the relic of a saint.

The road then bends over the lofty Peissenberg, with its pilgrim's church, its view, and its extensive coal-beds, which, perhaps, may secure it a greater future than both the former: it is one of the highest points in the whole district, for which reason it is used for meteorological observations. The mass of the Molassengestein, pushed forward in the formation of the mountains so far in its isolation, was too hard for the young mountain-child Amper; it preferred, therefore, to meander around it. This curve brings the traveller who ascends its course to the mountain-enclosed but broad and flat valley where the once

considerable monastery Rotenbuch elevates its solitary and desecrated walls ; then into the green space where Unter and Oberammergau lie, those lovely verdure-mantled spots with the trim picture-bepainted houses, their resident families of carvers, and the world-renowned decennial Passion Play ; overtopped by the romantic giant peak of the Kosel (the Coveliacas of the Romans), and gracefully embedded between the Ettaler and Hörnl-Mandl in rich meadows. In this highly attractive spot it is well worth while to lay down the traveller's staff for a couple of days, even if it be not the time of the Passion Play, which in its simple grandeur is a spectacle to be seen nowhere else in the world.

Here ends the region which may be described as lying near the mountains ; beyond Oberammergau the road turns to the left towards Ettal, the remarkable old foundation of Louis of Bavaria, and then descends, in long, steep mountain roads, into the territory of the kindred Loisach ; but to the right, up the Amper and at the foot of the Kosel, opens out the beautifully green, solitary, mountain-shadowed valley where Graswang lies ; and, farther on, succeeds the still more solitary Linderhof.

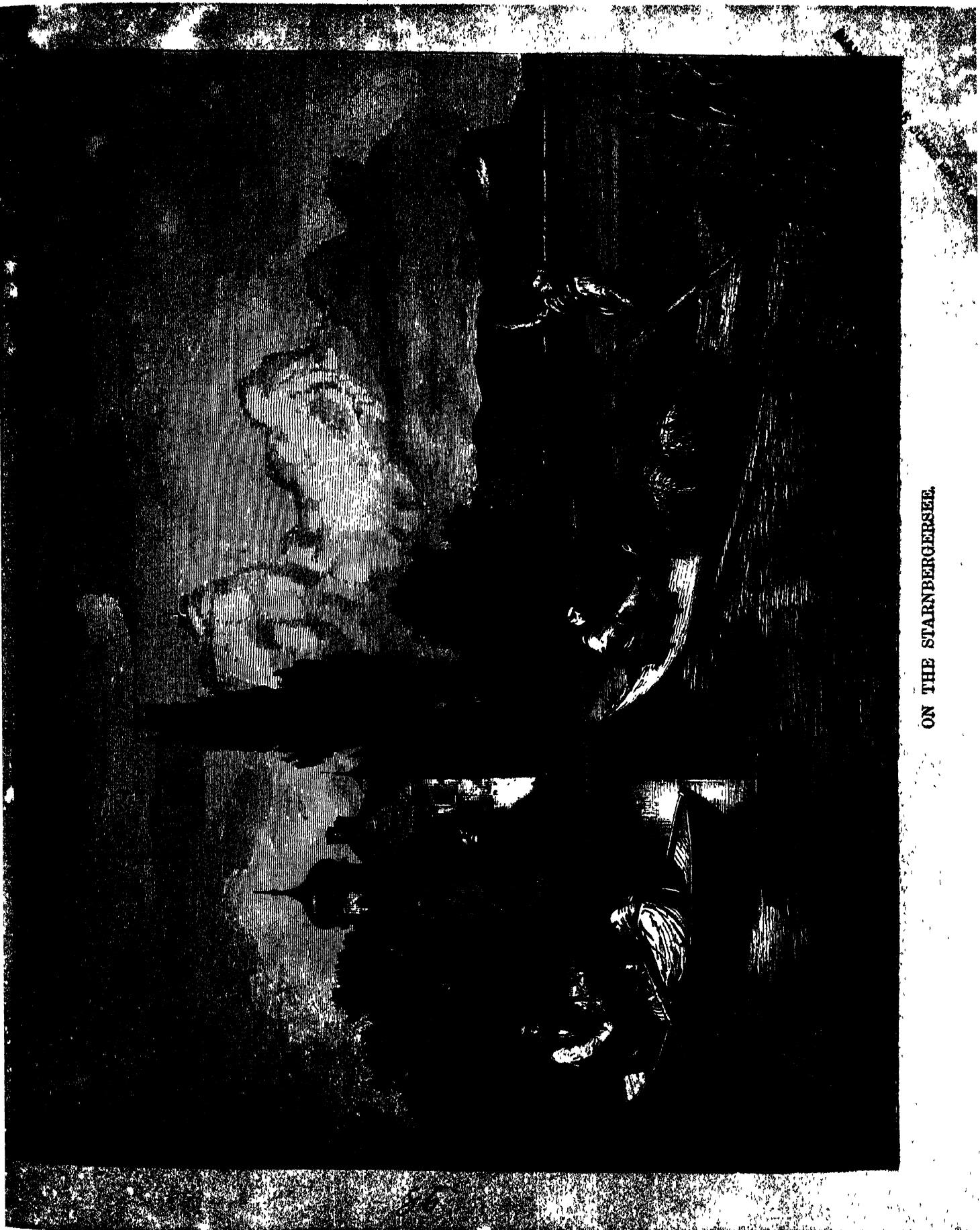
A not less beautiful way offers itself to those who prefer to approach the mountains by the channel of



WOOD-SHIP ON THE STARNBERGERSEE.

the Loisach ; the country passed through is among the most lovely to be seen on earth—it is that round Starnbergersee. No one can forget the moment when, gliding on the flashing sheet of water, he surveys the beautiful outlines of the woody hills, covered with villas, whilst in the blue distance the Alps, like a half-revealed Eden, soar on high ; in the centre, right away over the mossy plains and hills, is that prominent section of the mountains where the Kochelsee has buried itself at the feet of the Jocheralm and the Herzogenstand ; beyond it are the gigantic limestone steeps of the Karwendel ; whilst, away to the west, the mountain-chain of the Benediktswand, with its massive precipices and sharp-cut outlines, marks the commencement of the range of the more lofty mountains ; but eastward the Wetterstein is massed up, rising ever wilder and wilder, at last to descend to the magnificent Zugspitze, at whose feet the Algauer Mountains, and, farther on, the Swiss, stretch away and vanish in the far distance.

In summer, the shining lake has its boats and small craft. The rich and the travellers by profession, who desire to dispatch their pleasures hurriedly, use the neat little steamer to make the tour of the lake



ON THE STARNBERGERSEE.

in half a day ; but those who have less money and more time wander along the magnificent banks, which, from Starnberg to Possenhofen and Feldafing, to Tutzing and Bernried, form a uniform and uninterrupted park, which can scarcely be equalled anywhere. Possenhofen, that ancient but modernised castle which belongs to the Dukes of Bavaria, is especially frequented. Above it lies the village of Veltöfing, now called Feldafing, where there is an excellent inn. But Tutzing has also its friends,—the old castle with its brewhouses, and, still more, the old convent Bernried, with its beech-woods, whose trunks, in beauty, size, and age, have few equals in the world. There are many who prefer the left bank, because, taking a morning stroll between the castles and villas of Berg, Leoni, Allmannshausen, and Ammerland, one walks along in the cool shade, and has the opposite bank in full summer magnificence before one.

Landed at the end of the lake, the traveller moves on its former territory, to which the numerous little lakes around bear witness, into the district proper of the Loisach, through low or undulating land, to the old convent of Benediktbeuern, whose name in history not only brings to mind its great



ON THE STARNBERGERSEE

antiquity, but also its services to art and science and the numerous precious manuscripts which have here found a secure asylum. Not far off, the Loisach emerges from the so-called Rohrsee, the foremost and largest portion of the Kochelsee. This lake waters the surrounding country far around from its deep basin, into which the river seemed formerly to disappear entirely, till a canal was conducted through for the rafts ; for the timber trade is not less carried on on the Loisach than on the Isar. Here we find repeated the phenomenon we remarked in the Ammersee, a lake placed at the river's exit from the mountains, which serves for a reservoir to retain the stream till it is itself full, thus acting as an excellent safeguard against inundations. This is especially the case with the Loisach, which frequently, when the snow melts, in the height of summer, fills with great suddenness, and causes vast devastation and damage. Fortunately, in this case the Rohrsee affords a respite of several hours, and gives time to the inhabitants of the upper course of the river to send tidings by means of so-called "water-riders" to those of the lower parts, that the "great water" is on the way. Thus precautionary measures can be taken, and the Isar, into which the Loisach flows, is the only river which at its flood times rushes on

without warning, because it wants a similar safety-valve at its point of departure. The friendly, sober Staffelsee, near the town of Murnau also, and even the Würmsce, appertain properly to the Loisach district, for the traces of a former flood in this direction can be followed with tolerable precision.

It is not surprising that the prospect grows more and more charming as we quit the marshy plain. As a matter of course the more distant and lofty ranges become hidden from view; but, on the other hand, the more advanced ones are even more marked in the sharpness, distinctness, and beauty of their outlines, and present a more contracted, but more detailed and lovely picture. The broad and rocky brow of the Benediktwand towers like a giant, closely supported by the Joheralm, whilst the Herzogenstand and the Haimgarten fill the interval between the Sonnenspitz, where the mountains slope again into the plain. There, hidden among the fruit-trees, lies the pleasant little village Kochel, in which may yet be found many of those pretty cottages with the low, projecting gables and flower-adorned balcony round the upper story (called the "bower") which are so distinctive of the country; alas! like



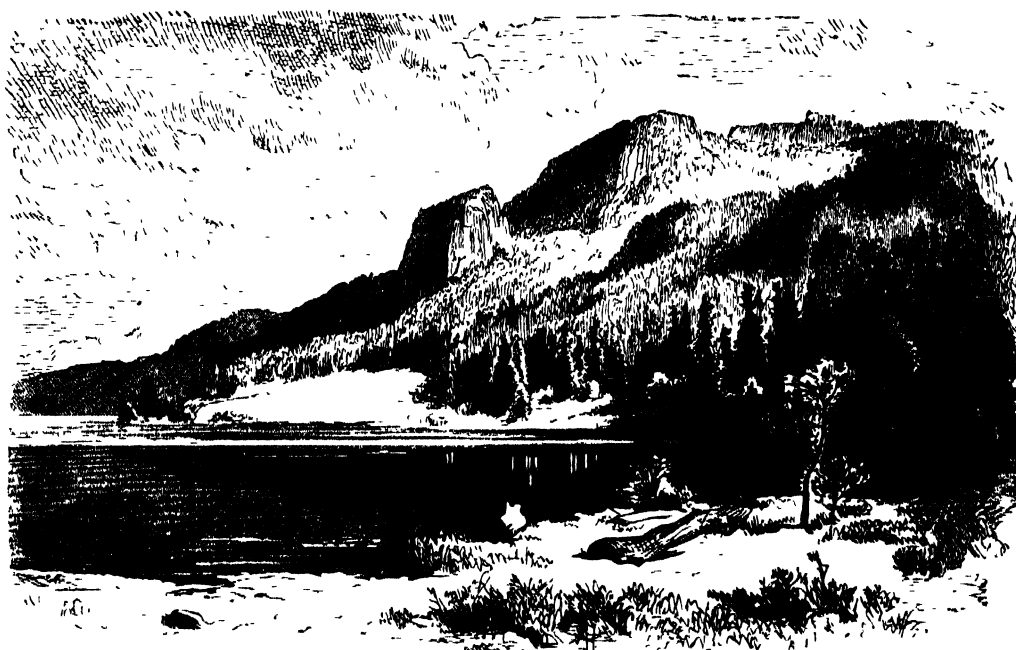
THE CASTLE OF STARNBERG

the costumes of the people, ever more and more supplanted by the encroachments of town fashions, which will soon reduce the chief adornments of these mountain districts to a legendary tale. Schlehdorf, situated on the other side of the lake, serves as an example; it was destroyed by fire, and has indeed arisen again, not, like the Phoenix, in a more brilliant shape, but in an insipidity almost unequalled.

The loveliest spot, which may be termed the conclusion of the hilly district in this direction, is the basin proper of the Kochelsee. It is a small, circular sheet of water, of a transparent, metallic green. Immediately behind tower steep precipices, called by the people "The Nose," on account of their curious shape; to the left, near the prettily hidden mill, runs up a spur of the Joheralm, the precipitous Kesselberg, through mighty forests and past glorious waterfalls, to the height at whose feet the astonished eye descends the sober Walchensee spread before it; in the centre arises the oft-mentioned Herzogenstand, one of the most beautiful and remunerating points for a view, which King Max made of easy approach by a bridle-path. From this point both the plain and the neighbouring range of mountains can be over-

looked, and in comparison with it the Rigi can boast of nothing but a renowned name. To the right appears the smoothly-rounded Heimgarten, adorned at its feet by a gently-ascending grove, in which the former canons of Schlehdorf have hewn a beer-cellar in the rock under the magnificent maples.

Ascending the pebbly bed of the Loisach, we soon find ourselves between mountains which close in and scarcely leave room for the narrow line of road to wind along the bank; these are the Heimgarten—this time from behind—the Hirschberg, the Krottenkopf, and the Ettaler-Mandl, where, as already mentioned, it approaches the Ettaler-Berg, and enters the Ammergau. The whole of this diversified, wildly beautiful picture is closed in the background by the Wettersteingebirge and the Zugspitze; but as this lies far beyond the limits of the district we are considering, we shall not follow the direction of the boisterous mountain-child into the Tyrolese mountains of Lermos and Ehrwald, but turn back again to commence the ascent of the mountains in the direction of a third and nobler conductor, to which both



ON THE KOCHELSEE.

the Amper and Loisach are subordinate, and towards which they roll their green and brown waves. This conductor is the Isar.

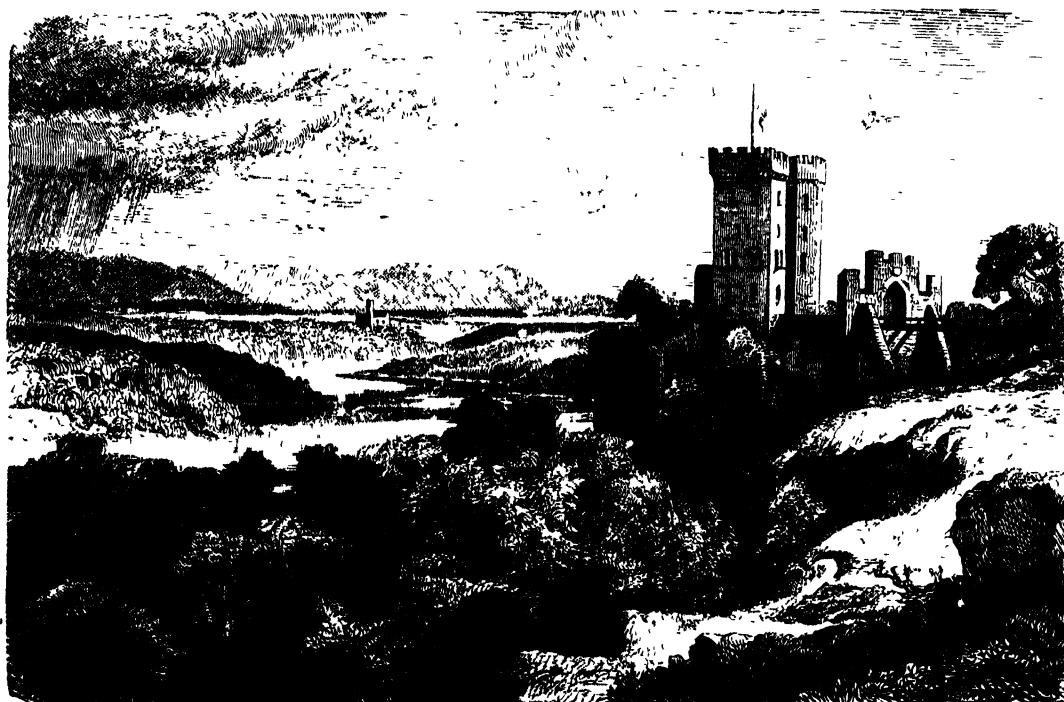
Approaching the mountains by its banks, the traveller will arrive a little above Munich, at Schwaneck, where he will obtain a foretaste of the joys which await him. Although the road passes more than once through flat, marshy land until the confluence of the Isar and Loisach is reached, near Wolfrathshausen, yet it varies very prettily between forest and hill; many a pleasant village greets us, and many a fair baronial hall, such as Eurasburg, looks cheerily down; but when the highest point is attained, and the glorious chain of the Alps lies yonder in all its extent, like a magic world—then indeed is the last fatigue rewarded and forgotten.

The extreme point of the country near the mountains is formed by the pleasant and much-frequented town of Tölz, famous on account of its mineral springs, and situated near the baths of Heilbronn. Tölz is well qualified to afford the traveller an idea of the mountain-world in the most beautiful sense of the word, and to permit him, as from a watch-tower built expressly for the purpose, a first glance into its

secrets. It may confidently be said of those who have mounted the height with the Calvary church and the cross-road stations, looked down on the valley of the Isar extended at their feet, and never at the same time felt a glow beneath vest or bodice, that nothing is to be found there capable of an emotion. The view is one of the most lovely of landscape tableaux.

Those who ascend the Isar still farther into the mountains will have, in the long Länggriesser valley, and still more so in the Riss, frequent opportunities of studying the peculiar nature and action of a mountain-stream: they will arrive at the musical Mittenwald, calmly established at the foot of magnificent but inhospitable Karwendel, as if there were no such thing as a winter, which not unfrequently wields an icy sceptre over it for fully nine months in the year. The Jachenau, which branches off to our right, is a long, broad, mountain-enclosed valley, whose few inhabitants dwell in scattered farms of considerable dimensions.

Up the Isar, particularly in Länggries, is the especial home of those portly forms of mountaineers



CASTLE OF SCHWANECK.

which strangers survey with so much delight in the streets of Munich, arrayed in their leathern breeches and (of course rapidly becoming rarer) stockings or "Beinhoseln," belt round waist, and axe upon shoulder, and the green hat, with its small cockade and hanging tassels, upon the brown, curly head. This is the race of woodcutters and raftsmen, who cut down trees and wood on the mountains, form rafts of them, and with a cargo of coal, lime, or deal boards, travel to Munich, where the cargo and raft are sold, and the raftsman returns home, to commence his trade anew. The invention of other means of communication, and the construction of magnificent saw-mills, may have injured the raft trade considerably, for formerly it was nothing uncommon to see a raft of this description travel as far as Vienna with conductor and cargo. Many a guest joined it on the way; and, standing on a bridge on the Isar when such a raft glided between its piles, one might reasonably take it for a joyous troop of pleasure-seekers.

Quite the reverse, though quite as lovely, is the picture which presents itself to those who choose to approach by one of the streams which unite themselves with the other leading river, the Inn. When

the great, tiresome, monotonous plain of Munich, with its heaths and fir-woods, is once behind, the startling spectacle is presented, all at once, of the country sloping away into a deep valley, in which a very lively, light green mountain-stream brawls away; it is the Mangfall, the outlet of the Tegernsee, and, in all probability, of the neighbouring Schliersee also; for it speedily receives the tiny Schlierach, flowing out of the latter. These are a pair of charming guides, which one would willingly follow; but we cannot do so farther than the pleasant village of Market Miesbach, for what entices us thither belongs to later pages.

But the charming strip of valley watered by the Mangfall in its present course belongs to us now, for in the period of upheavals it flowed past Moosburg before pouring itself into the Isar; it has now pierced a way through the rock at the foot of Castle Altenburg, the former mansion of the powerful Counts von Falkenstein, and turns, in strikingly bold and tortuous curves, towards the broad valley which, once a lake, now offers such a lovely picture, that, wherever the country near the mountains is famous, it must incontestably claim a foremost place. The view of the mountains may be more magnificent



A RAFT ON THE ISAR.

from many another point; but it may be boldly maintained that there are nowhere more picturesque and beautiful outlines than those which present themselves to the spectator from the geometrical post on the Irschenberg or the church of Höhenraine. Not less happily situated is Aibling, a market-town, famed for the extraordinary virtue of its mud baths. Since its neighbour Rosenheim has been admitted into the proud company of cities, no one will contest with it the glory of being the prettiest of the market-towns of the mountains. The Wendelstein is commonly indicated as a kind of centre of the district; but this is incorrect, for although this giant, on account of his height and pyramidal shape, deserves preferment and a just homage, yet the characteristic marks of the Mangfall district are not found on him, but in the valley or indentation of the mountains from which the Inn, coming from the Tyrol, enters the plain. Boldly sloping away, the same shows itself as a broad and steep cleft, which the restless stream has slowly eaten and dug out in the mountains; in and above it, along its whole breadth, arises the long, low cliff of the "Fair Kaiser," which is overtopped and outdone in wildness, stiffness, and ruggedness by the Kaiser-

gebirge itself, with its notched Trafoispitze, which, in contrast, has with justice been named the "Wild Kaiser." To the right rises the Madron ledge, with the little church of Petersberg upon it; then succeed the Wildbarn, the Riesenbergr, the two weird Asenkopfs, ever ascending more and more as far as the Brunstein, the Haidewand, and at last to the Wendelstein, with which the Miesing, the Rothwand, and others connect themselves, and gently descend, to disappear in the Irschenberg. Opposite, the Kranzhorn raises its remarkable peak, and the Heuberg elevates its fantastically-formed head; in still bolder ascent follow the Samerberg and Hochriss, till they reach the shell-fish-shaped Kampenwand, and the Gottererwand, with its romantic peaks and points, sinks away in the distance. Farther still, the mountains of Traunstein and Reichenhall stretch away before the astonished eye, with the Hochgern and the Hochfellen, the massive Staufcn and the Untersberg, which is often visible.

From Aibling itself a very easy and charming road leads to a small eminence, where stands the humble abode of a road-keeper, which is called pre-eminently the "Belle Vue;" and those who have once



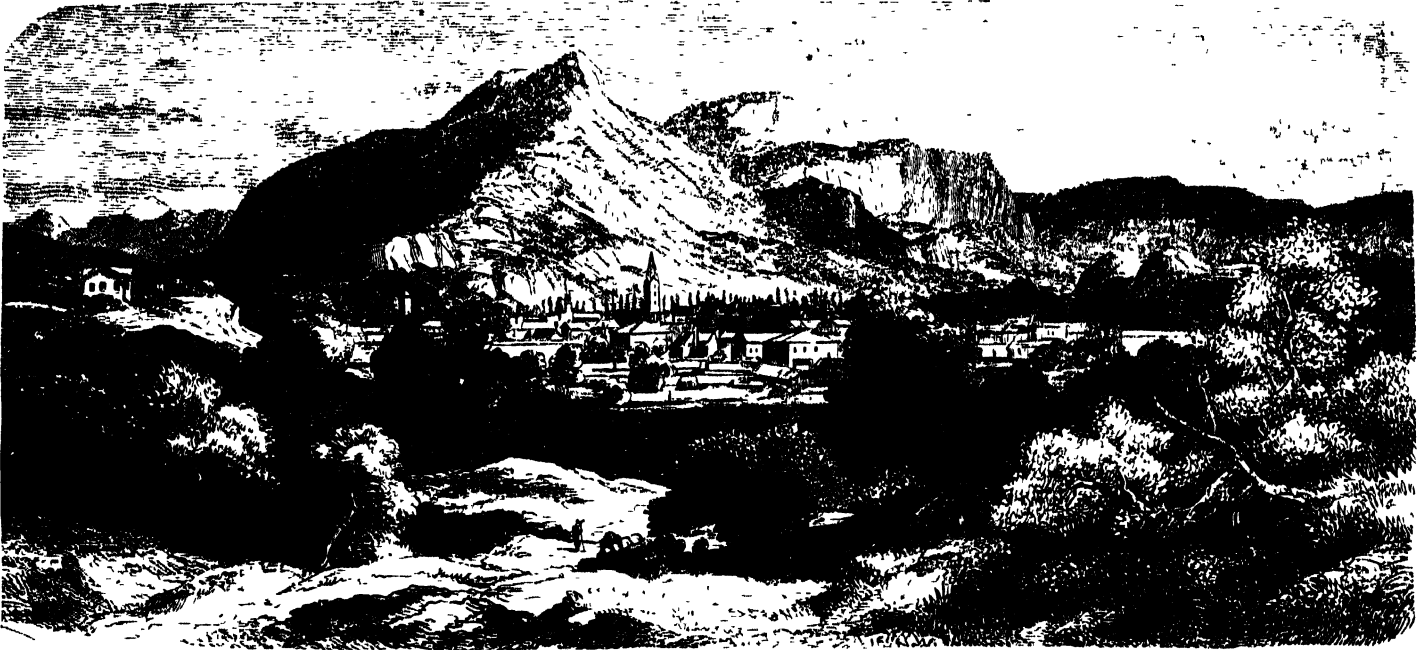
VALLEY OF THE INN, NEAR BRANNENBURG.

stood upon it and seen the Kaiser Thor and the Wendelstein, with their crags glowing in the red light of sunset, will count the view among the jewels of their lifetime.

The river Inn itself, whilst it yet rolls along between the constantly receding mountains, approaches the pleasant village of Oberau, the kindly Fischbach, and the ruin of Falkenstein, and flows past the almost opposite strongholds of Brannenburg and Neubeuern, of which, perhaps, more may be said in the course of these pages. When the Inn is crossed, we again see in the Chiemsee the phenomenon of a basin or reservoir destined to collect and retain the waters of the mountains, unless, indeed, we have here the remains of a former gigantic lake, at one time covering the country on both sides the Inn, and of which we find unmistakable traces in the morasses of Rosenheim and Aibling. The most considerable confluent from the mountains are, of course, small; but, however unpretentious they may seem as guides, yet they are worth more than they promise. This will be experienced by those who ascend the clear Prien to the valley of Hohenaschau, with its hospitable inn and desolate feudal castle, or still farther, to the frontiers of

the Tyrol, near Sacharang; or by those who prefer the brawling Achen, and follow it into serene Grassau, romantic Marquartstein, or mountain-guarded Küssen. Beyond the Chiemsee itself, the Hochgebirge, the Hochgern, the Kampen, and the awfully riven block of the wild Riss greet the traveller.

Farther eastward, the Traun conducts those who intrust themselves to its guidance from the lovely



REICHENHALL

market-town, Trostberg, to the magnificently-situated convent of Baumburg; past the castle of Stain, with its romantic and chivalric reminiscences, into the pleasant little town of Traunstein, so brisk with its salt-works; and still farther on, to where the white and the red Traun divide, the one passing through the quiet valleys of Eisenarzt and Zell, the other through the picturesque, lonely valley of the Innzell and past



THE WENDELSTEIN (FROM THE PLAIN)

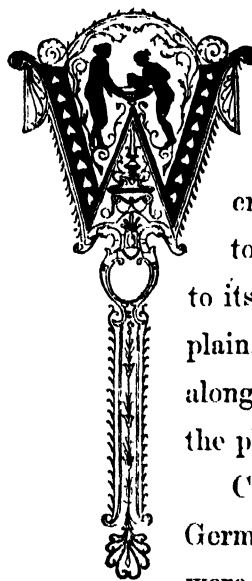
the mighty mass of the Staufen. We thus arrive at the rapid Saalach, which storms down from the narrow Tyrolese mountains of Lofer and Anken, and leads to Reichenhall, rich in salts, with its famous and frequented sanitary establishment; and with it the panorama of the country "near the mountains" must conclude.



OBERAMMERGAU.

AMONGST THE MOUNTAINS.

I. ON THE ZUGSPITZE.



WESTWARD, the highest point of the Bavarian Alps is the Wetterstein. He is the King of the West, as the Watzmann is of the East; no head elevates itself higher than his, and no crown is richer in rocky spikes. Nature did wild work when she created this peak. But most prominent of all is the Zugspitze, which is almost entirely torn away from the rest of the Wetterstein. On the right, the Eibsee has advanced up to its battlements; to the left, the Isar has cloven a way through the narrow valley into the plain. A world of unapproachable wildness dwells on these peaks; miles of desert stretch along these rocks without a tree or a plant; the vast solitude is primeval; but away below lies the plain, and the warm sun sheds his beams on the elevated meadows and golden cornfields.

Close to the Zugspitze lies Partenkirchen, built by the Romans when advancing into the German land. It was then called Partanum. Their camp was situated here, and the flocks were pastured around it. Later, the road from Italy into the Empire led through it, along which numerous caravans of merchandise moved; and when the famous Fuggers and Welsers fetched the treasures of the South, their agents and porters held their night-camp in Partenkirchen.

The existing population of these districts is equally removed from the warlike spirit of the Romans as from the wealth of the old burgers of the Middle Ages. But few forms display the athletic build and haughty brow of the mountaineer; and as their exterior is defective in beauty, so is their bearing devoid of that free and imperious air which lends to mountain people a natural nobility. There reigns a greater tendency to industrial employments than to those of a hunter or shepherd. Of course we sometimes come



PARTENKIRCHEN BEFORE THE FIRE

across shapes which represent the hereculean of mountain nature, but we must not look for them in the market-place itself; and then they form not a type, but an exception to the general rule. In the good old times smuggling went on briskly in these mountains.

The market-town Partenkirchen has been several times fearfully devastated by fire. How it looked before this the numerous pictures of Burkelt and Peter Hess tell us; they are so strikingly true, and so

much disseminated, that the remembrance of what was before the conflagration has been saved. The houses are still of brownish wood, and have those pleasant galleries which are termed "bowers." Since the last fire (1865) more solid buildings have been erected, and thus new Partenkirchen has become a Phoenix of cement.

Not far away lies Garnisch, with its famed Hussar Inn. But this martial appellation does not in any way indicate a cavalry occupation, for the solitary hussar one meets is a fresco on the wall, who disturbs the house neither by clash of sabre nor any other violence. The Civil Court holds its sessions also in Garnisch, which is then called Werdenfels. This was the name of the ancient county.

Countless excursions offer themselves to visitors who take up their quarters for the summer months in

these two villages. There is the forest-house of Graseck, the Partnachklamm, the Rainthal, and the peasant on the Eck, who possesses the highest constantly inhabited dwelling in Bavaria. If one presses farther into the Rainthal, the blue Gumpe is seen—a little lake surrounded by the Partnach, like an amethyst set in the rock.

The ascent of the Zugspitze has been rendered considerably easier since the hut was erected which stands at the beginning of the so-called "Plattert" in the midst of the boulders, and which at least possesses a roof, although the rain drifts in through its numerous chinks. It contains a little fireplace, with an iron oven; but each must bring the wood he may require. During the summer a strangers' book lies there, but it is not forbidden to use also the wooden doors of the hut for the same purpose. At Herr Knorr's a spring offers its services for the refreshment of travellers.

Upon the summit of the Zugspitze there is an iron cross fourteen feet high. It was first ascended in the year 1820. The prospect which opens itself extends from Carinthia into Switzerland, and from the Danube to the Italian border. Far therein we see the indentation of the Brenner Pass; the Tauren chain lifts itself

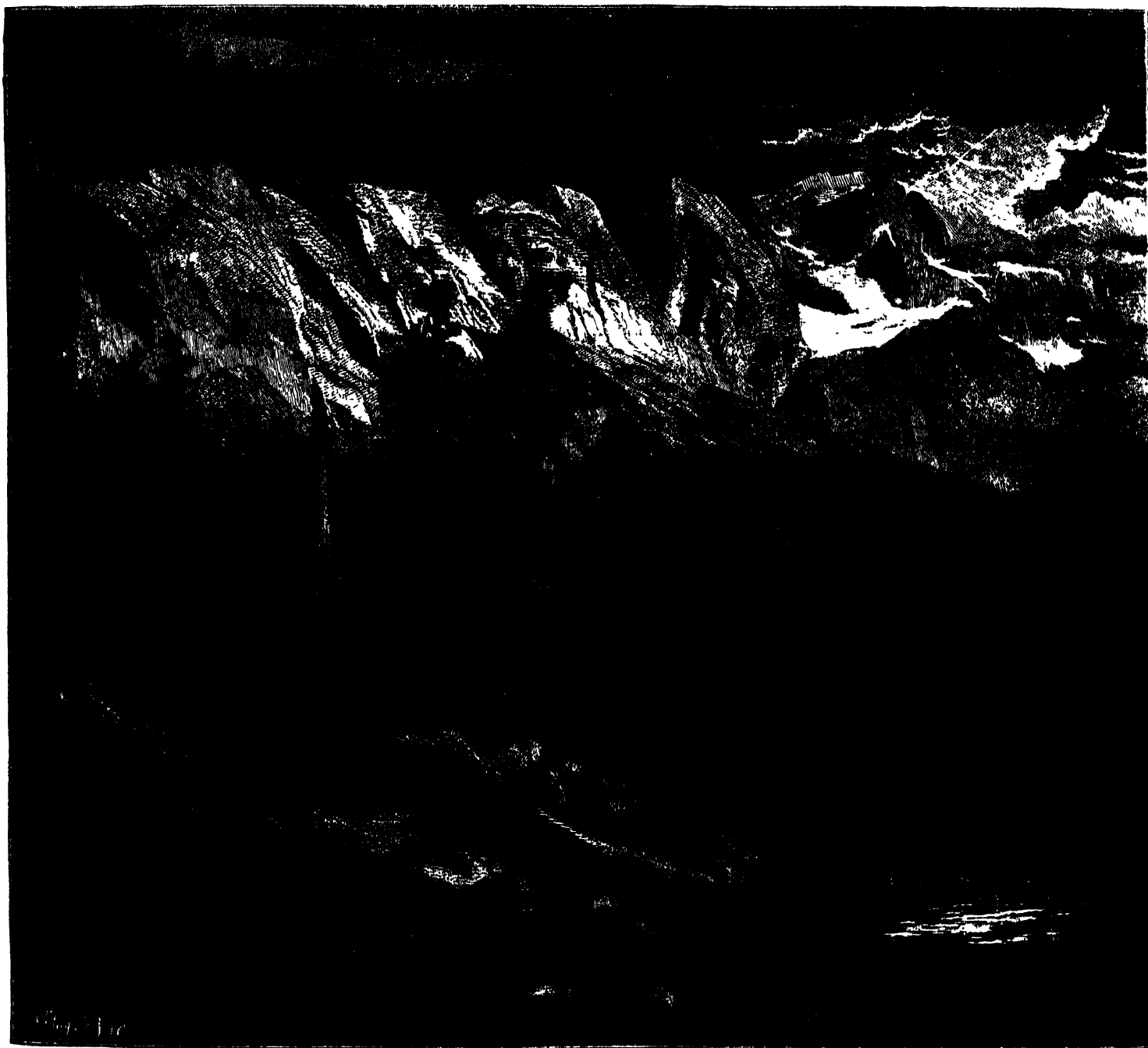


SMUGGLERS.

in long battlemented range; the Stubai and Ortler groups are before our eyes—snow, snow, a vast world of snow! Below glistens the fairer land—each house a sparkling point, each river a silver thread!

In Partenkirchen there is yet another object lying in the depths. We stand before immense rocks, which plunge perpendicularly into the abyss, torn as if Despair had created them. Mournful pines embrace their foot, desolate stones lie scattered round about, and in the midst lies a lake as unfathomably deep and dark as if there were no more spring and no more joy upon earth. These are the banks of the Eibsee, which was formed thousands of years ago by the subsidence of the Wetterstein. There lies a terrific power in this picture, a fearful fatality in the landscape. Gazing up these steeps, ten thousand

feet high, it appears as if dark spirits had been precipitated into the abyss, and one stood before their prison, in the midst of their domain. When the wind roars in the distant ravines they groan, and a slight commotion trembles through the lake's abyss. The Eibsee is the hell of Nature—there is something Stygian about its waters. Only a few decayed cottages stand on the border of the dark water, and their inhabitants are not less reduced in circumstances than their gloomy abodes. Entangled nets hang about



THE EIBSEE.

the rocks, and goats climb between the scanty patches of grass, and nibble at the bristly bushes which thrive between the rocks. When visitors come hither in summer, they hire a boatman to transport them to the numerous groups of islands. Half-naked children run up then with strawberries and Alpine roses, receiving in return a little present.

But one of the most renowned spots in the vicinity is Kloster Ettal. High above its roof stands

the Ettaler-Mandl; and many a story has been written on the ancient and queer-shaped mountain. The convent that lies at its foot was built by Kaiser Louis the Bavarian, who brought home from Italy a miraculous image of the Virgin Mary. Many a monk of noble race dwelt in those lofty halls, pictures by a master's hand adorned the vaults of the ceiling, and the tone of the organ was famed far and wide. In the same place was also erected a hostelry for knights and their ladies. But splendour has no duration; for the sons of the great Kaiser confiscated the estates in Ammergau which their father had given to Kloster Ettal. A great fire desolated the remains, which survived centuries afterwards, and even now magnificent capitals of pillars in the Ionic style lie scattered on the roads which ascend the Ettaler-Berg. Only the church, with its broad dome, remains standing, and the little image of the Virgin, which yet occupies its ancient home. Many country folk resort here on feast days as pilgrims; but the traveller, whom accident brings by, will experience a boundless solitude.

An hour's journey from Ettal lies Oberammergau, renowned for its holy plays, which are performed there every ten years. It is reported that more than forty works have already appeared on this venerable spot.

II. ON THE WALCHENSEE.

TURNING our backs on the Wetterstein, and quitting the course of the Isar, we espy the ancient Wallgau. The road leaves the mountains, dense pine-forests appear, and in the midst of them slumbers the Walchensee, the fair and mournful pearl of the mountains. Its expanse stretches far away, and yet it appears enclosed, contracted. The rays of the sun play upon its surface, and yet it seems dark. And even when its lovely mirror lies in motionless calm, there is a vehemence in its features which affrights the gladsome traveller. It is on this account, and not alone because the banks are uninhabited, that a wonderful feeling of solitude possesses almost all who visit this silent lake for the first time. The Walchensee is an unhappy genius. Magnificently situated, with noble outlines and colossal surroundings, it has yet something confined and troubled, one might almost say sterile, about it. Its riches are unblest. Something enigmatical and mystical remains beyond all its pomp; and the popular mind had a fine instinct in surrounding this lake with numerous myths of the darkest character.

The postal road which leads to Urfeld runs close to the shore. Dark pine-branches hang down into the water, the rotten branches lie a foot thick upon the ground, and only now and then a mass of rock elevates itself above the sombre mirror. Those who saunter along this road on a clear June day will find few human beings to stop them.

The enigmatical character of the Walchensee (also called the Wallensee) is expressed in the earliest legends. They tell of immense fishes which live in its depths, and many would derive its name therefrom. It is more correct to Germanise the word "Walchinsee" as "The Foreigner's Lake," because Celtic or Roman neighbours abode here. The wild mountain lake was brought into connection with every sheet of water, not excluding the ocean; and the belief was universally spread abroad that the Walchensee was destined for the future annihilation of Bavaria. This accounts for the strange aversion of the people from it; for between the plain and its vast depths stands the Kesselberg alone, like a dam of stone. It was often apprehended that the latter might be broken through, and, as during the earthquake of

Lisbon the waves broke furiously against the banks, the terror was boundless. For the "propitiation" of the lake a mass was read daily in Munich, and every year a golden ring was plunged into the inky flood.

Only in rare places is the darksome garland with which the pine-forests border the banks relieved; scarcely twenty houses stand upon the desert strand, although it is miles in circumference. On the



ROAD ON THE WALCHENSEE

southern shore is situated the post-office, a comfortable corner, where one is cheerily welcomed. Green ivy twines itself around the windows of the lower chamber; a crossbill peeks away in his cage; wide antlers adorn the walls; and a talented young painter who spent his summer here adorned them with charming



LITTLE CONVENT ON THE WALCHENSEE.

pictures of the chase. In the season there is a brisk traffic, for guests come from the neighbouring baths to the Walchensee, at least for a flying visit.

Opposite the post-office a peninsula projects into the lake, and a little ruined convent stands upon it. It is an ancient building of the time when the Walchensee belonged to the Abbey Benediktbeuern.

At that epoch the iron time of the Franks lay over Germany; the people were barbarous, and the forests primeval; while many a nobleman wore the garments of the order, and took refuge with his meditations in a quiet cell. Now the dark convent is turned into a little school; but as this educational establishment is on the lake, it is often much disturbed by wind and weather.

Opposite the lake lies Altlach, where a solitary forester's house looks us in the face. From here the road goes to the Hochkopf and the Riss, where the royal hunting-boxes stand, for game is very



A MOONLIGHT NIGHT ON THE WALCHENSEE.

plentiful in these silent districts. Upon those steep ridges feed the chamois; through those lofty beech-woods moves the stag with head erect; where there is a clearing in the wood, there comes the doe at eve with her slim progeny. Farther on in October one hears at times from afar the mighty bellow of the stags in the thicket.

On the southern bank one is deeper buried in solitude; but the northern bank, where the inn of Urfeld and two humble fishermen's houses stand, is undoubtedly the more lovely. Above the dark waters

project the proud forms of the Karwendel range, the Dreithor peak, and the lofty Daniel. Here also reigns a deep solitude. Rarely does a skiff push across its broad surface; only the little post-cart which goes to Mittenwald rolls along the edge of the lake and overtakes the isolated traveller. The shore is flat only for a few paces, the wave plays around the small stones, the little fish feed on their moss, and then the lake sinks suddenly down in horrid depths. Still the lake is a noiseless mirror, and the grey gull sweeps over its surface. Each of her motions is full of grace, light and easy, but none are sportive, gay, and aspiring; for she returns ever to the same place, as if she were hopelessly seeking for something lost.

The hues of the Walchensee are deep, but they can sink to a darkness which conjures up night in daytime. At such times there is something terribly imposing about it; a grief lies concealed for which there is no relief but madness. "*Lasciate ogni speranza*" is written upon the surface of the sultry lake. And, in reality, its storm is a frenzy. When the stormy heavens sink lower and lower, the branches crash, and the snakes flee into their holes. Then foams up the torrent with a wrathful roar, and rushes against the fir-trees overhanging the bank as if it would tear them down; each wave is an indistinct utterance, each puff of wind a cry of woe. Those who have experienced a real storm on the Walchensee will never forget the impression caused by this profound commotion. All the more lovely is a moonlight night on these banks. Then the rude genius of the lake relaxes himself in gentle sport, and it is as if a dream of joy passed through the entranced soul.

Lovers of the sombre darkness of the woods will find wonderful footpaths on the steep declivities which surround the lake. The rays of the sun play through the cool branches, and vanish among the trees like golden serpents. Sadness and gaiety alternate with each other in the light and darkness, and confuse the excited mind of the traveller. Wherever he passes, the bramble catches in his clothes, the dog-rose extends its flowers towards him. In the mad orgies of spring and in the sultry hours of summer have I wandered alone through this green wilderness. Many a time have I met the doe, which soon plunged affrighted into the thicket; but the little bird carolled on, and regarded not the unlooked-for disturbance.

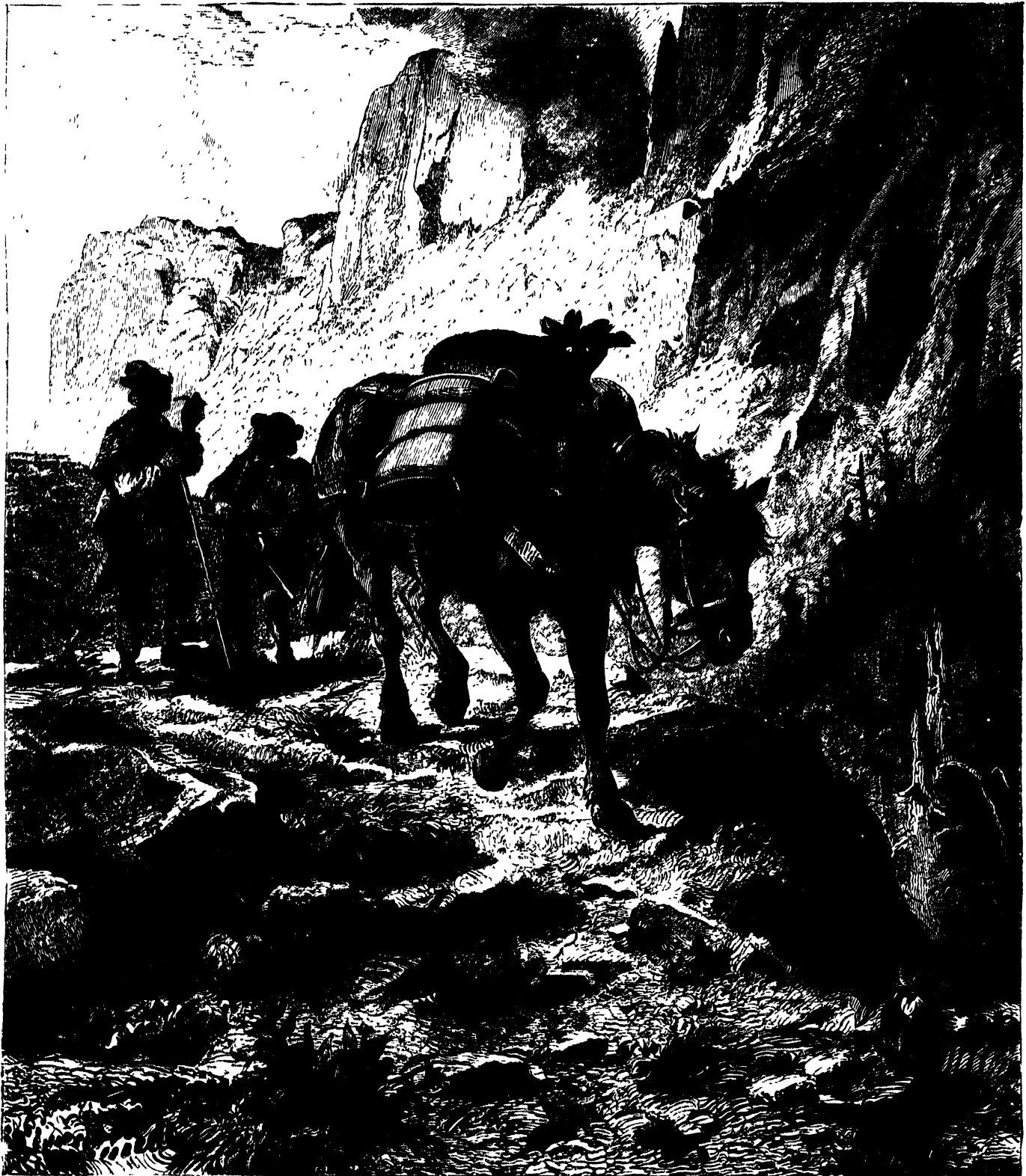


A HERMIT IN THE WOOD.

III. THROUGH THE JACHENAU TO LÄNGGRIES.

FROM Sachenbach on the Walchensee the road leads into the Jachenau. It is a long woody valley, which would be monotonous did not its perfectly mountainous character and the pure aboriginal type of its inhabitants lend it a charm. Through the latter it has become almost a prototype of the Bavarian highlands. When one speaks of ancient mountain customs, one thinks immediately of these spots; and

when Peter Hess and Bürkel painted Bavarian peasants, they were almost always at home in the Jachenau. The costume also has there assumed a peculiar form; it is more complicated, one might almost say more



BAGGAGE-HORSE ON THE BENEDIKTENWAND.

old-fashioned, than in other parts of these mountains. In former times long coats of green material with yellow seams were worn; the hats had broad brims and bands; and if fashion has now become more frivolous, yet there are still plentiful remains of antiquity. There was something exclusive about the

whole valley ; scarcely any one left it, because everybody throve there ; and scarcely any one settled anew there, because he would have to encounter a closely-arrayed coterie of old settlers. He who wanted a wife found her at home, and so the whole population lived like a single large family. In spite of this, the population did not in any way degenerate, but maintained its character in unsullied purity and freshness ; for here moderation and good morals were more strictly observed than anywhere else.

If we follow the valley which is watered by the Jachen, we shall arrive, perhaps, in the space of an hour, at the first habitations. They cannot be termed a village ; for, besides the inn and the church, there are at the most three or four houses, which are surrounded by carved balconies and adorned with pious verses. This is the centre of the spiritual and corporeal joys of this valley. If a marriage is to be celebrated, or a corpse brought for burial, the parish assembles here. On the whole extent of a five or six hours' journey there are not more than perhaps six-and-thirty houses. When people are so shut



PROCESSION OF MARKSMEN.

out from the exterior world, they must become more closely united among themselves, and therefore it is not astonishing if their manners are simple and their hearts faithful. This simplicity, however, never degenerates into coarseness and ignorance ; for the couple of recruits who sometimes have to go to Munich can always read and write excellently, and even those who stay at home know much of the world without having seen it.

The second inn, which stands on the side of the valley, is named "Zum Backen." If the last stage is completed, it is now not far to Langgries, which lies at the foot of the Benediktenwand and on the banks of the Isar. The latter decides the character of the country ; one wanders in a green and blooming valley, over which a larch-covered hill of moderate size elevates itself. Broad and spacious stand the two inns in the village, trim and snug the dwellings of the remainder arrange themselves near at hand. A quarter of an hour from this lies Castle Hohenburg, with its princely rooms and countless rows of windows, round about which spreads a magnificent park—a charming wilderness, with lofty beeches and

tangled thickets. We come to deep fish-ponds, upon which graceful swans are floating; we come to a solitary trellis-work door, over which the wild briar stretches its hand towards us full of its roses. The evening sun streams through the glistening foliage, a concealed bird sings, and where the branches leave an opening the mountains look through with their beaming summits. No traveller meets us. It is a



A BALCONY

magic promenade in these woodland domains, which awake all our desires in turn, and again lull them to rest, and which touch in turn all the chords of our inner being.

Outside, in the village, blows a more bracing air. Formerly Langgries was the head-quarters of rifle-shooting, that sport which grows firmly in the heart of a highlander, and which makes itself apparent in the day of prosperity as in that of adversity. People wore, until recent times, the ancient paternal garments; drummers and fifers marched in front, and the captain of the company assumed all the important air of a general. All this has been abolished, because it seemed contrary to police regulations. But the more they persecuted the legitimate gun, the more zealously was the unlawful use of the same carried on. From marksmen people became poachers, who roamed through the country far and wide.

The most important occupation of the natives is the timber trade. Armed with hatchet and rope, standing up to the knees in water, these tall figures drive their timber-rafts along on the Isar. Some stop at Munich, others float down the Danube to Vienna or Hungary.

Langgries is neither so pastoral nor so virtuous as the Jachenau. Though the exterior build of the inhabitants is herculean, they are less elastic and by far heavier than those of the other parts of the mountain districts.



A DEAD PEASANT.

IV. A TOUR ROUND THE TEGERNSEE.



MORE than a thousand years have elapsed since the disciples of St. Benedict erected their house on this shore. The most famous name of the convent is Werinher, and in it originated the charming "Marienlied," which many pretend does not refer to the Holy Virgin, but to a curly-haired child who here concealed her beauty in a quiet cottage. The abbey, which was elevated to the rank of a principality, possessed a wide renown. Its disciples went to Bologna and Paris; its prelates had intercourse with king and kaiser; and among the guests who sojourned in it was Walter von der Vogelwaide. But the abbots soon gave in their submission to the Bavarian dukes, who repaid the deed by ample favours. The convent was secularised in 1803, when a part of its treasures found their way to Munich, and others were squandered away.

One cannot recognise nowadays the Tegernsee of olden times. Walls and battlements are destroyed, and the children of the world dwell where the disciples of the Spirit once wandered. The church alone is in tolerably good order, and above the portal yet stands the stone image of the two founders. One thing, however, remains unchanged

—the beauty of the landscape. It is a beauty which does not exhaust, but refreshes and constantly charms us. The mountains are rocky, not rugged; the people honest, not coarse. Many are prejudiced against the Tegernsee because it holds the mean between two extremes; but the mean does not always signify mediocrity—it more frequently denotes perfection. In the village the houses are huddled closely together; their roofs project far over, and form that picturesque street so characteristic of mountain architecture. Slim forms with green hats serve as a set-off to them, and give to the whole a lifelike freshness which we vainly seek in the plain. On that side, across the lake, the roads are solitary; the high-road winds along the bank, overshadowed in places by pines. Only scattered moorland habitations lie here at the foot of the mountains; the woods are more dense, the peasants more rude and sullen on that side. If we follow the streams which storm down to the lake yonder, we come soon to a tangled wilderness; lofty masses of stone, which Nature has flung down here, block the way; damp moss and wild brambles stretch across the narrow path, which is only made to bring wood to the valley. It is best to visit the western bank in the evening, when the road is shaded and the rays of the setting sun yet illumine the houses of the Tegernsee. On the one side is seen the broad lake; on the other is pasture-land. Between the peaks on the Bodenschneid peeps the Brecherspitz; the mountains have a warm tint of blue; the lake lies there as a mirror to their happiness; and in the distance are the panelled church tower of Egern and the little chapel of Riederstein.

Two villages, Abwinkel and Wicssee, lie on this bank. Possessing the oldest houses in the district, hidden in a dense wreath of cherry-trees, here is the home of the village idyl, where the old man sits at the door and plays with his roguish grandson; here peeps the foal in at the window; and beneath the gable-end hangs the target, with countless shots on its black disc. The daughters of the house are on the common land "in the dark pine forest," the sons are in the mountains cutting wood. The steep road from Abwinkel, which leads up to the meadow lying close to the foot of the Kampen, has become a favourite spot for travellers. From here the road goes to Länggries, and a quantity of footpaths branch



TEGERNSEE.

off into the interior of the mountains. If we descend the shortest of these, we come suddenly on the so-called Ringsee—a small deep bay, which the Tegernsee forms at the mouth of the Weissach. Only a single roof stands hidden behind high tree-tops, and even this was long uninhabited, because it was believed to be haunted. It was called "the dead house."

Following the road which leads along the Ringsee, we come in half an hour to Egern or Rottach, where every charm distinctive of mountain scenery enchains the traveller. If we penetrate deeper into the mountains, we find from six to eight houses, and after a few paces we stand in the midst of the

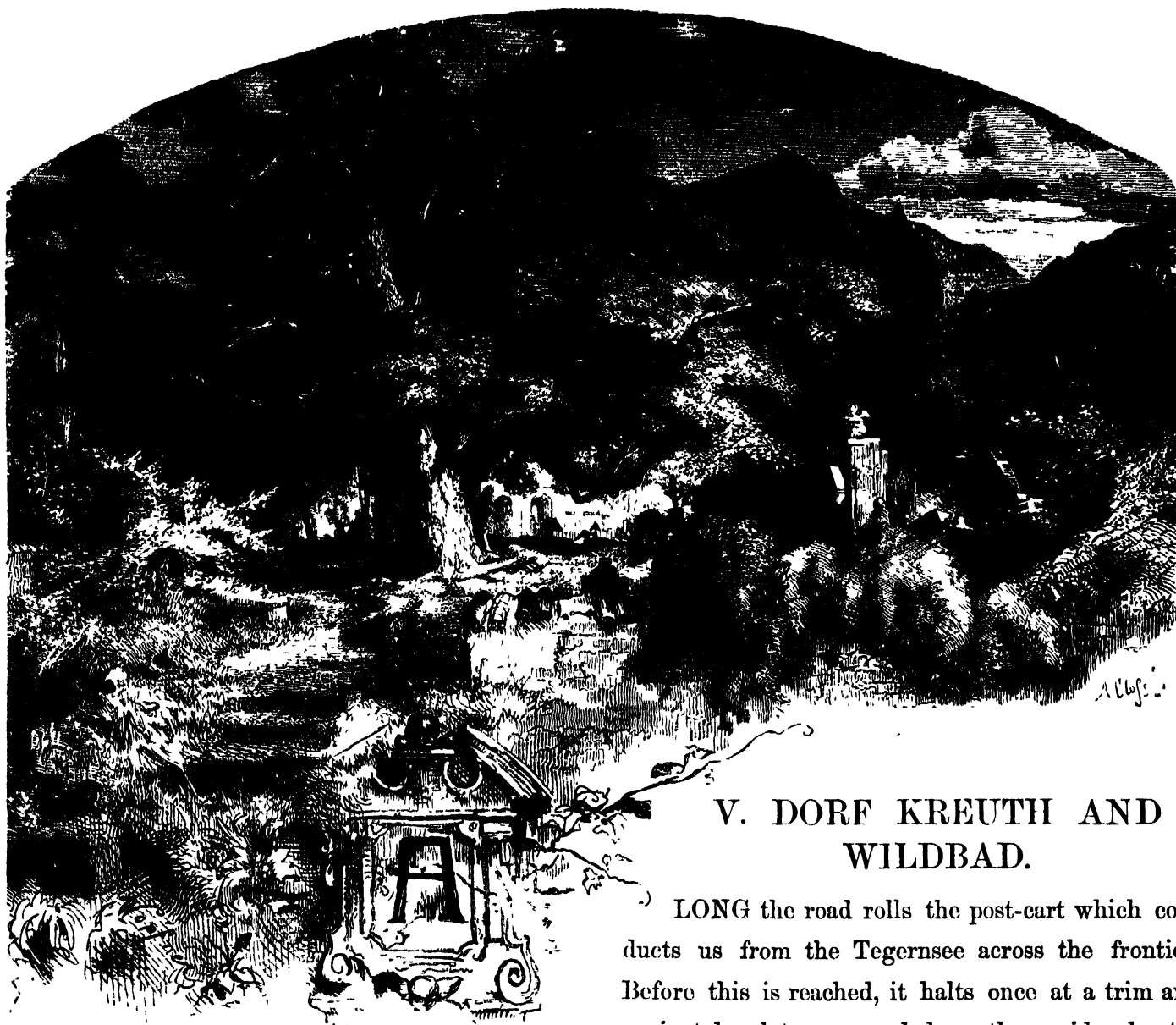
charming valley of the Rottach. Here also is many a little community—amongst them the charming ranger's house, Oberwinkel. By stopping here during the late autumn, when the woods are yellow, one may become acquainted with the old and simple life of the mountain huntsman. At eve the huntsman's "helps" come home, a spacious wallet across their shoulders, from which protrude the shanks of the slaughtered chamois buck. Within, however, the stove is already heated, and over it a dozen marten skins are stretched for drying. The hunting boy negligently saunters in, and hangs his hat on the points of the antlers; then come the evening draught, and the story of how it went with the chamois buck.

The last house in the valley is the Enterrottachbauer, which is magnificently situated between the rocks of the Bodenschneid and the waterfalls of the Rottach. A saw-mill and a little inn are also here erected. The latter serves as a rendezvous for the peasants of the neighbourhood when they thirst for their evening draught on Sundays, and where affairs both private and public are discussed. Things went more cheerily still in this spot when the host's two lovely daughters were alive. A dancing-booth was then erected in the open, and every evening the musicians played their melodies to the lads and lasses; May-dance and Consecration dance* were held there, and the passers-by could hear the defiant songs at the distance of a hundred paces.

Approaching the Tegernsee from Enterrottacher, the eastern shore displays a line of charming villas. On the green table before the entrance sit elegant girls with their work, a bowl of fresh strawberries or an open novel before them. They peep out inquisitively as we pass by on the road, which conducts us in a few minutes back into the middle of Tegernsee. The natives call it in summer "the Town." The northern bank will be considered by most the attractive part of the lake; there lies Kaltenbrunn, formerly a farm, now belonging to Prince Charles, over which a *mascula virgo*, a female Grobian, reigned. Kaltenbrunn is the aristocratic promenade of the summer guests of the Tegernsee, and the most frequented of all. Gmund, through which the Mangfall urges its green waves, lies to the left. Wonderful beech-woods and mills lie on its banks, and isolated houses are scattered round about. This village is important to the landlord on account of its cattle-breeding, and to the traveller because in it stands the last milestone before Tegernsee. The mountains which border the lake are not higher than five or six thousand feet, but they overlook the plain to the Danube, and show the glaciers of the Sentis as far as the Tauren. Through their woods roams the stag, the chamois feeds among their rocks, their sky is more exhilarating than elsewhere. The Tegernsee inspires the idea that Nature had lavished all on her single favourite.



* A festival held on each anniversary of the consecration of the parish church.—[Tr.]



V. DORF KREUTH AND WILDBAD.

LONG the road rolls the post-cart which conducts us from the Tegernsee across the frontier. Before this is reached, it halts once at a trim and ancient hamlet, surrounded on three sides by the

mountains. Towards the south lies the broad flank of the Planberg, to the left the rocks of the Rosstein subside into valley, whilst opposite towers the Leonhartstein. But on a blue and white sign-board past which we drive is written "Dorf Kreuth."

The houses here are wide apart, their brown roofs, with heavy stones, peeping from the dense foliage of the trees. The inn alone has the place of honour on the road, and is portly and well-conditioned, like its owner. Close behind, the green slope ascends to the hill on which the pretty little church with its pointed tower rests; beyond, the forests of the Black Floor. The little church is a jewel inspiring a sentiment of awe. When a wedding approaches it, or a religious procession bears its banners through the unmown fields, we feel the secret charm of the little church. But it is most beautiful in the autumn, when the wind blows sorrowfully and Nature insensibly becomes speechless.

The inhabitants of Kreuth live deep in the mountains. Among the peasants of the district is one who may be described as the Bavarian Faust. His is a rarely gifted nature—resolution of character united with untrammelled reasoning power. In 1848, when he was a soldier, he was offered the rank of officer; had he obeyed the summons, he would now be wearing the epaulettes and commanding a battalion instead of driving his horse to pasture in shirt-sleeves. But his appreciation of the natural

limits of his nature was more powerful than his desire for success, and the only dignity he assumes is that of master woodcutter. As in this very spot the woods stand thickest, and as a series of the most rugged valleys extend themselves, the whole business of the woodcutters has involuntarily found a centre in Kreuth. This mode of life gains a certain power over every individual who devotes himself to it, and it becomes so much the more powerful the less points of contact it has with the regular life of the rest of mankind; therefore it is that the woodcutters form almost a caste of their own. Day and night, in storm and sunshine, they abide in the depth of the mountains. Their shelter is the pine, and their goblet the brook; their trade is almost a battle. Far and wide their blows resound; for the axe is a crier, as the old proverb goes. If there were no woodcutters in the mountains, their inhabitants would be much more civilised; it is through this medium that the connection of the people with the original wild spirit of forest life is kept up.

When the regular work is finished and the numerous workmen separate in every direction, a parting festival, the so-called Year-day, is celebrated previously. A union has existed for more than fifty years amongst them, and it is for the members thereof that the festival is principally intended, although other guests also obtain entrance. The festival generally takes place in the first week of November, when the stately procession mounts to the little church. Grey, ancient men, who began the bold handicraft fifty years ago,

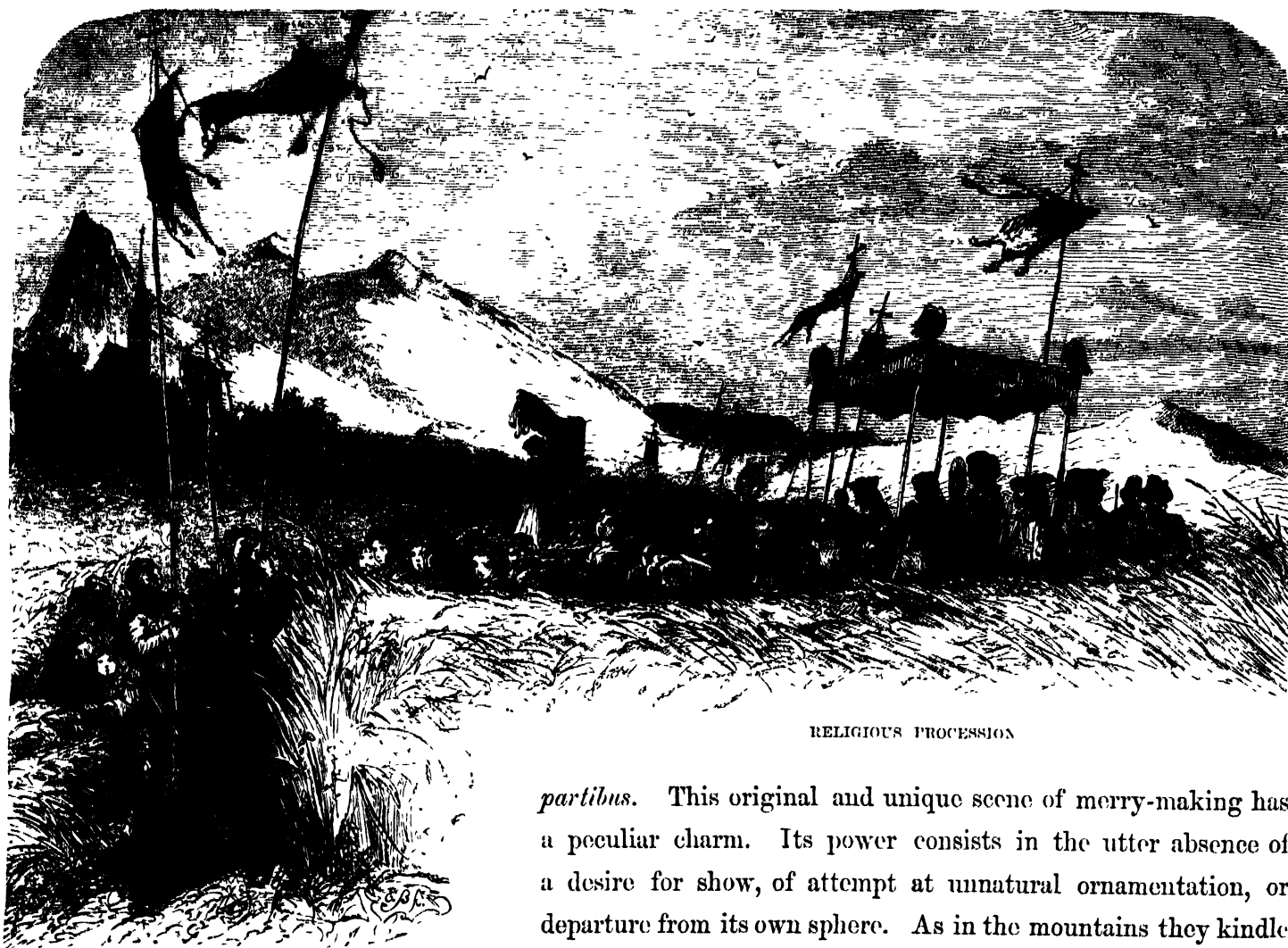


WOODCUTTERS.

follow in the train, or at least take part in the church ceremony with which the festival opens. In the solemn high mass which the curate sings, their comrades who have perished during the past year are first remembered, and then the survivors pray that a like destiny may not befall them. The superintendents of forests, who assemble on this day from the environs, preside at the festive meal. Their uniform is a grey jacket, their cap nothing more than the green hat with the chamois beard—a distinction yielded to them at the festival. It cannot be maintained that these officials are in general much beloved by the

mountaineer, because they manage the woods in too calculating a manner, and treat the poachers too absolutely; but among the woodcutters they are held in great veneration. The woodcutters are treated very liberally at their dinners, for each man is permitted to bring his better half (and not only the lawful better half) with him. Between each course of the meal comes a dance, and when dinner is ended come the toasts, with beer and brandy.

Suddenly the atmosphere becomes dark, and we perceive on the wall a variegated illuminated transparency, upon which the woodmen return thanks to God and their superiors. One of the assembly commands silence in the Ober-Bavarian dialect, and then delivers an excellent speech, which serves as commentary to the illuminated motto. The orator is our old friend Dr. Faust, of Kreuth, and officer *in*



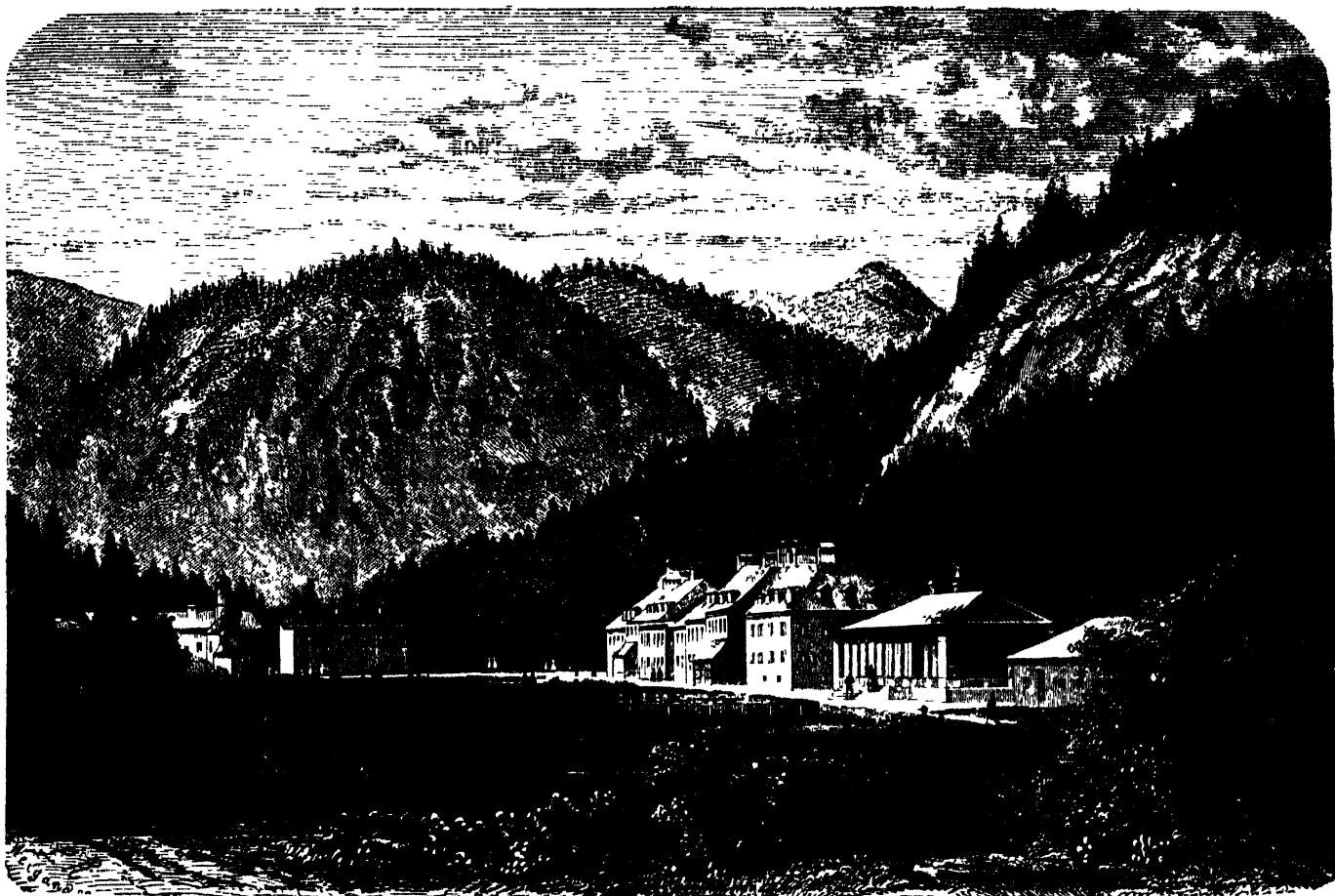
RELIGIOUS PROCESSION

partibus. This original and unique scene of merry-making has a peculiar charm. Its power consists in the utter absence of a desire for show, of attempt at unnatural ornamentation, or departure from its own sphere. As in the mountains they kindle their fire, so here they burn their self-carved transparency.

After the orator of the woodcutters, the forest ranger takes up the word, and thanks his subordinates for services rendered in so arduous and dangerous a calling. The conciliatory power which is evoked by a superior addressing his men benevolently does not fail in its effect, for universal applause follows the cordial words. Therewith the official and exclusive character of the festival concludes; both parties take leave, and all now proceed to the dance. Now come the lads from the neighbourhood with their sweethearts, and the wild noise resounds through all the rooms of the spacious house. The animation becomes constantly greater, the hats more and more cocked on one side; girls who at first sat on the long bench now sit on the laps of their lovers, and allow themselves to be caressed by their rough hands: the

enmity of these would be dangerous, considering the massive striking-rings which guard their little fingers. On the heavy silver bosses are stamped figures of St. Anthony or St. Benedict, that their intercession may render whole again the head which the ring has broken. Whether such remedies are ever attended with success has yet to be established, but in any case a certain caution is very advisable after nine o'clock in the evening, as the idyl often rapidly takes a muscular turn, and the pastoral does not always finish so sentimentally as it is described.

As many Tyrolese are employed in cutting wood, the feast assumes a dangerous international character. They are remarkable forms, those tall, broad-shouldered men, whose curly brown hair grows so low down on the forehead, and those quiet, pretty maidens, with a nascent sensuality in their natures, and yet dropping the eyes as modestly as if they bore the Madonna in their hearts as a model. In both, however,



WILDBAD KREUTH

there lurks something humble and patient, which is in painful contrast with their magnificent physique; for it afflicts us to find so much power and so little freedom. The Tyrolese have had sufficient patriotism to face death, but not to allow themselves to be educated; they have a certain passive appearance about them which lies like an unconscious pang on the noblest countenances; they are pious, but without passion; strong, but without violence; fanatical, but their fanaticism dreams only of quiet endurance.

But 1809 was an exception, which the Bavarians have never got over. From this time dates a certain rancour between the two races, which gives vent to itself at every opportunity. It is difficult to decide which party carries off the palm in fisticuffs when the Bavarian and the Tyrolese woodcutters do battle, but in the war of song the Tyrolese generally remain masters of the field. This is the proper moment to think of our homeward journey; it is better than to make acquaintance with St. Anthony.

Half an hour from this *prædium rusticum* lies Wildbad Kreuth, abounding in the elegancies of a town. Though visited even in the sixteenth century by monks, it was first fairly started on its career by King Maximilian I. Kreuth then became an aristocratic—nay, almost a regal resort. But when the illustrious guests had departed, the homely, affectionate family life, which was the joy and pride of “old Max,” entered into full possession of its rights again, and he associated with almost bourgeois benevolence with strangers, whom he treated exactly as if they were his guests. Then the *élite* of the society of Munich was there assembled; concerts and balls, theatres, and excursions of every description succeeded each other in motley variety. Through the generosity of the King, the custom was also introduced of affording to a certain number of indigent strangers a free reception; and even now Prince Charles, the noble inheritor of this generosity, faithfully follows the custom of his father.

The present appearance of the bath has become naturally as much changed as the times. The scenery here is much more contracted. We stand in a small ravine-like valley, which looks as if it had been cultivated and bedded out by a landscape gardener; on the west are the long bath-buildings (something

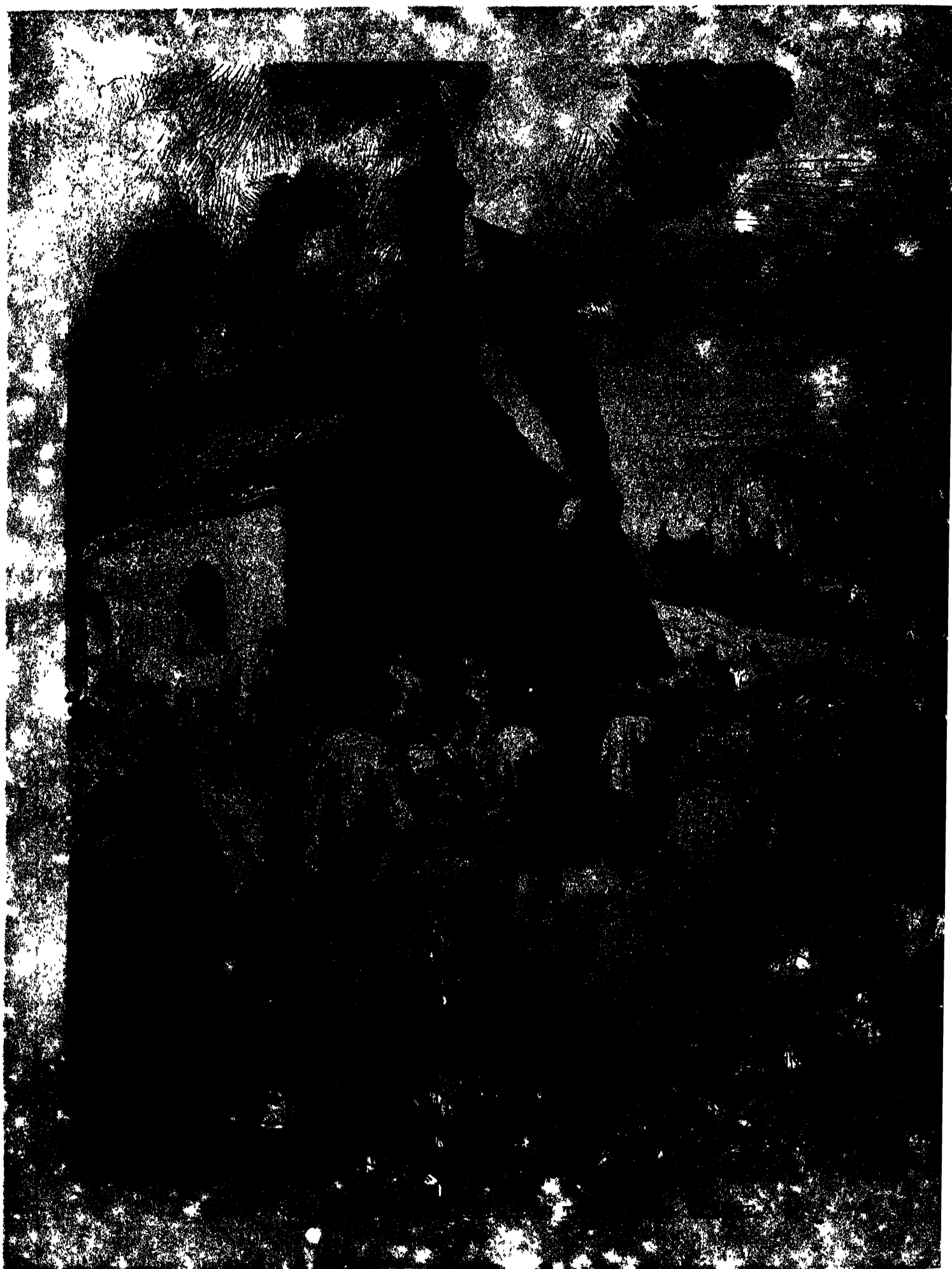
between a castle and a barrack); on the south is the Planberg, which hangs over our heads in such a threatening manner, that one almost fears to strike it with the brim of one’s straw hat or the point of one’s umbrella. Seen through the holes of the latter, the scenery of course appears very gloomy, and much more contracted than it otherwise is; but nevertheless this is often the case for weeks together. All its surroundings are monotonous.



Early in the morning we find ourselves in the cool whey-hall, where a series of curiosities is exposed for sale—articles of carved wood, productions from the neighbouring marble quarry, books bound in red, and other suitable objects. Whilst breakfast is preparing, perhaps a hundred and fifty persons assemble in the neighbouring beech-wood to enjoy the solitude of the forest. In the

afternoon the Königsalpe on the Hohlenstein is ascended. If we stay at home, we take possession of the terrace, on which vegetates the *beau monde*. In July or August, when the season is at its height, many Russians and North Germans are to be found, and in the garden-chair under the window is rocking the Viennese banker. At six in the evening there is music, and the visitors float up and down in exact time on the “beautiful blue Danube.” At the grating, behind which dwells a captive chamois, the children stand and feed the animal, because it is expressly forbidden to do so. To prevent her from showing ingratitude, her dangerous horns are wrapped in matting.

On the open window-sill of his room leans a powerful man, with noble and strongly marked features; it is a young professor of music, and the paper he holds in his hands is a proof-sheet of his opera score. Whilst he is buried in calm enjoyment, an incessant tinkling is going on in the drawing-room above; for the young countess is learning a new polka-mazurka. There are other faces in Kreuth whose aspect sinks deep into the heart—those of the really diseased. The inexorable figures of science have established the percentage of life that is swept off by each disease, and here are those whom destiny has chosen as tribute for the whole, upon whose youth her merciless hand has been laid.



VI. IN THE KAISERKLAUSE.

IN the midst of the wilderness lies an immense ranger's house. Above the door are displayed the gigantic antlers; about the window climbs the ivy with its green loops; around the balcony which runs in front of the walls stand pinks and geraniums. If we ascend the stone steps, a slim yellow hound which acts as door-porter springs to meet us. His barking resounds through the long passage, in which we find on all sides trophies of the chase. In the room we perceive a powerful man with a full beard and broad chest, resting his arm comfortably on the table. He looks like a Nimrod—guns hang on the wall, and three or four terriers repose in a basket near the fireplace and snap at the gnats which fly past. The room has not the appearance of a bureau, yet it is one, for its occupant is the chief ranger of the Kaiserklause. Of course it is no bureau in a bureaucratic sense, for its chief wears stockings and leather breeches, and while he enters his documents the woodcutters are singing ditties. And, in truth, the large square chamber has an extensive jurisdiction—it is at the same time the writing-room, parlour, and dining-room. When the ranger's house was built, two good fairies stood by its cradle—Beauty, who gave it her charms, and Solitude, who gave it her peace. And still these two reign here. Yonder sparkle the pinnacles of the Sonnwendjoch, and opposite is the Wildbach, across whose depths a narrow wooden bridge is constructed. It pours its white foam roaring against the rocks, and forms cool emerald-green pools, on which the sun glances and through which the timid trout darts along. On the slope above the house stands a plain little chapel. No priest preaches here, no art has contributed to its decoration, but the whole devotion of Nature hangs over it. It is consecrated by a higher hand than that of man, for hill and vale seem conscious of its sanctity.

The Kaiserklause (the huntsmen call it Valepp) is a proud and magnificent game park. On all sides it penetrates deep into the dark forests, and the simple, wild mountain life lies almost at the threshold of the house. On the rocks of the Rothe Wand and in the "Kahr" roam herds of chamois; beyond the Stumpling Dyke deer and the mighty stag appear in turns; and above, in the clearings of the woods, the mountain cock calls to his mate, when the snow is yet on the ground and the day has scarce dawned. The whole existence of the household is that of the huntsman. The poachers, also, are hard at work, and the park is only too propitious for them. Of the vermin the fox is slaughtered in the greatest numbers; the otter is also indigenous in the mountain streams. Of colossal dimensions are the woodlands which surround the Kaiserklause, for many thousand cords are yearly cut down in them. To afford shelter to the workmen, a magnificent blockhouse is erected near the ranger's lodge, which contains, above, the undivided dormitory, and below, the common sitting-room of the woodcutters. The huntsmen's assistants also live here, and if there is an overflow of visitors they are lodged between these woodmen. In the spring the wood is drifted to the valley, when the mighty sluices of the stream are opened, and its heaped-up spoil is hurried away. The last pull at the flood-gates is not unfrequently perilous, and the roaring and crashing of the released stream defy description. From hence the wood is carried to the Tegernsee, to which it is consigned by the Mangfall for farther transit.

Thus the usual society which we find in the ranger's lodge is of a very primitive nature. At the most a charcoal-burner or a peasant comes there, with now and then a painter or a surveyor. In the

summer, however, it is quite a different affair: the trim ranger's lodge then becomes a dovecot, in and out of which hundreds of illustrious visitors fly. Several chambers of the upper story are suitably fitted for them, and furnished with all the luxuries that careful provision can obtain.

The Kaiserklause is ever beautiful, but it is most beautiful at St. Bartholomew. This is its peculiar feast, for it is the anniversary of the patron saint of the little church. On this day is the Consecration feast, and the guests assemble from far and near. In the morning mass is read in the chapel, the only one in the whole year. Gaily adorned, the little procession winds up the narrow steps, a red flag flutters amongst them, and every one wears his holiday attire. Of course but few enter the low portal, which is hung with garlands; the rest remain grouped in the open air and listen to the tones of the *Agnus Dei*. When the Host arrives the people fall on their knees. After mass come the pleasures of the world. The musicians lead the procession, which descends from the church; the lads pull their hats waggishly on one side, and the lasses come down with a lighter step than they went up. All sorts of things are going on below, for the entrance of the house has become a bar; great casks stand ready and are broken open with the hammer; forms of lofty stature, carrying their jackets on their shoulders, watch the operation with satisfaction. And in reality there is no time to be lost for the first draught; the dance may commence at any minute; for the latter a flooring of planks has been laid down. Only a slight tap on the shoulder, and the fair maid follows her lad into the tumult with joyful mien. Between approving glances and aggressive hobnail shoes she steers skilfully; but when a daring youth snatches at the scarlet flowers she wears in her bodice, she quickly casts down her eyes, and vanishes before he is aware of it.

Handsome lads and lasses than those of the Kaiserklause cannot be found together. From all the pastures the cow-girls descend; the lads also, who cut wood all the summer in the forests, come at St. Bartholomew to the Kaiserklause. In long rows they occupy the improvised benches; each one has his maiden on his lap, his plume in his hat, his song of defiance on his lips. If a good friend arrives, he will engage her for one dance or another; but he makes savage jealous eyes at most, that his predilection for one may be more apparent. As the borders are not far distant, many Tyrolese attend the Consecration. They dance slower and more heavily than the Bavarian Highlanders, and bring almost always their treasure of a sweetheart "from the Empire," which is better provided with such treasures than with those of another description. As Consecration comes but once a year, dancing is kept up pretty late. Most of the girls ascend the same night to the pastures from which they came, and the woodcutters go straight away from the feast to their work at four o'clock in the morning.

In the Kaiserklause it becomes quieter and quieter when once St. Bartholomew is over; the season rapidly declines, soon the leaves fall, by night there is icy frost, and with November falls the first snow. This is nothing uncommon; but here the snow is like ice, and bars the quiet Klause from the rest of the world. For a short time only does the sun send its greeting into the deep, solitary prison, from which no one can escape, and which no one can reach; and only when it ceases snowing can one think of cutting a way, upon which the wood can be transported to Schliersee or Tegernsee. If the winter is severe, the famished game approach from all sides the feeding-places erected in the depths of the forest, though these prove often unapproachable; only in the early hour of the morning, when the snow is still hard frozen, can it be passed on snow-shoes—during the day the whole country is impassable. The winter lasts here seven months, and perchance not a single human being has entered the quiet Klause during this time. How strange must Christmas night appear in this state of isolation!

VII. ON THE SPITZING.

BETWIXT Schliersee and the Kaiserklause runs a narrow mountain-pass called the Spitzing. As the road mounts to the height of almost four thousand feet, we find the lower ranges on either side of the way, and even the wild roses luxuriate close to it; the whole of mountain life descends here almost to the road. In the midst of this secluded world lies a little lake of melancholy aspect, almost always dark, yet transparent. Its mountains are not savage, its character has nothing of storm and nothing of grandeur; if passion is wanting, we see a grief in its features which our thoughts follow, and which fetters us as a glance from darkly beautiful eyes. No house stands on the shore of the Spitzingsee; only a lowly hut is erected under the pines which clothe the southern edge. There resided until lately an ancient couple, celebrated conversationally by their jargon, and in writing by Meister Steub. As the State placed obstacles to their



THE SPITZINGSEE.

union, they lived together unmarried in the lonely mountain-valley. Their calling in life was to seek roots and make brandy of them. In a secret chamber the mysterious beverage was brewed; peer and peasant sought after it; and when their heads were inflamed with it, the old woman sat before her hut, and congratulated herself on the evil deed. As a charcoal-burner is always sooty, so must a liquor-distiller be always drunk. This pseudo-husband laid especial stress on the fact that he himself was the best customer for his liquor; and his face guaranteed the quality of the stuff. What he left was sold to the woodcutters, or to inquisitive gentlemen, who came in great numbers to this romantic spot. So it came to pass that the little hut soon got a name. The personal element has, of course, changed since the "gaffer" departed this life when almost eighty years old, and his grey-headed wife returned to the Ziller Thal to enjoy "well-earned repose." Nevertheless, the firm which these two founded in the wilderness yet

flourishes in undiminished splendour. In place of the old woman two fine young girls appeared, who likewise came from the Ziller Thal, and, under the ægis of a real or nominal mother, carry on the brandy trade. They are true Tyrolese girls, of that pliant disposition which is at the same time so obliging, and yet so timid—which evinces such ardent desire, and yet seems so modest. The inhabitants of the Spitzing hut have bought for themselves the right of collecting roots and herbs, which they employ in making



GOAT PASTURE.

spirits. It is evident that the attainment of these is very fatiguing. At the first peep of day the maidens arise, and, in order to cover a greater extent of country, each goes her own way, often many leagues apart from the other. The stores which they take with them from home are not extensive. They consist of a broad basket, a sharp hatchet, which serves both as tool and weapon, and a modest dinner. So traverse they the broad and darksome forests, in which many thousand acres have never yet been touched by the

axe. Here and there are found pools of water on the heights called "Tümpl," or "Gümpl." They lie in a narrow ravine, and look like craters originated by former volcanic action, which have become filled with water in the lapse of time. On this account they are often of fearful depth. Dense creepers crown the precipitous banks; on the ground lie rotten and massive pine-trunks; large fish ascend from the depths and disport themselves in the sun; and hither comes the stag to quaff the refreshing cordial. The flora of the Alps luxuriates in such a spot. Many a costly plant blooms on yon brink, but at the peril of life is the hand extended over the calm, deceptive water. Round the banks of such lakes a wreath of secrets is oft wound, and many a dim saga rests in the cups of these flowers. Because a *natural* force is concealed in the root, men have attributed a *miraculous* force to it; and many a herb which sprouts from it was accounted magic. The superstition of bygone times has filled up whole books with such recipes.

It is in truth a solitary, almost engulfed life, this fling day after day through the woods, as these two girls do, only looking at the leaves on the ground. And yet this calling has its charm, for intercourse with beautiful surroundings acts on the character. Many a trait in the mountaineer is to be thus accounted for. Before, when the old couple ruled the hut, it was inhabited even in winter. Now a sort of season is introduced; for at the end of November the two girls depart together, with their chaperon and a male who is termed the "host." They spend the winter in the Ziller Thal. Hundreds of the natives of this charming valley follow the same custom, leaving home during summer to seek for employment. Some earn their bread as mechanics or carpenters, others by working on the roads and railways. Some summers the Bavarian Highlands are overflowed with Tyrolese, mostly from the Ziller Thal. When a country feast is celebrated, they have their own table in the inn, their own "lasses," and they sing their ditties, each on his own account. When May comes, the peregrination begins anew; then the root-hut on the Spitzingsee is again peopled. It is true that in May it is not yet spring there, for the lake wears yet a coat of ice a foot thick, even whilst the cowslips are blooming in the valley. Only he who has seen knows what masses of snow are accumulated there in winter. Between Schliersee and the Spitzing hut, at all events, a road is excavated through thousands of fathoms which have been carried down. Between Valepp and Spitzing, on the other hand, the snow stands like an impenetrable wall from ten to twelve feet high, and a league thick. In the early morning only, when it is hard frozen, dare one travel on snow-shoes; the road lies the depth of two men beneath the traveller: over the summits of the trees, over the roofs of the huts which border on the way, he glides along. He who sinks is lost.

Thus we experience one of the most remarkable contrasts if we ascend in May from Schliersee to the Spitzingsee. Below us, in the warm valley, the trees are already green, and the air has that mild tone without which we cannot imagine spring. And then the heights. Here the grey and naked rocks stare us in the face; here lie the smooth snow-field and the icy surface of the lake. No bird sings, no bud is opening here. One longs for a clear human voice; and when the first hurrah sounds above here, it is not only a signal of joy, but a token of deliverance. But only men feel this joy; over the landscape remains a melancholy shadow.

VIII. THE SCHLIERSEE.

THE road from Spitzing to Schliersee is a steep, tortuous mountain road. To the left stand the ragged rocks of the Brecherspitze, to the right the Jägerkamm, with its dark pine-wood; far below, the valley overgrown with short alpine grass, and choked up by mighty boulders. Solitary huts lie there in the basin; we hear the tones of the alpine bells, we feel the coolness which even in the afternoon is experienced in the dark blue shadow of the Brecherspitze. Its peaks are so close that a gunshot might reach them, and we see the chamois which climb about on them. Still and lonely are the roads here, with their solitary red cross.

At the next bend which the road makes we look down on the Schliersee. Passing by a shady mill,



SCHLIERSEE.

we reach the little church of Fischhausen and the frontier station "Neuhaus." Here opens out the Leizachthal, and the Wendelstein lies in marvellous blue, with its charming outlines and legendary beauties. These cannot be passed by. Then we first come upon the narrow road which leads along the lake into the pleasant hamlet. It is one of the most genuinely charming in the Bavarian mountains. Many indications point to the time when the Romans possessed the ancient Rhætia, and in others we find remains of the ancient German days. For the mouldering walls which peep through the firs were once a stately baronial castle. Above these sat the Counts of Moxelrain and the Lords of Waldeck; the bumpers went round the oaken table, and the fierceness of the times was reflected in the fierce features

of those figures. However, the dear, quiet valley was not a fair field for strife, so the knights moved soon against Miesbach, and established there their predatory domicile. Other "lords," who wore, not the coat of mail, but the cowl, settled down by the blue wave; but they returned to Munich, and were spared the grief of witnessing how the Reformation pressed forward even to the Schliersee. Long, long after the Middle Ages came the "good old times," when not only peace, but a love of peace prevailed, and in this happy epoch fell the rule of "Fisher Betty." The Schliersee is as much entwined with this name as Weimar is with that of Charles Augustus, or Padua with that of St. Anthony. Young painters came then in crowds from Munich. They took up their quarters in the homely inn, and painted for it a magnificent signboard representing "Fisher Betty" in a slender skiff. Above the signboard was inscribed "Alla donna del lago." The rule of "Fisher Betty" was very patriarchal, both by water and land; she levied few contributions, as the guests paid only what seemed good to them; no police regulations disturbed the general enjoyment; no administrative arrangements obstructed the genial individual. And he who would

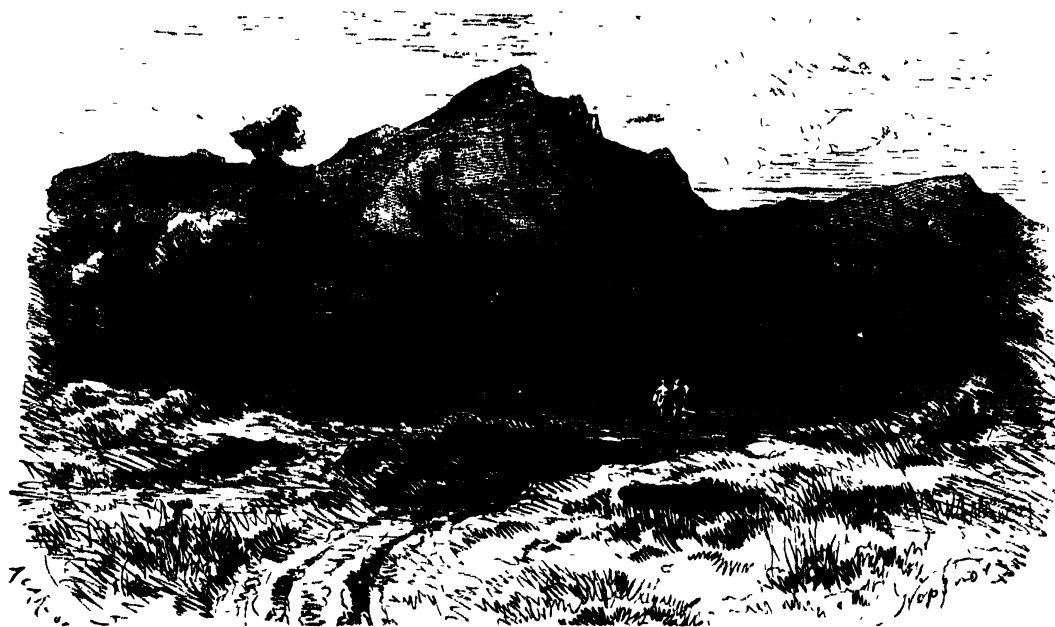


THE "LEONHARTSFAHRT."

inscribe a verse in the visitor's book enjoyed full liberty of the press. Thus "Fisher Betty" gradually acquired a name known throughout all Germany, and when she died some years ago, the *Allgemeine Zeitung* considered it necessary to mention the fact to its readers. The modern life of visitors who seek their summer outing in Schliersee is not different from elsewhere. "Alpensängers" who come from Munich to Schliersee, instead of the reverse, frequently make the country insecure, and the taste for mountain excursions is so much developed that people ascend even the steps at the entrance with great sticks. The *ensemble* of Schliersee must be sought on the northern bank, at the highest point of the Miesbach road. Particularly charming is the foreground which the hamlet Schliers and the slim church of Westenhofen form. Between these and the mountains of the background, which allow a view of the Spitzingstrasse and the distant Sonnwendjoch, lies the little lake unconcealed before our eyes. Not less pleasing appears the landscape if we ascend to the little chapel which lies hard by the post. At our feet are the roofs of the pretty hamlet, the sound of bells ascends to us, and all the beauty which we survey is so close.

In the little church of Fischhausen, at the end of the Schliersee, a feast is celebrated in the autumn which calls to mind times passed by. It is dedicated to St. Leonhart, who is the patron saint of cattle, and therefore a great authority in the mountains. It is in Fischhausen, more than elsewhere, that it is beautifully performed. It takes place on a Sunday, late in the autumn, when all visitors have long quitted the mountains, and the solitary sun shines alone on the fields. Deeper than before is the blue of the Wendelstein on these days, the atmosphere is brilliant and transparently clear, the meadows are mown short, and only the timid gentian discloses its latest buds. Then it becomes suddenly lively before the little church on the Schliersee. Fine waggons, crowned with plaits of pine-branches and harnessed with powerful horses, approach from all sides; above their collars waves a red cloth; and in the waggon itself sits the master with his mate in Sunday attire. The servant drives neighing horses; others approach mounted, and amicably call upon their stallion not to obstruct the ancient rite. The cattle also are in many parts brought to the Leonhartsfahrt, and the shepherdess in trim bodice who drives them wears an extra bunch of flowers to-day on her pointed hat.

Before the procession is held there is a solemn mass; the clear voices of children and the full tones of the organ swell from the little church, whilst the crowd stands before the open doors in quiet devotion. After divine service the "course" commences; each waggon drives round at a rapid trot three times, and devotion is transformed into curiosity as to whether the abrupt turn will be made by each. Waggons and postillions are mixed up pell-mell, the arches of leaves erected over the vehicle and enframing the passenger shake with the commotion, the variegated pennons which adorn the two sides of the waggon flutter in the breeze, and many a passing greeting flies among the motley throng. The stalls also, erected under the lime-tree and filled with spiritual and temporal trifles, are industriously visited. Here the fair peasant girls purchase their silken neckerchief, and take also a sugar-drop for the *filius naturalis*. At last the crowd disperses. After the Leonhartsfahrt there is a dance in the "Neuhaus," where old and young are collected, and only an ancient female still sits near the sunny church wall. Yonder resound the fiddles; her grandchildren are there at the dance. She listens; it is the same old melody which once was played to her—which was once her marriage dance; but that was long ago, and those who then led her to the dance are long dead.



THE WENDELSTEIN, SEEN FROM JOSEPH'S THAL.

IX. FISCHBACHAU AND BAYERISCHZELL.



A NARROW little road leads through the valley of the Leizach. Intrusting ourselves to its guidance, we wander along a broad green valley overlooked by the lofty Miesing and the Troadn, the Geitaueraibl and the broad Seeberg. The end of the valley is formed by the craggy Wendelstein. Upon the windy plain extending beyond Munich to the Danube the pointed pyramid of the Wendelstein overlooks the country for miles and miles.

It is prudent to walk over this little road in the cool of the evening, because it is very hot at noontide, and seems as long again after sunset. One is tolerably certain not to meet figures to disturb one's peace of mind; there comes at the most a party of pilgrims from Birkenstein, paterfamilias enjoying his patriarchal summer outing, or a peasant with bare breast and a scythe on his shoulders. He saunters along the valley to the left, for there is the mighty iron hammer of the Oppenrieder, whose distant stroke resounds through the whole valley.

But few villages meet us on this pilgrimage; and as nobody as yet knows anything of Hundham and Ellbach, so it is all the easier for Bayerischzell and Fischbachau to

make a name for themselves. Both date back to ancient times, and drew their origin from the conscientious scruples of the pious Countess Haziga.

Not far from this lies Marbach, a mansion of ancient reminiscences, of which nothing is left but a simple and solid inn, the race of Hafner, which resided there, being now represented by a single daughter.

No one can dispute the saying that the pure mountain customs are especially indigenous in Fischbachau; parsons and rangers share respectively the highest spiritual and temporal dignities. The taste for music also lies deep in the blood of the people, the greater part of those charming pastoral songs which one hears in the mouths of the people being native in Fischbachau, whose inhabitants call themselves Fischbacher.

Generally speaking, Fischbachau and Bayerischzell are visited by but few strangers, and even these only in transit, as the inns are of rather a primitive description. Those who are not to be alarmed by these circumstances may enjoy uncommonly cheap fare there. But in spite of this undisturbed solitude, so favourable to the preservation of ancient customs, much here also has undergone a change—even the choir of singers is smaller than it used to be.

“*Les extrêmes se touchent.*” Close to the place which adorns the little church of Birkenstein exists a glorious fisticuff meeting; people not only sing, but thrash each other to music. Forty years ago this was arranged according to programme—quite a formal tournament was held; but since then the magistrate has abolished the pleasures of boxing. It was impossible, however, to entirely extirpate the ancient custom, though the regular old “go” occurs only in rare instances. Those who desire to assist nowadays at a capital “scuffle” as of old, must have peculiar luck, for the rule has become the exception.

Thus we find in the valley of the Leizach all which lends a charm to existence, if we do not look too closely at it. On the mountains, lovely scenery; in the valleys, lovely maidens; on week-days, a green and elevated field, which is well worth cultivating; and on Sundays, skittles, guitar, and a "row." What wonder, then, that each native is attached to his home by a thousand ties? And, in fact, no other mountain race loves in an equal measure the glebe where he was born: home-sickness for the Wendelstein is often as painful as home-sickness for Dachau.

X. TO MIESBACH.

If we go from the valley of the Leizach towards the north, the country suddenly loses its rugged and mountainous character; it becomes level and pleasing, and stretches easily towards the blue peaks, which



LANDSCAPE ON THE MANGFALL.

redound to its adornment, and not to its misery. The country in which we stand is already termed the Vorland.

Before we visit Market Miesbach, one of the most famous spots in this domain, let us be permitted a rapid glance at its environs. Through the valley which stretches before our eyes, the Mangfall sends its green waves, broad forests on either side; but on the heights towers a castle, with long, uninhabited rows of windows. Thus there is Weyarn, Altenburg, and, above all, the magnificent Castle Valley.

The race which dwelt here belongs to one of the most ancient in Bavaria, for the Counts of Valley are traced in the earliest history of Wittelsbach. At any rate, a family must be of very ancient stock to become extinct (*cum laude*) A.D. 1238. But the aristocratic significance, the historical scope of such castles is naturally lost in the course of time, and no sign of life is discovered of the old lords who once ruled. They form now more the centre of great agricultural estates, and have nothing better to do than pay a good rental. A taciturn bailiff dwells in the wide ground-floor, the heavy-laden harvest-waggon rolls

through the yard, and the vats of the brew-house simmer audibly when the winter beer is brewing for the landlord of the neighbourhood.

If we enter Miesbach itself, we meet with an unadorned but solid comfort. This prevails in the inn "Beim Waizinger," of ancient fame, in the official and semi-official personages who take their meals there, and even in the abode of the summer visitors, who become yearly more numerous. In fact, a decided taste for good living exists in Miesbach. But a new and interesting feature has entered into the physiognomy of the Market through the great coal-beds which have been discovered here and at Schliersee. Sauntering along the road on Sundays, we meet everywhere the slim miners in their picturesque costume, Belgians and French, Silesians and Poles. The Miesbach railway (which has now assaulted Schliersee also) owes its existence to the transport of coal. In summer there are long rows of carriages, but in winter



MIESBACH.

one may experience the pride of being the only passenger, and of having a special train for one-and-twenty kreutzers!

The natives of Miesbach naturally belong to the pure old mountain race; yet nowhere more than here have the peculiarities of the same become so smoothed down; the town element becomes constantly superior to the country element, through active trade, and absorbs the costume, the dialect, and the rudeness of the latter. Nevertheless, Miesbach still serves as a type of Upper Bavarian manners and customs; indeed, it has lent its name to all which concerns them. Even now the hat with the black-cock's feathers is called a "Miesbacher hat," and the entire mountain costume "the Miesbacher dress." That both are gradually disappearing is not the fault of the inhabitants, but lies in the natural development of things. If only the ancient and pure mode of life becomes not extinct, the Miesbäckers are still in a very good way.

XI. THE CHIEMSEE.

BEHIND Rosenheim a series of smiling pictures soon open themselves to those who rush along the railway. If they are mere clearings in the woods, or glances through the mighty forests, they suffice to assure one that far below a mighty and extended sheet of water stretches itself, bordered by graceful hills, covered with wood and turf, and over which mighty mountain summits and ridges erect themselves—a prospect so lovely that we might easily fancy we were rushing past the banks of the Würmsees or Starnbergersee. The deception does not, however, last long; for along with the comparison which involuntarily impresses us the distinctions speedily become apparent.

Passing by Endorff (so called because for some years it attempted to rival the Passion Plays of



FRAUENWÜRTH.

Ammergau), the plains are reached where the blue waters of the Chiemsee extend themselves. This is the largest of the Bavarian lakes, being four leagues long and three broad, with a circumference of fourteen leagues. To arrive at the bank we must undertake a little promenade, which we do gladly, as we pass through beautiful landscapes and fair woods; and the departure from Prien does not afflict us, for it remains an unrefreshing mediocrity. It is glorious to sail along the lake; and those who desire a treat in views ought now to secure it, for the islands vie with each other in opportunities. The friends of comfort find in a trim steamboat accommodation for this journey; those who love the primitive can be rowed along in one of the fast-disappearing hollow trees. These are skiffs hollowed out of a single great



A HAUL OF FISH—CHIEFSEEL

NO. 1000

oak, which, of course, appear somewhat narrow and strange to those unaccustomed to them; but they have this inestimable advantage, that they do not upset in the most violent storms. Many fair spots upon the bank hospitably invite the tourist, such as the pleasant Sebruck, at the end of the lake, where the Alz discharges itself; or, farther inland, Grabenstädt, once situated on the lake; or Kloster Seeon, now transformed into a bath; or the numerous strongholds and castles.

The lake has two islands, named after the abbey or convents founded by the Duke of Bavaria, Thassilo II., dethroned and imprisoned by Charlemagne on account of his indomitable aspirations for independence. On the larger one, Herrwörth, or the Lords' Island, stood a monastery, which was the seat of a bishop, whither Thassilo summoned the learned Greek monk Dobda to found a school, a sort of



FISHER COTTAGES AT FRAUENWORTH

institute for the nobility. On Frauenworth, the Ladies' Island, there was formerly a nunnery for princesses and other noble ladies. All is long vanished and changed. Upon the Lords' Island only a portion of the convent buildings, reconstructed in rococo style, remains; while the church is transformed into a brewery. The Ladies' Island has, on the contrary, been more fortunate; it has preserved its ancient, strikingly solemn church, with its gloomy vaults and naves, and its peculiar porch; and in the convent (restored by King Louis I.) nuns again reside, who keep an educational establishment for the daughters of the neighbouring opulent citizens, farmers, and officials, who still are of the opinion that girls who are to be wives and mothers are best brought up for this calling by ladies who have quitted the world. The Lords' Island is so large, and contains so rich a variety of meadows, gardens, and fields, of woods, hills, and valleys, that one must walk for hours to make its circuit, and may completely forget that he is on an

island. In these respects the Ladies' Island, the narrow strip of land which can be gone through in a half-hour, with its pair of lime-trees and fisher cottages, cannot compete with it; it is impossible to take a walk in it. Count Hunoltstein, the proprietor of the Lords' Island, lives in Paris; and though he allows his steward to prepare entertainment, yet he by no means permits an inn for the special purpose; whilst upon the Ladies' Island, in the time of its bloom, a fair couple were hosts, who became soon an attraction and centre for painters in their excursions, and where the latter, physically well looked after, brought forth a world of that wit and genial humour which has been the incentive to much noble vigour, and to which many a fair creation owes its origin. All this is also changed! The hosts have long since gone to their rest, while the fine handsome daughters are married to painters, who (as Haushofer) principally owe their fame to pictures of the Chiemsee. The merry artists' inn has been sold, but the genius it once furnished cannot be sold with it: it has vanished like the spirit; and in the very insipid and ordinary inn we see the remains, the sign-board, and the pictorial "Rhyme Chronicle," begun by Frederic Lentner. Nevertheless, it is not to be denied that if much is changed, and not advantageously, in the main it has remained the same, viz. the unapproachable pomp and glory of Nature, the beauty of the lake, as of the surrounding mountain ranges, whose contours unfold new charms with every shade of colouring.

A third Wörth in the lake is the Vegetable Island, nearly equidistant from both the larger islands, for which it is said to have served as a common kitchen-garden. So the legend will have it, which, besides, spins many a yarn regarding the association between the two shores. That the lake was once larger is indubitable, as it once stretched from Grassau to Seeau, and from Prien to Erlstätt; yet it is intended still further to reduce its size by deepening the Alz, which flows out of it; an undertaking which would not only turn the neighbouring fens and marshes into fruitful land, but also lay bare considerable useful tracts of land.

XII. ON THE KÖNIGSSEE.

Two roads lead to the Königssee; the shorter, from Salzburg, past the ancient monastery of Berchtesgaden, with its inexhaustible salt-springs; one, somewhat longer, but remarkable for a high degree of beauty, has its exit at Reichenhall, then mounts the roaring Salach to where the road to Unken and Schneitzelreut branches off, and steeply climbs the Lattengebirge to Schwarzbach-Wacht, and on the other side descends into the charming valley of the Ramsau. The peaceable little village, whose houses, lying under the mighty maples round the church above, look like a troop of children pressing round their mother, invites to rest, and offers in the essentially mountain-tavern good and cheerful quarters; unless, indeed, it happens that the artists of Munich have requisitioned every corner and every bed. It is asserted that the Ramsauers are descendants of scattered Romans, who removed hither at the time of the emigration after the destruction of Juvavium. The opinion is supported by the appearance of the natives, who are certainly often dark, thin, and pale. If, however, they do not display the type of the other Germanic mountaineers, they have acquired their temper and manners in many ways; for scarcely in any other valley do we hear so much of the deeds of the poachers and their constant affrays with the keepers as here.

The Berchtesgadner country deserves also that we rest a moment in it before we continue our journey to the Königssee. It is one of the oldest of German places of education, and the foundation of the monastery ascends to the first year of the twelfth century. The lovers of legendary lore may have related to them the story of the hunter who loved a swan-maiden, and received in consolation for his rejected passion the knowledge of those salt-springs which in the events of Berchtesgaden ever form the recurring red thread; the friend of history may investigate the feuds of the Halleiners and the Berchtesgadners, or the struggles of the peasants, who refused to give up a preacher of the new doctrine, who was carried off a prisoner, but forcibly liberated him; and when they were at last defeated, preferred to emigrate to the north and found a new home. He may hear also of the monastery Schuldenlast, and how Bavaria gradually acquired and maintained possession, and constructed the ingenious device by which the salt-spring was brought to Traunstein, and farther. The present knows little of this; but the salt-works still flourish,



KÖNIGSSEE.

and Berchtesgaden remains, what it was formerly, a quiet corner of the earth, full of peace and beauty. Near the Ache, which rushes from the Hintersee at the foot of the Muhlsturzhorn, one goes between green declivities under magnificent maples, along the Watzmann, here becoming visible for the first time, towards the majestic Hohe-Goll, past the remarkable fly-press of Ilssang, which forces the salt-spring up to the aforesaid huts of Schwarzbach-Wacht, through the solitary glade Engadain, and then, turning to the right, through the broad and extensive valley of Schonau, which, to the left shut in by the Untersberg, to the right overshadowed by the lofty Goll, proves by its name that the earliest inhabitants who spoke the German tongue were very susceptible of the charms of the locality.

Arriving on the bank of the Bartholomäus, or Königssee, between woods and overgrown erratic blocks, one may be disappointed, in the first moment, at the apparently inconsiderable sheet of water; but all the more overwhelming is the view when, after a few strokes of the oar, the boat turns a point of rock

near the Brändelwand, and the most extraordinary basin that Nature ever created lies before the spectator ; it is a dark green flood, in places black and unfathomable, shut in by steep precipices, which reach the height of five thousand feet, and, sloping abruptly into the water, offer nowhere a hand's breadth of firm ground on which one could land and escape the raging flood if thrown there by the storm, which, confined in the rocky vale, rages with redoubled fury. In the background (the lake has a breadth of half a league and a length of two) the sublime picture is completed by the picturesque peaks of the giant Watzmann.



ECHO ON THE KÖNIGSSEE.

To the left alone, where the Königsbach and the Kerselbach roar over a fall well worth seeing, does the bank ascend less ruggedly ; but opposite, on the precipice, a mark shows where a whole marriage procession, surprised by the storm, was swallowed up in the lake. However, there is no danger to fear, for the boatmen know the weather, and if it is threatening hardly one of them can be moved to the adventure.

A wonderful solitude reigns here—such a deep quiet that a stroke of the oar will awake an echo. Much more striking is the effect of a shot discharged in a spot where the rocks descend abruptly on both

sides—the sound roars as if the mountains were going to collapse ; they cast it like an elastic ball from one to another, till the uninterrupted thunder rolls for seconds. The journey in itself is uncommonly pleasant, especially if the mid-day sun does not blaze on the rocky basin ; but the shade of one or the other side spreads a grateful coolness over the dancing waves. Doubly attractive is it if the old boatman steps into the boat also for the journey across ; he is the most expert and the boldest of all, and the richest in the treasures which have been collected in the mountains and on the lake—merry hunting-songs and dangerous adventures on lake and mountain-height. But those who are so lucky as to find a pair of pretty boatwomen in the skiff, in their tight, gold-bordered velvet bodices, and who know how to hit upon a theme which makes them confidential, talkative, and disposed to rest on their oars and sing one of their fresh mountain songs, may justly be in doubt whether the enjoyment of the eye or that of the ear is greater. If we are also in good company and find in our wallet a well-kept bottle of noble wine, such a day will ever be marked red in our calendar. But all beauty is evanescent. Slow and short as the



strokes of the oar may be, the journey ends at last ; the Watzmann constantly approaches and already displays the ravine, where the ice has arched and covered the channel of a stream, so that but little power of imagination is required to speak of it as a chapel of ice. Around the foot of the mountain giant a garland of forest is thrown, and a turf meadow of so lively and soft a green is spread before it, that the enchanted eye is riveted on it from afar, and the traveller, landing near the insignificant chapel of St. Bartholomew, does it with delight, as one treads the firm earth again after a long and painful sea voyage. A sanctuary, or a place of devotion, stood here, which dates back to the earliest times of advancing Christianity. The present church shows no traces of its great age ; it has been rebuilt piecemeal. Yet the chapel with its round cupola forms a characteristic object, and is the adorning spot of the whole landscape ; thus it is in the highest degree satisfactory that the tasteful King Louis II. has taken on himself the expenses of its preservation, for it had gone to ruin. The little building at hand, now inhabited by rangers, betrays by its entire style its monastic origin. Formerly the abbots of Berchtesgaden,

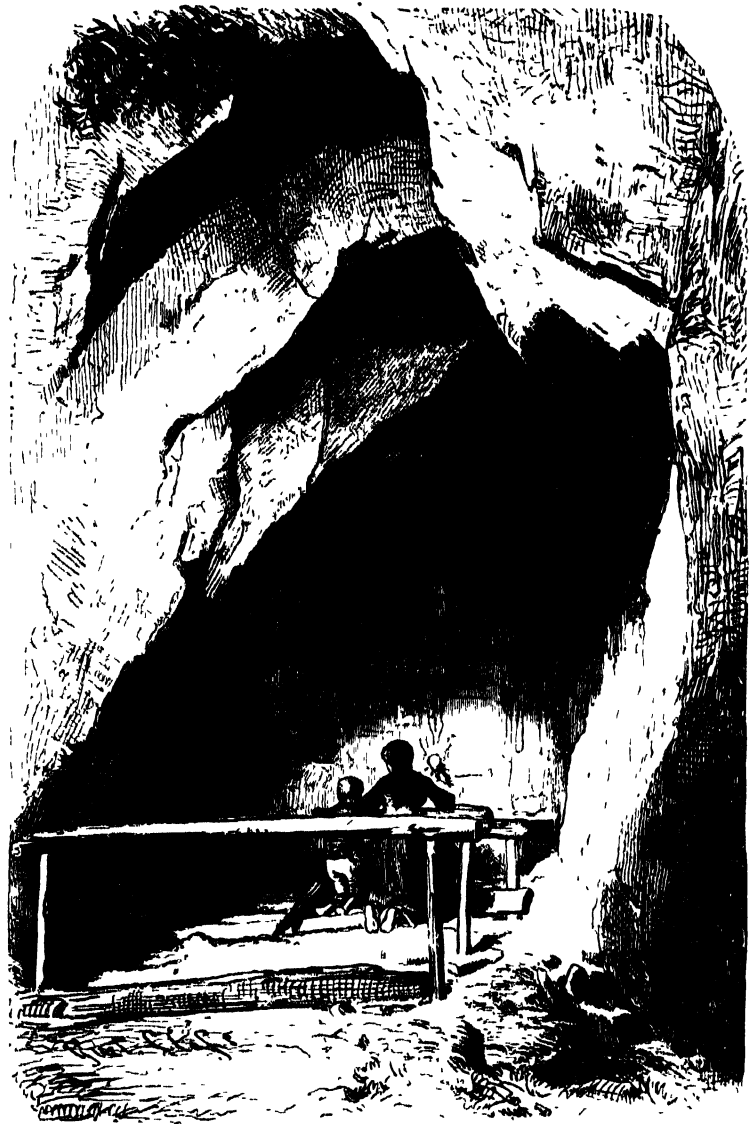
and afterwards the Bavarian princes—namely, Max Joseph I., and his grandson, Maximilian II.—have lived in the upper story when on their hunting expeditions. The vaults of the ground floor are turned into cisterns, for the preservation of the costly fish in which the lake is so rich. Foremost among them stand the red trout, called by the people “Saibling,” and when not full grown “Schwarzreuternl”—a dish always a favourite, but which does not fall to the lot of all. In the passages are representations of



OBERSEE.

especially large specimens, which were captured years ago, kept near the antlers of fine stags—for the latter have their true home here. An ancient picture represents the adventurous affray which, a hundred years ago, the ranger of that time and his comrades had with a bear driven into the lake; and old homely rhymes recount how the bear had already grasped the boat, and would have buried them all in the lake, had they not succeeded in splitting his head open with an axe at the very nick of time.

Whilst our meal is preparing, we have plenty of time to visit the Obersee, a proportionally smaller basin, surrounded by immense walls of rock. It was originally connected with the Königssee, but was divided by a landslip, which came, according to the legend, from Kaunstein above, and formed a dam which separated the lake into halves. Scarcely is there a wilder or more lonely lake, except perhaps the little "Wildsee," lying high in the Alps—certainly none is more lovely. The savage majesty of the rocky enclosure is toned down by a turfy slope which rises in the middle, and upon which, enclosed by woods, a shepherd's hut lies. Above climb wood and rock, between which a broad silver band rushes downwards, overshadowed by the red peaks of the gloomy Teufelshorner. "In der Fischunkel" the desolate waste is termed. It was a favourite residence of King Max II., who, many a morning, caused himself to be rowed here, to compose his serious thoughts in this grand solitude, or to read one of his favourite poets. But he was also a stout friend of the chase, and has pursued many a chamois to the highest mountain ridge, which he, in his amiable liberality, made passable, by means of convenient bridle-paths, for those who are not mountain-climbers. Under Max the Good a more noisy life reigned on these shores: great hunting parties on the lake, illuminations of the mountains, a holding of *wood falls*, when whole trunks were stowed away in the channel of the Königsbach, as in a sluice, and then set free into the lake, into which they arrived, crushed to pieces, with a noise like thunder. The sumptuous prince delighted to row his guests along in magnificent boats to the sound of noisy hunting music, whilst chamois and stags, driven together from the surrounding mountains and pressed onward to the steep shores, had no escape but to take the stupendous leap into the lake, during which the deadly shot generally reached them.



CHAPEL IN THE ROCK

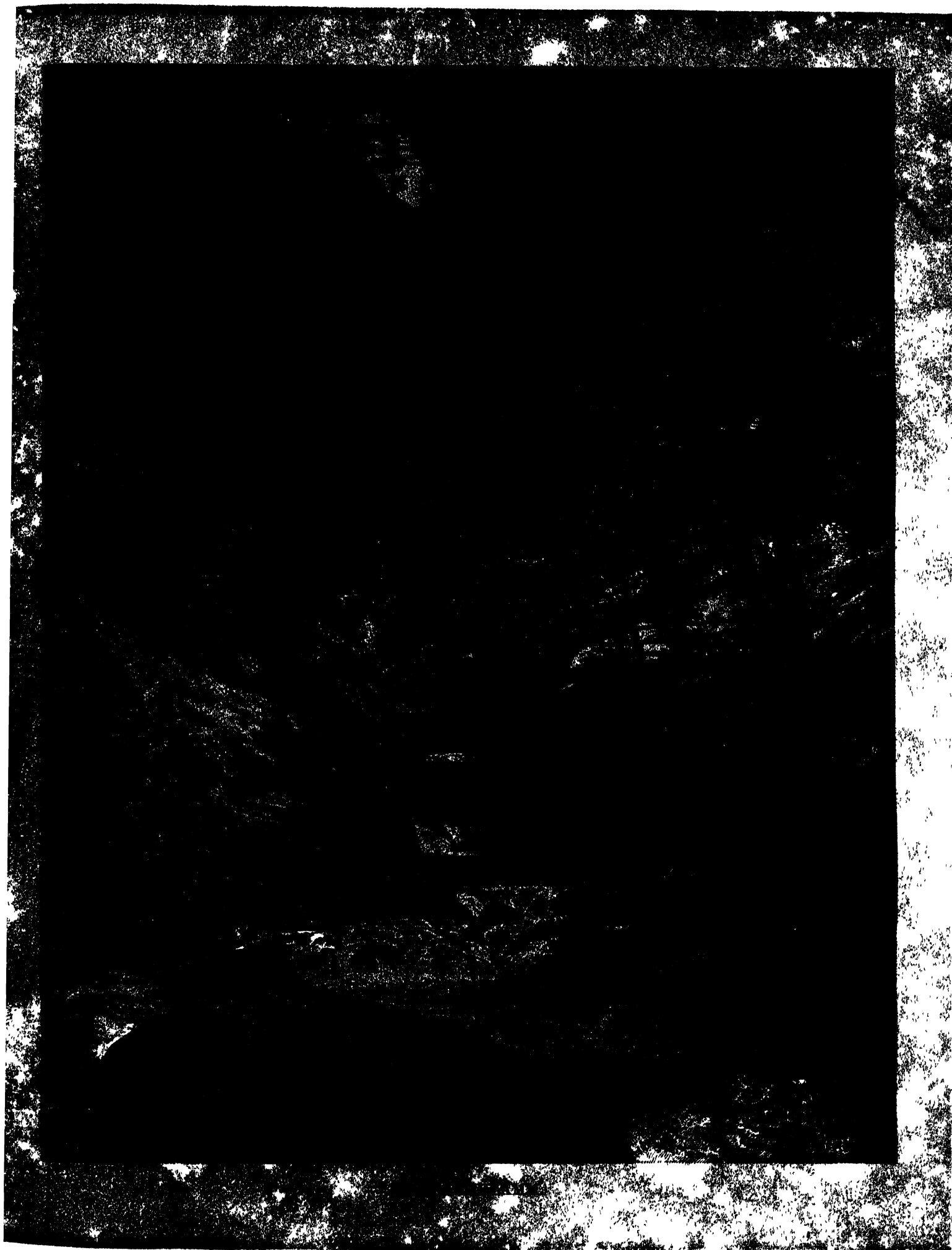
Those who desire to try the strength of their heels and the endurance of their knees may climb up the mountains through the Fischunkel to the deserted Funtensee-Tauern, where the dismal Grunsee sleeps and dreams, and which no living creature inhabits; or, yet farther, to the gigantic rocky waste of the "Stony See," which looks just like an ocean petrified by the stroke of a magician during a raging tempest; or he may, returning to St. Bartholomew, mount the Watzmann, to the so-called "Lubel," and the other green oases, in which the shepherds' huts lie embedded; or to the everywhere visible "Gap," in which the snow never melts. It is, in any case, an expedition upon which one may look back with pride, for the Watzmann is 8,578 feet high; and if the road is by no means a promenade, yet the prospect which presents itself from above is one of the grandest

and loveliest which a mountain tour has to offer. A huntsman can also pass hither over the ridge of Bartlmä and come to the "Hunstod," which, itself an immense pyramid of rock, commands a not less immense waste of rock, through which the Wimbach rushes to precipitate itself into the deep and narrow ravine of the Wimbach-Klamm. On one side beams for a narrow bridge are driven into the rock, upon which the ravine can be traversed, and you may gaze at the steep above, and the abyss below, almost deafened by the roar of the foaming stream, which drowns every sound. We draw a long and joyful breath when we step from the ravine into the open air again—from night into day. There stand the Ramsau Mountains in the most glorious light of a summer evening. The lofty Goll glows, whilst the sun dwells awhile upon him, as if he would linger on a spectacle than which scarce a fairer greets him in his passage round the world.

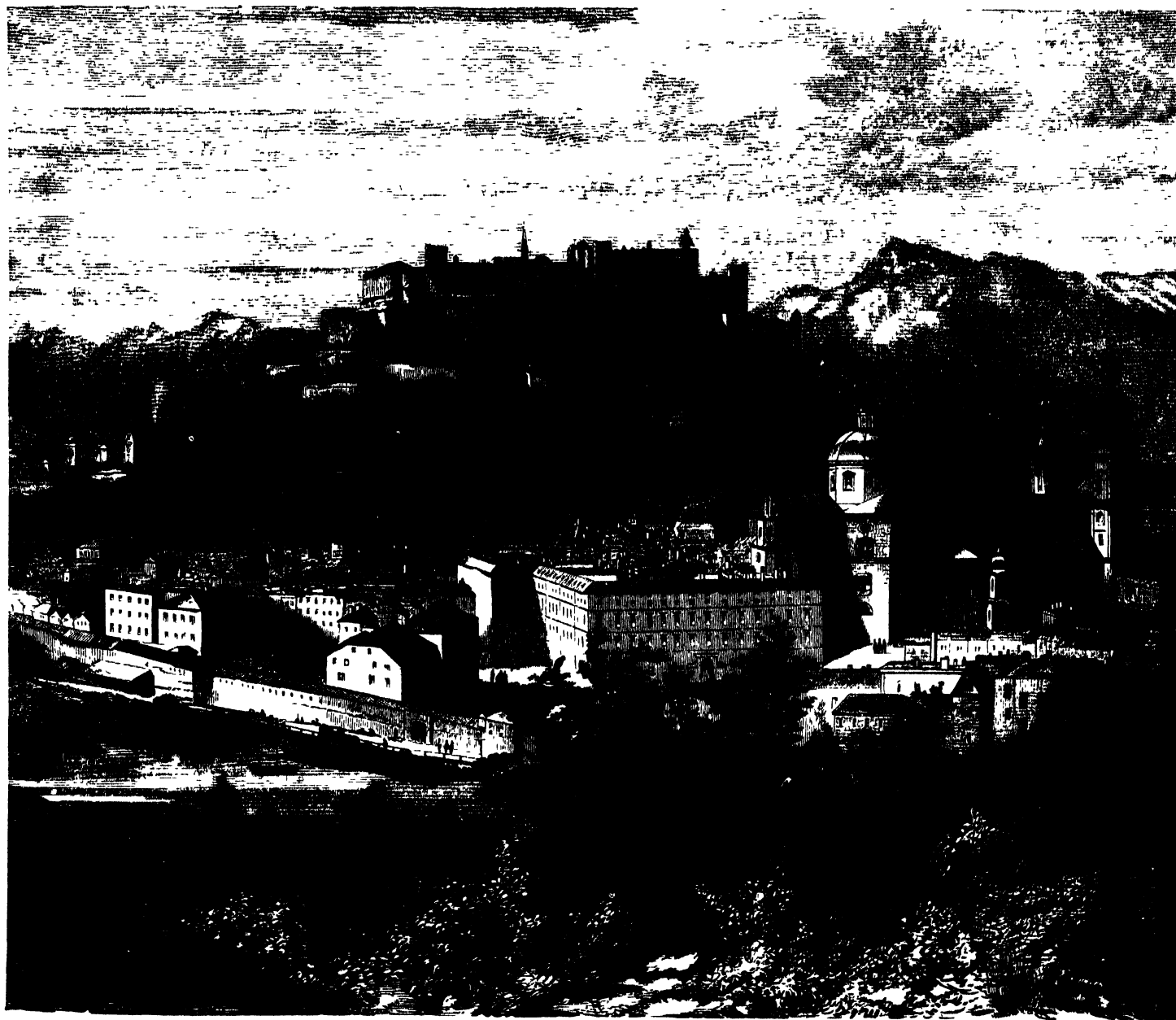
XIII. FROM SALZBURG.

THE evening was already waning as we sat on the lofty Monchsberg; the numerous visitors appeared to have returned home long ago; and the meditations which at such a moment engross the silent traveller had free play. At our feet lay Salzburg, the ancient and renowned city, with its houses rising in terraces one above the other; before us the mountains, like an immense wall: the towering Goll, the Staufen, and the Untersberg. Dark bridges arched themselves above, whilst the stream pressed roaring beneath them; the cupolas and towers of the broad city waxed higher and broader in the twilight; and, listening longer, one could hear through this calm of a mighty nature the innumerable sounds of that motley existence which swelled below in its ordinary yet varied routine. Music sounds in the streets, and officers in white uniform and with clanking sabre pass by between fair ladies. A tone of southern, almost Italian, life pervades the streets. This is involuntarily felt in looking at the people, who sit in the evening at the open doors: it has passed into the habits of the people, but not into their dispositions; for, despite all, Salzburg is a German city. Whilst the merry throng hummed I glanced back to the days whose symbols were the Roman sword and the solitary cell. Will the reader accompany me in these meditations?

The picture we have of the earliest times of Germany is a remarkable contrast. A mythic veil is thrown over the theatre of so many great contests; it is marked by darksome colours; the tempest which sweeps through the endless forests is heard. Here sacrifices are offered to the gods of old; here moves the wolf on his dark track; and the mighty forms which dwell in these forests are tall and fair, the skin of the bear covers their naked shoulders, and their blue eyes look towards the south with eager glance. Thus stands the representation of our ancestors in the books of Tacitus; a secret terror seized the polished Roman when he took the word "Germania" on his lips. Yet we find now and then in the midst of this wilderness, on this chilly, shadowy background, splendid colonies; they are the first settlements of the Romans in Germany. It was thus that the sumptuous villas of the prætors, with their cool piazzas and classic statues, bordered the Rhine; the transparent flood bathed their marble steps; and Roman purple was spread over the couches of the guests. There were gardens in the midst of the wilderness. They lay along the mighty and broad military roads which the Romans had constructed along the Rhine from Switzerland to Cologne, and thence into Rhetia and Noricum. The roads were connected by powerful fortresses, and under the protection of these the most flourishing towns soon developed themselves.



One of these towns, and the fairest of all, was Salzburg. Who would believe nowadays, looking at its modern life, that the memories of a thousand years rest on that spot; that it was already blooming in the glory of youth when Germany still lay in legendary darkness? And yet it was so. At the Pass of Lueg, where the Salzack breaks through the mountains to gain its freedom, is the proper division between mountain and plain. A great and wildly beautiful valley begins here, which increases in breadth till it loses itself in the immense plain of the Danube. The last impressive mountain scenery on this road is



SALZBURG.

Salzburg. The lofty Goll stands on the right, with the Untersberg and the Staufen; to the left are the Geisberg and those under-features which unite it with the Tannengebirg. The walls of these mountains lie there like the propylæum; and if we look at the gigantic gate of stone which they form towards the plain, we must feel how powerful this is as a strategical position.

The Romans also constructed here a fortress and town; Juvavia was its ancient name. Although it possessed but the rank of a colony, the young settlement developed itself splendidly, and a whole legion was stationed there for its protection. The camp in which it was cantoned stood upon the Schlossberg,

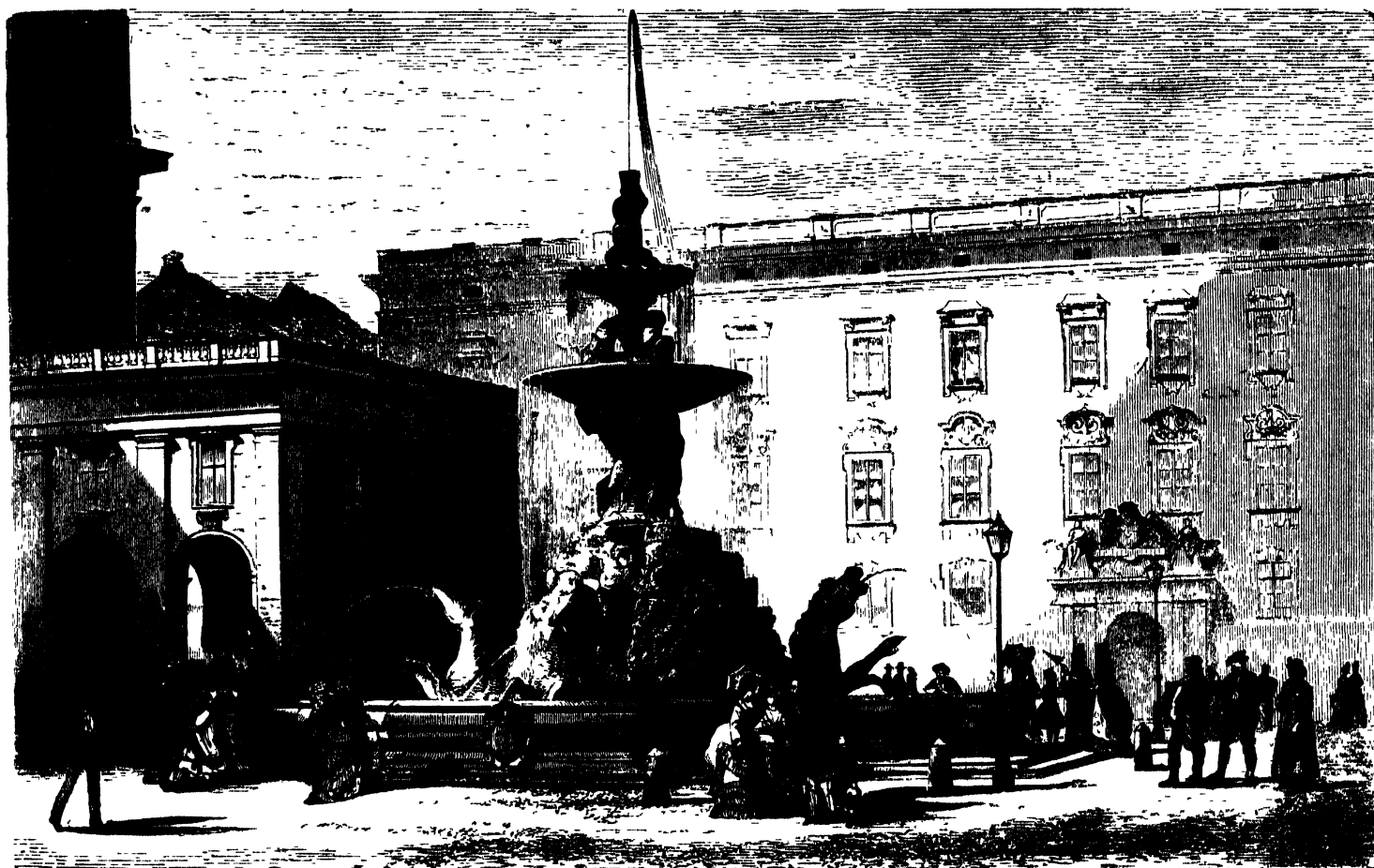
Roman temples covered the heights, and fine pillars filled the public squares. Even at that time the houses rose in terraces on the mountain slopes, and from this point broad roads radiated into the country.

When we speak nowadays of Salzburg, most of us do not think of the Roman town, but of the far-famed town of the bishops. To this also we may devote a few words, for it represents a scene of culture which endured almost a thousand years. The imperial figures of Germany meet us here, and all the bloom which the Middle Ages could produce grew up on the ruins of the first epoch, and for the second time Salzburg became the centre of the intellectual power of the Rætian lands.

The Franks were the first who arrived in the desert once called Juvavia. Many Roman families still lived scattered in the vicinity, but lived half savages upon hunting and fishing: the earth yet bore the curse which Attila's foot had imprinted on it. Then began milder manners and benign culture. Rupert, the leader of the second Frankish colonists, erected a convent, which the Bavarian dukes endowed with many possessions; and when the Briton Virgil came to Salzburg in 745, the first resistance of the untamed country was already broken. Pepin, the Marshal of the Frankish Empire, held his powerful hand over his acquisition; a school was erected in Chiemsee, and messengers went into all the districts to proclaim a gentler doctrine. Salzburg ascended to the pinnacle of glory in the Middle Ages through Charlemagne. Now came the long line of archbishops, with good and bad days in rapid alternation. When the Hungarians inundated the country, Salzburg was frightfully devastated, but in a short space recovered from its wounds. A rich library was collected in the rooms of the convent; whilst everywhere there were comfort and peace. In the year 959 the Emperor Otho the Good came to Salzburg, and celebrated Easter there. From this time the possessions of the bishopric increased rapidly; all the emperors endowed the abbey with woods and lakes, with farms and their appurtenances. This was the turning-point of its interior development. For out of power grew ambition; and the bishops, who had at first grasped the cross, seized now the sword; and the contests which the unhappy Hildebrand conjured up sucked the marrow of all German countries. Then came the Reformation and the times of Charles V., when the spiritual princes became more worldly, and the love of ostentation led to wild extravagance. Salzburg was not to be outrun by the other episcopal towns. Her ruler was Primate of all Germany, and generally was a scion of one of the most distinguished families. But the gaiety of this life paled when the Thirty Years' War burst over Germany. Salzburg was now fortified in hot haste, and the Archbishop Paris von Lodron, who ruled at that time, acquired imperishable fame by his defence of the town. Many another name was conspicuous for humanity after his death. Bishop John Ernest appears greater than his predecessors in this respect. It was he who constructed the Hospital of St. John out of his own revenues; and when the first tired pilgrim arrived, it was he again who accompanied him and washed his feet. Salzburg also suffered heavily from the fearful wars which form the history of this century. At the time of the secularisation of Church property the spiritual power was torn from the Archbishops, and when Napoleon I. rent the map of Germany in twain, it fell to the lot of Bavaria for a short time. It was finally united with Austria in the year 1814, and since then has formed the fairest jewel in the brilliant yet thorny possessions of the house of Hapsburg.

William von Humboldt has called Salzburg the fairest town in Germany, and his brother Alexander shared this impression. If this beauty rests in the first place on a marvellous natural situation, yet the architectural appearance of the town has its peculiar attraction. Without being beautiful in the strict sense of the term, it is at least characteristic; and this is what, as a rule, decides the impression made by

a town. Though there is no want of handsome and tasteful buildings, nor of the modern barrack style, yet the structures which decide its physiognomy are all erected on a uniform and strict principle. This is the style of the spiritual magnates of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Of course it is a little stiff and heavy, but the massive scenery relieves it. The handiest example of the sort is the cathedral, whose construction was commenced about the year 1614, upon the model of St. Peter's in Rome. Its dimensions are enormous. It was to be also a palace of the episcopal mightiness; and that exuberant and pompous self-importance which then animated the spiritual grandes of those times breaks out in the overburdened top-knot style of architecture. The remaining churches of the town, whose number may amount to about twenty, are built in a similar style. In this quantitative representation of godliness lurks a principal feature of the cathedral town. The Margaret Chapel, standing in the churchyard of



FOUNTAIN AT SALZBURG (HOFBRUNNEN).

St. Peter, must be considered a small but valuable example of the Gothic style. It was built towards the end of the fifteenth century; likewise the church of Kloster Nonberg, whose history reaches back to the time of the Agilolfingers. Though the spiritual principalities have now become a thing of the past, and the inexhaustible stream of visitors in which the town exists has promoted a cosmopolitan temper, yet the latter has not succeeded in entirely destroying the ancient features.

Another element is added to these characteristic indications. It is apparent that Salzburg is the capital of the district, in which a crowd of officials is concentrated, and also that it is an important station for the military authorities. Besides this, widowed and retired majesties of the imperial house of Austria reside there, so that all this together gives the town an official air which must not be overlooked if we wish to become acquainted with its characteristics.

If we roam through the simple streets, where one can get friendly information from every one, we shall meet many things well worth seeing, if not remarkable. Above all, there is the large and ancient Residenz Square, with the former archiepiscopal castle; the lofty fountain stands in the middle, with its colossal river-gods and tritons in the foam of the waters. The statue of Mozart was erected in the year 1841, and commemorates the great musician, who, as is well known, was born in Salzburg, and lived there in the service of Archbishop Hieronymus. The house where he was born is made known by golden letters, and a series of other memorials pointing back to him proclaim how popular his name is still in the fair city.

The colossal aqueducts possessed by Salzburg since the seventeenth century are foremost among the elementary buildings. The situation is likewise enhanced by the fact that we meet with steep rocks on all sides. A combat with rocks—that is the architectural history of the town, in which, alas! tragic episodes are not wanting. We remind the reader only of the horrible landslips which took place in the years 1493, 1614, and 1665; but they were all exceeded by the cruel mishap of the 15th July, 1669.



NEU THOR.

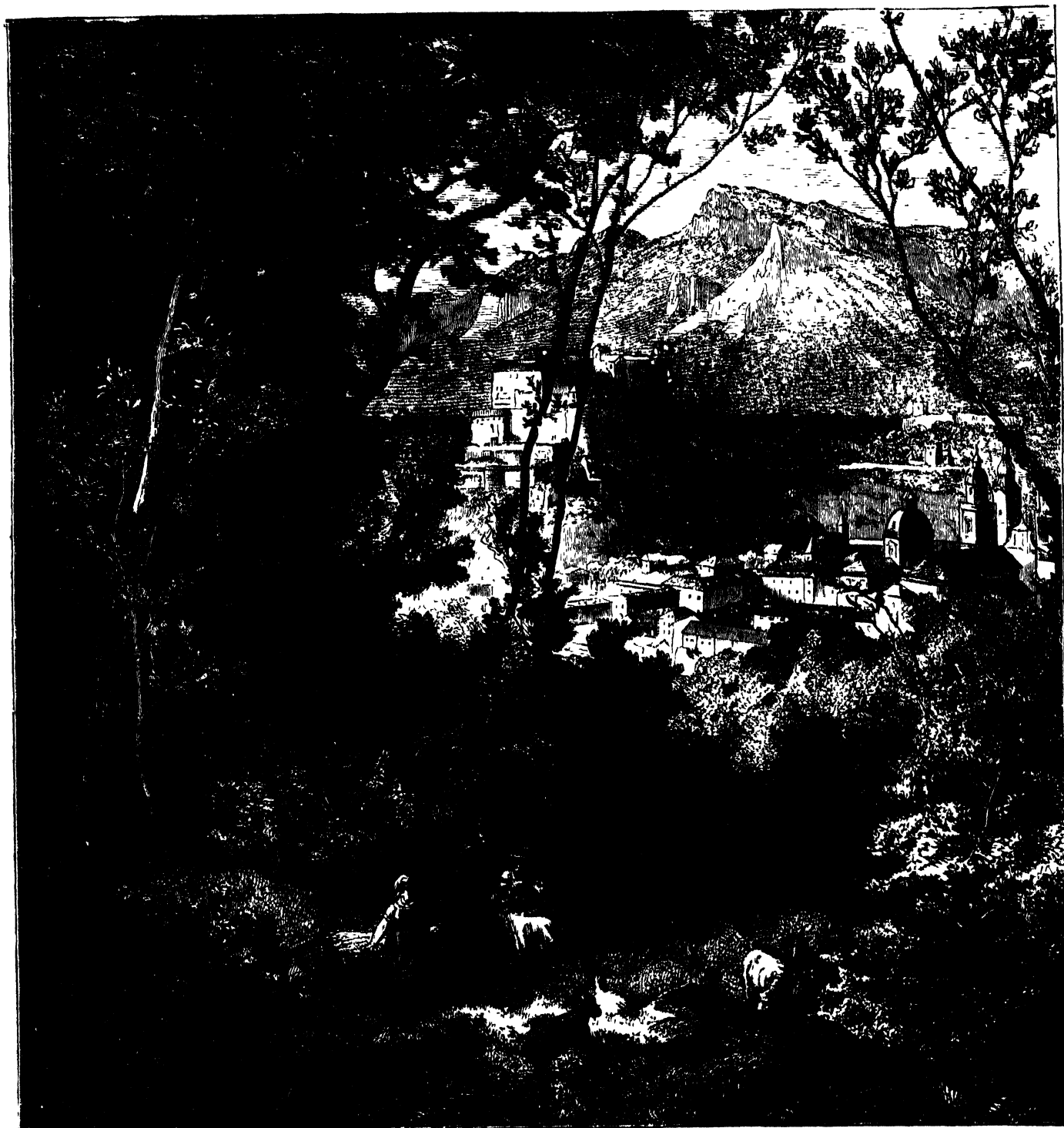
At about ten o'clock at night an enormous mass of stone detached itself from the ridge of the Monchsberg, and fell crashing on to the long row of houses nestling at its foot. The church of St. Mark, the Brothers of Charity, and a crowd of smaller buildings were buried with their inhabitants. The fearful crash and the cry of anguish which rang through the streets awoke the neighbours from their sleep; they hastened to assist, and a thousand hands were busy in clearing the giant grave. The mountains groaned a second time, and a mass of rock, larger than the first, was precipitated beneath. More than three hundred of those who had come to help found a dreadful death, and now flight and despair became the password for all. Even the boldest dare approach no more, and the calls and groans of those smothered died away

without help. It is only since that time that it was thought expedient to support or cut away the rocks which had crumbled.

A rocky wonder of a rare description is the so-called New Gate, which leads through the Monchsberg. We see at the entrance, where creepers bloom in the crevices, the portrait of the constructor (Archbishop Sigismund), and beneath, the inscription: "*Te saxa loquuntur.*" Admiration of this work may die out in our time, accustomed as we are to tunnels, but in the seventeenth century it was a masterpiece of art. With a breadth of twenty-two feet, it has a length of more than four hundred. This breach is an inestimable treasure for the town, for it relieves the latter from the barrier which the steep Monchsberg laid across her roads.

The princely stables and the two riding-schools, also, are architecturally famed. The former, erected in 1607, accommodates one hundred and thirty horses; and Hungarian troopers loiter negligently, with clanking spurs, through the lofty halls. The mangers were formerly hewn out of white marble, and through the stable runs a branch of the Berchtesgadner stream, which day and night sings its murmuring song as it hastens forward into the open. The riding-school was formerly the theatre of magnificent tourneys, and three galleries, hewn in the rock, with lofty arches, one above the other, accommodated the guests.

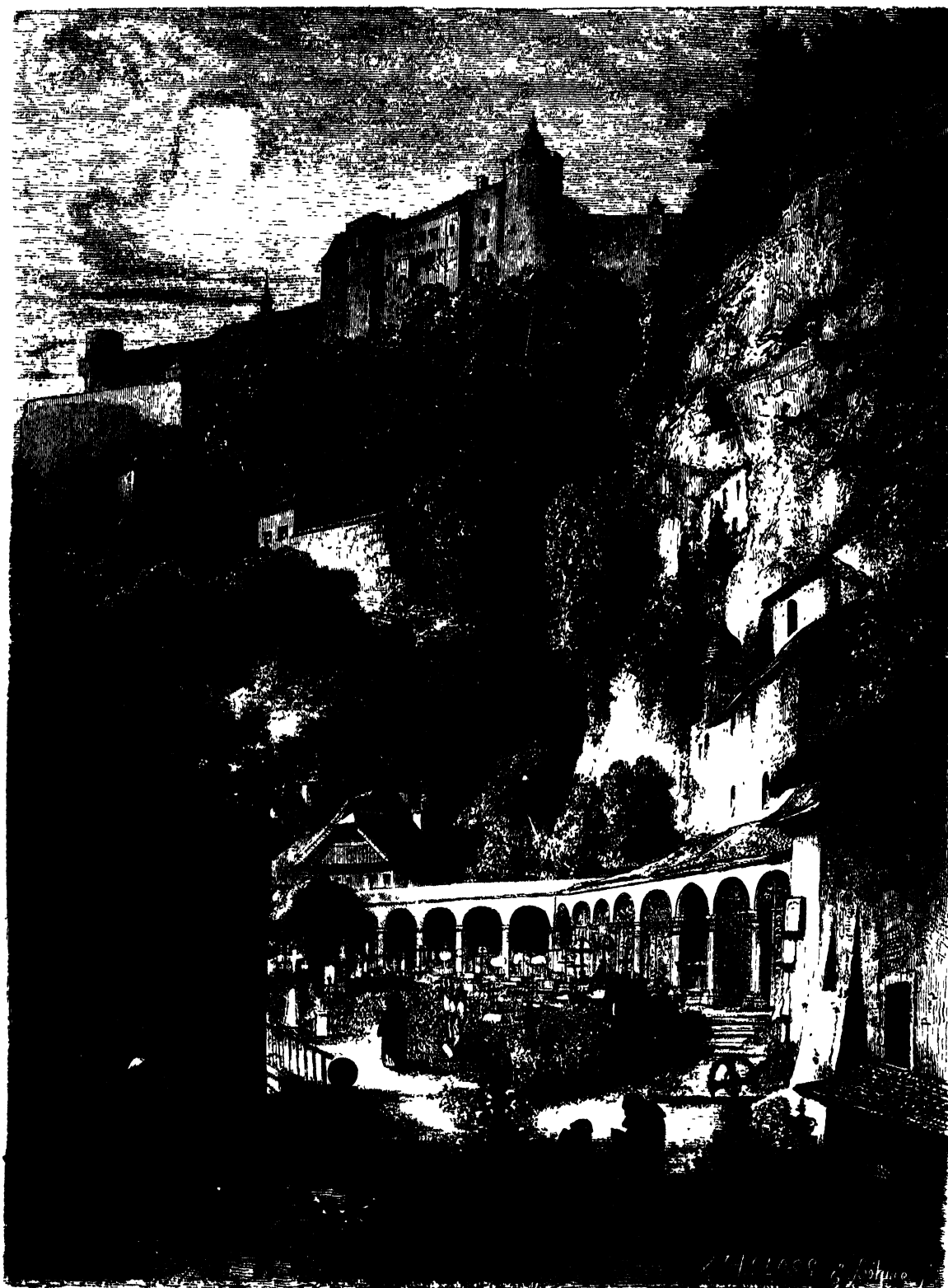
The picture of Salzburg would be incomplete were we to consider the town without those charming environs which play such an important part in its general appearance. We name first the castles of Hellbrunn and Leopoldskron. The former was the summer residence of the Archbishops of Salzburg. We come upon dense avenues with magnificent groups of trees, whilst the building mania of the princes piled



SALZBURG.

stone on stone. Thus has arisen, on the summit of the rock, the so-called "Month's Castle," built by Archbishop Marcus Sitticus in thirty days, in order to surprise a Duke of Bavaria. Leopoldskron is situated nearer to Salzburg; it is built in Italian style, and was endowed with rich treasures of art by King Louis I. These treasures have been taken away, but the castle is still in the possession of the

Bavarian reigning family. At only one hour's distance from Salzburg lies Aigen, which Ernest von Schwarzenberg transformed from a watering-place into a princely residence. Its natural charms are



PETER'S CHURCHYARD, IN SALZBURG.

disfigured by no art. The road leads from Aigen up the Gaisberg, which offers a view extending from Traunstein to the Kaiser Gebirg and away over seven lakes.

But the fairest spot in the environs of Salzburg is Maria Plain, a pilgrimage church, lying on a moderate eminence not far from the town. Round about, all the glory of the earth is extended—the

garland of mountains and the shining town, dark woods and luxuriant fields. Before the church is an open space where green lime-trees stand, in whose branches the breezes play, and beneath whose shade the musing pilgrim reclines.

The Untersberg is the most remarkable of the mountains which surround Salzburg. Not only the great imperial story, which has been revived in our days, but countless other legends twine themselves around the ancient rock. Indeed, the mass of stone in itself is so wonderfully put together and creviced that something mysterious remains for the traveller. Nearly six German miles must be traversed to make the tour of it, whilst if we ascend higher we meet everywhere trap rocks, wild precipices, and furious waters. The marble quarries on the slope of the mountain are famed; from these are built not only the most valuable edifices in Salzburg, but also numerous churches and monuments in all Germany. In their neighbourhood is a well of ancient fame called the Princes' Well. Wonderful potency was formerly ascribed to its waters.

Among the caves and grottoes which the wondrous mountain conceals in its interior, that one is especially remarkable which lies beyond the Muckenbrunnen, near the Mittagscharte. We enter by a natural gate, which is more than double the height of a man, into a hall whose walls and roof are composed of sparkling ice. The light of day peeps timidly in through the crevices; the twilight is cool and silvery; and the echo of our own steps alarms us.

For four months together Salzburg belongs almost exclusively to visitors. Sauntering through the streets in August, one may hear at one and the same time five or six foreign languages. The North Germans are the most numerous; then come the English, with red travelling guides, and all the tokens by which the initiated recognise the nation of travellers. America brings her dollars, and the subjects of the Empire their paper; the hotels are full to stifling, and at the railway station crushes a Babylonian crowd. This is the daily history of the summer days, and the good-tempered residents are so inured to it that they would miss it were it otherwise. We regret that our space precludes us from giving a description of the visits of the numerous illustrious personages who have honoured the city with their presence. Suffice it to say that here, on the 18th of August, 1867, the ruler of Austria received Napoleon III. with the pomp and ceremony befitting his rank. A few short years afterwards another potentate—the Emperor of Germany—made his entry; but under what different auspices!

XIV. TRAUNSEE AND ISCHL.

MORE brilliant than all the other lakes in the Salzkammergut, the Traunsee lies at our feet. The portion which we at first perceive in coming from Langbath is dark and motionless; the banks fall precipitously into the depths, whilst rocky hills enclose the scene on all sides. The Sonnstein peak juts from the east into the lake, and behind this the Traunstein elevates its bare sides. The isolation of this picture increases the impression which the spectator experiences; his mind is not divided between changing ideas, he is struck by the unity and precision of the landscape. Scarcely, however, is the rocky promontory formed by the Sonnstein gained when a broad and pleasant country lies before us. On the left bank a point of land projects into the lake, on whose rocky soil Traunkirchen is built. To the right are heaped the broad

masses of the Traunstein, and between them both glimmers, at the northern end of the lake, the town of Gmunden, with its rows of white houses on green, smiling turf.

Traunkirchen, where our boat stops, is half hidden beneath thick trees. The foundation of the church is traced back to those times when the Hungarians devastated Germany, and the Margraves of Steier erected a house of God to commemorate their victory on that spot. The modern name frequently occurs in the course of history. The Jesuits became masters of the place, and possessed it until the abolition of their order, when it lapsed to the Austrian government. The origin of Gmunden, which was a free market in the time of the old Empire, dates back almost to the Romans. The impression which this little town makes on us is that of trim, but not exactly unconscious, beauty. Church and town-hall have something doleful about them as well as something sublime; and in the bustling life of the citizens we see prominent that industry which preponderates in so many parts of the Salzkammergut. This is the



STORM ON THE LAKE.

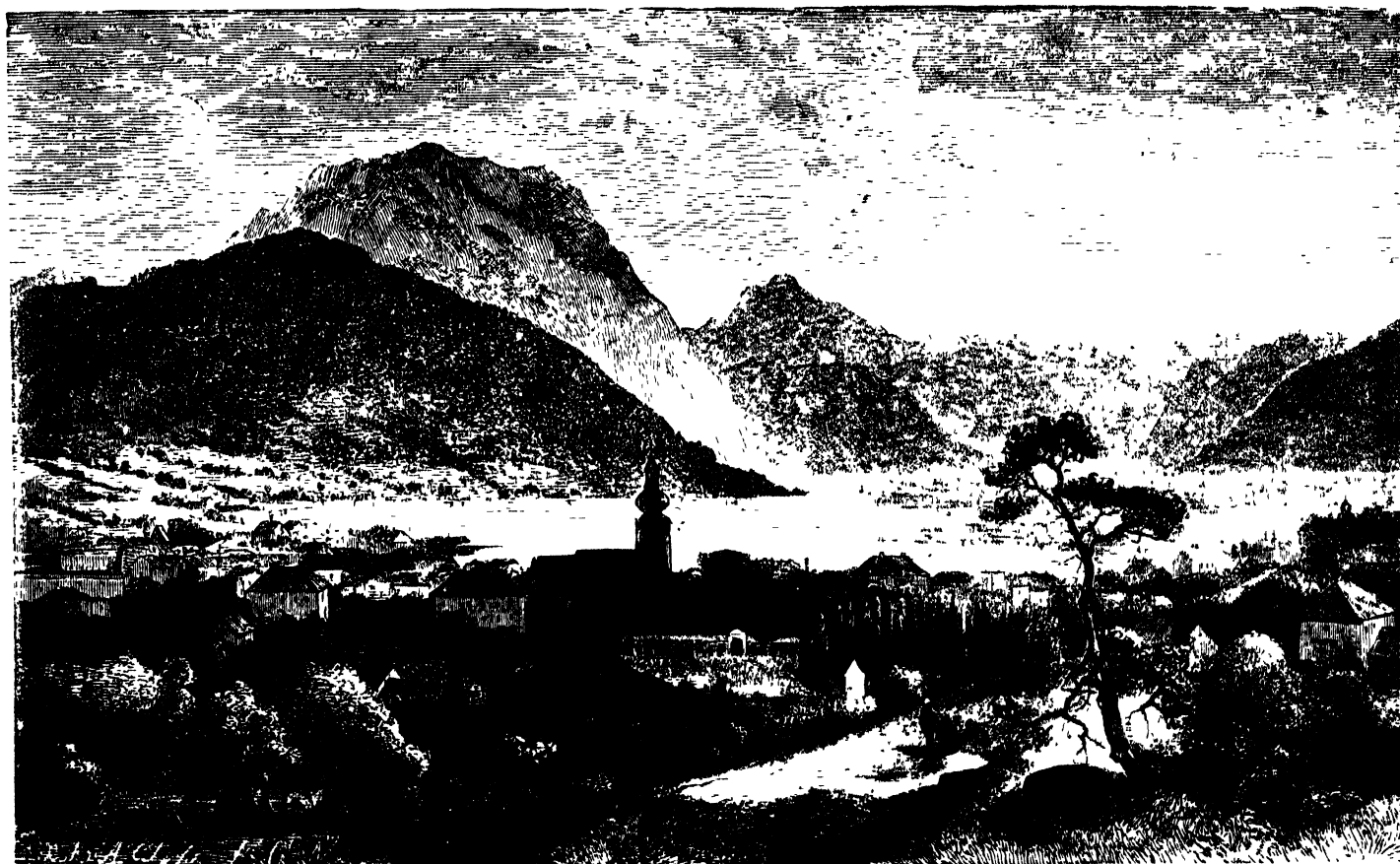
business of the salt-works, the entire apparatus of which has been united in a model collection in Gmunden. A fine carved altar in the parish church, of the year 1626, is also worth seeing, for it was chiselled by an artist of the name of Schwandaller, who is believed to be an ancestor of the famed Schwanthaler. But all the small wonders are far excelled by those which Nature has built up. We have already named the mountains which dominate the lake to a certain extent; these are the Traunstein and the Sonnstein. Seen from afar, indeed, the projecting Traunstein plunges into the depths; and he who ascends either of the narrow footpaths which lead to the summit will be unable to avoid those dangerous spots where the sharp rocks sink perpendicularly into the lake. What gives the Sonnstein a gloomy appearance is the traces of a frightful wood-fire which raged for five days together about ten years ago.

During storms the lake is as rude as the mountains, the waves often foaming up as high as a house, and attacking the craft like an assassin. The road also leading from Ebensee to Traunsee is torn from

this violence of the elements. Here too, as on the steep cliffs and the villages on the bank, we find numerous tablets testifying to the woe inflicted by the waves.

If we follow the course of the crystal river which gives its name to the lake, we soon come to the falls of the Traun, which are inconsiderable, hardly amounting to more than fifty feet; but the whole neighbourhood is rich in beauty, and the stream is now rendered secure and navigable by means of immense sluices. The commerce which enlivens the banks receives, through the heavy wood and salt trade, a special character; and the wood-drifting on the Traun is of a stupendous nature, for the rafts rush forward on the waves with tempestuous rapidity. A legend relates that a wedding train was precipitated into the whirlpool, where all were engulfed without exception. The commencement of this water trade reaches back to mythical times.

If we follow the valley of the Traun towards the south, the road is at first narrow; at the back and



GMUNDEN.

side masses of rock crowd above, and are in their turn crowded over by others. The Traun flows past us with bright and rapid waves, now rushing through sloping meadows, now winding round giant rocks. Here a burning charcoal-kiln, there a long row of newly felled piled-up wood: thus the road leads us along the valley until it lies before us full length on both banks of the little river Ischl.

The situations which surround the spot enhance the first favourable impression without overdoing it. The Dachstein, with its mighty outlines, looks towards us; lower down lies the ruin Wildenstein, with countless villas charmingly situated and carefully kept, chief among which is the imperial one, with its unpretentious park and flower-garden.

Ischl has the reputation of being "the most fashionable bath in the monarchy." Nobility and

moneyed aristocracy vie with each other in ostentation ; but we pass by the forms which in each paradise betoken the "season," and of such forms there are only too many in Ischl. Their capabilities give the measure of desires in that domain ; for these the trombones play ; for these the golden rubbish of the shop is stored. The resident inhabitants also are in some measure under the influence of these elements. They partake not only of the cash, but of the nature of their visitors, and so arises a sorry mixture of rural-manufacturing natures, of summer industry and winter sloth. The phenomenon which we are speaking of is not intended to refer to a single place, but to all where like causes exist.

Next to the visitors, who leave behind vast sums, Ischl owes her career to the salt-works. The salt



ISCHL.

which is there evaporated is said to amount to more than 200,000 centners yearly. A visit to the works offers much interest to travellers ; but they must not compare them with those of Hallein. Regarding the human beasts of burden, who encamp at the foot of the mountain to drag rich fellow-creatures up it, we had rather be silent, that we may spare the reader and ourselves a shock ; for gazing at this heaven so blue and on these mountains bathed in sunlight should relieve our souls from what oppresses them, and thus gazing we will take our departure from delightful Ischl.

XV. ON THE SCHAFBERG.

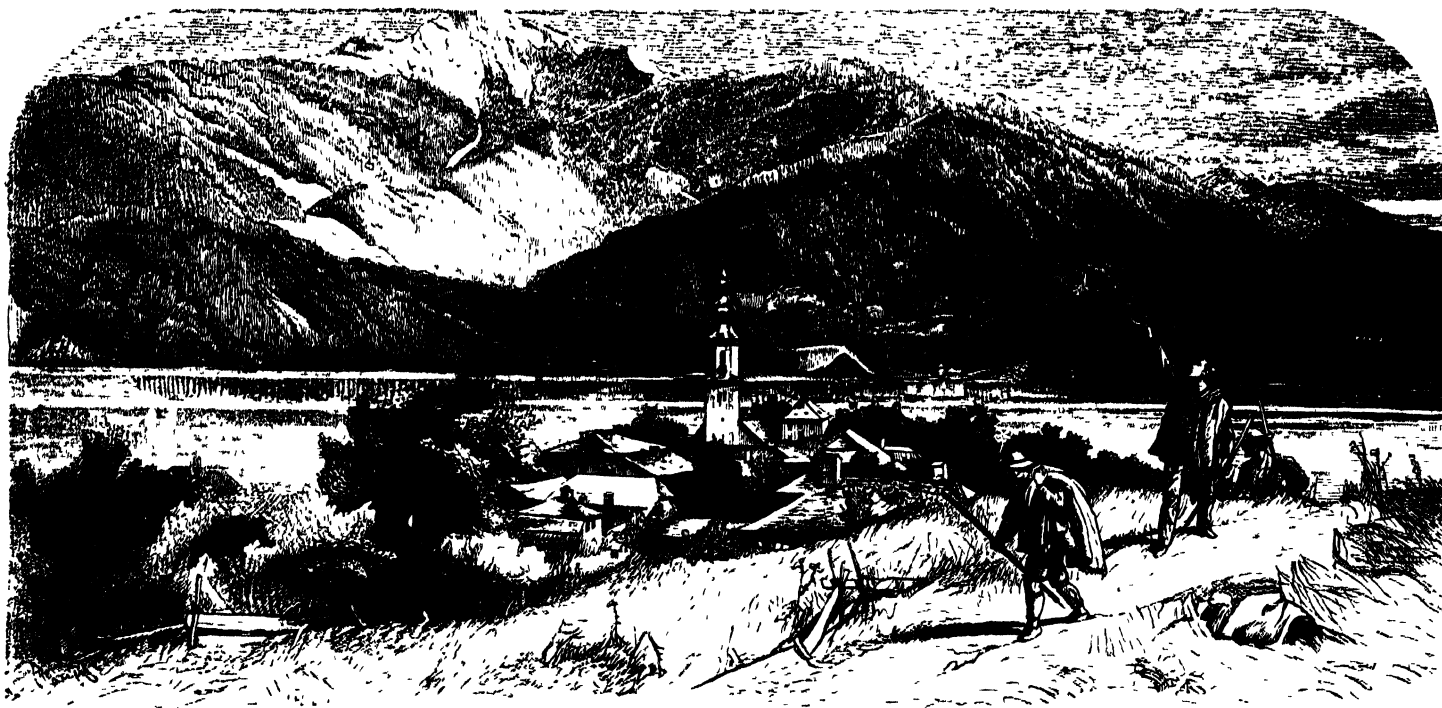


WE select the road which ascends from St. Gilgen in steep curves. The first resting-place we meet is a soft meadow, around which the upper forest extends, while the brook by the lonely shepherd's hut ripples coolly past. Following the narrow footpath which leads over the slope, we are soon shut in by the darkness of the pines, the road ascending over rotten stems and buried roots, till the eye peeps through the clearing which the abyss opens to the right, where the Mondsee extends its dark clear flood, and reflects the height which we have silently reached. The wood disappears a second time; and now the roofs of many a pasture shine opposite, and all at once the landscape becomes extensive; the masses of the Dachstein tower on high, and even the domain on which we stand assumes that strongly organized character which is the mark of true mountain meadows. Alpine roses and dwarf firs flourish at our feet, until the rocky ascent begins which leads us to our final goal.

Who can describe those wonders which now lie before our eyes? The territory which we overlook belongs to nations, so immeasurable is the horizon. We survey with rapid eye mountains which are in Bohemia, Carinthia, and Bavaria; hardly one famous name is wanting in the gigantic panorama. The "Dead Mountain" and Dachstein group elevate their towering cliffs; not far from these the Hölle Gebirge and the Traunstein. Yonder, the colossal mountains, with their mythical names, hang over the Königssee: the "Stony Sea," the Hohe Goll, and the Untersberg. Betwixt them the blue wave is imprisoned. Its fluid life is poured among the rocks, and even their grey heads show a reflection of the poesy which dwells among the waves.

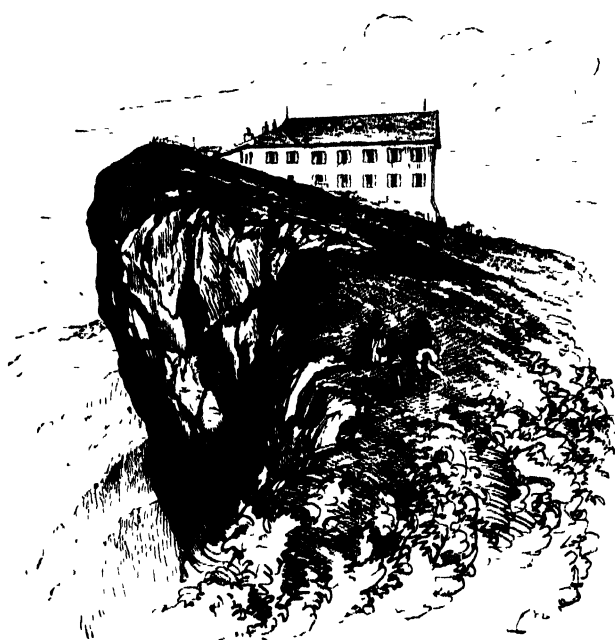
From the point on which we stand the eye sweeps over countless lakes. A series of tiny lakes, which lie in the clefts of the mountain, extend almost half the way up. But below lie their mighty brethren, now in dreamy repose, now agitated by the bright play of their waves. Thus is it with the Mondsee and the Attersee, and that which rests under the guardianship of St. Wolfgang. Farther away,

for miles, lie the broad lakes beyond the mountains and the plain. Of these the Chiemsee is the most important, its surface extending for leagues and leagues, and surrounded by solitary banks. Here, on a perpendicular height, the rich composition of the landscape is displayed in all its glory; it is a labyrinth



ST. GILGEN.

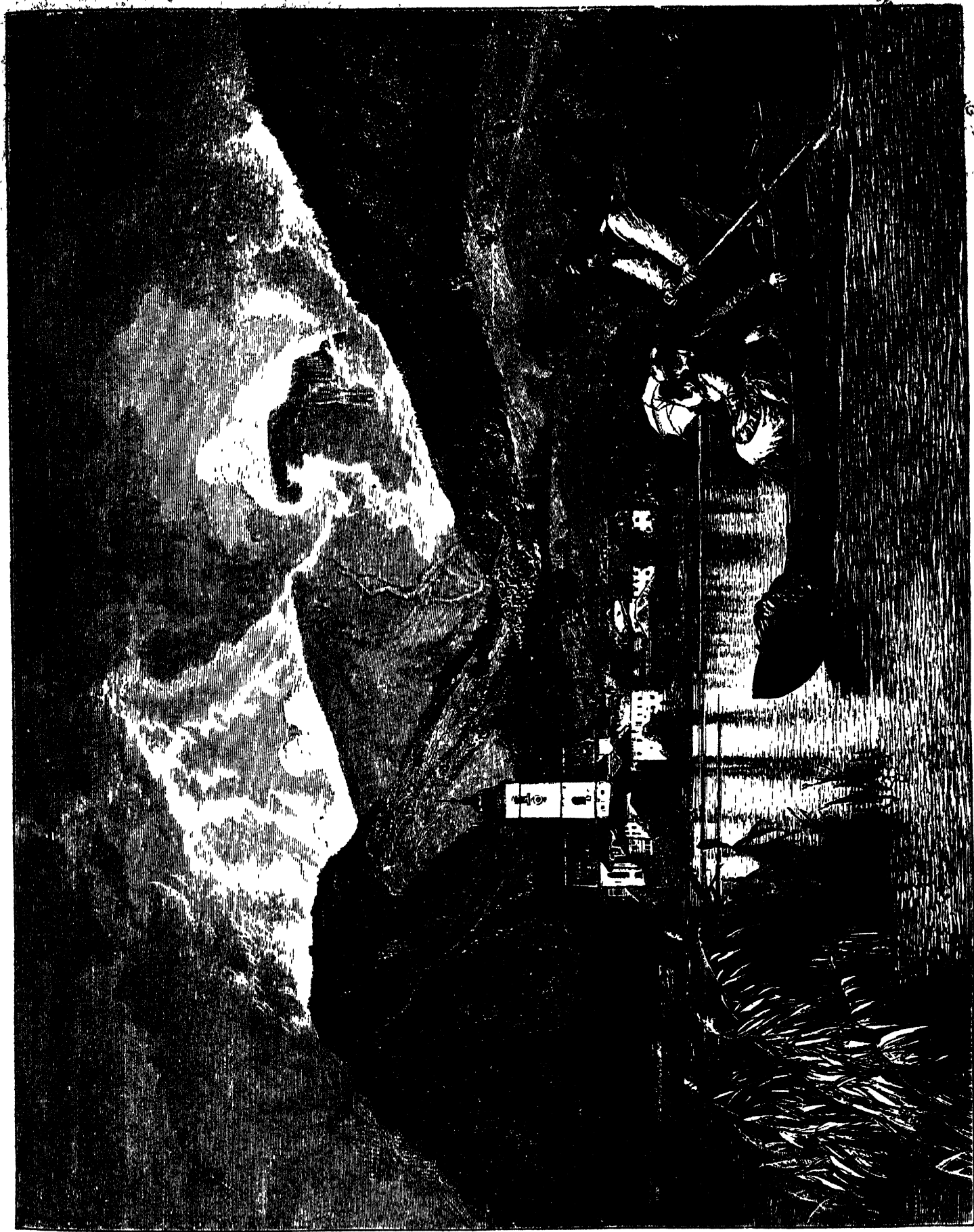
of beautiful outlines, which cross and pursue each other in a thousand directions. They are soon lost, now in the depths of the lake, and now in the impenetrable masses of the rocky chain; but, nevertheless, the unity of the whole is not destroyed, the sentiment of its wonderful continuity remains. A little



INN ON THE SCHAFBERG.

hospice stands on the top of the mountain, dependent on the innkeeper of St. Wolfgang; it fulfils the meritorious task of providing for five or six thousand tourists yearly. Although the season does not last long, and the place is subject to the severe climate of the higher mountains, still even in winter the hospice is not uninhabited. Two guardians pass the time of the snows here, cut off from all the world and consigned to the freaks of an irresponsible destiny. No mortal foot can traverse the snowdrifts which the north wind amasses, levelling fathom-deep inequalities in the ground. No word, no cry penetrates through the layers of fog into the abode of men, and it was only a few years ago that they hit upon the idea of erecting optical signals. These are exhibited on a stone pillar, which is easily descried from St. Wolfgang with a glass, and below,

in the inn, there is a book kept which deciphers the meaning of thirty-two signals. It is true that these can but express the most primitive ideas, and that the fog often enough bars the way, yet the consolation remains that it is a greeting from life to life, and that the eye can reach where the foot cannot follow.



SAINT WOLFGANG, WITH THE SCHAFBERG.



XVI. GOSAUSEE.

It is at a smithy that we obtain the first repose on the road which leads us through the Gosau Valley to the lakes. Grandly and calmly the landscape meets our gaze, the melody of the waves is monotonous, and we feel that we are in the midst of a desert. Then we hear in the distance the stroke of the hammers, smoke and sparks shoot from the chimney, and the firs reach almost to the threshold of the old house. The little room, with its wooden walls, is old and primitive. We sit down near the swarthy forms which squat round the table, and partake of their cool drink, until some one of them rises and gives us the signal of departure. He travels the same road as we, laden with the heavy axe and the long alpenstock, so we are glad to follow him up to the Gosau Lakes.

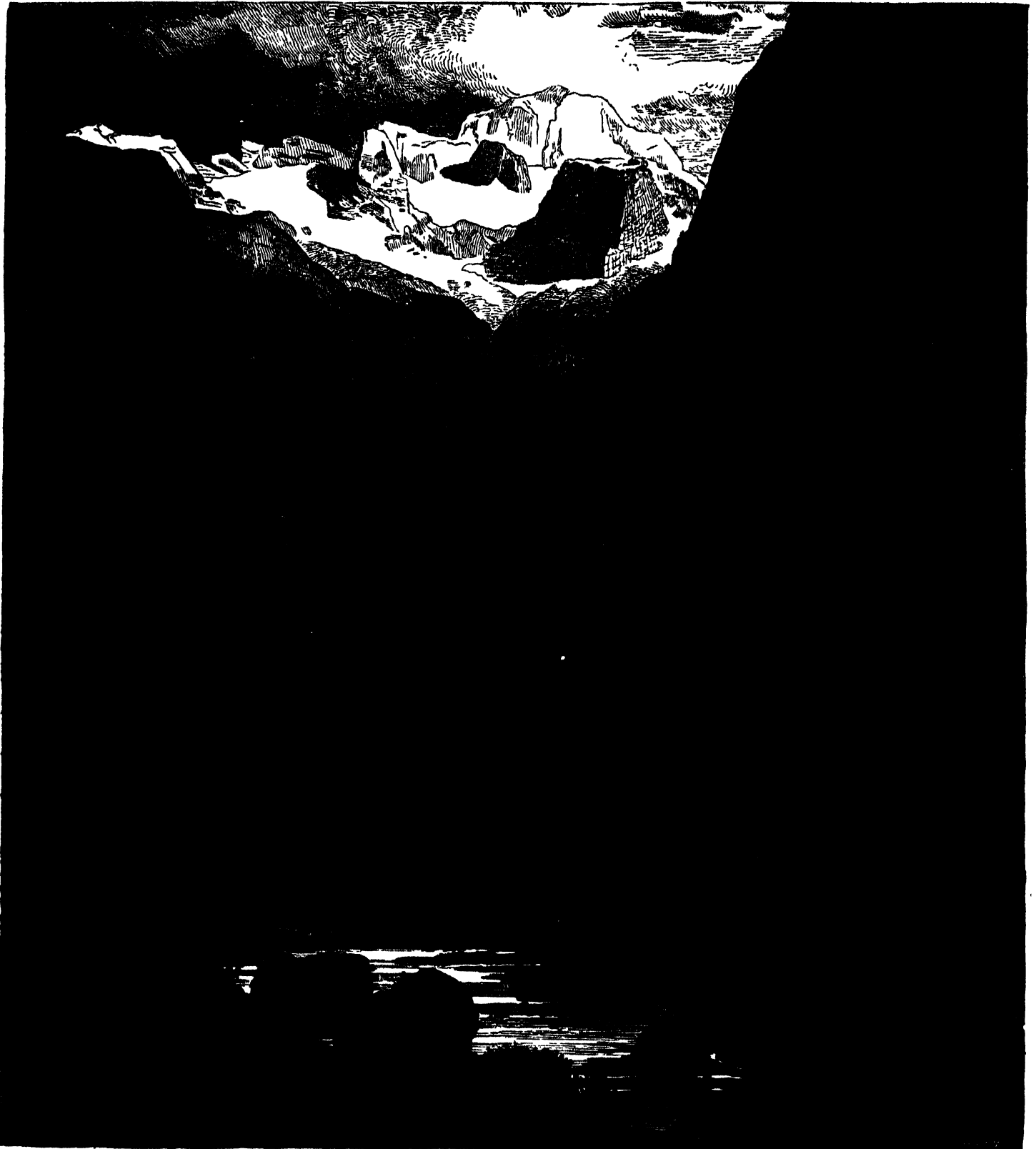
The first moment is overpowering when the nearest lake suddenly breaks upon us. It does not *lie* there, it *stands* before our eyes, so precipitously tower the rocky masses. And that ice-crowned peak projecting into heaven juts as far down into the depths, for the lake is as clear as a mirror, and those outlines which we follow in the atmosphere return into the abyss of waters. The Dachstein, almost the highest peak among the Chalk Alps, is enthroned as ruler over this wilderness. The boulders lie dark and confused about the lofty banks, rotten trunks of trees and luxuriant green between, and solitary woodland flowers which dream away the brief spring in this spot.

More forcible, but less harmonious, is the impression afforded by the further Gosau Lake. The grandeur which here lies before our eyes is that of decay; the landscape is shattered into Cyclopean fragments. It becomes dismally confined around us; the basin of the lake is but a small, bottomless reservoir, in whose waters the sides of the Thorstein, palely glancing in the sunshine, reflect themselves.

The thousand feet of lofty precipice plunge almost perpendicularly down; in certain clefts alone grows the fir, but the extreme heights have not even this vegetation—everlasting snow alone reigns there. Traces of human existence are not, however, wholly wanting in the lower regions of the Dachstein. Here are shepherds' huts, though they are more solitary and dangerous than on any of the other mountains. Animal life in its most savage form is by no means wanting; vultures which are a match for the chamois are no rarity, and ten years have not passed since the last bears were seen here. But it is not the fear of these which lays its horrid spell on those peaks; it is from the invisible power that mankind flees in silent terror. The ascent of the Dachstein or of the Thorstein is one of the most difficult that can be undertaken, as



the endless boulders and frequent fogs fatigue the most active. Wonders of all sorts encounter the traveller on the road. If he makes for the Thorstein, the path leads past a rocky vault which is named



GOSAUSEE.

“The Bear Holes;” but on the way to the Karl ice-field lies a mighty cliff called “Tropfwand,” and the riven country around bears the appellation “The Menagerie.” In the rocky holes perceived here, not only all sorts of game nestle, but also the legends which tell of “dragons and griffins.”

THE MOUNTAIN VILLAGE.

SKETCHES OF MOUNTAIN LIFE.

I. HOUSES AND CUSTOMS.



MORE can be learned of a country through familiar knowledge of its inhabitants than by any other means. A few words on the mountaineers, their dwellings, and mode of life, will therefore be appropriate here.

The characteristic peculiarities which distinguish mountaineers from the inhabitants of the plains are seen in these Bavarian Alps, both in the situations chosen and the mode of constructing their dwellings. In the plains, the low stone houses of the country-people cluster together in villages, surrounded by the pasture-lands common to all; whilst the highlander loves to settle down in solitude, and, consequently, most mountain parishes consist of lonely groups of houses, hamlets, and solitary farms, where whole families, engrossed in their work and home interests, and surrounded by their property, live in quiet simplicity without a thought beyond their daily occupations. Their children go backwards and forwards to school, bringing home stray scraps of news, and they go to church on Sundays

and fête-days; but beyond this they have scarcely any connection with the outer world. A visit to the annual fair in one of the larger villages, the wedding of a friend, and the church festivals are the most stirring incidents of this idyllic life.

The mountaineer's house is built of wood—that is to say, of hewn beams planked inside—and it generally has an upper story, a sloping gabled roof, and a wooden gallery running round the upper story, called the “Laube” (arbour). In many houses, however, the ground-floor is of brick, but the upper part is invariably of wood, stone houses being only erected in cases of misfortune, as when a village is burnt down, or when a peasant has become over-rich. The walls are frequently painted with figures, chiefly sacred, and the window-frames with chequered patterns or pithy proverbs. The front of the house generally faces east or south, and fruit trees shut out the view from the windows, however beautiful it may be. The decorations extend even to the roof, from the top of which rises a little wooden belfry, with a bell for summoning the family from their work at meal-times, and for raising an alarm in cases of

necessity. The "Laube" is the prettiest part of the house, and is filled with flowers and houseleeks, the latter being held in esteem for their medicinal properties. In some neighbourhoods a second smaller balcony is constructed over the first, under the gable, and adds considerably to the beauty of the whole building. When a peasant builds, he is generally his own overseer, carpenter and mason working under him for their board and wages, and the whole household assisting. A slightly raised platform generally runs round the ground-floor, affording a dry and sheltered promenade in all weathers. The entrance-hall opens into the hall, or "Fletz," with the kitchen and entrance to the stable at the end, a sitting-room on one side, a bedroom on the other, and a rude staircase leading into the upper story. Near the door of the sitting-room is the large brick stove, with a bench round it, and in the nook formed between bench and stove a wooden settle, called the "Ofenbruck" (oven-bridge). A wooden bench runs all round the walls of the room, and in one corner, supported on four clumsy legs, stands the table, on which the common meals are served. On the deep window-seat lie the only books required by the household—the almanac and the prayer-book, with, perhaps, the children's copy-books. A crucifix—the household altar—decked with a few bunches of artificial flowers, a cupboard let into the wall, a Black Forest clock, and a few wooden benches complete the furniture. Up-stairs are the maidservants' bedrooms (the men generally sleep in the hay-loft or stable) and the state apartment of the house, where the master and mistress sleep, distinguished by the brightly painted four-post bedstead and the no less gorgeous coffer in which is preserved the housewife's pride—the linen in goodly piles, adorned with ribbons, flowers, and all manner of ornaments. Here, too, all valuable private possessions are treasured up.

Religious observances are interwoven with the daily life of the mountain peasant. On the entrance-doors we find the initial letters * of the names of the Three Kings, divided by crosses. These are repeated on all the doors; and on every fête-day of the Three Kings (Epiphany) the houses are incensed, and the inscription, to which is ascribed the power of protection from evil, is renewed with consecrated chalk. Beneath these letters, on a paper pasted over with coloured pictures, is printed the "Haussegen" (household blessing), a prayer possessed of similar power. Near the sitting-room door hangs a small vessel of consecrated water, for those who go in and out to sprinkle themselves with. Behind the crucifix of the household altar hangs a bunch composed of palm-buds, branches of the sacred ancestral mistletoe, and some juniper tied to a hazel-stick, which must be peeled, lest the witches should nestle between the wood and the bark. This bunch is a protection from fire and lightning. In her coffer the peasant's wife carefully preserves a bit of nut-tree wood which has been held in the fire lighted in front of the church on Easter Eve, with a white wax candle and a red wax taper, both of which must have been blessed at Candlemas. If a storm comes on in the daytime, a fire is lighted on the hearth and a bit of nut-wood charcoal thrown into it; if it comes on in the night, the candle must be lighted. This ceremony also takes place when any one is dying, and the red wax taper is wound round the hand of a woman in labour. All this is done on account of the evil spirits, who cannot smell wax, especially if it be consecrated. At the top of the house, under the roof, are the all-powerful "Sangen," a bunch of plants picked in the "Frauendreiszigst" season, or the thirty days after the Assumption of the Virgin, at which time the powers of Nature are most favourable to man—poisonous creatures becoming harmless, and salutary plants and herbs attaining their greatest power for good.

* These letters are C. M. B., for Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar.—[Tr.]

The costume of the mountaineer is as singular as his habitation; but we must here remark that any general assertion on this subject will be liable to even more exceptions and qualifications than what we have said about the houses. As far as we can judge from solitary instances, or from figures on votive tablets, &c., the costume of the men in the middle of the previous century consisted of a plain linen smock-frock, a long waistcoat, and full knee-breeches; that of the women generally was a short bodice with a stomacher, the former being made of linen with dark blue sleeves, and the latter of pasteboard covered with coloured stuff, and with a border laid on: a collar of white linen, a black gauze neckerchief, and a silver ornament round the throat, completed the costume. At this time the Louis-Quatorze mode, somewhat simplified of course, came into fashion. A long coat with a stand-up collar, a red waistcoat, leather knee-breeches with black braces, ribbed stockings, buckled shoes, and the low broad-brimmed hat were more generally adopted. The coat, a kind of modification of the *justaucorps*, was the same everywhere, the colour alone being different; but little now remains of all this. About 1800 the dress known as the Isar mode came in, and although it had no special beauty to recommend it, it spread rapidly. In this fashion the coat was made with very long tails and a very short waist, with buttons close to the shoulder-blades, a hat of the shape of a shako, a yellow waistcoat, and knee-boots. A thick cloth mantle, falling in heavy folds, was worn over this costume in full dress. This unbecoming fashion spread considerably in the border provinces, but fortunately the people found a remedy for its ugliness by adopting the Tegernsee or Miesbach mode, the principal part of which is the grey "Joppe," or short hunting-jacket, which has lately become very popular. The "Joppe" is of Tyrolese origin, and native to the Duxerthal, where is still worn the old loose collarless shirt without buttons, button-holes, or cuffs, and with a plait at the back. It has been improved upon so much that it now has green trimmings, cuffs, buttons, and a collar. Women, too, have a great predilection for this costume, and we meet with the laced bodice, the coloured silk neckerchief, and the high narrow-brimmed hat everywhere; it is only on fête days and in certain neighbourhoods that this head-gear is replaced by the low broad hat with falling ribbons, which is, however, equally becoming. The women are as much influenced by town fashions as the men, as we see by their readiness to distort their figures with huge wadded sleeves and crinolines. Fortunately the unavoidable work to be done is a powerful controlling force, regulating stuff and pattern, and preventing sudden changes.

Of the articles of dress worn on special occasions, the bridal girdle and wreath are particularly remarkable; the latter consists of a coronet of silver foil adorned with wire, flowers, pearls, and jewels. At funerals we still sometimes meet with the "Schloar" or "Stauchen," a piece of white linen, the width of which determines the nearness of relationship with the deceased. It is worn round the throat and chin, or completely covers them and the mouth. The men generally wear short hair, a moustache, and a beard. They are fond of sticking a red flower behind one ear. The girls plait coloured ribbons into their hair and wind it round their heads.

The food of the highlanders consists almost entirely of meal, milk, and dripping, with a few vegetables and a little fruit. Meat is generally only indulged in on the five great festivals of the year: at the Carnival, Easter, Whitsuntide, Kirmess, or wake, and Christmas. This has been the established custom of centuries. An oily diet is as necessary to field labourers as to wood-cutters, who get their muscular power from the quantity of oil they use in cooking—their food literally swims in grease. Breakfast consists everywhere of bread-soup, with milk or greasy water-soup, and a kind of cake called "Koch;" at

nine o'clock a second breakfast or lunch is served, varying according to the work to be done; at harvest and threshing time, bread and milk or boiled preserved fruits; potatoes also, which have slowly made their way as an article of diet, frequently appear, and when times are very good a little small-beer, called "Schöps" or "Heinzel," is indulged in. At three o'clock—in some places every day, in others only at harvest time—"vesper bread" is served. Dinner is called "Mittelkost" on the lower hills, and "Bergkost" on the mountains; it consists of maize-cakes, turnips, and sauerkraut, with dumpling and sweet or sour milk: for supper, rye dumplings, called "Schuckson," are in many places indispensable, and are thought so much of that the quantity each man and woman is to have is fixed by rule. Generally they form the Saturday treat, and enough are baked to last for breakfast on Sunday morning; but up on the high mountains, where the greasy "Bergkost" prevails, they must be eaten daily. At Christmas a pig, and sometimes an ox as well, are slaughtered, which also supply the grand dinners at Epiphany and the Carnival, part being salted and kept the whole year. Here and there strange tastes are indulged; at Miesbach, for instance, a goat is killed and eaten with relish. The "Kirmess" and wedding-feasts are the principal opportunities for revelling, when the poorest houses rejoice in cakes and meat. Then appear all a peasant's culinary triumphs; four dishes are indispensable, namely, soup with meat dumplings and rolls, a sour "Voressen" (a ragoût of liver, &c.), beef and vegetables, a "roast," and "wake dumplings" to wind up with. At Christmas the little cakes called "Kletzenbrod," and at Easter the "Eierbrod" (a bread made with eggs and milk), are seldom missing.

It is needless to state that singular usages abound. It would take us too long merely to enumerate them; one thing most of them have in common—eating and drinking form an essential part of them. Town festivities do not in this respect differ from rural. At a child's christening the "Kindmahl" (child's feast) is held, provided by the godfather, who gives his godson all kinds of presents, and once at least a complete suit of clothes. If his godchild die first, the godfather also provides the winding-sheet and funeral-wreath. The exit from, like the entrance into life, is celebrated with feasting. After the funeral the company assemble at the inn or home of the deceased, to drink to his repose; before the funeral the neighbours come to watch and pray by the corpse. The coffin is often carried to the grave by friends of the same position in life as the deceased—men by men, maidens by maidens. In the Berchtesgaden district a bachelor is carried to the grave by old men in light blue cowls, with wreaths of roses on their heads. At one time this parish boasted but one coffin common to all, in which the corpse, sewn up in a linen sheet, was carried to the grave. At Jachenau it was customary to take the corpse to the grave in a white shroud decked with red ribbons, on an open bier, with only a small plank laid across it over the face. From some few places high up in the mountains "Todtenwege" (dead men's paths) lead down, over which none but funeral vehicles are allowed to pass. Here, under old trees, at little chapels, or by wayside crosses, the funeral service—about the length of a paternoster—is performed. The boards on which the corpse has been brought down, with the name and date of the death of the deceased written upon them, are laid on the ground or stuck up against a neighbouring tree or hedge as a memorial.

But the prettiest and most interesting ceremonies of all take place on marriage. Unfortunately, as in town, so in the country, money, not love, is too often the attraction between the pair. In an affair of this kind a visit of inspection is in the first place made to house, farm, and stable, the last being specially examined; and if all appear suitable, the relations meet as "assistants" or negotiators, and the suitor himself comes to the bride's house for the final settlement. He gives his future wife an honorarium,



MARRIAGE PROCESSION.

which generally consists of a few Bavarian thalers, as earnest-money, and she sets a kind of omelette before him; which they eat together as a symbol of their future partnership. When the matter is so far arranged, the bridegroom, wearing ribbons in his hat and flowers in his coat, goes round to invite all the friends and relatives to the wedding. On the bridegroom's return from his round of visits, the signing of the documents takes place, all the necessary legal forms are observed, and then comes the "Stuhlfest," or formal betrothal in church before two witnesses and the parish priest, who has previously held the "Brautexamen" (inquiry as to whether the bride has been duly baptized, confirmed, &c.). A small feast is spread for the party, often accompanied by symbolic ceremonies. On the eve of the wedding the dowry of the bride is tastily arranged in a cart called the "Kuchel," or "Kammerwagen" (kitchen or bedroom waggon), decked out with ribbons, &c., and taken to the bridegroom's house. It contains everything



DOWRY-WAGGON BEFORE THE BRIDEGROOM'S HOUSE.

necessary to housekeeping: the large double nuptial bedstead with its furniture, the cradle, the spinning-wheel adorned with red ribbons, a distaff, &c. Sometimes the bride sits in the cart, and sometimes she walks beside it, carrying a brightly polished milk-pail. The children of the villages through which she passes, or travelling journeymen, bar her path, and she has to buy them off with cakes or small coins. The "dowry waggon" must be at the bridegroom's door as the clock strikes twelve, and he meets his bride with the beer-pitcher in his hand, whilst she presents him with a pair of shoes, a home-spun shirt made by herself, and the keys of the treasures she has brought with her. Everything is now unpacked, carried into the house, and arranged according to fancy—the bridegroom must himself take in the straw mattress; and when all is done, everything is blessed by the priest. In the evening the bride returns home alone with the empty waggon, escorted only a short distance by the bridegroom; if, however, he

marry into *her* house, it is his business to send the “Kammerwagen.” The wedding day itself begins with a rough breakfast of roast meat, white bread, and sausages, served in both houses. After it a few eloquent words of farewell to the bride on leaving her father’s home are pronounced by the “Hochzeitlader” (wedding presider), after which she is escorted by her attendants and friends to the village where the marriage ceremony is to be performed. Music and the firing of guns often accompany their progress. Arrived at the village, the bridal procession to the church is formed, and the rules respecting it are so numerous, and vary so much, that it is impossible to describe them. The musicians always lead the way, followed by the men—the groomsmen, fathers of the bride and bridegroom, the “Hochzeitlader,” &c.—all wearing bows of white ribbon and sprigs of rosemary: the bridegroom has the latter stuck conspicuously in the dark violet ribbon of his hat. Sometimes a kind of licensed fool or maker of stale jokes also accompanies the procession. After the men come the women: first the bride with her train-bearers, then



THE SALTING OF THE SOUP.

the mothers of bride and bridegroom, with their relations all in strict order of succession. The bridal girdle and wreath are indispensable; the bridesmaids wear wreaths, and every guest is provided with a citron and a spray of rosemary. On the way back to the inn after the ceremony, races are often run by boys, colliers, hunters, and others. Girls sometimes take part in them. When the bride enters her new home the cook meets her with a bowl of soup, and asks her to salt it. As a newly married woman, she is bound to taste some soup and salt it to her liking before she is considered properly installed as mistress of a house of her own. Now comes the real wedding banquet, the style of which is a test of the match being rich, mediocre, or poor. At a poor wedding the number of guests will vary from forty to one hundred; at a mediocre wedding there will be from seventy to a hundred; and at a rich wedding from one to two hundred guests. Many persons go to the marriage ceremony who do not partake of the feast. This is often done for the sake of economy, for the guest has to pay for his share of the good things, and

also to make a suitable present. The dishes provided vary very much, but the food is always good and plentiful: the guests, however, lay aside large portions of it as the share of those left at home. The bill of fare always contains three courses, which include numerous important subdivisions. In the afternoon each guest receives another piece of beef (generally raw), which must weigh exactly one pound and a half; and the entertainment invariably winds up with thick barley soup. Fish and venison never appear, for they "are for the nobleman's table." Dancing goes on between each course, and is often very graceful. Towards the end of the day, the "stealing of the bride" is a favourite joke, and the guests give vent to their fun and high spirits by making facetious presents and all manner of jests.

We must now say a few words on the number and condition of the population of the Highlands. In Bavaria generally there are over 2,400 inhabitants to the square mile (German), but in the mountain regions this number is considerably reduced. In the Tegernsee district there are about 874, and in the Partenkirche 650 inhabitants to the square mile. If, as we are assured by doctors and students of statistics, a tall population is a sure sign of the prosperity of a country, the Highlands must be very prosperous, for the "Landwehr" conscription lists, the recruits for which are measured, show a large proportion of tall men from the mountains; Tegernsee, Traunstein, and Berchtesgaden yielding eighteen, and Tolz as many as twenty-four per cent. The Highlanders are a healthy, powerful, and handsome race; but, on the other hand, those very neighbourhoods which boast of the tallest and handsomest men also produce the greatest number of idiots or crétins, and poor creatures with the goitre. There may be unexplained local causes for this state of things; but it is distressing to hear that in the most healthy districts one throat in every twenty-five is distorted, and one intellect in every six hundred deranged. The evil is at its height in Berchtesgaden, where there is one idiot to every hundred and fifty-two inhabitants, and one goitre to every twenty-five. The health of the mountaineers is, however, on the whole perfect, and, except in cases of accident, a good old age is generally attained, especially in the mountain valleys. There are plenty of doctors, but a peasant must be very ill before he sends for one, as he generally knows of some homely remedy. Bathing has now gone out of fashion; but formerly every large place was bound to have a public bath-room, which was maintained by the payment of regular rates.

The mountaineers are a good-tempered, well-disposed race, not particularly learned, but intelligent, and with plenty of common sense. They are disinterested and obliging, industrious and sober, but they cannot help sometimes letting off their superfluous vitality in a boxing-match. Young men and girls mix together freely; and it is a general custom for lovers to talk to their sweethearts at their bedroom windows at night.

A few words on the language of the mountaineers must close this chapter. The Bavarian dialect, a branch of that of Central Germany, has a soft and not unpleasing sound, and is distinguished by three peculiarities. The first is the great stress laid on the vowel "a," which often changes or completely obliterates the others; in "Bier," "Stier," &c., not content with the "i," the Highlanders change the mute "e" into "a," producing "Biä," "Stiä." The second peculiarity is that the semi-vowels (l, n, r) are carelessly pronounced or altered, so that "Geld" is changed to "Goïd," and in "schauen" and "stehen" the "n" becomes a kind of nasal tone, and we have "steñ" and "s-chañ." Lastly, final syllables or letters are swallowed, so that, instead of "gleich," "genug," "Sonntag," we hear "glei'," "gnua'," "Sünta'." Many other peculiarities might be mentioned, such as the broad sound when two vowels come together, as, "was dua-r-i'," instead of "was thu ich." Nevertheless, the language sounds very well in singing, as is proved by the popularity all over Germany of the ballads of Upper Bavaria.

II. THE SCHUHPLATTLTANZ.



VERY famous have the Highlanders always been for their dancing, and they borrow the ideas for its evolutions from natural phenomena with which their mode of life has rendered them familiar. This is the case with the renowned dance of the Bavarian Highlands, the “Schuhplattltanz.” “There is an element of great sensuality in this dance,” said a North-German writer in his description of it; but this sensuality is of the “beautiful,” and where it does not attain to this, it is at least healthy, for its basis is strength, and its aim the graceful.

The idea of the “Schuhplattltanz” is taken from hunting-life—from the movements of the moor-cock and wood-grouse. In the early spring, when the ice on the mountains is still unbroken, the hunter is astir betimes, and, creeping stealthily up the hills in the grey morning twilight between the leafless trees, he surprises the big black wood-grouse whirling round the fluttering hen on the smooth surface of the snow, springing backwards and forwards, uttering his peculiar gulping call, and sometimes toppling over in his excited capers. No other word will express his behaviour—he dances. That the people themselves are aware of this resemblance is seen in their songs; and the young hunter proves that he has taken the good example of the wood-grouse to heart when he enters the dancing-room “down in the valley.”

In the “Schuhplattltanz” the *rôle* of the two sexes is simply and naturally divided. The active part is assigned to the man—he is the suitor, the leader. The part of the maiden is to wait. The dance begins quietly enough, and when its merry mazes are at their height, the different couples waltz slowly round several times. Suddenly, however, the girls desert their partners. They must not leave them when standing still—that would be a great breach of peasant etiquette; they must steal away from them unawares. The ease with which the girls slip under the uplifted arm of their partners, and the rapidity with which the dancers separate, make this a very pretty figure; but it is succeeded by a scene of wild, almost frantic excitement. Whilst the girls are modestly dancing together, the men dash roughly amongst them and form an inner circle. The music becomes louder, and the men begin to beat the time on their thighs and feet with their great brown hands. A shrill whistling adds to the uproar. One must have seen these strapping fellows and their thick nailed shoes to form any idea of the din. The floor rocks, the ceiling trembles; the music is as loud as the trumpets of Jericho, but it can scarcely be heard. We are blinded and deafened. In the midst of the confusion one will “describe a wheel,” and set the windows rattling in their panes; whilst another will perform a *pas* in the air, and spring to the ground with a crash. Gradually the music becomes quieter, the trumpeters take breath—*piano*—*pianissimo*—the men

return to their partners. Now comes the "wood-grouse figure." Crowing and whistling, each one springs to his chosen mate, whilst the latter flies from him with circling motions. As the bird spreads out his wings, so does the peasant his arms, now sinking to the ground before his partner, now springing towards her with wild gestures. At last he "takes the maiden prisoner;" and very intricate are the evolutions connected with this final conquest. When the dance is over, the gallant peasant takes his partner to a wooden pitcher and gives her something to drink. This is indispensable; and no frightened mamma rushes forward to say, "My child, you are overheated!" In the room with the wooden pitcher the old folks sit and gossip whilst the young people are enjoying themselves. Plans are laid for the future, and the present is discussed with many a growl. Fine studies here for a *genre* painter! Many, too, are the queer figures in the orchestra as the night advances. Though his nerves are of iron, the eyes of the weary fiddler close involuntarily; lower yet, and lower, sinks his head upon his beloved violin, the strings of which he still strikes convulsively. The bugle-player has to be woke up for each dance, and in his hurry and confusion he often seizes the tankard instead of his instrument. It is only the young fellows and maidens who do not like to give in until the morning. "He is a good night-bird," says the proverb, "who can dance for six nights running and keep it up all the more merrily on the seventh."

Country dances, such as that above described, are most general in the mountains; it is only at Kirmess, when the journeymen join the dancers, that there is any real waltzing. The stable-boys, cooks, and ladies'-maids of some great man's retinue occasionally get up a polka together. The latter class, who disguise their bold manners in showy costumes, have become a scandal to the dancing-rooms since the rage for foreign travel has attracted so many great personages to the mountains, and their example is very dangerous to the simplicity of the peasants. But, for all this, the dancing-room is a very exclusive place, where lynch law is more powerful than the police. The dancing is by no means free to all. The company form themselves into "schaaren," or sets of eight or ten. In these sets, of which there are some six or seven, friends or fellow-parishioners go together, and the dance is repeated for each "schaar." Here we see the working, even in amusements, of that class feeling which is so deeply rooted in the whole system of German law and education. It is remarkable, too, how reserved the girls are with strangers. They do not care to dance with "gentlemen," for greater than the honour would be the disgrace to a maiden if her partner should make a mistake in the unfamiliar figures. And a girl soon loses caste amongst the young fellows of her own class if she show favour to a townsman; for, according to country notions, such a connection might easily lead from bad to worse. Coquetry, jealousy, vanity, and rivalry are to be seen even in the mountain dancing-rooms; they exist wherever the human race has settled, and form the reverse side of the pleasant picture of familiar social life. One peculiarity of the intercourse between the sexes especially distinguishes mountain from town society—the girls are never accompanied by their mothers. Except at weddings, the latter never appear in the dancing-rooms; and a stranger will look in vain for those worthy dames with whom drawing-room parties have made him familiar, who pry into their daughters' future lives, and themselves propose their hands in marriage. In the country there is none of that scheming which poisons society in the great world. The Highlanders love free, unfettered action far too much to indulge in speculations, and education encourages their ruling passion. As soon as they can run alone, boys and girls go their own way. The lad has his "sweetheart," the maiden her "lover," and there is no interference, except in extreme cases. Father and mother look on, and tell each other that they did the same themselves. It is, therefore, not at all surprising that

girls are allowed to go to the dancing-rooms alone, and that a free-and-easy tone prevails there which is seldom wanting in fun.

In the mountains it is alike the duty and privilege of young men to escort their lasses home, and Gretel does not say as Gretchen did to Faust, "Without an escort I can find my way." The road down to the valley, where the lonely houses nestle against the base of the mountain, leads through fields and woods; the moon has risen above the hills, and sheds her soft light over the undulating slopes. It is so peaceful—so quiet. The only sounds are the gentle rustling of the trees in the night breeze and the faint footfalls echoing through the stillness. Slowly the two move on: who could hurry at such a time? Shoulder presses against shoulder, and in the fields the path is so narrow that the long damp grass brushes against the lovers' hands.

The maiden's home is hidden in an arbour of green, the window-panes glisten in the silvery light of the moon, the well by the door whispers softly to itself, crimson carnations droop their heads over the dark brown palings. With hushed steps Gretel hurries to her room; she opens the sash, and a sweet face, framed in shining braids of hair, peeps shyly into the night. The lovers linger long—there is so much to say to one another—they are so entirely alone—the well ripples on unheeded.

The fullest liberty in this and other respects is also enjoyed on the Alpine pastures, for they lie five thousand feet above—the police penal code. There, too, dancing is cultivated, without gloves, it is true, often indeed without shoes, and yet it is intensely delightful! On the hearth in the Alpine hut sits the herd-boy, with his legs crossed, and his brown knees shining in the firelight; his hat with the black-cock feather is pushed to the back of his head, and he lazily blows his pipe, the little instrument which is so effective in the "Laendler" or "Schuhplattltanz." As he sits there so quietly, in burst two or three "Sennerins," who have come "zum Haingart" * together. How lucky it is that the two hunters who are going to stalk a stag in the night happen to be up here just now! A woodcutter, too, arrived yesterday; and before one knows how it comes about, the three pairs are whirling in *circulus vitiosus*. The space is certainly small, but what does that matter? All the shriller is the piping, all the merrier the dance!

Up in these peaceful primitive solitudes there is more toleration of the "quality;" and if a stranger pass the night in one of the huts, he is sure to be invited to join the "ball;" and what girl could say "no" in such a case? The sound of the first "jodel" has scarcely reached the lower huts, where the "gentry" encamp, before the young ladies in plaid hurry up and peep shyly in at the half-open door. "Come in, come in!" cries the hunter, snapping his fingers; and they comply in nervous haste—Countess Helena, delicate Matilda, and pretty little Marie. Respectfully the hunter takes the little hand in his on which sparkles the diamond ring, and the three noble ladies take part in the next set. Oh, how delightful is a breach of etiquette now and then! Of course it is rather awkward at first—the fair little Marie is particularly intractable. "Wait a bit," whispers the hunter in her ear, "you'll learn to follow fast enough when the right one turns up!" Outside the hut whispers the wind, and from the distance sound the Alpine bells. One of the girls paces backwards and forwards listening to their music. There, too, stands the flaxen-haired "Mariechen," pushing back her curls from her heated, child-like face, and softly murmuring to herself, "Yes, when the right one turns up!" As she gazes into the night a falling star sinks from the glittering heaven into the dark valley beneath.

* "Zum Haingart" or "Heimgart." When the day's work is done, the herdsmen and "Sennerins" meet uninvited at each other's houses; they say it is "Heimgart bei Fritz" to-day; that is, Fritz receives to-day, he is "at home."—[Tr.]

III. OF "DRIVING INTO THE OAT-FIELD."



IN the pleasant land ~~that~~ lies between the Isar and the Inn, the old custom known by the name of "Haberfeldtreiben" is still maintained.* Here, as in a former chapter, I may say, "hardly anything remains for me to do;" for the whole of the ceremony referred to has been most fully described times without number. To compensate the respected reader, who may lose anything by my silence, I will venture here on a new expedient. After one of the greatest ceremonies of the kind that ever took place, I received a long letter from a young peasant who was an eye-witness of the proceedings, and described to me all their details. I give his letter here *verbatim*. With regard to its style, I must apologize for the writer, who now makes his first appearance in print, and it must be understood that the apology refers to the spelling as well as to the construction. For myself, I only hope my young friend may never come to know what I am doing with his letter, lest he should eudgel me for thus introducing him to fame.

"DEAR KARL AND FRIEND,

"I know very well that for a peasant, like myself, it is no easy matter to write an account of anything—I should better like to tell it all with my tongue.

"Yesterday we had rare fun here at our 'Haberfeldtreiben.' 'Tis an old custom, coming down from the Revelation [Revolution?] or the time of Karl the Great, and its use is to correct the bad conduct of the upper classes and of some other people

who cannot be reached by the ordinary means of the law. As there are more rogues now than there used to be, so we have had, lately, more 'drivings into the oat-field,' and yesterday was a wonderful fine time for it. All the pools and drains had been hard frozen over during the previous night, and the following night was pitch dark, so that you could not know who stood close to you, unless you were told. At eleven o'clock [P.M.] the gens-d'armes had made their 'pûterol' [patrouille], when suddenly we heard of a terrific 'Spidagl' [spectacle?] taking place behind the great hull. Elsewhere, all around, all was quiet and still, as it was likely to be in such a dark night, when suddenly a light appeared alongside of the wood, and a loud outcry was heard. The police now ran forwards toward the wood, but an advanced sentinel, whom they had not seen, called out, 'Stand! or I fire.' As the bold constables would not retreat, the sentinel fired at once, and a couple of bullets whistled between

* "Haberfeldtreiben" is the name given to an old popular custom, still remaining in Bavaria but there mostly confined to the peasantry of the rural districts lying between the Isar and the Inn. It consists in a rude, illegal kind of prosecution of certain offenders, especially misers and usurers, who have been denounced by a supposed secret society. According to the usual process, the party denounced receives, in the first instance, several warning or threatening letters. If these fail to lead to his moral reformation, the ceremony known as "Haberfeldtreiben" takes place. A dark night is chosen for the performance. A crowd of men, masked or otherwise disguised, and carrying fire-arms, with instruments for making a loud and most discordant *charivari* (or "cats' music," as the German people call it), surround the dwelling of the offender and guard all the ways of egress. No damage is inflicted on either his person or his property, but, after the charivari, or in the course of it, a denunciation of the offender's bad practices is brought forward in the shape of a series of doggerel verses, which are sung or loudly recited.

The custom is said to have derived its name, "Haberfeldtreiben" (which means "driving into the oat-field") from a former practice of driving, with rods, certain young offenders into a field of oats and then home again. It has been asserted that the origin of the custom may be traced back as far as to the time of Karl the Great, but this is doubtful. It is, however, certain that the custom (or abuse) has been maintained, more or less, among the Bavarian peasantry since the time of the Thirty Years' War, and despite the efforts of the police to suppress it, has continued to the present time. During recent years it has sometimes assumed the character of persecution of some thriving man, whose prosperity has excited the envy of his neighbours.—[Tr.]

their heads. And now, from the place where the light had first appeared, there came forth several hundreds of men, all 'oat-field drivers' (as we call them), and all bearing arms, and in full equipment as masqueraders. When they had taken their position on the great hill, they fired rockets, made a charivari with all their bells, and then recited their denunciations [of transgressors].

"First of all, they denounced the fat landlord of the tavern, because he sells bad beer, and victuals that are no better. Then they railed against another tradesman, and called him a miser, who has plenty of gold, and is making more and more. 'But he has no more brains than a horse,' said they; 'and he cannot help that, for his head is too short to hold them.'

"When all the denunciations were done, the 'Spidagl' [spectacle] was commenced again; a jingle was made with all sorts of old crockery and other clanking things; there was a beating upon the old drum saved from the time of the Russian war (or from some other old times), and, at last, the men fired away all their cartridges, joined in a dance, gathered themselves together in close order, and then ran off into the wood. When they were all gone, the bold gens-d'armes came out again—now in great force—but all the performers had escaped. There was no serious damage done to any one; only, at Hintermaier's farm, the wall of the pig-sty was pushed down, and two of his goats were driven away; but, early next morning, the goats were brought back by a hand unseen, and money was laid down to pay for the damaged sty. The fireworks and the music were very fine. That is all. The news about which you inquire I will send you the next time I write.

"Yesterday we had a dappled calf, and the shoemaker's little boy Johnny is dead.

"I conclude my writing by wishing you health and good luck, and am

"Yours truly,

"EGIDIUS STEINBERGER."

So far the original letter of my correspondent. It betrays, with great *naïveté*, the fact that the performance he describes is viewed by the peasantry rather as "a spectacle" than as an expression of



earnest moral judgment; and any person who may be present at another of these gatherings will, most probably, find confirmed the impression left by the letter. In old feudal times, when there existed only two classes—slaves and their owners—and when the right was too often thought to be on the side of might, there was, no doubt, some justification for a popular tribunal such as has been described. Most of the old customs—or say almost all the abuses of old customs—still remaining in Old Bavaria, have their sources in local regulations of land tenure, and this is the case with the "Haberfeldtreiben." It was at first instituted as a secret and marked tribunal, to avenge those who had suffered oppression, and to punish those who could not be reached by the usual processes of law. Hence the disguise, the nocturnal gathering, and the profound secrecy maintained by virtue of an oath sworn by all members of the tribunal. Taking this view

of the origin of the old custom, we shall be able to predict its future. Its true destination has passed away, and its forms degenerated into abuses. They may continue for a time, but only as forms that have no real substance, or as a tree vegetates after its roots have been cut through.

It is now more than five years since the last "Haberfeldtreiben" was held in the Bavarian Highlands, and on that occasion the police were not wanting in their efforts to suppress the disorder. It is true they failed to penetrate the mystery in which the tribunal enshrouded itself; but its power was greatly reduced by calling together all the youth of the district who were subject to military law, while a foreign garrison was stationed in the parish where the secret society intended to hold a tribunal. These measures were, however, only temporary and rather punitive than preventive. The true means of resistance against the illegal procedure must be internal, or rooted in popular conviction. The custom must be understood to be obsolete in its character, and altogether inapplicable to our present social condition; and even the old-fashioned Bavarian peasantry feel convinced that this is the case with their "Haberfeldtreiben," no less than with their "Wilderei" (or poaching).

IV. THE POACHERS OF THE BAVARIAN HIGHLANDS.



VEN from the earliest times love of poaching has characterized the Highlanders of Bavaria. It is well worthy of inquiry whence arises this unconquerable propensity. It has two roots—an aristocratic and a democratic. The former is that feeling so admirably expressed in the “Schutzenlied” (hunting song) which Schiller has put into the mouth of Tell’s son: the longing for unfettered freedom of movement.

There is something aristocratic in the character of the mountaineer; he feels a sovereign need of liberty, and it is this which more than anything else distinguishes him from the Lowland boor, with his fond clinging to the “clods of the valley.” Freedom is the heirloom of the sons of the Highlands. The bracing air, and the athletic exercise they must necessarily take, give them their bold and fearless bearing, and develop that chivalrous character so charming to strangers. The

love of poaching springs from the same causes; for hunting seems made to satisfy the innate yearning for adventure and roaming. It gives an object to otherwise aimless wanderings, it supplies an element of difficulty and danger. The hunter, with his gun over his shoulder, feels a just pride; he is no longer a mere peasant, a boor—he is a free man.

The other incentive to poaching is democratic—communistic. The struggle for the right of chase has played a political part in almost every state, much to the benefit of the classes who have no landed possessions. Whilst the lawyers were hotly contesting the matter, others came to a rapid conclusion of the controversy, saying simply, “Game is free, game has no owner;” and this idea is still retained, in spite of all game laws or penalties, and is pithily expressed in the sentence one hears constantly, “Game is for the poor: they do not demand freedom of person, but freedom of possession.”

From hunting of this sort there is but one step to crime. They no longer hunt for mere pleasure, but for profit—they are not hunters, but thieves. This bad habit has, it is true, always prevailed; but why is it worse than ever at the present day? The immediate cause, conflicting interests, is, of course, always the same; but it would, I think, be a mistake to underrate the influence of that polemical bitterness which has now spread everywhere, even amongst the lowest classes, bringing all parties and opinions into sharper antagonism with each other. The young generation has grown up in such an atmosphere of opposition, that its more turbulent members have learnt to look upon all lawful authorities as belonging to the opposite party—that is to say, as their natural enemies. This is why so many poachers are treated by the forest authorities with a despotic rigour unknown to milder times. The rough life renders the offenders more and more reckless; and the foresters, enraged at being set at defiance, use every means to make their power felt. And who can wonder if, under the circumstances, a state of things has arisen which only in diplomatic language could be described as a “cordial understanding?” Poachers and keepers rival each other in hardihood, duplicity, and spite—sometimes only making each other ridiculous,

while the courage displayed is amusing; but sometimes, alas! dreadful injuries or death are the result of their encounters. *Exempla sunt odiosa*, but that does not matter.

A few years ago an active but slight young fellow was scrambling about the rocks of a mountain, and, feeling tired, thought a little afternoon *siesta* would do him good. He carefully crawled through the low bushes to a projecting ledge of rock hanging over a precipice seven fathoms deep. Here he settled himself to rest, with his "Rucksack" (back bag*), containing the unscrewed pieces of his gun, as a pillow, and was soon fast asleep. A rough awakening was before him. A kick from a heavy boot made him start to his feet in dismay. There stood a gamekeeper to whom he was unknown, with a cocked gun over his shoulder. What was to be done? On one side the keeper, on the other the precipice! To



comply with the forester's order to go down with him as his prisoner would be disgrace—disgrace in the eyes of his sweetheart—he should never recover her good graces if he were brought before the court in fetters. The unlucky poacher clutched convulsively at his loose neckcloth—there was little time for consideration. Flight was not to be thought of, for the precipice was seven fathoms deep, and seven times six make forty-two; beneath were huge masses of broken rock and debris, and to jump on them from such a height would be to break all one's bones! But then the dear sweetheart! Anything rather than disgrace in her eyes! The poor fellow sidled to the very brink of the abyss and measured its depth with

* A coarse canvas bag, capable of stretching to an incredible extent. Provisions, clothes, game, &c., are packed into it, and it is fastened to the shoulders with straps.—[Tr.]

furtive glances. "Jesu, Maria, Joseph, help!" he cried in despairing accents, and took the fatal leap. One moment his body hovered in the air, one hand clutching at a bush—the next the bush swung back—hark!—a muffled crash and it is all over!

The old forester remained rooted to the spot, and muttered under his breath, "Good heavens, the devil has got a hot supper this time! He must have been killed before he got to the bottom!" The rough man's conscience began to reproach him a little. "I needn't have driven him to despair," he thought to himself. "He deserved his fate, I know; but I might have given him time to repent!" He shrank from looking over the precipice; but as he gazed absently before him, a shout from below startled him, and he became aware of some one scrambling over the débris. It was his prisoner!

Being out of the range of shot, the impudent young fellow paused, and waving his hat, cried, "Good evening, Herr Förster; many thanks for letting me out of your clutches so easily. I've only one further request to make: for your sake, not mine, don't follow me—don't jump over the precipice, I beg of you—it's dreadfully bad for the feet!" and, with another hurrah, he disappeared in the forest. The gamekeeper, mad with rage, forgot his remorse, and heartily cursed the lad he had pitied a moment before. "I'll be even with you yet!" he cried aloud; but meanwhile he couldn't help envying the boy his bones.

Hans-Anderl, the father of this "bone" hero, was just such another incorrigible rogue, only with grey hair. He would steal his own son's powder and shot when his back was turned, and go poaching on his own account. Merrily he trots along in the early morning twilight, his face blackened, his grey eyes twinkling mischievously, and his white hair hidden beneath a black woollen wig. For a man of seventy he climbs pretty nimbly, and doesn't stop to rest until he gets to the brow of the hill, where the deep ravine slopes down towards the east. Hush! he hears a sound. A fine dark-coated chamois clatters over the rocks close to Hans. Another moment, crack goes the gun, and with a cry of agony the fine creature falls to the ground. As the carcass is too heavy to carry home alone, the old man carefully hides it under fir-branches, for the "boy" to fetch it at night.

Meanwhile, two gamekeepers happened to hear the report which broke the early morning stillness. They hurried to the top of the pass and looked down into the ravine. "Hush!" whispered one, "something's moving,—do you see? it must be the fellow who fired." The other brought out his field-glass, and with its aid distinctly saw the old reprobate toiling amongst the stones, without a suspicion of the *Damocles'* sword hanging over his head. It was decided to creep round upon him from the other side, and when they were about three hundred yards distant from him they shouted, "Who goes there?"



The nimble old man started up as if struck by lightning, but, instead of replying, he cocked his rifle. Too late! a shot from above made him drop his weapon and fall backwards on the débris. The gamekeepers pursued their way without closely examining their victim; he would be sure to be discovered by some one in a few days. "If only we knew who it was," they whispered to each other. "It would be a cursed mishap if it should turn out to be old Hans-Anderl, for no one would be safe from that boy of his. The only thing we can do now is to keep the matter a secret." They decided, however, to confess to the forester, and beg him to keep their counsel; so they hurried stealthily down to his house and knocked at the door. Their account sounded laconic enough. "Herr Förschtner," they said, "we've done it now: we shot him down."

"Good heavens! who was it?" thundered the forester. "Was his face blackened? Did you recognise him? Let's hope it wasn't old Hans-Anderl; he's always at his poaching tricks up there; and if anything happened to him there'd be bad blood enough."

"Very likely it was, though," replied one of the men gloomily. "Of course we can't be sure; but anyhow, it was an old fellow."

"Good heavens!" again growled the perplexed forester; "a fine set-out there'll be when he's missed in the morning!" And the two culprits, looking decidedly crestfallen, sneaked out of the house without another word.

The forester's household had a terrible day of it. The master had lost his appetite, although there were dumplings, his favourite dish, for dinner; the dog got unmerited blows; and the children crouched in the hay-loft, lest the same fate should befall them.

Meanwhile, Hans-Anderl, lying in the ravine, opened his little grey eyes and accepted the situation. It was only small shot after all. He carefully examined his wound; five or six of the fatal little grains had remained embedded in his thigh. In default of surgical instruments, the old practitioner pulled out his eating-knife and commenced operations. One shot after the other he drilled out of the wound; and when they were all removed, he pocketed them, stood up, and went his way. "If only they haven't stolen my chamois!" he thought to himself. But no! thank goodness, the booty was still where he left it.

The next question was, had the men recognised him in spite of his disguise? If so, he would be summoned before the court, and "the court" is to a peasant what Tartarus was to the Hellenes. Now was the time for a master-stroke of diplomacy. The forester's house was about two hours' distance from the spot where he was "shot dead;" how would it do to go there at once and make some trifling inquiry? No one could then possibly imagine him to be the man whom the gamekeepers had left for dead. No sooner thought of than done. A friendly stream served for washing-basin and looking-glass. The blacking on his face removed, he hid his rifle under a stone at the crossway, and for the rest he trusted to his wits. With the merry face of one about to make a joke, he clambered down and knocked at the forester's door. The ghost of Hans-Anderl had haunted the unfortunate man in authority the whole day, and when he saw him standing before him he could scarcely disguise his pleased surprise.

"You ordered a few loads of wood the other day," began Hans in a respectful tone; "and as I happened to be passing, I just came to ask how soon you want it."

"Well, this is comical enough!" said the forester. "We were talking about you this very morning. You know you are said to be a reckless poacher, and there was a rumour about that you had been shot in the act."

"Come, come, Herr Förster, don't make fun of me," said Hans-Anderl, assuming a half-indignant, half-amused expression, "don't you see how lame I am? My poaching days are over. So they've shot some one, have they?—serves the rascal right!" and, respectfully touching his hat, he hobbled off, calling back, "I'll bring the wood to-morrow."

"Well," said the forester, "if somebody is killed I'm glad it isn't he! And now we see how easy it is to misjudge a man. Fancy that old cripple poaching!"

Incidents such as these reveal the origin of the exquisite humour of the ballads of Upper Bavaria. Nowhere do the sublime and ridiculous touch each other more nearly than in the adventures of a poacher, and the result is that the national songs vary from the most touching elegies to the maddest satires, often sparkling with genial fun, and with an arch irony about them which is inexpressibly amusing. We have met with one referring to the searching of a house for the gun of a suspected person. The arrival of the gamekeepers is graphically described; how they poked and sniffed at everything, ripping up the mattresses and overhauling the bedsteads. After a fruitless search, the accused offered them a plate of sauerkraut, of which he had a fresh barrel in the house. The officers thoroughly enjoyed it, and all the time the rifle lay cunningly hid at the bottom of the barrel.

Matters do not, however, always end so satisfactorily. In the Isarthal district there once lived a gamekeeper who was dreaded far and near. He was seven feet high, with a broad chest, piercing eyes, and a fierce moustache. As he strode through the forest he reminded one of Nimrod the mighty hunter. He had already shot nine men, and added one to his list every year. Vengeance had been sworn against him, and he had received letters threatening to burn his house over his head; but the old man knew no fear. At night and on foggy days he prowled about the mountains with his loaded gun over his shoulder, and his boy running at his heels like an eager hound. Both father and son had been fired at, but they always escaped, and were at last considered shot-proof. One day, however, when old Nimrod was on his wanderings alone, he was surrounded and taken prisoner alive by a gang of seven or eight men in masks. He was flung to the ground and bound, and, after rating him soundly, his captors tied him to a tree and left him to starve. Three days and nights he stood thus with arms extended, when the men returned, and as he still breathed they spared his life. They unbound him, formed themselves into a line, and made him "run the gauntlet," finally dismissing him with a hope that he would take warning by his sufferings, for the next time any one met death at his hands the "red cock would certainly fly upon his roof"—a German proverb, meaning that the house would be burnt down. A fortnight afterwards he shot down the next; but before the arrival of the "rothe Hahn," the harbinger of death, an order was received removing him from his post. He was sent to a low-lying district a long distance off, and when he left the mountains he wept like a child. He was a true type of the wild mountain character, in which cruelty and tenderness are so strangely combined.

In the course of last summer, I was present at the *post-mortem* dissections of several poachers who had been shot. One amongst them had been a bright, merry fellow, scarcely nineteen years old, tall, well-built, and fair. He worked at a saw-mill in the day, but at night, when the wheels were at rest, he was out on the mountains in quest of adventure. He was a general favourite; for he played the "zither," and sang so beautifully sitting outside the mill of an evening, when the young men and maidens met "zum Haingart" after the day's work. Two days before, I had heard his joyous "jodel," and it was a terrible shock to enter the death-chamber and see him lying on the trestle in his ordinary

dress. There seemed to be something unnatural about the thick nailed shoes, the short pantaloons, and the jaunty "joppe"—it was impossible to associate this picturesque costume with death. The bullet had entered his heart from the back; and as I gazed at the fine young fellow thus laid low, I was involuntarily reminded of Siegfried in the forest and on his bier. The murdered man's clothes were now removed, and when his pockets were emptied, an incident occurred which I shall never forget. A slip of paper was found in his breast-pocket on which were a few freshly written lines in pencil—the first verse of a poaching song, which the poor boy had evidently scribbled down in the early morning.

The appearance of another poacher, killed by the frontier gamekeepers or custom-house officers,* between Kreuth and Achenthal, was more repulsive than affecting. He lay on the bier in all the ghastly mockery of his disguise, with false beard, blackened face, and one hand clenched upon his breast. No



one knew him; but, from certain peculiarities about his dress, he was supposed to come from Länggries. A couple of peasants from that place, who happened to be in the neighbourhood, were called in to identify him. With mingled curiosity and horror they approached the corpse. The rigid face was washed and the black beard removed, and there he lay, as if asleep.

"That's Long Sepp of Länggries," says one; "he was my neighbour for fourteen years."

"Yes, it's he," muttered the other under his breath; and the two hurried from the room with downcast eyes, as if they felt they had betrayed the dead.

A bit of twisted lead was found in the very centre of the heart of the corpse: death must have been

* Preventive-service men, who wear a costume like that of the English rifle corps.—[Tr.]

instantaneous. Late in the afternoon a gloomy procession of ten or twelve of his neighbours presented themselves at the court. Their errand was stated in a few respectful words, but their manner was haughty and threatening. They were friends of the murdered man, and came to ask for his body, to bury it at home. It was given up to them; and in the dead of the night they carried away the dismembered corpse in a well-appointed coffin. Some rode on the cart, others walked beside it as a guard of honour; the noise of the wheels drowned their voices, but the muttered whispers sounded like vows of vengeance. Länggries is now, so to speak, the head-quarters of the poachers. Its geographical position is admirably adapted to the sport, and the natives are an extremely hardy race. Then, again, the Isar, which flows down from the Kerwendel Mountains, is ever at hand to speed the dispatch of ill-gotten joints of chamois and haunches of venison to the Munich market.

"It was not thus in the good old days;" and so people grumble that poaching is "falling into decay." The young rogues of the present day are too imbued with the spirit of the times—the annexation fever rages too high. Formerly boys saved up their money for years in order to buy a gun; but now they steal the weapon to begin with, then the chamois, and then the wheelbarrow on which to carry off their booty. Wood and game are alike more recklessly destroyed. Formerly there existed harbours of refuge in the mountains, where the wounded doe and orphan fawn were protected by the poachers; but now they shoot down mother and child without pity. So say the old people, and they are not altogether wrong. The poacher who hunts merely for excitement spares the game, because it is dear to him, and he looks upon it as his own property; but the game stealer destroys what he cannot carry away.

To what this passion for theft may lead when it entirely masters a man will be seen in the following tale, in which I was myself an actor some few years back, and which I cannot remember even now without a shudder:—

THE LIFE OF A MOUNTAIN ROBBER.

It was about the end of October, when the hoar-frost had begun to whiten the fields, and footsteps to echo from the hard ground. I had been to a woodcutter's hut far up in the mountains, and I did not start for home until nearly midnight. I had about two leagues to walk, and the road led for some distance through the forest, and then skirted round the lake, on the farther side of which lay my house. I dawdled carelessly along, for it was a beautiful starlight night, and the moon was at her first quarter. On either side of the path rose gloomy fir-trees; the branches creaked softly as leaf after leaf fell to the ground; the keen night wind blew in my face, and the deepest stillness reigned around. Suddenly I heard steps behind me, but no one was to be seen. I quickened my pace, but whoever it was gained upon me rapidly, and soon caught me up. In a rough voice he wished me "Good night," and I examined him closely. He wore the ordinary costume of a peasant, but he was more squarely built, and his manner was more gloomy than is usual amongst the boors of the district. The "Rucksack" hung at his back, and he held a broad axe in his hand. There was certainly something criminal in his appearance, and the darkness did not improve him. "Good night" from him sounded almost ironical, and I felt far from comfortable.

We pursued our way side by side, and I could not help feeling that, however unpleasant it might be to be out on the mountains alone at night, it was far worse to have such a companion. I involuntarily associated the sharp edge of his axe with my own neck. What struck me most about him was a certain boastful tone not at all natural to a peasant, who is generally very reserved with strangers, and inclined

rather to underrate than to overrate himself. Except for this he seemed a sensible fellow enough, and now and then expressed quite refined and chivalrous sentiments. Only once did he let fall a word which threw a faint light on his real character. When we came in sight of the rugged rocks of the Halserspitzze he pointed to them and said, "There lies one whom I sent in," at the same time making a gesture in imitation of a marksman taking aim. "Indeed!" I replied, in a faint voice, thinking to myself, "Matters are improving, certainly." Silently we trudged along. Every remark he made I at once agreed to—in fact, I was as amiable as possible; but when we came to the precipice overhanging the lake I managed to slip to the other side of my companion. At last we neared our house. Dangerous as it had seemed to be out alone with the man, it appeared still more perilous to try to get rid of him; yet I was unwilling to let him know where I lived, and to turn my back on him to open the door. My heart beat audibly when I at last stopped at the low garden gate. "Ah, that's where you live, is it?" cried my friend; "then you're one of the climbing fellows?" "Yes, I am," I replied; "and now tell me where you live, and who you are, that we may know each other again when next we meet." "Oh, I'm Franzl!" he replied with a mysterious smile. "Good night." He lounged away, but I dashed into the house and banged the door after me, feeling as if Franzl had pushed in with me and was following me up-stairs. It was half-past one.

The next morning there was a rumour afloat in the Tegernsee district that "Wiesbauer Franzl" was about again. He had escaped from prison and returned to the mountains by way of Länggries. I shuddered: there could be no doubt that I had had the honour of his company the night before. The descriptions of him and his laugh at parting all pointed to the same conclusion. So my new friend's proper "home" was in prison.

Franzl was the son of a pauper peasant of the Miesbach parish, and had early given proof of his laudable abilities. Constantly in disgrace for poaching, he gradually sank from poetic to prosaic theft, and from petty stealing to highway robbery. A kind of mysterious horror became associated with his name. He never remained long in one place; he was here, there, and everywhere. His haunts were known to none, but he was the dread of every one, far and near, and he at last created a positive terrorism. In the middle of the night Franzl would appear at some house, knock at the door, and arouse the inmates. The mistress must get up, light the fire, and cook a meal for the intruder, whilst he sat on the hearth and chatted pleasantly to her. He did not steal for the sake of stealing; he merely asked for what he wanted when he required it. His demands were complied with readily enough, for people were intimidated by the boldness of his manner. If he was well received, he behaved like a guest, and made himself at home. He never took from those who could not afford to give; but if rich people showed any hesitation, he would vow, with awful curses, to set fire to their houses and burn down the whole village. He was a genuine freebooter of the old type, generous or revengeful as it happened to suit him. After a great deal of trouble, he was at last captured and lodged in the gaol of the principal town; but, with desperate courage, he managed to escape by letting himself down outside the prison from a height of several stories. Once on firm ground he was soon off to the mountains; and again the name of "Wiesbauer Franzl" was in every mouth, whilst the old horror returned with redoubled force. It was unfortunate for me that I was now numbered amongst his acquaintances, for I feared that he would avail himself of the privilege to invite himself to supper some fine night.

Very soon he gave me fresh uneasiness. I was alone at home one evening, sitting at work near the

lamp, when my old maid-servant ran in and said in a frightened whisper, "Only think: there's been some one sitting on the doorstep for the last quarter of an hour! I've watched him from the kitchen window, and I'm afraid it's 'Wiesbauer Franzl!' Jesu, Maria, Joseph," she added, "he's sure to knock presently and want to come in!" Annoyed and curious, I hurried softly up-stairs in the dark, meaning to open the window gently and reconnoitre my visitor, as it might be only a harmless journeyman availing himself of a convenient resting-place; but, in spite of my caution, the stranger heard me open the window, and looked up without changing his position or uttering a word. It was "Wiesbauer Franzl." To propitiate him, I spoke first, saying with assumed friendliness, "Do you want anything, Franzl? Are you hungry? shall I bring you some food?" But the rogue replied with a stoical shake of the head, "You needn't trouble to do that, Karl; I've had my supper, and I've got farther to go to-night. I'm only resting a bit." Soon afterwards he got up and went his way.

When the first snow fell I left my summer residence and went back to the town, but my friend Franzl remained in the mountains and continued his requisitions. I did not learn his further adventures until my return the next year. One day, after an afternoon nap, he fell into the hands of the bailiffs. He was triumphantly lodged in the county gaol, and every one breathed more freely, although no one felt perfectly safe even then, so indomitable was his bearing. Fresh alarm was soon created on his account. The very next morning had scarcely dawned before the gaoler was tugging at the doctor's door like a madman. "Make haste, doctor, make haste!" he cried. "Franzl has hung himself in the night. I was on my rounds, and I've just found him hanging from one of the window-bars. He was stone cold, so I didn't cut him down." The doctor rushed to the prison, and found everything exactly as he had been told. In a fit of the wild despair which comes over energetic natures when all escape seems cut off, the bold robber had determined to make an end of himself. The doctor at once cut the linen noose, cold water was thrown into the poor fellow's face; but it was all in vain, he gave no sign of returning animation. The news spread like wildfire from place to place, and people said it was Franzl's first useful action. "If he's really gone!" croaked some; "the devil is not to be trusted until he is actually in his grave!" Meanwhile, preparations were made for the dissection, and the attendants were about to undress the corpse, when, behold! the eyelids trembled, the muscles quivered, and the dead was restored to life. It was high time, for the dissecting knife lay ready upon the table. And so the vital force of the young criminal had triumphed over his will, and, in spite of all his efforts, he found himself still on this side the grave. He was restored to consciousness with every care, and taken back to his cell, to be forwarded the next day to Munich, as none of the authorities cared to have the responsibility of him; the prison itself seemed unsafe as long as he was in it. He himself was doggedly submissive, and seemed to be in very low spirits. Instead of rejoicing in his restoration to life, he was evidently meditating some other desperate scheme.

The next day a farmer's cart was hired, and Franzl, bound hand and foot, was placed in it. The people stared inquisitively at the notorious prisoner, and the equipage slowly ascended the precipitous road above the lake. Suddenly a slight snap was heard, the fetters were broken, the cart jerked violently, and the culprit was gone! Head foremost he plunged into the lake; for a moment the waves closed over him, the next he was swimming rapidly away. As none of his escort could follow, or rather, as all shrank from a hand-to-hand struggle in the water, a boat was got ready for the pursuit.

In spite of the start he had had, the sturdy rowers soon caught up the fugitive. But what then? At first he dived to baffle his enemies, but his breath being soon exhausted, a fearful conflict ensued.

As it was impossible to reach him by other means, some of the men struck him on the head with their oars whenever he came to the surface of the water, hoping by this means to stun him. But his iron skull was not to be cracked, and as for seizing him and dragging him into the boat, that was



PURSUIT.

quite out of the question, for he presently flung himself upon it like a maniac and tried to capsize it. The danger was now all on the side of the pursuers. A storm was rising, and it was found advisable to relinquish the pursuit for the time. With considerable difficulty the little boat regained the shore, whilst the fugitive found a safe place of concealment amongst the tall rushes on the banks of the lake.

When it was quite dark he crept out, and decided that it would be good policy to disappear for a time. For weeks nothing further was heard of him, and it was thought by many that he had perished in the storm. But suddenly he reappeared as though he had risen from the ground. He was not improved. Indeed, his hatred of all legal and peaceable occupations seemed to have been intensified by his late adventures. He took up the feud with society with greater ferocity than ever, and he was now always accompanied by a four-footed friend—a huge yellow wolf-hound, which followed close at his heels. He would lick the robber's hand lovingly, and look inquiringly up into his face; but he was as misanthropically disposed towards all the rest of the world as his master. The devotion was mutual: Franzl always gave the first mouthful of the food he "requisitioned" for himself to Wolf, and Wolf showed his teeth, without any sign from his master, if any one hesitated to comply with his demands.

The dog was the only creature for whom the reckless criminal retained any affection, and it was evident that neither of the friends would care to survive the other. Franzl became more and more overbearing and exacting, and the terror amongst the people increased in proportion. One night he again aroused the wife of a peasant, and ordered her to cook him some food. Trembling, she appeared at the window, and refused to comply with the extraordinary request. He was standing below the balcony, and as she spoke he flung his great knife into the house with such force that it went through the wall. "You saw it, didn't you?" he shouted in a menacing voice. "Next time it will go through your body;" and with that he turned on his heel, followed by his dog snarling and foaming at the mouth. All search for him was in vain; and at last, as every other means failed, a price was set on his head.

At a certain spot where two roads meet stands a large lonely inn, conducted in quite the old style, with oaken tables and earthenware drinking-vessels. On the wall of the public room hang the carriers' notices, and the host is the despotic sovereign whose authority is never questioned. One evening a few travellers were assembled in this room, when suddenly the door opened, and a sturdy-looking fellow walked in and sat down with the rest. They all knew who it was as well as we do. It was the very day on which the writ against him had been issued. "Franzl," cried one, "do you know that a price is set upon your head?" "Whoever takes you will get fifty gulden," added another. "I should think you were glad of that, for folks say you are worth nothing!" Everybody laughed. Franzl, however, did not move a muscle, but stood with arms akimbo, and cried scornfully, "Well, here I am; any one with a knife and no money is welcome to me."

Every one remained seated, but the wolf-dog growled from beneath the table as if he understood what was going on. Without another word Franzl resumed his seat, and went on drinking and chatting pleasantly as had been his wont of old. He was, however, rather more subdued than formerly, and in about half an hour he laid a kreutzer on the table and went out into the darkness without a word of farewell, but the dog turned at the door to snarl and show his great fangs.

Two days later Franzl once more knocked at the door of a peasant's house. It was in the neighbourhood of Gmunden, on that lofty pass which encircles the mountain like a chain, and stretches from Tegernsee towards Miesbach. When the housewife came to the door she recognised the outlaw at once, but concealing her alarm, she treated him as a poor traveller, and asked him into the house. Meanwhile her husband called in the neighbours to his assistance. Silently they crept through the back door into the stable, and consulted how best to overpower the unfortunate Franzl. No one had courage enough to volunteer, and murmurs arose of "'Dead or alive,' says the writ; how would it

do to shoot him down?" Amongst those assembled was a young soldier, a capital shot, who had left his regiment but a few days before. He judged the case according to martial law, and was of opinion that the reward would be paid for killing, not for capturing, the accused. "He's sure to kill some one else if he lives any longer," thought the young warrior to himself, "so I'd better put him out of the way at once." "My double-barrelled gun hangs behind the stove," whispered the master of the house, and a breathless silence ensued. Meanwhile Franzl had finished his dinner, and prepared to take leave. "God bless you!" he exclaimed to his hostess; "and if you are asked who your guest was, you can say it was the 'Wiesbauer rogue!'" With these words he left the house, but a slight figure slipped in from the other door, wearing the soldier's blue cap. Noiselessly he took down the weapon, and hid it beneath the window-sill. Then the little lattice opened softly, and a voice cried, "Not so fast, Franzl; stop, or I fire!" Franzl turned round with a scornful laugh: "Any one who wants me had better come out to me; I dance attendance upon no one!" Another step; a whizzing report; and he fell to the ground like a tree smitten by an axe, the blood gushing from his mouth, and his hands tearing up the earth. "At him, Wolf," he cried with his last breath; and the poor dog dashed at the open window foaming with rage. Another crack, and the second discharge was lodged in the faithful creature's body. With the death-rattle in his throat, he managed to drag himself to his master's side, and after a few convulsive struggles expired. It was a strange coincidence that I happened to pass this spot on the very day of this fatal occurrence. Awaiting legal authority for its removal, the body lay exactly as it had fallen—nothing had been touched since the tragedy took place. Very mixed were my feelings as I gazed at the corpse of my old travelling companion of that ever-memorable night in the previous autumn. As all attempts to waylay him had until now been unsuccessful, it was popularly believed that Franzl had been in league with witches, and possessed some magic means of making himself invisible; and sure enough, when his body was searched, a root of mysterious form was found in his pocket. What it signified no one could make out, but of course it strengthened the popular superstition. "Wiesbauer Franzl" is still talked of like a ghost in hushed whispers, and the root, which no one dared to touch, is in my cupboard.

One would imagine that there could be no mysteries in the simple, primitive life of peasants, but beneath the quiet surface of country life in the highlands reigns a disguised Vehmie despotism—a kind of tyrannical class-unionism, the results of which alone are visible: the avenger appears suddenly, as though risen from the ground; the criminal disappears as if the earth had swallowed him up. Every one is in the secret, yet all inquiries are met with professions of ignorance. Legal prosecution is rarely successful. The identity of the culprit is generally doubtful, and in cases where conviction seems certain, means of evading it are found. Nothing can remedy this state of things but change in the tone of feeling on the subject. It is not the law, as many think, but public opinion which requires improving.



V. THE BONFIRE OF THE SUMMER SOLSTICE.

RAWING upon popular tradition, we find that it places the essence of nature in the elements. The common people found the Creator himself in the creative power of flame and wave, and gradually the elements became the centre of worship and legend. Thus was manifested before the dawn of history the innate tendency of the human race to embody the objects of its worship. The Greeks deified the creative power under the name of Neptune or Vulcan, and the early German races—in whose legends the epic and romantic elements are equally powerful—originated the earth and fire spirits.

It is plain that on the advent of Christianity a turning-point was reached, when the nature-worship of the infancy of nations was supplanted. But the first missionaries of civilisation, with worldly-wise tact, respected the old usages. The long-spun threads of habit were not roughly cut asunder with the sword, but the root from which they sprang was imperceptibly removed, and a new meaning given to the old forms. Wherever it was possible, the same places and mode of worship were acquiesced in, the object of reverence alone being changed. The saints stepped into the place of the heathen gods. To this we are indebted for retaining so many links with primitive times in our present state of civilisation. Such a link is the Solstice bonfire.* Heat is the indispensable vital force most constantly present in the mind of man, and no other element assumes such countless forms. What a chain of associations connects the sacred spark on the hearth of the ancients with the numerous flames of a chandelier! How thrilling, how irresistible is the cry of "Fire!" when it rings through a town, or when it bursts from the lips of a leader in battle: "Fire!" Fire-worship, then, became general in the earliest times, and although Christianity has turned it to its own account, it is to those remote days that we must look for the origin of existing customs. In the Harz Mountains, on the Rhine, and in Westphalia we find the "Judas fire;" and in Southern Germany—particularly in Upper Bavaria—the "Easter" and "St. John's" fires. The former are lighted in the night of Easter Eve, after the Resurrection is over, and are most prevalent in the western angle of the mountains, although we meet with them pretty frequently in the lowlands and Swabia. On the 23rd of July, St. John's Eve, the Solstice bonfires are lighted. From peak to peak flash the flames, from Alp to Alp echoes the jodel song.

The superstitions and most of the ceremonies connected with the Solstice bonfire are now extinct, but the most important custom of all, the so-called "wheel-driving," is still sometimes practised.† A round,

* Also called the *Beltane* or *Beal* fire; from *tin* or *teine*, "fire," and *Beal* or *Beil*, the Celtic sun-god. Another name is the *Nothfeuer*, English *need-fire*, allied to the Swabian *gnida*, to "rub," the fire being obtained by the friction, or "kneading," of two pieces of wood, &c. A light thus obtained was supposed to have special virtues.—[Tr.]

† The "wheel-driving" originally symbolized the declension of the sun from his solstitial height.—[Tr.]

cut from a wooden water-pipe or an old cart-wheel, is daubed with pitch and stuck on a long pole; sometimes an arrow dipped in pitch is used; and when the St. John's fire is lighted, the burning wheel is whirled round and round and flung through the air, describing glowing circles. As it rushes along, the wheel-driver repeats a verse containing the name of the person to whom the wheel is dedicated. Many of these verses are still extant, and in them we find a strange medley of venerated persons. At one time, when the religious element predominated, the fire was blessed by the priest, and the name of the Holy Trinity was pronounced. But at Nauders, in the Tyrol, a wheel was formerly driven in honour of the devil, and the circles it formed in the air were said to be "interminable." Gradually, however, human interests got the upper hand, and now young fellows generally shout out the names of their sweethearts:—

"Whither shall I send thee,
Oh, my precious wheel?
To Mittenwald, to Lizzie fair.
The only maid for whom I care"

To use a modern expression, we sometimes see at these ceremonies how "exclusive" the peasants are. Many speak diplomatically—that is to say, with reserve—and give their wheel no more definite direction than the following:—

"Amongst the maids of Zell, I ween,
Thou knowest well the one I mean"

Like many other customs, this "wheel-driving" provided a means of expressing public censure. The wheels of fallen women were flung in derision, and awkward people were held up to ridicule. A verse has been handed down in which a wheel is dedicated to some one who had led a gosling to the water with a string.

In earlier times solemn preparations were made for the need-fire. Four boys went from house to house singing to collect wood for it; all were bound to contribute willingly, and all the saints were invoked:—

"Send us, holy St. Vitus, a large log of wood;
And, holy Hans, a fine one and good;
Holy St. Sixtus, a good one and thick,
Of our house, holy Florian, burn not a stick"

Another verse closes with a prophetic warning:—

"We come from St. Vitus, and wood we desire,
Give us too some branches, to help our need-fire.
Who gives us no wood to help our need-fire,
Twelve months shall not pass before he expire."

This mode of collection, which formerly prevailed throughout Upper Bavaria, and extended to Swabia and France, has now fallen into disuse, like other rites and ceremonies connected with the St. John's fire.

The earliest records of the need-fire connect with it the burning of witches. These unhappy creatures are mentioned in many of the verses which have been handed down to us, and in some neighbourhoods a straw doll was even recently thrown into the Easter fire. The mugwort, a magical remedy for all sicknesses, was also flung in, and an old herb-book of 1678 says, "Not only did the old women practise these superstitions, but much higher folks, who considered themselves very wise and sensible." Other mysterious remedies are in the same way connected with the St. John's fire. It was a general custom to take a charred log from the need-fire and preserve it on the hearth at home, or bury it the same day in the

flax-field. A special meaning was also assigned to jumping over the fire. The higher a man jumped, the higher his flax would grow that year. Prophecies were made according to the course taken by the wheel. Everywhere, however—but specially in the Bavarian Highlands—the old meaning of the St. John's fire is quite lost, although the custom itself is retained.

The true home of the need-fire is in the district overlooked by the Karwendel Mountains, but it still blazes on the 23rd of July in Grünwald, Mittenwald, and in the east, from Watzmann to the Benediktenwand. "It is a beautiful sight from the valley, and the long rows of illuminated points are visible from an immense distance. Every one does not admire them, however; for at Starnberg an old lady from the north once said to me quite seriously, "Only look, that must be a torchlight procession on the mountains for the dead students!" The natives who light the fires generally object to the presence of townspeople: on these special occasions they like to be private. All manner of rendezvous are arranged which strangers might interrupt, and the inn-keepers try to dissuade travellers from mountain excursions on the day of the need-fire. I myself witnessed a Solstice fire on the Wendelstein, a few leagues from the Schliersee, some years ago. This mountain is famous as the "Hort des bayerischen Almensangs" (stronghold of Bavarian mountain-song). A merry party of foreign ladies and gentlemen made the ascent with me, and perhaps the reader would like to accompany us to the bonfire. It was delightful and refreshing to step from the dense wood to the cool Alpine pastures; the sun had set; the grass was already wet with dew; and the cattle, with tinkling bells, were wending their way homewards. The wood was piled up on a ledge of rock not far from the "Alm," or "Alp" (mountain-pasture). A commanding situation is always chosen. A busy crowd were at work when we arrived, for it is no easy matter to build up such a tower of wood. Look how they drag the logs about; here comes a peasant with half a fir-tree behind him, and another with half-a-hundredweight stuck on his Alpenstock; a third hangs over the precipice and hews down branches of the Latschen (*Pinus primulis*) and mountain-pines, the resin of which burns so well and smells so deliciously. Twilight is soon over in the mountains; the low Alpine grass waved in the night wind, and the bells of the little church on the Birkenstein were faintly audible from below. The flames now began to crackle and flare, at first gently and fitfully, but gradually increasing into a wild roaring blaze of light. The sparks flew far and near in the clear starlight, and from every height rose rival fires. How huge and black appeared the mountain buttresses, contrasted with the brilliant glow! Presently one of the men came forward, a hardy fellow with a broad chest and lofty forehead; and, waving his plumed hat, he stepped to the edge of the rock. As his first shout rang out, it seemed as if he were making a declaration to the world beneath his feet—a declaration of peace throughout eternity. Above and below pealed forth the echoes of the answering greetings, as though they would extend to the stars twinkling overhead.

Charming groups were soon formed about the fire, and I should have to exchange the pen for the artist's brush to give any idea of the scene. The "Sennerins," who had clambered up from their scattered huts, were laughing and joking with the men close to the blaze. Well they knew that the saints were not the only attraction, and that a fire very different from that of St. John had led up many of the swains. There stood the maidens, with hair flowing loosely from beneath their peaked hats, one hand resting on the hip and the other laid caressingly on the lover's shoulder. Now and then a mischievous rogue would snatch a log from the burning pile and try to stroke his sweetheart with it, and, with a merry laugh, she would rush away from him.

The ladies and gentlemen who had come to see the need-fire took up their position at a little distance. There were some handsome figures amongst them, in every variety of costume. Some of the gentlemen, anxious to get rheumatism, were lounging on the grass; others were leaning on their long Alpenstocks, or sitting beside the young ladies, on the low rocks overgrown with Alpine roses which were scattered



MIDSUMMER DAY'S BONFIRE.

about. "How I should like to build some huts here!" said one of the elder ladies, who was literally quivering with delight, and whom one recognised for a blue-stocking even in the darkness—"one for myself, one for Moses, and one, of course, I must keep empty, in case I should marry later."

One of the young girls, who leant against a rock apart from the others, seemed to be wrapped in earnest

meditation; the green pine-branches swept against the hem of her dress, her hands were folded on her knees, and melancholy thoughts were, perhaps, flitting across her mind. A broad straw hat, with a single red rose at the side, shaded her face and partly hid her pale blond hair. She formed a picture, a faultless picture, such as Riedl delights to paint in Rome, in which day and night, light and darkness, meet in one fair countenance. Half the Madonna-like face was in deep shadow, whilst the soft lines of the profile glowed in the red glare. Now and then, as if impelled by some secret yearning, she flung back her head so that her features caught the full light of the fire, and all its glory was reflected back from the magic mirror of her face. "If only she does not move," I thought to myself in silent admiration; but at that moment the English governess exclaimed in a warning voice, "Jenny, take care!" Jenny started, and the beautiful picture was gone. I felt a strong impulse to throw the old lady into the fire to be burnt alive, and she seemed to have some inkling of my thoughts, for I got a basilisk glance through the blue spectacles.

An old doctor of philosophy now proposed leaving, and the country-people were already beginning to disperse for their return to the Alpine huts. For a short distance the merry boors were mixed up with the "gentry," and their rough wit and the mutual misunderstandings were very amusing. The duenna in blue spectacles kept an anxious watch over her beautiful ward, and addressed every peasant as "sir," with a notion that *noblesse oblige*. But, in spite of all her care, a bold young fellow suddenly seized the fair "picture" in token of his unbounded admiration. Jenny smiled pleasantly when he tapped her hand with an Alpine rose, and exclaimed, as if he could not help it, "You are the most beautiful woman in the world;" and then, turning to his sweetheart, who was trotting behind them, he added, "You'll never have such a pretty face as ~~that~~. 'Beside her you look like a goat beside a chamois.'" "A she-goat's good enough for a he-goat," retorted the girl good-humouredly. But the governess waiting below for the stragglers cried in a stern voice, "Jenny, take care!" Soon afterwards the mixed company were resting on the straw in the different huts, and even the owner of the blue spectacles was wrapped in peaceful slumber.

At about two o'clock I stole cautiously out of my hut and climbed up to the scene of the need-fire. The mountain-world was spread out before me in all its grand immensity. The stars shone more brightly, and the mighty vault of heaven seemed more vast and extensive than before. All nature was shrouded in the silent depths of night—details were lost; but the massive battlements of the everlasting hills, the endless chains of pathless peaks, acquired a new significance as they stood forth wrapped in the black drapery of the darkness. It is this swallowing up of all that is small and petty which gives to the night its awful, its mysterious grandeur; and it is this revelation of little things and its close approach to us in our humanity which makes the day with its bright sunlight so dear to us all. The conception of the exquisite harmony of the universe in all its parts was borne in upon my soul. I felt that in the full comprehension of this harmony alone lay the solution of the problem of salvation for the individual life—the riddle of the "ego." This is why hours of dedication, solemn transfiguration moments, are granted to man, when, in mystic communion with Nature, he catches a glimpse of this harmony, and by faith realises the meaning of the whole.

VI. LIFE ON THE ALPINE PASTURES.

AN "Alp" is one of those fortunate things, beloved by all except those who have the gout. Most writers on the Alps have described details: one has taken the scenery, another the tourists, and so on; but we think the most important fact of mountain life has been overlooked by all. We allude to the intimate connection between the character of the people and the elevated locality in which they have their homes. However "big" a Lowland boor may be, he always retains a certain heaviness and narrowness; indeed, we may also say a "flatness" of character. He clings to the soil, and the limits of his property become the invisible limits of his ideas. Of course society is more accessible to him than to the Highlander; but, on the other hand, the latter is of a more sociable disposition; and, although his sphere of life is more



STONE ALM ON THE KAMPENWAND.

limited, his views are wider. There is an element of freedom in the very scenery around him. He has a feeling of ownership in the loftiest peaks to which he climbs, and this increases his self-respect. The rocky nature of the soil he tills adds considerably to his toil; and if this be detrimental to his property, it is the reverse to his character, which acquires firmness and steadfastness. It is only in the native land of the mountain firs that tall, stalwart figures, resembling them, grow up; in the Alps alone are the vocal organs fully developed. The Alps, too, are the source of that rhythmical element peculiar—like the regal—to the mountain character, which is manifested in the popular songs and dances.

The "Alm," or "Alp,"* is the connecting link between the mountains and their inhabitants; for it is through the Alm that the peasant acquires his feeling of proprietorship in the lofty peaks. How fully the people themselves realise this is seen in the repetition in their proverbs, in various forms, of the contrast between the "stay-at-home" and the Alpine vocation. They speak contemptuously of the "Heimkish"

* When the word "Alm" or "Alp" is used in the singular, it always means a mountain pasture.—[Tr.]

(home-cow), which is not active or sturdy enough to climb to the "Alp;" and a girl who is only fit for house-work is called a "Heimdirndl" (home-girl).

To us, of course, the beautiful scenery of the Alps is their chief charm. The life of large towns is necessarily artificial; all conflict with the elements is avoided. Nature is repressed by education; but out on the mountains her divine energies have free scope now as of yore, and her beauty and cruelty are alike unfettered. The seasons of the year are more distinctly marked, the different periods of a single day are more vividly contrasted; death succeeds life without human interference. It is only on the mountains that we realise what spring means. Towards the middle of May the sun has chased away the snow, and the primrose peeps forth from every crevice. Green moss springs up beneath the fir-trees, and the young thrushes twitter in their topmost branches. No human voice is as yet heard upon the uplands, no human footfall echoes from the sward. The butterfly flutters to and fro in the sunshine, and the only interruptions of the stillness are the never-ceasing voices of Nature. The full spring gurgles softly, silently open the buds of the Alpine roses—everything is bathed in the joy of reawakening life. How instinct with youthful vitality is spring! how wonderful is the mere fact of existence! Later come the riper days of summer, when the mountains are of a deeper blue and the tall grass waves in the breeze. Above stretches the cloudless canopy of heaven, far, far beneath lies the glassy lake, and all around cluster the mighty forests steeped in sultry blue vapour. Everything is at its fullest beauty, from the depths of the ravines to the calyxes of the flowers; all nature throbs with rapturous joy; for the bashful maiden has grown up to womanhood, and exults in her maternal happiness; every pulse beats with the passionate love of existence. The night wanderer in the forest seems to be accompanied by an elfin throng, and to be followed by magic melodies. Every night is a fairy tale in itself.

But days such as these pass away like a dream; they are but moments of enchantment, of conscious bliss, enjoyed by Nature as she passes through the successive ages of her existence. Presently the air becomes sharper, and the blue of heaven fainter; the quivering beech lets fall its leaves, the faithful fir alone retains its garment of green. Imperceptibly the silver cords of life are loosened: the bird still flutters from branch to branch, but it has become more subdued; the blue flower still blossoms on the sterile ground, but the green slopes have assumed a yellowish hue. Shepherd and flocks are taking their departure; deep silence has settled down upon the mountains—they are left solitary and desolate! Those who gaze at this time of year into the quiet face of Nature will perhaps find her more beautiful than ever; for she has this advantage over humanity—she never grows old or infirm. She does not die like a matron, but like a bride before the benediction is finished, with the smile of life and love still quivering on her lips. She is bewitching to her last hour. Death comes, but not old age,—life, not beauty, fades away. Each day she opens her eyes more feebly, each day is shorter; and when the last autumn evening closes she is dead. Heavy fogs shroud her form; nothing is wanting but her winding-sheet. Even the winter is grand in the mountains. The mighty rocks form one huge sarcophagus, and the stillness of the grave reigns over them. The snow is piled up many fathoms high, and the wild wind moans as it sweeps along, tearing the roofs from the huts and breaking stones which have stood a hundred years, but unable to rend open the tomb in which all life lies buried. Such is mountain scenery; such are the yearly seasons in the Alps! Let us now turn to human life on the mountain pastures.

The huts are generally built in some picturesque spots, in the most sheltered situations on the Alps. From the summit of some steep ascent we look down upon the roofs sparkling in the sunbeams in some

green hollow. Several of them generally cluster together, above them rises the weather-beaten cross, and large stones add to the strength of the roofs. All around stretch the pastures strewn with débris. The journey to the Alp is not generally made before St. John's or St. Vitus's Day. The procession assumes



A LUCKLESS CASE ON THE ALP.

quite a festive character, for every creature rejoices in the coming freedom from restraint. The oxen triumph in escape from their stalls, and liberty to seek their own food; no longer will their keeper give to each a small portion on a pitchfork! The Sennerein exults, because on the Alp she is undisputed sovereign, and the herd-boy prefers the grass as a seat to the school-bench, and the study of the universe

to the multiplication table. It is a fête day to the peasant when his cattle are led to the mountains, for he looks upon them as members of his family; and if Roman law does not recognise them as such, Bavarian usage does. House and stall are under the roof; each cow has her "baptismal name!" Religion, too, protects the four-footed creatures; they have their own patron-saints, their stalls are "blessed," and a sacred proverb is pronounced over them when they are set free.

Of course the scenery looks somewhat prosaic at the time of the pilgrimage; the ground is still soft with the melted snow, the whole procession sinks into it up to the knees. But the Sennerin assumes a *négligé* costume, setting all fashions at defiance, and resembling that of a man from the waist downwards. The "milking hat" is the ordinary coiffure, and any one anxious to find a name for the nondescript appearance presented by a Sennerin might well exclaim, "*Noli me tangere.*" Tourists, in fact, grumble at the ugliness of these girls; but, for all that, there are some few who blossom like living Alpine roses; but, to the best of our knowledge, such flowers do not grow by the wayside, and Bâdecker has given no "stars" to the Alpine huts.* Beauty, however, is at the best but fleeting, and as other things are more necessary to the Sennerins, we will linger over it no longer. The chief requisites of the character of a good herd are cheerfulness and steadfast courage. Melancholy and timid people are useless in these solitudes, where everything depends on individual exertion. Who is there to lend a hand when misfortunes threaten? The Sennerins are well aware of all this, and there is often something quite touching in the fidelity with which they tend their animals and sacrifice their own comfort to that of their charges. They recognise no difference between night and day, sunshine or storm; at all times and in all weathers they will fetch the strayed calf from the deepest ravine and soothe it with the tenderest words. It was indeed a right instinct which assigned the care of the cattle on the mountains to the women of Bavaria, for they have more self-denying affection for the creatures under their care than men would have, and are not inferior to them in physical strength and resolution.

In the Tyrol, where the Alpine pastures are in the hands of men, cattle-breeding is not more successful than in Bavaria. There the bushmen, who are called "Stotzen," are a coarse, uneducated set of men. They are mostly shaggy old fellows, whose clothes are in rags and whose patois is absolutely unintelligible. In the frontier districts they sometimes come into collision with the Sennerins, rolling their milk-pans down the mountains, or thrashing the cattle in default of their owners.

Strictly speaking, the life of a Sennerin must be somewhat monotonous; but her own bright spirit gives it relish and zest. As soon as the cows begin to low, as early as two o'clock in the morning, she is astir; and when the first faint rays of the grey morning twilight make their way through the cracks in the roof, the cows are milked. At four o'clock a bright fire is blazing on the hearth, and the cattle are set free. Far over the mountains they wander in search of food, and do not return until the evening. In very hot weather, however, things are reversed; then the herd goes to the pastures at night and remains in the stall all day. There is plenty for the Sennerin to do between-whiles; the big kettle hanging over the hearth must be scoured, saucepan and milk-pan require careful polishing. Generally, too, there are a few patients in the stall—a he-goat which has sprained his foot in some gallant adventure, or a cow which has taken a chill and cannot join the green table d'hôte. The latter must have her breakfast taken to her room, and the former requires cold applications on his wounded limb. As water can only be obtained at

* In Bâdecker's guide-books stars are put against the names of the best hotels, &c. [Tr.]

some distance from the huts, every pail has to be carried home on the head—no easy task in such a rugged neighbourhood. It is only rarely that the well happens to be near the hut, and then it is generally remarkable for yielding no water.

If we carry our researches a little beyond the actual pastures, we shall find a small enclosed field called the "Haag," or "Alm" garden. On the hedge-stakes we descry various articles of clothing of the simplest description, for here the Sennerins dry their washing. White and red garments flutter in the wind; no master of the house or fastidious critic raises a protest against them, and no robber annexes this "valuable material." Here alone is the freedom of the herd restricted; the grass which grows here is the



CHLOE'S HUNTER IN THE SENNIUT.

forbidden fruit of the quadrupeds. It is cut and carefully preserved, that there may be a little fodder to be had in case of a sudden fall of snow. But the stupid cows, instead of realising the wisdom of this, are always prying about the fence. In this they resemble men. With the fodder around them up to their knees, they remain standing at the edge of the reserved plot, and gaze at it with longing eyes. Often when the shepherdess is out of the way and they think themselves safe from the "stecken" (sticking), the only penal code they know, they make a foolhardy attempt and break through. But woe to them when their mistress comes back; like an avenging Megæra, she rushes in amongst them, and, with a *salto mortale*, the uncouth guests dash away. Many, however, are left in the lurch, and do penance for the others, for in

criminal cases there is no "limited liability." In front of the "Almhutte" (Alpine huts) are some rickety palings; and the store of wood, which has been laboriously collected, is piled up outside in picturesque style.

The immediate neighbourhood of an Alpine pasture is not always exactly pleasant, for it is often frequented by a tyrant with clumsy bones and pointed horns, who acts as *maître de plaisir* on the Alp, deciding in what direction the herd shall make the daily promenade, and confiscating a painter's studies



DEPARTURE FROM THE ALM.

if he sets his camp-stool in the wrong place. He rules his territory with the jealousy of a Turk and the sternness of a policeman: "no admittance" is the inscription over his domain. This tyrant is the bull! Fortunately he is travelling on business to-day, and so we may venture in unmolested, and have a good look at an Alpine residence.

It is a picture of sooty simplicity. The smoke makes its way through the blackened roof; the

Alpenstocks and a small wood chopper rest against the wall. A narrow window in a dark brown frame gives a glimpse of the blue landscape without. The milk-room is underground, and woe betide any one who steps incautiously through the trap-door, which is often left open, for he might easily break his neck. When anything unusual is going on, some of the "live stock" are occasionally sent into the cellar to be out of the way. The "boudoir" of the Sennerin is in about the centre of the establishment. It is a small but cosy room. In one corner is the little altar, with a prayer-book in large print, a few consecrated palm-branches, and perhaps the image of a saint, with one or two relics. Behind the door hangs the Sunday costume, and near it the little vessel of holy water, in which the shepherdess never fails to dip her hands as she passes out. Here too is her bed, which reaches nearly to the ceiling, and can only be climbed on the unused side with the aid of the Bergstock or Alpenstock. The Bergstock is called "Kreister," and it is obvious how it became the centre of the erotic lyrical poetry. Round the wall runs a wooden bench, and a table with crooked legs completes the furniture. This table serves also as an album or strangers'



book, and has been scored all over with names and dates by those who have here shouted and danced, loved and sung. As most of the huts are more than a century old, many famous dates are to be found on these tables. I myself have read 1790, 1802, and July 12th, 1806; so that joyful shouts were resounding in these solitudes whilst the German empire was crumbling to ruins!

The peasants have quite a passion for the "Almbesuch" (visit to the Alpine hut). There is, indeed, a special charm in the open-hearted hospitality of these regions, poor as are the inhabitants. On week-days none climb up but those whose business brings them; on Sunday evening, however, the "Bua" (peasant) taps at the little window. The wooden bolt which fastens the door is at once slipped back, and with a cheery laugh the sturdy fellow steps in. Carelessly he flings his "Rucksack" into a corner, chooses a safe place for his gun against the wall, and sits down by the primitive hearth. The "Schmarrn" (a kind of omelette) is bubbling in the little saucepan; but the fire will not burn properly, and the shepherdess sings roguishly:—

"A little fire is love,
It never lacketh heat;
But for all that it warmeth
Neither soup nor meat."

And if her guest boasts too much of his hunting exploits, she has an appropriate verse ready:—

"A hunter's eyes are strong and keen
Until love's blindness him o'ertakes;
The smallest maiden then, I ween,
The biggest captive often makes."

So sings the maiden, and the hunter's dog flaps his great ears to and fro, as if to say "Bravo!" On Sundays there is company on the Alps. The girls, in their bright bodices and peaked hats, assemble together from the scattered huts, and, choosing some grassy bank as a seat, they laugh and chatter and sing, the indispensable little knitting-baskets beside them. They are very seldom long alone; some young fellows are pretty sure to join them, and amuse them with jokes and odd scraps of news of every variety. Far and near echoes their merry laughter, for their high spirits are absolutely irrepressible.

This love of fun is reflected in the popular ballads, of which life on the Alp is a favourite subject. According to them, poetry and joy are the exclusive privileges of the mountain pastures, and public opinion indorses this idea. The comical scenes which are of such frequent occurrence on the Alps are also well represented in the "Schnaderhupfel;" and never are they more spirited than when they speak of the joyous Alpine life. When a young peasant is teased about his love affairs he will answer, laughing—

"The mists obscure the valley,
But the Alpine heights are clear;
And of all that people say of me,
Believe just half you hear."

And if a hunter is asked questions about his life, he will sing—

"An Alpine maid to wish me luck,
In cap a beard* of chamois buck,
One turn of Fortune's wheel to share—
These three make all a hunter's care"

And so this simple mountain life is full of interest and excitement. The songs generally treat of some lively subject, for comedy is more natural to a peasant than tragedy. Those made fun of are generally foreigners.

The cattle remain upon the High Alps until the middle of September, when they take possession of the less elevated pastures, called "Niederleger," staying there until the third Sunday in October, unless a fall of snow should drive them away earlier. The duties of the Sennerin become more and more onerous as the year advances, for the cows require close watching. Fodder being scarce, they wander long distances, and trespass on private property, until they are taught their proper station in life by the keepers. At last comes the return to the valley. The cattle are decked with green boughs, and the Sennerins wear their Sunday costumes, for the occasion is looked upon as a kind of fête. Not a single calf has been injured; even the wounded goat has recovered its health, and paces proudly along in

* The beard of a chamois is the long hair growing down the back, and is worn by a successful hunter as a trophy.—[Tr.]

"conscious worth." Their owner is waiting outside his house to receive them, and when they arrive he holds a general review. The children shout for joy and clap their hands. Then come the old crib, the old stall, and the short winter days. *Après nous le déluge.* Storms may rage, and winds may blow upon the Alps, but what care we? In the spacious sitting-room of her home in the valley the Sennerin sits and plies the distaff with busy hands. The fire crackles cheerfully, and many a merry Alpine song is sung when the neighbours drop in with their spinning.



MOUNTAIN CASTLES.

AN HISTORICAL RETROSPECT.



ALL through the preceding pages we have endeavoured to give a comprehensive picture of the mountain districts, the inhabitants, and their mode of life; but this picture would be neither complete nor intelligible if we did not add a brief account of the development of the present character of the country and its people. We will therefore give a slight but faithful sketch of the previous appearance and history of the mountains, and note the few remaining relics of the olden times, or the new conditions which have sprung from their ruins. We do not, of course, propose to collect a multitude of historical details, the very number of which would confuse rather than enlighten; still less is it our purpose to work up such details into a regular history. But as observation and knowledge of the causes which led to their present condition enhance the beauties of the mountain forests and rock-masses of wondrous form, and add a fresh charm to the pastoral valleys at their feet dotted with lakes and groves, so do deserted spots and human habitations gain in interest if we summon up the lifelike but phantom forms who had their dwellings on these mountains and lived out their joyous lives in these valleys—lives in many respects totally different from ours in the present day, yet intelligible and interesting to us; for, like Nature in her immortal beauty—ever varying yet ever the same—are the hearts and souls of the human race.

The visitor to the mountains will not have far to seek for traces of former days; they have left monuments enough behind them which only await a candid student to examine their silent testimony. He cannot travel many leagues, especially in the outer range of mountains, without seeing some lordly castle frowning down upon him from a lofty peak, or the towers and gables of some strong but hospitable convent or monastery inviting him to enter; and again and again the ruins of one or the other will remind him of the instability of all things here below, and show him that those empires which appear most firmly established are in reality built up on ever-shifting sand, which is gradually but imperceptibly passing away from beneath them. Castles and convents were formerly the distinctive and most prominent features of mountain scenery and of the surrounding country. Convents were, in a certain sense, merely ecclesiastical castles, sacred strongholds, behind the walls of which the monk found a refuge, as did the knight

behind the moats and towers of his secular fortress. Indeed, we may say that ecclesiastical and secular strongholds divided the sceptre of power between them. According to a computation made about a century ago in Upper Bavaria (of which the mountain districts form but a small portion), there were no less than fifty-three convents and eight hundred and ninety-nine castles, without counting the priories, endowed institutions, &c., amongst the former, or the smaller residences of the nobility amongst the latter. Times are changed now; the monks have left the convents—for the small religious establishments which have sprung up of late years are not to be compared with those of olden times; the French Revolution led to the secularisation of 1803; some of the fine buildings are now empty and deserted, whilst others have been converted into breweries or manufactories. The numerous wars—the ravages of the Swedes, of the Austrians in the Spanish War of Succession, and of the French in later campaigns—reduced many a fine castle to ruins: some have been pulled down to supply materials for a neighbouring building; others were sequestered on the decay of the families of their original owners; but the greater number—deserted since 1848 by the last remnants of the hereditary nobility—are now places of amusement, or the pretty country residences of wealthy—but not necessarily noble—proprietors.

But before examining them more closely, it will be well to glance back to the remote times when the first seeds of the national history of Germany were sown.

The most cursory examination is sufficient to prove that the mountains and valleys of Upper Bavaria formed one of the earliest civilised provinces. Traces of the Romans abound, and the names alone of many places bear witness to the great influence exercised by them in the old Noricum and the two Rhetias. Remains of the indestructible roads constructed by the masters of the City of the Seven Hills for their legions intersect the mountains and surrounding districts, leading from one settlement to another, protected right and left by numerous strong positions, and overlooked by many a mighty watch-tower. The old military road from Verona to Augsburg—leading past the old stations to Scharnitz, Mittenwald, and Partenkirche, through Ammergau and above Diessen and Andechs—is still in use, and through the pine forests of the uplands round Munich winds the other highway which led from Salzburg to Augsburg, over the Inn; and the traveller on the somewhat deserted road to Rosenheim, which has been supplanted by the railway, probably forgets that a similar branch joins the old Roman road at Aibling. Castles and walled positions are equally numerous; and any one who should pause and look thoughtfully around him could not fail to perceive that from the mighty bend of the Mangfall Eck to the Aibling hills it would be as easy as possible to command a view of the whole Mangfall plain, and to communicate by signal with the old Aibling castle, lately demolished for the erection of a new court of justice, and blown up with gunpowder, as its strong position was found antagonistic to police rule. A signal from the Mangfall watchman would have been caught up immediately by the castellan of Eigilinga; a few moments later the huge Neubauer tower would have lit its beacon-fire, and from point to point the fiery tokens would have ascended the Inn to the Falkenstein and Auerberg strongholds, and descended it to the bridge at Pfunzen (*pons Œni*). Farther in the mountains we find other traces of Roman fortresses; such are the few remaining ruins on the Schliersee of the Waldeck castle, in the walls of which we can still make out the bricks with convex swellings, characteristic of Roman architecture. As we have already stated, there is an echo from the Tiber in the names of many places; and we do not think we are mistaken in tracing Valez to the Latin *valles*, Willing to *villa*, and Wiechs to the old *vicus*. The word *Wal* or *Walch*, which occurs in so many names, is equally significant, and points to the same origin; it was applied by

the old inhabitants of the country to everything of *walisch*, *walchisch*, or *wälsch*—that is to say, of Roman—origin. Such are the words Walchensee, Walgau, and others; although it must still remain doubtful whether, according to the suppositions of scholars, the inhabitants of certain valleys—those of Partenkirche and Ramsau, for instance—are really the descendants of scattered Romans who fled from the conflict of the nations to remote districts, the inhabitants of which still retain certain characteristics of their appearance and manners. The people themselves remember next to nothing of all this, and any faint traditions which remain are looked upon as mere relics of heathen days, or ascribed, as in other countries, to the devil.

More numerous traces remain of those later days when, the migrations of races having ceased, the nations settled down quietly, like a flood which has spent its force. In the middle of the sixth century the Boii, or Boivarii, became domesticated in the mountains under the dominion of the local “Gaugrafen,” or counts, and were led to war by kings or dukes of Agilolfinger extraction, to whom five other dynasties were equal in rank and importance. One of these, the Fagani, had their home on the Mangfall, in the so-called Sundergau, where the castle of Vagen still retains their name; another, the Huosii, lived in the adjoining western province, named after them, which included the Anger and Loisach districts. The Walchengau extended over the Partenkirche parish beyond Scharnitz into the Tyrol of the present day. “Ambergoi” formerly occupied the sites of Ettal and Ammergau. There were, of course, other larger or smaller divisions; but we have now only to do with those of the mountain district under consideration. On the other side of the Inn lay Chiemgau, and near it the Salzach province.

As is so common in history, especially in that of Germany, the “Gaugrafen,” or district counts, were not long content with their position as petty magistrates; on a smaller scale, they acted as the imperial princes of later days, arrogating to themselves independent power, and gradually assuming the rights of feudal lords, the ducal districts became counties. Such a power arose in the Guelphic lands of Ammergau: the counts of Werdenfels and Eschenloch reigned on the Loisach, those of Wolfrathshausen on the Isar, whilst on the Mangfall and Inn ruled the powerful lords of Falkenstein. Adjoining their domain was that of the Waldeck family, and, stretching in a southerly direction as far as the Chiemsee, the province belonging to the Marquartstein dynasty.

Many are the existing monuments of that remote time, especially of the days of the last Thassilo, when Bavaria lost its independence and became a province of France. To him is due the origin of the once important Polling monastery, the no less famous Wessobrun, where lived the celebrated nun Diemud the transcriber, and of the convents of Herrenworth and Frauenworth on the two islands of the Chiemsee. Connections of the Agilolfinger family founded the Benedictbeuer and Tegernsee monasteries. Still further back dates the foundation of the Schliersee convent, endowed by five brothers of the Waldeck race; and of the priory of Schlehdorf, on the Kochelsee, whose abbot was at a council held in Reisdorf as early as the ninth century. The church and convent of St. Zeno, in Reichenhall, are mentioned in the time of Charlemagne; in the tenth century Andechs, and in the eleventh Beuerberg, Wegarn, and Berchtesgaden sprang up. One of the most recent but also most remarkable of the creations of this kind is the marvellous convent of Ettal, founded by the Emperor Ludwig of Bavaria. It was indeed a grand conception to people deserted and all but uninhabited districts with these colonies; for, fertilised by the industry of the monks, the land became fruitful and brought forth abundantly. Towns and villages clustered round the convents; and if the latter assumed authority over the people of the country, it was but in obedience to that natural law which gives the creator power over the created. The inroads of the Huns, it is

true, laid waste the land; but, like vigorous roots which have remained uninjured far beneath the surface of the earth, the monastic institutions sprang up afresh and grew apace, until, at last, their shadow positively darkened the land which gave them birth. But the axe was laid at the root of the tree in the unwisely precipitate suppression of monasteries in 1803; the confiscation of property cut off the supply of sap from the roots; and of the many rich convents which gave the name of Pfaffenwinkel (priest's corner) to the lands on the Isar and Loisach, nothing remains but the bare trunks stripped of their branches and leaves. Of the buildings once peopled by the monks, some enjoy a prolonged existence as breweries, like Polling or Ettal; some are empty and deserted, like Schlehdorf; others, such as Benedict-beuern—where Frauenhof the optician made his grand experiments and discoveries—are converted to totally different purposes, as stables or barracks. A few still retain something of a monastic character; for at Beuerberg, Frauenwörth, Dietramszell, &c., nuns have set up schools for girls. Others again, like Bernried, are the country-seats of noblemen; and a few are the resorts of princely leisure, such as the charming Tegernsee, where Maximilian Joseph, the first King of Bavaria, held his splendid but simple and hospitable court: where Werinher the famous illuminator lived, and Walter von der Vogelwaide was entertained as a guest.

The convents had their day and fulfilled their mission; now they have passed away like the secular institutions of the knights, which, however, merit a few words. They were less numerous in the mountain valleys than in the open country and on the banks of the rivers. On the Inn and Mangfall, for instance, they are almost within a stone's throw of each other, and scarcely a village can be met with which did not once boast of a fortress or a nobleman's residence, long since converted into a farmhouse, and only to be recognised for what it once was by the remains of an old moat. At Wolfrathshausen, on the Isar, rises the lordly castle of Eurasburg, the ancient seat of the Irnsburg family, lately restored in the old style. In the secluded Langgries valley the lofty Hohenburg towers above the stream and mountain forests—it too is well kept up; but it has passed into the hands of the present Duke of Nassau, leading us to reflect on the fleeting nature of some things and the durability of others. In the Partenkirche valley we find the grand ruins of the stronghold of Werdenfels, which is full of painful recollections; for, in the time of the Bishop of Freising, hundreds of poor wretches were confined and executed in its dungeons as witches. Here too dwelt the Bavarian Duke Ferdinand, who married the beautiful Maria Petenbeck, the ward of Haag, and whose descendants long flourished as Counts of Werdenfels, and would probably have succeeded to the Bavarian throne on the extinction of the Ludwig line, had not the last of them unfortunately choked himself with a peach-stone when at the Ettal Academy. In Chiemgau rise the mighty walls of Hohenaschau on the Prien, and those of Marquartstein on the Achen—both extremely old, and tottering to their fall. The former has long belonged to the Preysingers, and the latter was formerly the seat of the Counts of Ortenburg. Both are now, however, little more than picturesque features of the landscape, recalling to our minds the days when they lorded it over the surrounding country. The castles and ruins on the Schlierach, Mangfall, and Inn will be best considered together, as they are historically connected, and we now propose giving a brief sketch of the mode of life of the nobles of the olden times, closing our chapter, by way of contrast, with a description of the internal arrangements of one of the most important of the convents.

On entering the mountains in which the Inn takes its rise, the traveller's attention is at once drawn to the ruins of the fortress of Falkenstein, which forms a beautiful and fascinating picture. The mighty outlines of the ruins rise as it were from out of the midst of the houses and orchards clustering around them. Above them all towers the Madronberge, and on one-side we descry the wonderful little church of the

Petersberg. Any one who should climb the road up to the castle would be richly rewarded for his trouble by the romantic view. Beneath the ruins foams a mountain torrent, which dashes over a huge precipice behind them, forming a cascade which can vie in beauty with many a more famous waterfall. Beautiful indeed are the dreamy solitudes of the ruins, and fair the landscape spread out on every side, extending on the right far over the mountains to the jagged peaks of the Kaiser, and on the left across the swelling and apparently boundless lowlands. But pleasant as it is to gaze on these relics of the days gone by, it is yet more delightful to raise the veil of oblivion which has fallen upon them, and to see the actors in them pass in review before us. At Falkenstein once dwelt the powerful Counts of Falkenstein and Neuburg, lords also of Herraustein and "protectors" of Aibling, who had many vassals in all the surrounding districts—a race who appear to have combined with their vast possessions, great, though undisciplined, strength of body and mind. Their own hereditary castle of Neuburg on the Mangfall, above Vagen, has all but disappeared from the face of the earth, but Altenburg, which also belonged to them, is in good preservation, and can be seen



SCHLOSS HOHENASCHAU.

from the railway. A certain Sigbot, of Falkenstein (1130), was guilty, in his ungovernable rage, of a double murder, and was compelled to do public penance, after which he was allowed five years' respite. He seems, however, not to have been softened until his only son died childless, when he converted his huge wine-cellar on the Mangfall into a convent, which was called Wegarn. His skull was found in perfect preservation when his body was disinterred more than six hundred years afterwards, and from its size we are able to see what a giant he must have been. His brother's line, which lasted somewhat longer than his own, was equally famous for unbridled arrogance and lust of power. Sigbot III. made war upon and oppressed the convent over which he held authority as patron, and leagued himself with Count Conrad, of Wasserburg, against Duke Otto, of Bavaria; but he was defeated, and died in prison an excommunicated man: his corpse remained unburied until the urgent prayers of a relative touched the revengeful heart of the Bishop of Freising. His son, Sigbot IV., was murdered in his bath by a vassal, who had probably some wrong to avenge. In him the family became extinct, although there is an apocryphal tradition that

another Sigbot, calling himself "Von Antwort," retired from the world as a monk. The Falkenstein possessions passed to the Bavarian dukes, and in the first place to Ludwig the Stern. The fortress itself was conferred upon one family after another until it was destroyed by fire in 1784. Part of the property, together with the seigneurial rights over Aibling—of which castle we must now say a few words—passed to the Waldecks of Maxelrain. The appearance of Aibling is, of course, greatly changed; but its four towers, still in good preservation, rise proudly on the height opposite the desolate Falkenstein, and form a prominent feature of the landscape.

The family of the original owners became extinct in the fifteenth century, and it passed to the neighbouring Waldecks, who, having settled down on the Schliersee and at Miesbach, on the Wallenburg, appear in history as early as 760, as the founders of Schliersee, and as taking part in the tournaments at Rothenburg in 942. The most famous of all the Waldecks of Maxelrain, to whom Charles V. gave the



BERG FALKENSTEIN, IN THE INNTHAL.

freedom of the empire and the right to seal with red wax, was certainly Wolf von Maxelrain, who, acting in concert with the Freibergs of Hohenaschau, the Ortenbergs, and others, gave a home in the very heart of orthodox Bavaria to the professors of the new religion, which spread rapidly from Schliersee and Miesbach to Rosenheim and the neighbourhood of Aibling, causing no little anxiety to the bigoted dukes Wilhelm and Albrecht. Lutheran preachers were everywhere welcomed; the people left off going to confession, and demanded the Lord's Supper in both kinds. In those times, however, little ceremony was observed in such matters. Places infected with heresy were cut off from communication with the outer world as if they were plague-stricken. Some heretics were easily convinced of their errors, whilst the refractory were exiled, and about thirty years afterwards it was announced at Court that every one regularly attended the processions and the confessional. The nobles got off more easily: they were summoned to Court, when some were imprisoned, and others humiliated in different ways. Von Maxelrain himself was reprimanded and sent home, after promising on oath never again to protect the heretics. He

kept his compulsory vow, but wounded pride and remorse brought him to an early grave. His son was more compliant, and was rewarded by being made a Count of the Empire, which dignity involved the furnishing of a contingent of two men on foot and one on horseback to the imperial army. The race became extinct in 1734, on the death of Joseph von Maxelrain, the alchemist, who made fruitless efforts to find ore in the Josephsthal, on the Schlierssee. The castle of Aibling still exists, and is the seat of a nobleman famous for his success in agriculture, his estates taking rank with those of Upper Bavaria, and distinguished from them only by the stone house and the greater extent of the property.

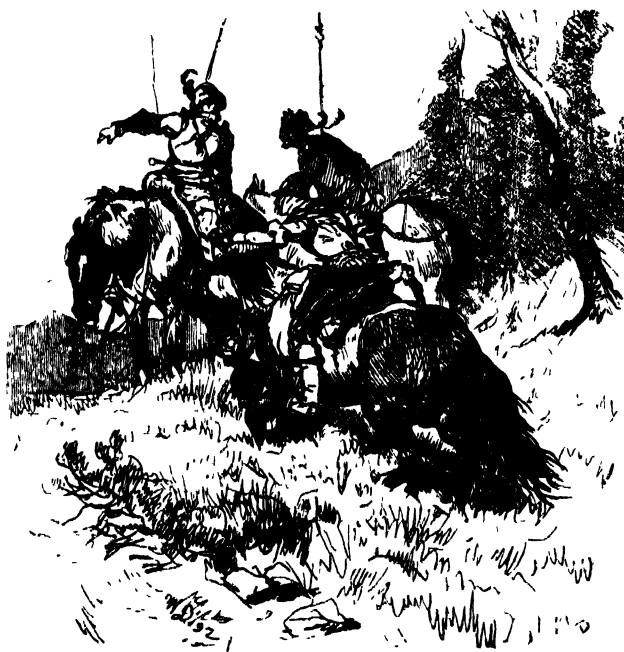
As an ecclesiastical contrast to this account of life in the old castles, we cannot do better than describe the oft-mentioned Ettal, which has peculiarities all its own. The word "Ettal" is by some supposed to have reference to the deserted (*oede*), secluded character of the valley, but others derive it from Ethiko, the haughty old Guelph who ruled on the Lechrain, and fled from the world to bury himself as a hermit at Ettal in his wrath at his son's submission to the Emperor. However this may be, the still existing deed of foundation proves that Ettal owes its real origin to the Emperor Ludwig of Bavaria, who, finding himself short of money on his journey to Rome, made a religious vow, at which an unknown monk appeared to him from a closed door, and presented him with a small stone image of the Virgin Mary. The story goes, that on his return home, the Emperor's horse stumbled three times in ascending the pine-clad slope near Ettal, on the road between Partenkirche and Ammergau, and that the image became so heavy he could carry it no farther. He took this as a divine intimation that his vow was to be fulfilled in this spot. His mode of setting to work was characteristic of the generous romantic temperament for which he was remarkable, and of which he gave such signal proof in his dealings with his rival, the handsome Friedrich. Ludwig was very fond of poetry, especially of the works of Wolfram von Eschenbach, and greatly regretted that the poet's death prevented the completion of his "Titurel" (the Song of the Holy Graal or Grail). Ludwig commissioned Albrecht von Scharfenberg to finish it, but died himself before his orders were carried out. The church at Ettal was built in imitation—on a small scale—of the Graal Temple at Montsalvage, as described in the "Titurel." Like the latter, it is a rotunda of piers with chapels all round it, a bench encircling the wall inside, and a central pier forming the support, keystone, and crown of the whole, and in which is preserved the image of the Virgin Mary, as was the "Graal" at Montsalvage. Nor is the sacred lattice wanting, and tradition says of the image as of the "Graal," that the pure alone can see or move it; to the impure it becomes either invisible or as heavy as a hundredweight; moreover, none can name the wonderful stone of which it is made.* The resemblance to the Graal Temple will be found still greater when

* According to Wolfram von Eschenbach, the "Holy Grail," or "Grael," was "a vessel made of *lapis Nidus* (the stone of the Lord). It was filled with the strength of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, and was in the beginning with God served by angels." When Lucifer and the angels were banished from heaven, the holy vessel was confided to the purest of men. Those who by God's grace were called to guard the "Holy Graal" were called *Templeisen*, a clerical order founded on the model of the Templars. The "Templeisen" formed the "Graal church." No unbaptized heathen can see the Graal, and no Christian can reach it by means of earthly weapons.

Early French accounts state that the "Graal" was the chalice used by our Saviour at the Last Supper, and confided by him to Joseph of Arimathea, who by its means was able to test the sincerity and purity of converts to Christianity, for, as stated in the text, it was invisible to the impure. Joseph brought the chalice to the West before his death, but it was long before any one was found worthy to take charge of it. At last, however, it passed into the hands of King Titurel, who built a temple for it at Montsalvage, and founded an order of "Knights of the Temple of the Holy Graal." Pargival, or Percival, whose adventures in quest of the Graal are familiar to all, was a descendant of Titurel, but he was brought up in ignorance of his birth and of his high destiny as one of the guardians of the sacred chalice.

For full particulars of the legends of the Holy Grail, see the "Seynt Graal" or "Sank Ryal," edited by F. Furnival, 1861. Wolfram von Eschenbach's poem has been well translated by Simrock —[Tr.]

we remember that, as a crowd of monks or guardians of the Graal gathered round the Graal King at Montsalvage, so did the knights about the "Master" at Ettal. These knights were allowed to marry, but their wives were obliged to take the vows of the order, and were allowed to remain at Ettal if left widows. To each pair were assigned special duties; they were allowed to ride out, to hunt, and to take part in knightly exercises; but strong drink, dancing, and card-playing were forbidden. Frugal living was especially enjoined, and the couples sat side by side at meals, which were eaten in common, one of the community reading aloud. They all worshipped together, and were under the authority of the "Master" and "Mistress" (the latter was not necessarily the Master's wife); but they could all vote for their removal. The men were bound "*kein ander Barb, zu tragen, dann pla und gra, und die Frauen nur pla*" (to wear no other colour than blue and grey, and the women only grey). The children who were born to the knightly pairs remained three years in the "*Hofstat*" (establishment), but were then sent elsewhere. As Ludwig did not live to see his design carried out, the order was not founded exactly as he had proposed; but the church and residences of the knights were built as he intended, and the original form

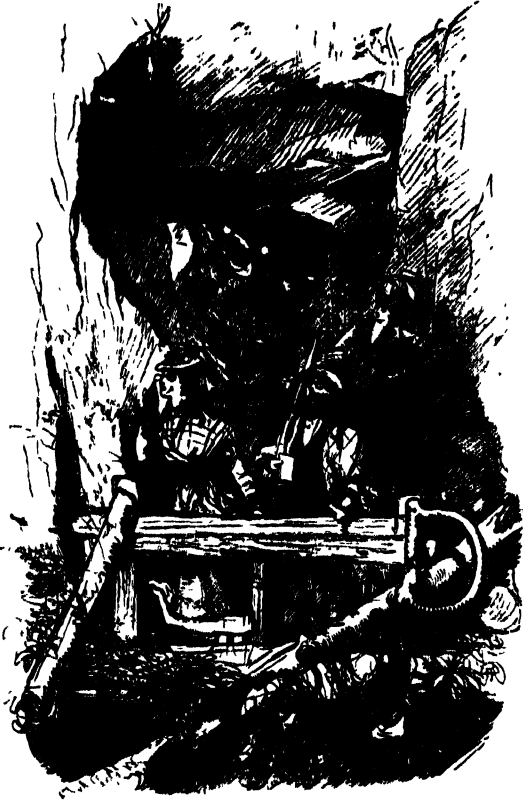


of the former can still be made out, although it has been injured by fire and was much mutilated by the soldiers of Maurice of Saxony. Subsequent restorations have also considerably altered all the buildings.

A military school for young knights was established later in connection with the Benedictine convent of Ettal, probably with some recollection of the design of the founder. Pilgrims still visit the image of the Virgin Mary in the brewery to which the monastery is degraded, but the mystery in which it was shrouded has long ago evaporated, for any one can see that it is made of fine white alabaster, and it is supposed to be a work of the school of Niccolo Pisano. It can no longer exercise its miraculous power of testing by its weight the purity of those who lift it, for it has been found desirable to fasten it in its place.

After devoting so much of our space to the monks and knights, the burghers deserve a passing notice, and we will introduce our readers to the good people who lived on the old Roman highway to Verona. This being the only route to Italy in the Middle Ages, the inhabitants of the towns and villages through which it passed, such as Mittenwald, Partenkirche, Ammergau, and others, enjoyed the exclusive right of transport of all property conveyed along it. There were public storehouses in which all wares had to be

deposited, none being allowed to remove them but members of the carmen's guild. It will readily be understood that these towns increased rapidly in wealth and importance; but their prosperity as rapidly declined when the flood of traffic subsided. Bad times followed, and it was not until long afterwards that the people rose from indigence by learning different trades: the Mittenwalders became violin-makers, and the inhabitants of Ammergau carvers. But at the present day, when rail and steam are rendering trade in the mineral and timber wealth of the country easy and remunerative, fresh changes are transforming the mountain villages. The coal-mines of the Peissenberg and Penzberg, near Kochel and in the solitudes round the Schliersee, are already actively worked; at Hohenburg, in Langgries and other places, large saw-mills turn the treasures of the forests to good account; the plentiful supply of peat and timber has led to the success of many speculations, and the vast capabilities of the easily controlled water-power of the many streams and torrents encourage fresh enterprises, so that the writer who shall undertake some fifty years hence to describe mountain life will have a very different scene before him,—whether it will be more beautiful must be doubtful to all who have felt themselves stirred to the inmost soul by the pathos and mystic charm of the lonely mountains in their unsullied loveliness. But of all this more anon—the aim of the present chapter is accomplished, for we have unfolded to the lover of mountain scenery “the tales the mountain castles have to tell.”



TOURISTS IN THE COUNTRY.

I. SUNNY DAYS.

RAWN up in front of a solitary hut sits a man in a very simple costume, of which a grey "joppe" and a pair of thick nailed shoes form the principal part.

The young goats are scrambling over the wood piled up outside the hut; the black kitten is basking in the sun; blue clouds of smoke rise from the roof.

Inside, the fire crackles cheerily, and the Sennerin laughs merrily as she chatters with the guest through the open door. In the country people do not approach each other when they talk, but speak from the position they happen to occupy. It is only in towns that there is a kind of conversational etiquette; and so the Sennerin vigorously pokes her fire, and her visitor retains his lounging attitude, although they are discussing matters of importance.

Who would not like to know what these matters are? Of course stories of marriage come first; but then follow philosophical remarks about virtue, the weather prophets, and other stirring topics. The little goats creep nearer and nearer, and look into the stranger's face with great earnest eyes, as if they understood something about it all. At some very absurd sentence a hearty laugh bursts from the hut, and the Sennerin winds up by saying: "Well, if I had to cry as much as I have laughed in the course of my life, I'd rather die at once!" Is not this a most philosophical way of passing the mid-day hours?

Up here we are indeed in the country.

Things are very different down in the valley, five thousand feet beneath. At about mid-day a vehicle called a "stage-coach" arrives at the inn—the drive in it, shaking every bone and jarring every nerve, is the purgatory through which the traveller passes before he can reach the paradise of the mountains; it is the one instrument of torture retained by modern civilisation. The coach discharges its contents. "Good gracious! another waggon-load of foreigners," growls the host, whose portly person fills the door of his house. He watches the confusion and tumult with stoical calmness, forming therein a striking contrast to the swarthy waiters who are overwhelming the new arrivals with offers of assistance.

The greatest excitement always prevails on the arrival of the mail and stage-coaches. The people staying in the country for the summer are all cagerness for news, and behave as if a steamer had arrived from Brazil at the very least. The appetite for food and that for news seem to increase in equal proportions. The members of the fashionable world are a truly remarkable set of people. One would imagine that they would be glad to be quit for a time of the whole concern, that the professor would lay

aside his wisdom and the merchant his business ; but no, there they stand, eyes and ears strained to watch people like themselves descending painfully from their cramped positions in the coach. They have met together to grumble at the arrival of others. But of course all this is not allowed to appear. On the contrary, the greatest delight must be manifested on recognising some "dear friend." Pretty speeches of every variety must be ready, for at this time of year foreigners of every class and rank are on their travels. We see greetings of all kinds, from the lowest bow to the easiest shake of the hand.

When all have left the stage-coach, the most amusing scenes are witnessed. Great is the consternation of those who cannot get rooms, and the delight of the more fortunate whose night quarters are already secured. Enthusiastic is the reception of paterfamilias come to spend the Sunday with his wife and children. But the most exciting time of all is when the post office is besieged by an eager crowd. With impatient gestures young and old gather outside the little window with its green blind. At last the postman opens the letter-box, and shows his flushed face. "The Journal of Fashions" for the Lady Baroness, the "Law Report" for the Justice of the Peace, the "People's Journal" for his reverence the priest, &c., &c. With blushing hesitation the maiden advances to receive her lover's letter, whilst packages of every kind are sorted out—a bundle of newspapers for some politician, a packet of private official revelations for "His Excellence," and so on, and so on.

After going through all this before dinner, the company naturally feel that they have earned a hearty meal. At the table d'hôte of the newly established hotel, the guests appear in renovated beauty ; those who wore yellow yesterday to-day appear in blue, and *vice versa*. Of people at their meals, there is of course little to be said, so we will borrow some of their own conversation. The adventures of the morning generally furnish plenty to talk about. The gentlemen have most of them been through experiences which left them with damaged boots and torn trousers, and they own to many mistakes, principally geographical. The ladies have to tell of the raptures they experienced when drinking the "Krautersaft" (juice of herbs), or gazing at the great waterfall. Sketch-books are produced, and the inscriptions beneath the smudged pages reveal that they represent various aspects of the waterfall. The ladies, too, have their adventures to describe ; for whilst one of the youthful artists was sketching, a cow, or perhaps an ox, suddenly appeared in front of her camp-stool, and would certainly have gobbled her up had not a chivalrous charcoal-burner, hearing her screams, rushed to her assistance and snatched her from the jaws of death at the risk of his own life. The old professor next to her expresses his sympathy, and takes the opportunity to relate the history of an injury he himself received from a prairie buffalo, for which he has revenged himself by inflicting an account of it on all his acquaintances.

"Look !" whispers the mother of the rescued maiden, "Fraulein Marie always wears the carnation the doctor brings with him of a morning. Do you know what a carnation means ? I am convinced the doctor is in love." Love-making is the chief occupation of tourists. It is just the time of year when a man is disposed to seal his fate, and so young ladies always play an important part during the season.

When the table d'hôte is over most of the gentlemen go down to the skittle-ground. Here they are safe from the intrusion of the ladies, and enjoy themselves in their shirt-sleeves. The others remain in the house and arrange their afternoon parties. There is something very amusing in the rage for making up parties. Instead of cultivating the *dolce far niente*, some people must needs rush through their holiday at full gallop. They set out at a rapid pace, and do not begin to enjoy themselves until they are quite out of breath with the haste they have made.

"Well, where shall we go this afternoon?" This is no easy matter to decide. "It's too dirty for the 'Hochfeld;' if we go to the Hunting Lodge, we must tie up the dog; Seeau is too far for the children; and if we go to Waldheim we must tell the old professor, for he made us promise; and if we have the professor we must ask the doctor (with the carnation in his button-hole), and if we ask the doctor we shall be thirteen."

Well, where *shall* we go this afternoon?

Some prefer the high-road; they enjoy the heat of the sun and like to sit on the convenient seats by the wayside, whilst fine equipages roll by and fill the eyes of the inquisitive with dust. The high-road leads to the pleasure-grounds, much frequented in the summer. When you arrive there you will find every place taken. Ladies in thick rustling silks lounge on the wooden benches, and stare into the milking-rooms through their double eye-glasses to see if they can find anything as beautiful as themselves. Scotch-clad children have brought their hoops with them, and spoil the green lawn with the marks they leave. Cavaliers of every rank pour from the door of the farmhouse, and peer about as if in search of chairs, but really in the hope of seeing some rustic beauty. Such are the ways of the gentry in their aristocratic mountain haunts, and they look upon other excursionists as the "summer rabble."

Nothing in nature makes a more vivid and lasting impression upon us than the waves. When the floods lift up their voice they touch a sympathetic chord within us, and exercise an influence, a beneficial influence upon us. We could never gaze upon the mountains in self-forgetful rapture for so long a time as we do upon the lovely lakes which bathe their feet, and the indescribable charm of the Bavarian Highlands consists in the happy combination of the two. The stranger visiting for the first time the solemn Königssee or the sparkling Tegernsee would find it difficult to explain what it is which so strangely moves him; but it is in fact nothing else than the harmony between land and water—a harmony so intimate that we cannot separate them even in thought.

The delight of those who have travelled far to see the beauties of these mountains is very pleasant to witness, and we can easily understand that their first thought is to hire a boat, and that an early morning cruise is a thing never to be forgotten.

On many lakes we still see the picturesque boats, hewn out of the trunk of an oak, which serve for generation after generation; but they are more used by fishermen than by travellers, and we meet with them more frequently in pictures than in reality.

In some places, alas! commerce has changed the face of the land. The very waves are corrupted, and the boats have lost their simple beauty. They are painted red and white, and carry the flag of Great Britain, or some other naval power, in the stern. In them sit dainty young ladies, splashing the oars into the water and screaming at the slightest movement of the boat. These female sailors (especially when they are fond of singing out of tune) are a veritable nuisance.

Those who like everything on a grand scale are mad to form Alpine parties. No peak is too lofty, no rock too rugged for them, and they know their way everywhere, although they have probably never been in these parts before. Many ladies share these notions, and then of course all argument is useless. A man who joins a mountain party in which ladies are included must resign himself to plenty of inconvenience.

The preparations are as extensive as if for an exodus from Egypt. Plaids, coffee-mills, parasols, and articles of every conceivable kind are carried to the mountains. Terrible scenes ensue when a headstrong mountain brook crosses the path, or a declivity ten or twelve feet deep is reached where Nature has neglected to provide steps. First of all the baggage is all thrown down, and the most courageous leaps upon



CITY PEOPLE ON THE ALM. SUNNY DAYS!

it, holding out her arms to receive the others, whilst the mothers turn away their heads in horror from the sight of the results to their daughters' costumes—but "necessity has no law."

The Sennerins are not always well disposed towards the fine ladies and gentlemen, especially if they knock at their doors at an inconvenient season. They prefer the heavy tread and lusty shout of their lovers to the soft, plaintive, minor tones of the hungry strangers, who turn everything upside down, soiling the freshly scoured floor with their muddy boots, disturbing a cow with her new-born calf, and expecting the Sennorin to attend to them when she is watching for her lover. At such times we must be thankful if we get so much as a pail of milk to refresh us, and not be surprised if we are treated with scant ceremony.

Sometimes strangers fare still worse, for the oppression under which the peasants so long groaned in



CITY PEOPLE IN THE ALMHUT.

the hard times gone by has rendered them rather malicious, so that they take a pleasure in playing tricks on travellers, and often cause them unnecessary and undeserved suffering.

It is quite the fashion nowadays for a peasant who catches a young gentleman stealing to inflict summary punishment upon him; for a guide to hoax his employers about the eggs of the chamois, &c.; or for a host to set roast mutton before his guests as venison *à la scholastica*. This would not be so bad, for tourists often bring such things on themselves; but sometimes the peasants resort to less excusable means of giving annoyance; as, for instance, near the Spitzingsee a few years ago:—It was a fête day, and the peasants had had rather more to drink than was good for them. A number of daintily dressed ladies were seated in one of the huts when several men began to sing "Schnaderhupfel," not very carefully selected. The mothers hurried to the door in dismay, eager to get their daughters out of reach of the poison. But behold, the door was bolted! and in spite of earnest entreaties, it was not opened until the concert was over.

The possibility of their delicacy of feeling being thus wounded is one of the dangers incurred by

travellers in the mountains. The horned cattle are against them too. Every cow whose family cares are intruded upon protests with prolonged lowing, and woe betide the disturber of her peace, with his red books and red handkerchiefs, if her horned cavalier happen to be within hearing. The oxen in the mountains have their own ideas about the "liberty of the subject," and will never be taught to look at the matter from a legal point of view. But in spite of all this the mountains have an irresistible attraction for townspeople, and they never regret the labour their journey costs them. Look, a procession of them is even now painfully climbing up through the forest—an old, heavily laden gentleman, with three ladies to look after, besides himself. They are steering their course towards the Alpine hut, panting for breath.

In front of the hut still sits a man in a very simple costume, of which a grey "joppe" and thick nailed shoes form the principal part. The Sennerin is gone, the hut locked, and so the luckless travellers must climb to the next.

"Oh, if we had but brought a guide!" sighs the poor old gentleman. "It's lucky, though, that there is a peasant here to carry our things. Holloa, my good fellow, will you oblige by guiding us to the next hut?"

"No objection, if you pay me well," is the answer in Low German.

The packages are handed over to him, and the old gentleman breathes more freely. The path now leads through a shady wood, and the party, forgetting their troubles, chat pleasantly with their guide about all kinds of things—of mowing and threshing, of poachers and "Sennerins." The man in the grey "joppe" is ready enough with information on every subject, and the old gentleman whispers to the ladies in French, "An intelligent fellow; the peasants here are certainly not so stupid as they are supposed to be."

When the second hut comes in sight the man touches his hat and says, "I must go back now; you can't mistake your way."

"Well, what is there to pay?" inquires the old gentleman.

"Nothing," replies the guide carelessly.

"Eh, what?" says the other. "You'd better stay and carry our things down again, then; you shall have a gulden to get something to drink."

"You'd better not let such an opportunity slip by you," says one of the ladies. "What have you got to do this evening?"

"To write a leading article for the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* (the Augsburg News of the World), which must be in print to-morrow," replies the supposed peasant in High German; "and therefore I regret that I can enjoy your society no longer. I wish you a very good evening." With these words he turns away.

Horror and dismay are depicted on every countenance.

"Good gracious! You are not a peasant after all! Pray, pray excuse us! No peasant! And your name—might we ask? What is it?"

Dr. Jur. Carl Stieler.

II. WET DAYS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

"THIS dreadful weather, will it never change?" growls the "Kommerzienrath" (Counsellor of Commerce), meeting the "Regierungsrath" (Counsellor to the Government), as he takes his constitutional under his umbrella.

"Good evening, Amelia," says a voice from the second floor, "are you going out in this weather? Oh dear! when will it stop raining? all our children have got colds!"

There are whole days in the mountains when nothing is heard but this melancholy strain of complaint. Double-soled boots and good temper can't last for ever, and a perfect deluge is testing to the powers of human endurance to the utmost. It has lasted a whole fortnight. Every one is afflicted with colds, headaches, and "ennui." Is it any wonder that the whole party is low-spirited and irritable? What do people do with themselves on such days? It is our present task to answer this question; and the



fair "Muse" sitting beside us, instead of raising her wing, puts up an umbrella. What would we not now have given for a stout waterproof? But such a thing is not to be had for love or money.

These wet days upset all our plans, and many are the good intentions dissolved in water. Who can tell what aims inspired the crowds assembled here? The "athletes" want to take exercise, the captain to fish, the children to catch butterflies, and the mothers to marry their daughters. All this is, of course, at a standstill on wet days, for neither fishes nor men will bite when the sun does not shine. Most of the families lodge in farmhouses, where comfort is but little understood. All manner of contrivances are resorted to: a trunk does duty as a chair, and the candle is stuck in the empty inkstand of the master of the house. It is a case of making the best of a bad job.

Wet mornings can only be got through by having plenty of occupation, so the mother writes the long-delayed letter (for who ever writes until they are obliged?), whilst the old gentleman reads his paper in the next room, and stamps his foot angrily to enforce silence when the children become too noisy. The

elder daughter, who is already addressed as *Fräulein*, stitches diligently away at her work; and the children, puzzling over a sum set them by their tutor, are leaning on the table with their legs twisted round their chairs in the cramped attitude always assumed when a problem has to be worked out. All this to be done in one room without making a noise! The rain patters against the windows, and nothing breaks the monotony but the heavy tread of the postman. Hurrah! a letter for us!—but it's only a bill from the linendraper at home.

At eleven o'clock the gentlemen go to take their morning dram. However it may pour, this is never neglected; it is in fact a matter of conscience, quite a moral obligation. There are plenty of pleasant spots all over Bavaria where a *petit verre* may be enjoyed, but the best are certainly those on the shores of the Tegernsee. Any one anxious to meet a friend in that paradise between 11 A.M. and 1 P.M. is sure to find him in the "Braustübl" (little room at the brewery). This praiseworthy custom, now observed in every castle, was originated by the retainers of the nobles; but a reformation spreading from the lower to the upper classes, rapidly increased the circle of readers of the "brown books in glass covers." A small smoky room is the favourite resort. An old mountain hat, suspended from the ceiling by trailing ivy branches, serves as chandelier; the portrait of the late King ("God bless him!"), and a few saints in frames, adorn the walls. Close at hand is a stone porch, a kind of "chapel of ease." Here people lounge on rough benches and all manner of extemporised seats, whilst the barmaid in her smart bodice bustles backwards and forwards, and, near at hand, the huge boilers hiss and splutter, and the sturdy brewers shout over their work.

In this porch and the little adjoining room meet the thirsty, the witty, and the beautiful. A few years ago a number of great actors were assembled here. Many first tenors cleared their glorious voices here, and sang the "Evening Star" on their way home.

Another year it is the professors' turn, and the porch becomes a miniature debating hall; celebrities of every faculty, from Berlin and Heidelberg, Munich and Göttingen, argue together here, and some strict ecclesiastic may find himself by the side of a ballet-dancer. "Aurions-nous, par hasard, une fois la même idee?"

The bells ring for table d'hôte at about one o'clock in all the old Bavarian inns. From every side the guests hurry in, feeling that they have once more a pleasant duty to perform. Well-known tourists, who walk straight to their places; dripping excursionists, who gather nervously round the well-spread table and vacant chairs; pretty girls cowering beneath the wings of their governesses;—a swarm of children, a confusion of greetings and compliments, and all take their places.

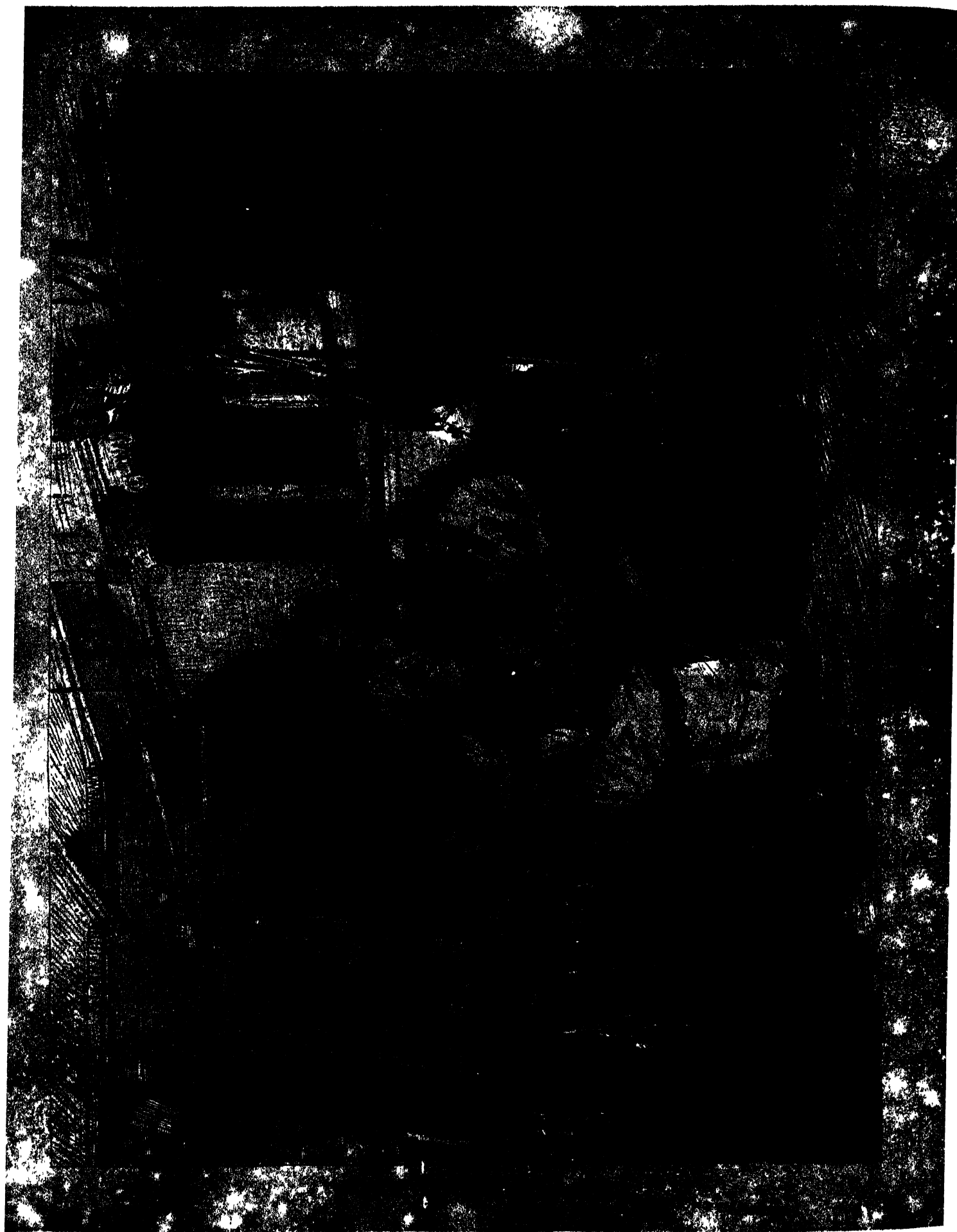
Now begins a clatter which makes conversation impossible. The soup is hot, and a wail of pain bursts from the lips of those who have been too hasty, whilst others, wiser, wait until it cools, and watch their neighbours with criticizing eyes.

"Do you see that stout man at the end of the table?" says the "Superintendent" to the "Frau Direktorin." "Do you know who he is?"

"I am glad to say I don't," she replies in a piping tone; "but if his thoughts are as limited as his 'joppe,' I shouldn't care to be the subject of them."

"Don't be so malicious, madam, I beg of you," says the doctor on the left, "we all have our weak sides. I understand that you are fond of music."

"So I am, but not as produced by our deaf neighbour the Baron. People say he has ordered a piano,



for he is fond of duets,” but before the sentence is finished the doctor interrupts: “Well, one must be fond of something, and he seems an honest man enough”

“An honest man!” cries the professor from the other side: “God help Germany!—honest men would long ago have been her ruin had not Count Bismarck”

The appearance of some half-sodden beef, rousing to the utmost the righteous indignation of all, puts an end to the discussion; but the passion for argument is only in temporary abeyance, and bursts forth afresh when the roast mutton and cool salad are served.

After the table d’hôte, individual peculiarities become yet more apparent. The devourer of newspapers rushes upon the latest sheets, and devours the contents of the Augsburg evening paper before the afternoon is over. The banker retires to his own room, and settles himself to study the news in his easy-chair; and the young ladies bring out their fancy work, and are complimented on their industry.

The proper thing to do on a wet afternoon in the country is to play a game at cards called “tarot.” As etiquette is not so binding in the country as in town, the most heterogeneous groups are formed of “high-born,” “well-born,” and “low-born.” The fair sex are sometimes called to take part in the game, when there are not enough gentlemen, and there are some who are positive “tarot Amazons.”

Such a mountain party forms quite a Highland “genre” picture. At the table a group of three or four eager players, beneath it the long-legged farmhouse curs, whose snoring mingles strangely with the fall of the cards, the rattling of the coins, and the sighs of the losers. The sky without is grey with heavy clouds, the atmosphere within is blue with the fumes of tobacco. Every face expresses that combination of weariness and eagerness which is the peculiar result of a gloomy day.

Any one who has taken part in a game of tarot cannot fail to vote it a most innocent afternoon amusement; it is exciting and interesting. Far more hazardous is the attempt to escape “ennui” on “the wing of song.” Nowadays there is a wreck of a piano in every inn in the Bavarian Highlands, and bad weather is of course an opportunity for excruciating practising. Oh, the horror of the duets on the battered, discordant two-legged instrument! Oh, the fearful tries!—verily they are a scourge of God to the unwilling listeners! Quite early in the morning the lieutenant comes and plays a march, sitting astride on the stool, making the notes keep step, as if on parade. At mid-day an odour of beefsteaks floats from the room above.

As soon as dinner is over, a piping simpleton, fresh from school, begins to sing; and as misfortunes never come singly, she is soon joined by a friend, and the whole afternoon is made hideous with vocal and instrumental duets. One, two, three—four, five, six—four, five, six—over and over and over again!

The gentlemen—not those who are playing tarot—are charmed, and their applause acts like oil upon the flames. One of them goes so far as to whisper to his neighbour: “Might I ask you to introduce me to Miss Croaker when this song is over?”

The songs chosen, too, are admirably appropriate to the occasion; the first is, “O sunshine! O sunshine!”—“Listen how it pours!” pipes the old aunt.—“I would that my love could silently flow!” squeaks the cousin.

And so the afternoon, enlivened by these trials of skill, drags slowly on. Well, we ought to take an interest in our fellow-creatures. This is why we discuss so earnestly what they had for dinner at the President’s to-day, and whether the dreamy “Referendarius” (a Government title) is in love with the elder or younger daughter.

It is very pleasant too to sit in a dry balcony and watch the arrival of one’s dripping fellow-creatures.

Some come on foot, some in stuffy carriages, and all alike are worsted in the pursuit of pleasure. The procession looks as if it were told off to perform the seven works of mercy ; but, alas ! in these degenerate days there is no such thing as mercy !

It generally clears up a little in the evening, and people employ this brief respite in making a promenade. Men and women march along behind one another as if they were just leaving Noah's Ark. Young ladies step daintily over the puddles, but the children follow the maxim of Horace, *ire in medias res*, and jump into the middle. Whole caravans of people meet each other in the twilight hours, and the burden of every one's remarks is : "Let's hope it will be finer to-morrow." The host shares this general desire, and has bought himself a broken barometer, which always points to fair weather. Hence its name, the barometer of comfort.



And now the evening has to be got through. For those who remain at home the mysteries of preparing for bed begin at half-past seven. The entire family partake of a simple meal in the farmhouse they have hired. The tin plates belonging to the master of the house are pressed into the service, so are the drinking vessels painted with roses and forget-me-nots. The cups of a country-house are almost always decorated with flowers, the language of which is well understood. As eight o'clock strikes, the youngest child is bundled off to bed in a commodious wardrobe or a big trunk. Then papa smokes his "pipe of peace," and mamma brings out her knitting.

It is very different for those who "go out" of an evening. They are sitting shoulder to shoulder at the long table in the public room of the inn.

Sometimes there's dancing of an evening. It's easier to laugh and talk and flirt moving about, and so the tables are unceremoniously pushed out of the way, and as no one likes to begin, because some are too old and others too young, they all set off together. The sleepers on the floor beneath start up in horror at this social revolution. They hear shouts of : Parisienne ! Polka-Mazurka ! Vis-à-vis ! Cotillon ! and the last word is their death-blow. Meanwhile the conservatives sit at the indispensable corner table, and look on with astonishment at the lawless doings of the townsfolk.

At eleven o'clock the mothers commence the well-known dumb show to get their daughters to come home ; but as parents are more long-suffering in the country than at home, these gestures are not noticed until twelve o'clock, when the father becomes peremptory, the mother sleepy, and the girls disposed to listen to reason.

A general wrapping up ensues, a hunt for red hoods, blue hoods, loud warnings not to catch cold, waterproofs, overshoes, umbrellas !

Every one at last reluctantly sets off home, after shrinking back at the sight of the rain dashing in beneath the door.

Struggling groups toil along against the wind and rain through the narrow village streets and between the treacherous prickly hedges. The little lantern goes out when they are about half-way home, and the "admirer" escorting the ladies makes the bad weather an excuse for offering his arm to Dulcinea.



A. Remberg del.

BOATING.

At last the creaking house-door opens, and the damp figures disappear behind it. "Good night! Good night!" and all hurry off to bed.

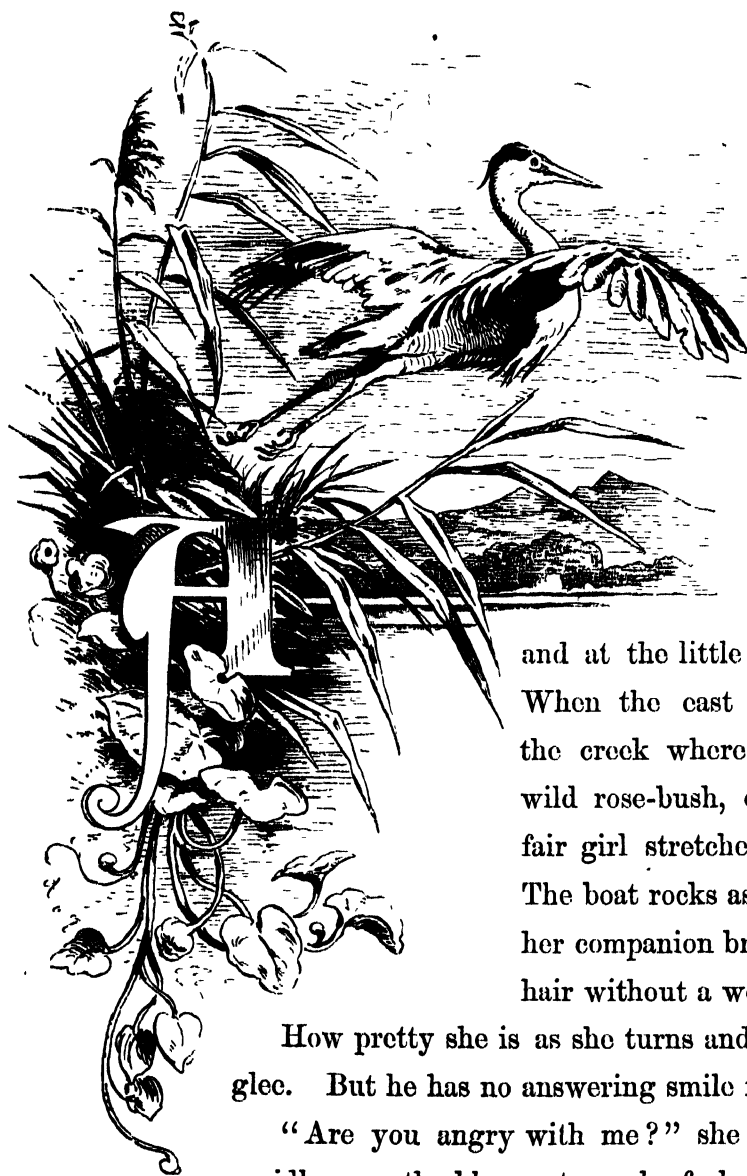
"Only listen how it pours!" says the mother to the father, and he replies with an emphatic shake of the head, "I hate the country!"

"Only listen how it pours!" says the elder to the younger sister, and she nods her head and says, "Yes, but it's great fun in the country!"

— — Parisienne! Cotillon! Vis-à-vis! — — —

III. LAKE PICTURES.

COASTING.



SMALL white vessel rocks upon the waves, from which proceed the sounds of merry laughter. The maiden at the helm has taken off her broad-brimmed hat and is playing with the red flowers in it; her bright hair falls over her shoulders in golden ringlets. Her escort looks grave; his hair is dark, and lines of thought are stamped upon his brow. He plays carelessly with the oars, and the boat is at a standstill. The two gaze down through the clear water, many fathoms deep, at the pebbles at the bottom,

and at the little fishes with their glistening eyes and supple bodies. When the east wind begins to blow, the little boat steers for the creek where the mountain rises abruptly from the shore. A wild rose-bush, covered with buds, hangs over the rocks, and the fair girl stretches out her hands towards it with a cry of delight. The boat rocks as she catches at a branch, but she holds it fast, and her companion breaks off a long spray, and twines it in her shining hair without a word.

How pretty she is as she turns and looks him full in the face, laughing with childish glee. But he has no answering smile for her.

"Are you angry with me?" she asks softly. Silently he seizes the oar, and rows rapidly over the blue waters; he feels as if he had set a crown of thorns upon her head.

IN THE STORM.

"How still and oppressive it is by the lake before the storm breaks! Come, let us row out a little way." So speaks the young girl, springing lightly into the boat. Not a breath of air ruffles the surface

of the water; the heavens all around are black with clouds; the reeds yield slowly with a cracking sound as the skiff cuts through them; only the sea-gull flaps its wings and flies to and fro in a rapid, uncertain manner.

"I like to hear the storm rage," says the maiden; "this peaceful quiet has lasted too long."

"Yet it is over sooner than we think for," replies her companion. And as she looks in his face, a faint blush tinges her cheek. Silently she plunges her hand into the waves, and plays with the water-lilies floating on their smooth broad leaves.

Suddenly comes the first gust of wind; the boat tosses up and down, and white spray bathes its flanks.

"Hold the rudder firmly!" says her companion. "The storm has heard you."

But the fair child is quite unnerved. She pulls her flapping hat low over her face and clasps her little hand round the clumsy oar. She seems now for the first time to understand the storm. Slowly she bends forward and listens, as though she could hear the echo of the beating of her own heart in the waves. "Hold the rudder firmly!" she whispers softly to herself.

MORNING HOURS.

THE sun shines upon the mountains, the lake is as smooth as glass; but in the stillness the creative power of Nature is silently at work. The strokes of the oar are the only sounds that break the stillness; not a word is spoken by the two in the boat. The maiden's hands rest upon her knees, the dragon-fly flutters playfully about the flowers in her hat. Suddenly she clutches at its wings, and as suddenly dashes her hand into the water. Is her heart burning? Does she long to let the cool waves break over it?

"Your eyes are wet with tears," says her companion; "the shadow of the terrors of the night still hangs over them. Look out into the morning, and see how full of joy everything is."

But the little one bends down her head, large tears fall upon her hands, and a sad smile flits across her pale face.

Then she folds her hands, and the little bark speeds farther over the blue waters.

"Are you sad?" inquires her escort; "my poor child, are you ill?"

Slowly she bends her head in acquiescence; she could not put into words what is weighing upon her heart. But her friend knows well enough what it is, and says, "You have lost yourself because you love another."

Then the child bursts into a fit of weeping, and the boat rocks to and fro, so deeply is she moved.

"Yes, yes—it is you!" she sobs almost inaudibly, and hides her face upon his breast, to raise it the next moment and start back affrighted as if the waves could understand her secret, as if a golden crown had sunk beneath the water.

The morning sun shines over the mountains, and the waters are at rest, yet the creative power of Nature is silently at work in the stillness.

AUTUMN FOGS.

STRANGERS have long since left the country, the mountains are wrapped in fogs—autumn is already far advanced.

Down on the beach is a lonely fisherman's hut, with children playing about the door. Beneath the

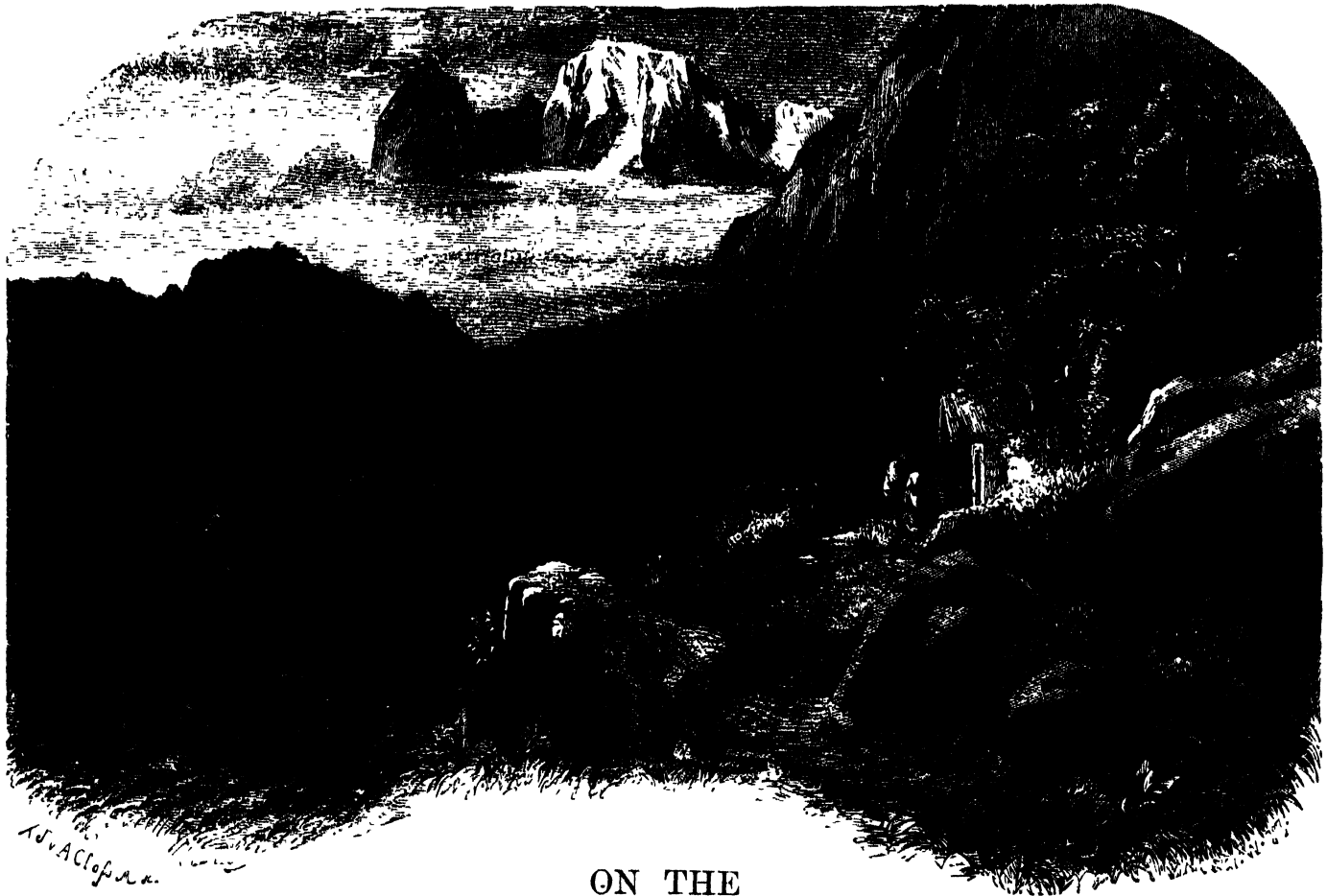
linden-tree now shedding its withered leaves once stood a fair, bright-faced girl ; but now it is deserted, and the little empty boat rests upon the strand.

A tall man with dark hair and a broad white forehead comes down the mountain path and looks silently around him ; silently, like a fugitive, he steps into the little white boat. The oars glide into the water, the dying evening light struggles with the fog. Pale stars twinkle in the grey clouds, but the stranger clasps his hands together in silent misery. He seems to see a shadowy figure sitting in the stern of the boat, in a soft white dress and a broad hat with red flowers. Soft words and stifled sobs seem once more to break upon his ear, and on his lips quiver the words, "It is you !" Ever deeper grow the shadows, ever darker is the night ; the oars hang uselessly in the water, as the stranger gazes absently into space. A light breeze drives the boat before it, he lets it drive on ; the waves lash its sides with a never-ceasing monotonous moan, like the endlessly repeated cry of his own heart, "It is you—it is you !"

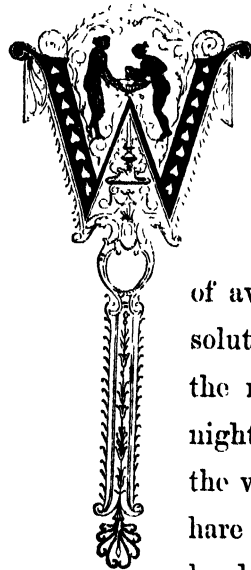
There are hours in the life of a man, fleeting and precious hours, when he can lay aside and forget the suffering of years ; but such hours cannot be enjoyed at will, and are lost to those who strive to clutch them.

He is alone ! Dreary sounds the slow splash of the oars in the water, and the distant church bells, muffled by the fog, strike like a knell upon his ear. He is alone !





ON THE ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE WORLD.



WONDERFUL and striking as may be the appearance of the mountains to the distant spectator, he cannot fail to be yet more deeply moved by their mighty, mysterious charm when he examines them closely; for the wealth of diverse details revealed by a close inspection is as marvellous and significant as the grandeur of the whole.

No one can for the first time climb one of the Alps without a certain feeling of awe such as he experiences when he draws near to some sacred spot or approaches the solution of a great secret. An early summer morning is the best time for a first visit to the mountains. The land is still under the hushed influence of the closing dream of night; the mountains rise dark and solemn in the twilight. Nothing is as yet stirring in the villages, for it is too soon even for the mowers. In the fields it is equally still; the hare crouches undisturbed in the vegetable garden; partridge and wild dove have their heads tucked under their wings; and it is only when we brush against the wayside willows, sloes, hazel, or barberry bushes, that the chirping and fluttering amongst the leaves remind us of our entrance into the kingdom of singing-birds of every variety, from the hedge-sparrow and alpine-warbler to the thrush and blackbird, although the queen of song, the nightingale, is but an occasional passing visitor. Unfortunately in the Tyrol it is the barbarous custom to catch everything in the shape of a bird at the end of the autumn, and to cook and eat it without distinction of species.

It now begins to get a little lighter; the dawn is breaking in the east as we near the damp plains which almost everywhere precede the actual ascent, and are the result of the accumulation of water flowing down from the mountains. They are called moors or bogs, and are the haunts of wild ducks and snipes, and the hunting grounds of the heron and the stork. Here it is as well to keep carefully to the path marked out by stones and beams; a false step would not be without danger, for many of the bright green and apparently firm patches, so tempting to the sportsman, afford no footing whatever, and the rash traveller who ventures upon them will sink at once, and unless he catches quickly at some shrub or at the tree trunk laid transversely across the swamp, he may be drowned or suffocated in the mud. The rapid growth of the moss under the water and its subsequent carbonisation lead to a vast accumulation of peat, which makes so firm a foundation that dry heaths are eventually formed, and there are certain species of plants, the reindeer lichen for instance, which will grow on no other soil, and their presence therefore proves the existence of stagnant water. Here, between low mountain-pines, grows the stunted mountain-birch, amongst which the treacherous peasant surprises the black cock and the grey hen, and cuts short their life in all the excitement of their courtship. By the wayside we pass boards, with black crosses and letters painted on them, on which corpses have been carried to the grave, stuck up in remembrance of the deceased, that the passer-by may mutter a word of prayer for the repose of their souls. At last we come to the borders of the actual forest, hedged round with a fence of branches piled one above the other to keep the game from the pastures and the cattle from the preserves. Before entering the sacred precincts of the wood itself, a so-called "Stiegel," a flight of stone or wooden steps, must be climbed, which serves also as a resting-place and rendezvous to the Sennerins coming down from the Alp, and the wood-cutters or hunters who stop at the Stiegel for a pleasant chat. The road now winds through a clearing by a gurgling forest brook, and we pass a miserable little chapel, which invites the lonely wanderer to breathe a murmured prayer. Looking up the stream we see a lonely dark-coloured house, a sooty smithy, in which burns a huge fire, rivalling the brightness of the morning sun. Then blows of the hammer on the anvil ring out distinctly, whilst from an invisible church-tower a silvery bell announces the beginning of another day.

We enter the actual forest!

The woods are very extensive in the Bavarian Highlands, far more so than in the Tyrol, where timber has been recklessly cut down, or than in Allgau, only one-fifth part of which was forest land some forty years ago, whereas half of the Bavarian Highlands was then covered with timber, more than three-quarters of the Berchtesgaden district alone being densely wooded. The avarice and recklessness of late years have, of course, considerably changed this state of things, but the forest-clad slopes of the Bavarian Highlands are still an imposing sight. In the preserves about Tegernsee there yet remain patches of the primeval forests undisturbed by the hand of man, where the monarchs of the forest, with giant stems, rise from the ashes of their forefathers, and where the decaying bodies of fir-trees which have succumbed to old age remain undisturbed as they fell, until they are clothed with grass, moss, and ferns. Except where cultivation has interfered, the trees of the mountain forests grow together in picturesque confusion; *needle-trees* alternate with *leaf-trees*, producing the beautiful gradations of form and colour which are the chief charm of the scenery at all seasons of the year.* Almost every variety

* *Needle-trees* and *leaf-trees*. As most of the *Coniferae*, or cone-bearing trees, have narrow, veinless leaves, the Germans call them needle-trees (*Nadelbäume*), to distinguish them from other European trees, which they call leaf-trees (*Laubholzer*).

of these two great classes are met with: the two Lindens, the *parvifolia* and the *grandifolia* (*Tiliaceæ*), the Ash, the Rowan or Mountain Ash (*Sorbus aucuparia*), the Common Oak (*Quercus pedunculata*), &c. Most noticeable, however, are the Beech and Maple; the former grow most luxuriantly on the calcareous soil of the Bavarian Alps, and scarcely anywhere are finer or more numerous specimens of the latter to be found than in these mountains, although there are no forests composed entirely of them. We allude especially to the neighbourhood of Tegernsee, Miesbach, and, above all, to the Ramsau valley, near



SMITHY IN THE FOREST.

Berchtesgaden. The Birch and Black Alder (*Alnus glutinosa*) are also abundant; the latter often greatly improves the soil by binding together loose stones with its roots.

Of *needle-trees* or *Coniferae*, the Pine and Fir are the most abundant, forming large forests; but the Larch and the Siberian Stone Pine are not wanting, and manage to exist in the most elevated regions.

The so-called "Shelter-firs" (*Schirmtanne*) form a beautiful and curious feature of forest scenery. They are large full-grown trees, and are carefully preserved and cultivated, as their thick branches, reaching almost to the ground and extending several feet beyond the stem, form a roof which neither rain nor snow can penetrate, and beneath which herd-boy and cattle, hunter and game, alike find shelter in storms and in the mid-day heat.

There are on these Highlands about thirty-two different species of trees and forty-one of shrubs, the

varieties differing according to the elevation, &c., of the forests; and no less than one hundred and ninety different herbaceous plants which grow nowhere but in woods, some of them having very distinctly marked peculiarities. At Rothenbuch, on the Ammer, not far from Ammergau, grows a kind of reed-grass (*Carex Ohmülleriana*) which up to the present day has been found in no other spot in the world, and by the lakes the Oriental *Calamus* (*Arundo donax*) grows wild; but, strange to say, it bears no fruit.

The elevation of the Bavarian Lowlands is estimated at from 1,800 to 2,000 feet, and the mountain



HORSES UNDER THE UMBRELLA PINE,

regions, commencing where the valleys end, are divided into upper and lower. At 2,000 feet the oak no longer appears, and at 4,300 we miss the beech, whilst fourteen new species of plants supply their place; 1,000 feet higher, the true Alpine regions begin, where spring does not commence until the end of July and winter sets in at the end of September. Here the *Alpenrosen* (Wild Rhododendrons) and Gentian are indigenous, and the true Pine gives place to the *Latsche* or Dwarf-pine (*Pinus pumilio*), with its knotty

creeping stem, which attains only to a very low height; but beneath which, as a kind of compensation, flourishes the most beautiful moss, with delicate buds, and many another thriving Alpine plant, such as the Monk's-hood (*Aconitum lycoctonum*), the Yellow Gentian (*Gentiana lutea*), and the beautiful Heath plants or *Ericaceæ*.

The upper division of the Alpine regions, commencing at an elevation of 6,100 feet, attains to a height of 7,100, and consists entirely of rocks and pastures, where the Sennerin reigns supreme, and where cattle grazing on the true Alp, Alpine hospitality, and Alpine dairies may be seen in their greatest perfection. The actual pastures commence before the upper mountain region is reached, at



PRIMEVAL FOREST

4,500 feet, and do not extend beyond 6,200 feet. The zone included between these two elevations is the true home of the plants of the Alpine meadows. Here we must look for the *Speik* (*Valeriana Celtica*); here too grows the hunter's flower, the sweet-scented, delicate *Edelweiss* (*Gnaphalium leontopodium*),* the queen of mountain flowers. Up to an elevation of 6,800 feet we find different kinds of flowering Saxifrage; and beyond this height we reach the snow-regions, also divided into upper and lower. In the latter small varieties of Saxifrage are met with, which are often remarkable for their large and beautiful coloured flowers, and we come to occasional clumps of Willow Herbs. It is a pleasant

* This plant has white, glistening, downy leaves and small brownish flowers. It often grows in almost or quite inaccessible places. Lovers risk their lives to obtain it for their sweethearts; and more than once some fine young fellow who has gone to gather *Edelweiss* has never returned.—[Tr.]

surprise, like meeting an old acquaintance in a foreign land, to see scattered specimens of the plants native to the valleys: the Clover (*Trifolium montanum*), or the Alpine Poppy, the "*Benediktenwurz*" (*Onicis benedictus*), &c., on these lofty peaks. In the upper snow-regions, commencing at an elevation of 8,000 feet, vegetation almost entirely disappears; except for "*Gamskresse*" (*Doronicum*) and Saxifrage, we find nothing but cryptogamic plants, creepers which cling tenaciously to the rocks, or mosses which clothe them with a soft green cushion. Beyond this, we come to those spots, not very numerous in the Bavarian Highlands, where the snow does not melt even at midsummer, and where the ice forms small glaciers. The cold mountain air fans the brow of the pilgrim, and he realises how near he is to heaven, whilst his eyes wander unrestrained over the plains spread out beneath his feet, like children's toys, or he



gazes up at the Alps, still towering above the height he has gained, feeling his own insignificance as compared with these stupendous works of God, yet glorying in the intellect which raises him above them.

The woods through which we are passing are the homes of many living creatures besides those already mentioned. In the true forest the noble Stag or Red Deer (*Cervus elaphus*) and the smaller Deer (*Cervus capreolus*) are still numerous, although gradually becoming scarcer; the Badger and Fox take refuge in the mountain caves, and the sportsman is sometimes fortunate enough to meet with a Lynx. The mountains and ravines round Ammergau and Berchtesgaden are still rich in game, having been jealously preserved by order of King Maximilian. Here peaceful travellers, who would rather hear of than share the hair-breadth escapes of stag-stalkers, can watch the noble creature roving about in unrestrained freedom. Lynxes are now rare, and are generally only stray visitors from the Tyrol;

but that they used to be very numerous is proved by the rows of their heads, fifteen or twenty together, nailed up as trophies in the foresters' houses. At the little watering-place of Kreuth there were no less than sixty in one hunting lodge!

Wolves and Bears, formerly the terror of travellers, are now only passing guests. The last wolf seems to have been shot at Tegernsee in 1837; the last bear was tracked to the Planberg, near Kreuth, in 1828, but managed to get off. How numerous both these beasts of prey once were is proved by the fact that a charm against wolves was formerly said over the cattle in the Alps, and in the year 1667 eighty-six wolves were shot and sent to Munich, whilst in about eighty years there were no less than thirty bears killed near the Tegernsee convent. The visitor to St. Bartholomä, on the Königssee, will be forcibly reminded of the dangers of conflicts with bears by the picture shown him of a fisherman struggling with a bear in the water, which is at least strikingly characteristic. A few years ago the skeleton of a bear with an arrow in its back was found in a cave near Unter-Ammergau. The Emperor Ludwig of Bavaria was fond of hunting in this neighbourhood, and may possibly have fired the fatal



shaft. The most remarkable of the game still native to the mountains since the disappearance of the Steinbock (*Capra ibex*), formerly found on the Wetterhorn, is the Chamois, which haunts the highest and steepest rocks, so that hunting it is a most perilous pastime; but for this very reason most fascinating to a true hunter, who is never satisfied unless he has dangers and difficulties to contend with. Last century the chamois and ibexes were under legal protection in the Tyrol, but in the Bavarian Highlands they became scarcer and scarcer, and, strange to say, of less value; indeed, the old regulations for the chase (1431), in Garmisch and Werdenfels, classed the chamois with the squirrel as animals which any one might hunt.

The Electors of Bavaria, it is true, sometimes hunted the chamois in the Allgau mountains (which are, however, not in the district under consideration), and in the Kaimgarten district, especially near Tegernsee and Berchtesgaden. King Maximilian, who was devoted to the mountain chase, extended his protection to the chamois, which still congregate in considerable numbers about the Tegernsee, Schliersee, and Königssee, and in the mountains round Ammergau. They increase rapidly, as they can always find enough food to sustain life in the clefts of the rocks after the fall of the avalanches, or under the Shelter-firs (*Schirmtanne*), where the snow never penetrates; whilst the stag, requiring more substantial nourishment, is driven down by hunger to the lesser heights, and falls an easy prey to the hunters.

According to an estimate taken of the game in 1800, there were but twenty chamois in the Tegernsee district in that year, whereas in 1847 there were six hundred and fifty, and now the number in the different districts mounts up to nearly four thousand—more than enough to render the chase exciting and profitable to sportsmen and poachers. The skin of the chamois fetches a good price, its flesh—especially when young—

is very palatable, and every man is only too fond of having a "chamois beard" in his cap—that is to say, a tassel formed of the long fine hairs growing down the animal's back. Not less prized are the "*Krickeln*," as they call the black horns of the chamois, which are used as ornaments and for many



CHAMOIS

other purposes. The balls—composed of hair and the fibres of plants—sometimes found in the stomachs of chamois are also much sought after, as they are a preventive of giddiness, and, according to a popular superstition, a safeguard to their wearers from all hobgoblins and from the influence of the mountain spirits.

Another much smaller animal native to the mountains is the Marmot, a harmless little creature, rather like a rabbit, which is, however, only met with about Berchtesgaden near the Funtensee, and in the neighbourhood of the chaos of rocks closing in the Königssee on one side; for it is beneath such masses that they burrow out their homes, sleeping in them in the winter, and in the summer disporting themselves near them amongst the aromatic Alpine herbs, of which they are very fond, or sitting bolt upright like a hare in its form. Hunters endeavour to obtain the teeth of these little creatures to wear on their watch-chains; the fur, too, is valuable, and the fat is used as a medicament in the mountains, and is supposed to be good for everything.

We have already spoken of the singing-birds as part of the feathered game of the mountains. We have therefore now only a few specialities to mention, such as the Red-headed Woodpecker, or the Red-legged Crow, with its shrill shriek, which latter is found in places little frequented by man, and instead of shunning is disposed to follow him inquisitively. The Auerhahn (*Tetrao Gallus*) and other gallinaceous birds that frequent the lower moors and mossy tracts are by no means rare in the mountain forests; but, on the other hand, their cousins the Black Cock or Heath-fowl, the Ptarmigan, and the Red Grouse, never go down to the plains. The plumage of these three birds is as beautiful as their flesh is delicious. The



red grouse is distinguished for its red beak and claws, and the ptarmigan for becoming perfectly white in winter, and for the purple streak above its eyes.

The prodaceous birds of the mountains include many species of owls and eagles: the Fish-eagle or Sea-eagle (*Aquila Salicetos*), which has its home near rivers and lakes; the Golden Eagle (*Aquila chrysaetos*),

a powerful creature, which measures more than eight feet across when its wings are outspread, and builds its eyrie in the clefts and crevices of steep precipices, so that robbing it is a dangerous feat, only to be accomplished by those bold enough to let themselves down by ropes. These fine birds are mostly found in the Berchtesgaden district, and must formerly have been very numerous, as a forester of St. Bartoloma boasted of having himself shot one hundred and twenty-seven. The *Lammergeiers*, or Great Bearded Vultures, which are able to carry off a young chamois or a lamb, were formerly to be met with pretty frequently; but they no longer build eyries in the Bavarian Highlands, and only pay extremely rare passing visits.

Of the hated and uncanny race of reptiles, the Alps contain only harmless and well-known varieties of the Common Snake; but up to an elevation of 5,000 feet Vipers are seen. The Lizard, called the Black Salamander, with bright orange-coloured spots, is frequently met with, and popular superstition looks upon it as a supernatural creature because of its supposed power of living uninjured in fire.

Not to forget the fishes, we must mention that the Trout frequents in great numbers the clearest and most rapid mountain streams. Most of the lakes of Upper Bavaria contain some speciality of their own besides the commoner kinds, such as Heuch (*Salmo Hucho*), the Grayling or Umber (*Thymallus vulgaris*), &c. The Starnbergersee, for instance, is famous for the so-called "*Renchen*" or "*Renke*" (one of the smaller *Salmonidae*), the Ammersee for another variety called the "*Gangling*," the Chiemsee for the Salmon Trout (*Salmo trutta*), and the Königssee for its "*Salblinge*" (*Salmo Alpinus*), which, when smoked, form the well-known and favourite dish called "*Schwarzreuterl*."

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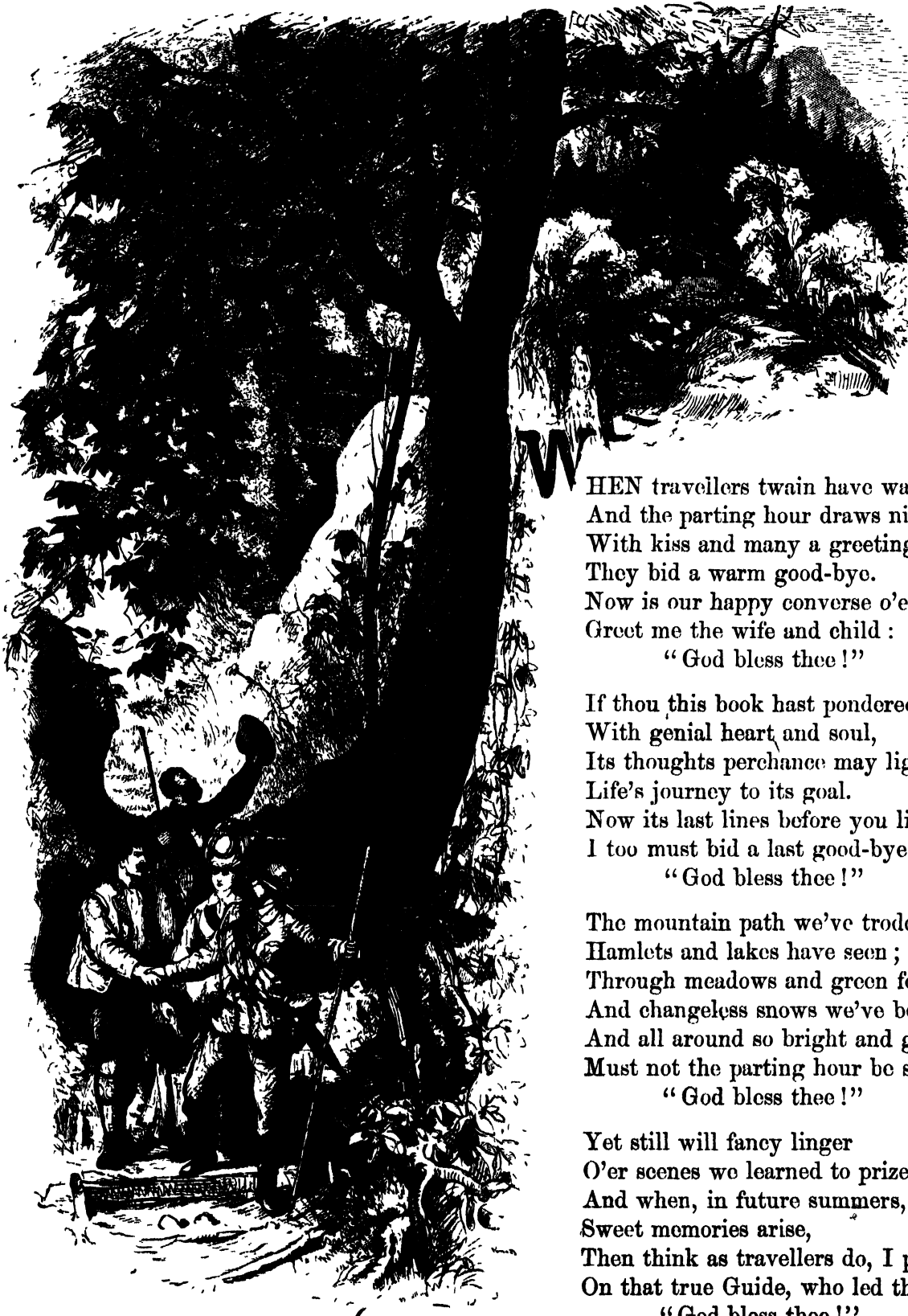
TABLE 10-1-1

As we have already stated, there are many popular superstitions connected with the animal and vegetable world of the mountains. Those held by the herdsmen, hunters, Sennerins, and woodcutters have been noticed elsewhere; but many a mountain brook is worked by a solitary saw-mill, and in the heart of the forest we come to many a secluded clearing where a lonely charcoal-burner has built up his smoking pile, and awaits in his primitive hut the slow and all but imperceptible extinction of his fire. The occupation of the owner of the lonely mill and that of the charcoal kiln set down in the midst of the mighty mountain solitudes are alike calculated to promote dreamy meditation, and we can well understand the rise of ghostly legends around the blackened homes of the charcoal-burners, nor shall we feel much surprise when some old mountaineer tells us of all manner of wonderful things—that there is no better protection from snakes than a staff of ash-wood, from which all animals shrink; that crumbled up “Bibernell” (*Pinpinella saxifraga*) given to cattle will save them from the “*Viehschelm*,” an evil spirit which goes bellowing about the mountains in the form of an emaciated bull. It is easy, too, to understand the origin of the fable of the “*Tatzelwurm*,” a creature which, according to some traditions, was a kind of dragon, and according to others only a lizard, in the claws (*Tatzen*) of which dwelt magic power, as in the wishing-hat of Fortunatus. In spite of the large reward offered, the “*Tatzelwurm*” (also called the “*Bergstutz*,” or Stag of the Mountain) has never yet been found. The skeleton is said to have once hung from the ceiling in the castle of Marquartstein, and a votive tablet was formerly shown at Unken on which was represented the death of a peasant, the result of his horror at meeting two such creatures, which were depicted in the form attributed to them by the imagination of a village painter; but if Franz Kobell had not copied this work of art in his fine book on the chase, “*Der Wildanger*,” even this trace of the “*Tatzelwurm*” would have been lost, for it disappeared from the stone pillar containing it a little time back—probably some son of Albion, in quest of curiosities, had appropriated it to himself.



THE “TATZELWURM.”

GOD BLESS THEE!



WHEN travellers twain have wandered,
And the parting hour draws nigh,
With kiss and many a greeting
They bid a warm good-bye.
Now is our happy converse o'er,
Greet me the wife and child :
"God bless thee!"

If thou this book hast pondered
With genial heart and soul,
Its thoughts perchance may lighten
Life's journey to its goal.
Now its last lines before you lie,
I too must bid a last good-bye:
"God bless thee!"

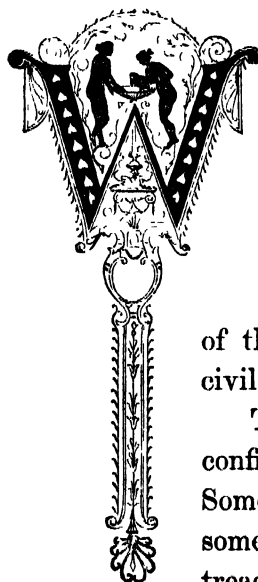
The mountain path we've trodden,
Hamlets and lakes have seen ;
Through meadows and green forests
And changeless snows we've been ;
And all around so bright and glad,
Must not the parting hour be sad ?
"God bless thee!"

Yet still will fancy linger
O'er scenes we learned to prize ;
And when, in future summers,
Sweet memories arise,
Then think as travellers do, I pray,
On that true Guide, who led the way.
"God bless thee!"

APPENDIX.

THE GEOGNOSTIC FORMATION OF THE BAVARIAN ALPS.

I.



WE not unfrequently hear our mountains designated as Limestone Alps. If in such a case it is not forgotten that there are elsewhere in the great district of the Alps limestone mountains—if by this designation it is not intended to mark any local limitation, but only that which is special in their nature—it may with good reason be used, for the limestone and its kindred substances prevail largely under the manifold forms of which the boundary Alps of the Bavarian Tyrol are constructed, and its peculiarities affect a considerable portion of the physiognomy of the scenery, of the articulation, the water-sheds, the vegetation, and it probably also influences the civilisation of the district under consideration.

The presence of limestone there produces a truly complicated diversity in the surface-configuration, which prevents any appearance of uniformity in the character of the mountains. Sometimes there are red compact marble walls, as they rise to the pinnacles of the Untersberg, sometimes dazzlingly white or grey cliffs, whose sharply angled fragments clink under the tread like broken glass; delicately veined, speckled, or deep-black slabs, on which the stone-saws carry on their monotonous daily task; soft perforated masses of tufa, full of impressions of sedge, leaves, and snails, spread abroad on their slopes; myriads of wonderful shells of extinct creatures grown into compact masses of stone,—under all these, and many other forms, we find that Proteus of the mineral kingdom, limestone. Again, we find the same material, the same collocation—calcareous earth and carbonic acid; the white oxide of a light silvery metal and the stinging carbonic acid gas are its principal constituents.

White and light grey colours generally prevail in the limestone. The limestone mountains, therefore, do not wear on their rocky walls, their torrent-beds, and on the numerous blocks in their foreground, the glory of colour which we meet with in many valleys of the primitive mountain range; but they are indebted to this circumstance for their marvellously tender blue tones of shadow and the indescribable splendour of colour which is formed over them by the light of dawn and by the setting sun. Pure limestone is colourless, or white as the Carrara marble or the beautiful stone of Schlunder. The variegated colourings depend on foreign admixtures which have nothing in common with the substance of the limestone, and frequently occur only in very small quantity. Thus many limestones contain traces of carbonate of iron. Under the influence of air and water is formed from this, of itself, a yellowish grey body, oxide of iron, which clothes such limestone rocks with a coat of reddish brown. Many waters also, which hold in solution little particles of iron, colour the surface of the rocky walls over which they drip with the deposit of oxide of iron—a deep brown—a phenomenon which may be observed frequently enough; for instance, on the Schwartzbachwachtstrasse, on the rocks on the west of the Funtensee, and which contributes not a little to the colouring of the landscape.

In the colouring of the limestone rocks, moreover, their clothing of vegetation has a certain share. This is the case not only with the various kinds of moss which creep about the grey blocks, with dark green, yellow, or rust-coloured cushions; but still more with the lichens, those wonderful leafless and

flowerless excrescences which, among others, characterize the lowest grade of organized existence. Partly as a many-coloured scarf, and partly also as a thin faintly visible crust, they adhere everywhere—even far above the snow limit—so closely and intimately to the rock that they appear to be one with it. Only by the solution of the limestone in diluted vinegar can they be separated from it. They are then left as a slimy, brownish skin, which appears under the microscope as an entangled web of exceedingly delicate threads. With them they penetrate into the white limestone, suck therefrom their frugal sustenance, and finally, when they perish, form the foundation for the settlement of new and more highly organized plants. These are the pioneers of vegetation.

On the surface of those limestone rocks which they clothe they usually produce blue-grey or greenish-grey tones of colour, which are commonly darker than the colour of the rock itself. The most beautiful kind of these lichens, however—the so-called “violet moss” (red byssus), whose fragrance pervades all the Tauern valleys, and whose burning red hue glows even on the mosses of the Riesengebirg and of the Hartz—is not met with in the limestone mountains.

Probably the question has often been ventilated whether the palm of natural beauty is to be accorded to the limestone Alps or to the mountains of the central chain. The question, if it is to be answered in its entire extent, is an idle one, as so many are on which the taste of the age exercises its capricious judgment. But single parts may perhaps be separated in thought, and an answer given. As we attempted it in respect of colouring, it may also be done in respect of the mountain forms, and in that behalf the palm certainly falls to the limestone Alps. If we must ever concede to the ice-crowned giants of the granite, gneiss, and mica-slate the pre-eminence in the grandeur and majesty of their appearance, still it is hardly difficult to show that in picturesque charms, in richness and grace of formation, they do not equal the limestone mountains.

The reason of this is found in the different way in which the rocks yield to the action of the weather. The disorganization at which weather and water are incessantly at work leads in the primitive mountain ranges preferably to the rounding off of the forms. There the tooth of time, the dissolving power of the atmospheric agencies, gnaws especially at the sharp angles of the rock, and produces shapeless lumpy blocks; a mass of fine rubbish and lumber fills up the cavities and obliterates the delicate lines in the face of the mountains.

But in the limestone, which is usually pierced by numberless delicate rifts in all directions, every winter creates new forms. The water which has penetrated into the crevices, at the moment that it is to become ice, bursts the rocks asunder with irresistible force. At the coming in of the warm season the loosened fragments lose their hold, plunge down, and cover valley and slope with ruins, while above, on the airy pinnacles, new sharp angles and lines are formed. It is a strangely solemn moment when the silent loneliness of the valleys is broken and interrupted, when from the dizzy height a mass as large as a house thus rolls into the abyss. There, where in the sun-scorched desolation of the upper Wimbach valley the green-clad Griesalp rises like an oasis, seek for thyself a couch on the carpeted turf in front of the deserted hut; it is a place to surrender thy thoughts to the transporting horror of the mountain loneliness—

“The lonely valley glows in golden sunlight:
Below thou see’st the naked pines projecting,
Where rocky horns support their icy burden,
Where wild white torrents foam through craggy portals.—
There, down it thunders, sudden headlong falling,
And roars and shatters in fierce stormy chasing,
To leap from wall to wall in volleying crashes,
Till in the deepest vale it downward plunges.
Long rolls the thunder, and the mountains tremble
With Echo’s tenfold voices proudly sounding,
And clouds of dust that sweep from forth the valley.
From rocky crest the waterfalls drop lightly—
Away! away! thou monstrous life and lonely!
Wild was thy storming—long is thy reposing!”

MAX HAUSHOFER.

A further reason for the greater wealth of forms in the limestone mountains is found in their construction of immense ledges of rock and slab-formed masses which here and there are scarcely connected at all, but are bent, broken, and thrown one upon another in the most heterogeneous fashion. Hence that opulence in the articulation in bold profiles and surprising lines, that definiteness in the expression which nevertheless nowhere allows stereotyped forms to arise, and which is an absolutely inexhaustible source of suggestion to the artist. How entirely different, again, is the character of the mountains in the Berchtesgaden district, and near the Kochelsee on the shores of the Salzach, and on those of the Loisach, on the Inn, and on the Walchensee! how strangely glitters the gigantic ridge of the Watzmann above the gloomy forests of the Ramsau, as we gaze up at its haughty jagged summit when seated at our mid-day meal in some one of the international hotels of Berchtesgaden! The variety of forms of one and the same mountain from different sides gives to the landscapes that surround it their peculiar stamp. It is in a certain measure their epic impulse.

The disruption of the limestone rock implies a deficiency of water, which is especially characteristic of the upper regions of the limestone mountains. It is one of the most sensible drawbacks from the triumph of the climber of the Watzmann. A slender thread of water, which trickles down from a cleft of the rock over a slip of wood stuck into it, is the only refreshment to be obtained in the burning rocky desolation in the upper portion of the mountain. The Sennerins of the Reiter Alp collect the droppings from the caves of roofs to procure enough drinking-water for themselves and their cattle. In a network of large and small rifts which penetrate the rock the snow and rain water sink away everywhere without a trace into the abyss, to break forth suddenly again as a mighty brook in some other place, frequently remote. Among the eastern precipices of the Reiter Alp is situated a narrow cavern clothed with dark moss, the "Schwarzbachloch," from which gushes forth a stream that hurries in joyous leaps through the lonely valley of the same name to the Reichenhall basin. The Schrambach also, not far from St. Bartholoma on the Königssee, the Jochbach on the Kochelsee, which, according to the popular notion, brings water from the Walchensee, the source of the Partnach on the "Anger," the Gollinger Schwarzbach, which rushes down out of a rocky chasm in wildly foaming eddies, and may with great probability be regarded as a subterranean outlet of the Königssee, with many other phenomena of this kind—to which, moreover, belongs the wealth of the valley springs—may be traced back to the same natural causes.

Under special circumstances the clefts and rifts of the limestone rock become filled with other mineral masses—most usually with calcareous spar. This is in some sort a richer limestone; it consists of the same materials, but it is distinguished by the peculiar structure that crystallization gives, and which on fracture causes little smooth surfaces to appear everywhere. It has for the most part white or light grey colours, and therefore in filling up crevices it draws a delicate network of brighter lines on the mass of many a red, grey, or black limestone. By the action of the weather they frequently stand forth from the surface of the rock in small patches, because they are better able to resist the destructive action.

In specially favoured places, in protected caverns and clefts of the rock, the growth of the calcareous spar has proceeded so uninterruptedly that perfectly formed transparent crystals, as clear as water, or light yellowish in colour, have arisen therefrom. They are comparatively rare in our mountains. The most beautiful are found in the region of Berchtesgaden. More ordinary kinds, combined into groups and crystalline masses, are more frequent, and occur, for instance, in the Kressenberg, near Innzell, at Bergen, and at other places.

In a country which is so rich in stone as the Alps, it is conceivable that no great account is made of the common limestone. Stone-quarries, indeed, are everywhere met with, which are worked in the grey solid limestone to get material for road-making and for lime-burning; but for the building of houses other kinds of stone are usually preferred, which are more easily worked, and are also less liable to decay, especially certain sandstones, pudding-stones, and so on. Many limestones which, with the capability of taking a high polish, combine special colours or coloured markings and sufficient hardness, form, as marble, the subject of a not too richly developed industry. The places where marble is found are too numerous to name them all, and with little trouble new ones could easily be discovered. Every visitor from Salzburg will remember the

various kinds of marble: white, rose-red, down to rusty brown, stained and veined, whose beauty in many a building would atone for even a more inartistic form. The white freestones which King Ludwig I. employed for his monumental creations come from a remarkable stratum of stone on the northern declivity of the Untersberg, which is worked in several quarries. There, moreover, the occurrence of several kinds of marble calls into existence a small branch of industry—the manufacture of those elegant balls which in popular language are called marbles, and were among the articles most coveted by us in our “dear school days.” Whoever visits the marble quarries at Salzburg from Glaneck, or the “lofty throne” of Salzburg on the Untersberg, must pass the marble hills, and may then be glad for a time to look on at the work.

Moreover, the neighbourhood of Berchtesgaden (Kälberstein, Schellenberg, Barmstein) and Reichenhall (Karlstein) supplies excellent faint reddish kinds of marble in large blocks. From the marble quarries of the Haselberg, near Ruhpolding, and of the Hochgern, near Marquartstein, come the red and grey marble that we meet with in many churches and convents of the Chiemgau. The latter, in a double deposit of free-stone, girdles the shore of the Frauen-Chiemsee as a protection against the enormous pressure of the drifting ice. The marble which is procured in the Weiszach valley at Egern, and is there cut into blocks and sheets, surpasses many others by its manifold variety of colour and marking. There are red, white, grey, black, and variegated kinds that are quarried there. Finally, the numberless blocks that lie in the valleys and on the slopes offer a rich prize in kinds of marble that are sometimes magnificent: for instance, the blocks of the so-called marble trench at Mittenwald, which show many white spots on a red ground; the immense fragments which dash down from the Laborberg at Ettal; the red and grey masses of stone in the neighbourhood of the Wendelstein, from the Rothwand, and many others.

It might appear surprising that many marble quarries, which in earlier times were vigorously worked, at the present day lie forgotten and unused, although they contain serviceable material enough, and trade in them has become so very much easier. Can it be that in our time the love for the venerable magnificence of durable marble has declined because the art of imitation has been carried to such marvellous perfection? Can it be that in our days railways and barracks are built in preference to churches and palaces? However this may be, we cannot refuse our admiration and gratitude to the love and perseverance with which our ancestors conveyed their splendid building materials, often under the most unfavourable circumstances, from a distance of many days' journey.

The remarkable stone which is familiar under the often misunderstood name of “granite marble,” and is valued as building material, belongs to another class of rock. It consists of fragments of coral and small remains of crustaceous animals which, covered with white or grey lime substance and closely cemented in its texture with numerous dark grains of sand, form a compact rock, and, on account of the contrast of colour of the individual portions of the compound, manifest a remote likeness to many a grey granite. Beside the important quarries at Sinning, not far from Neubeuern, there are also stone quarries worked for several fine and coarse grained varieties of granite marble in the district of Tolz (Bockleithe), in Leitzachthal, at Miesbach, Trauenstein, and Reichenhall.

Many limestone formations are still to be seen at the present day. Whoever has wandered along the charming forest-paths from Abwinkel, on the Tegernsee, to the “Bauern in the Meadow,” must have been struck with the spring-water which at one spot, immediately at the side of the road, has clothed its channel with a yellowish white slime, and has in a short time covered branches and leaves which have fallen down into it with the same substance; this also is carbonate of lime. In waters which are rich in carbonic acid a considerable mass of carbonate of lime is dissolved when they slowly ooze through the fissures of the limestone mountains. At their appearance on the surface the lime falls to the bottom, or is deposited as a crust upon all the objects which the waters of the spring trickle over. The continuance of this simple process during thousands of years may accomplish the formation of thick ledges of those porous masses of limestone which are called lime-tufa (in the popular language, “tufa” or “white-stone”). Similar deposits, which have been formed in fresh-water lakes, and therefore usually enclose a mass of shells of various fresh-water molluscs, are called fresh-water limestone, and now and then play an important part as rocks. Under some circumstances the limestone tufa may possess sufficient solidity to be available as building

material; in that case it is all the better that, by virtue of its porous constitution, it is apt to be dry and of little weight. The extensive tufa quarries of Pölling and Kugelfing, near Weilheim, the quarries of Tolz, also those of the Mühlthal, near Miesbach, and countless other tufa formations of smaller extent, contain such material.

With such causes, moreover, is substantially associated the formation of the dropping-stones or stalactites, only with the modification that the lime-depositing water oozes from overhanging rock forming the vaulting of a cavern. Curious formations of stalactite, however, are among the rarities in our mountain range, although there are tufa springs in plenty. The reason of this is to be found in the surprising fact, that our mountains, notwithstanding all their disruptions, possess only few and small caverns.

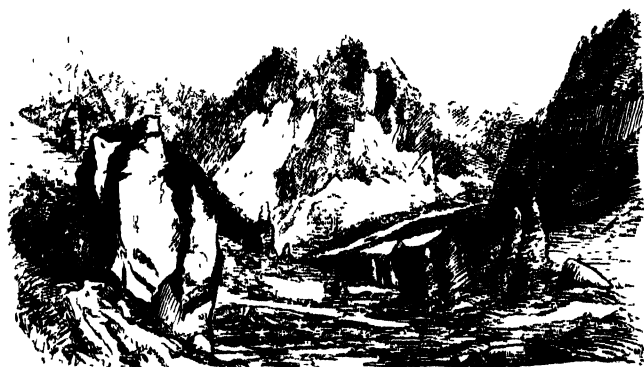
Frequently the deposited particles of limestone have only an extremely loose cohesion, and then they form white friable masses of chalk-like appearance. Such tufa earth ("ground chalk," plasterer's earth) is dug in several quarries, among others at Mittenwald, Kreuth, Oberaudorf, Marquartstein, and Ruhpolding, and forms, on account of its applicability to plastering and to writing, a not unimportant article of commerce, which is sent some distance down the Isar and the Danube.

Many a one who has marvelled at the immense masses of the limestone mountains will have been led to inquire how they have come into being. And the answer that science can give him will assuredly not diminish his amazement. According to the latest views of geologists, they are mainly composed of the calcareous shells of little creatures which swim in prodigious multitudes in sea-water, and moreover lived in the ocean which formerly covered the Alpine region. When the tiny inhabitants have ended their ephemeral existence the shells sink to the bottom, accumulate there continually, and in the course of time become, by the pressure of the sea, and by certain chemical processes, a concreted mass. By the drying up of the sea, or by the upheaving of its bottom, they emerge again in the sunlight as solid limestone, after thousands of years' submersion. In this limestone the most rigid investigation will scarcely find even faint traces of its primitive nature. Only in such deposits as were, perhaps, not sufficiently exposed to the active powers of the deep do we find under the microscope those remarkable animal remains in numbers which transcend all our conceptions. That is the true chalk, with which, however, we do not meet in our mountains. The so-called chalk rocks of the Leonhardstein, near Kreuth, owe their chalk-like constitution to the softening effect of moisture; but they are no more true chalk than the "ground chalk" of Mittenwald.

Scientific men have known how to fetch from the bottom of the sea the proof of this startling theory. Even to this day such slimy lime deposits are still being formed in the bottom of the sea; and the microscopic investigation of the specimens of slime from a depth of fourteen thousand feet has shown that they consist almost exclusively of such limestone shells. We understand thence also why many limestones contain a greater or less mass of foreign matters. In those portions of the primeval lime-depositing seas which were situated nearer to the land, where the rivers of the mainland carried out their mud many miles distance into the sea, it got among the limestone shells in very fine regular commixture—the finest portions farthest from the land, the coarser portions nearer to it. Even by means of the breakers on the coasts, the sea takes up with it a mass of finely-pulverized stone. Nay, in accordance with the inland nature of the rivers and in accordance with the stones of the coast, the slime which is brought therefrom into the limestone deposits of the sea has an argillaceous or a silicious constitution, and is the primary condition for the formation of clayey and flinty limestones. It is obvious that the deeper and larger the seas, the farther removed they are from the defilements of great streams, the purer the limestone, and that the varying relations of mass between lime, clay, and sand afford us foothold for the decision whether any sort of rock was formed in the depth of the sea or in the neighbourhood of the coasts. Nearer to the impurity of rivers there always appear coarser admixtures, and nearest to the continent is the gravel, which remains in its place as soon as the propelling power of the river becomes weaker. With the preponderance of the river-mud and sand are diminished the conditions of life of the delicate animalculæ of the limestone shells, and there are formed clay-slate, clays, and sandstones; these are formed out of the coarsest boulders, the conglomerates and pudding-stones.

Limestone rocks with little clay are called marly limestones; when the clay that they contain is more abundant, they are designated without definite limit as marl and argillaceous marl. It is conceivable that the marly limestones and the marl appear in greater mass as rocks; nay, there are in general only few limestone rocks which do not contain at least traces of clayey or silicious substances. Gradual transitions connect these rocks. Many marls cannot often be distinguished from limestones as far as their external appearance is concerned. The damp odour of clay which they emit on being breathed upon, the disposition to a slaty laminated mode of formation, and their small capacity of resistance to disintegration, may serve as indications of marly rocks. On the last-named peculiarity, however, is dependent the formation of a soil which, rich as it is in nourishment for plants, is still more favourable to the growth of the spicy herbage for cattle, and therefore affects the whole of Alpine husbandry, in our mountains at least. In every place where especially rich and productive Alpine pasture is formed, it will be manifest that deposits of marl are the cause. We shall find there fat, deeply-based kinds of soil where such rocks appear on the surface, and in their district we meet with the name that so frequently recurs, "Kothalp," which consequently means something better than it expresses. The utility of certain kinds of marl for the fabrication of cement has developed in many places of our mountains a lively branch of industry, which is still progressively flourishing. We need only to remind the reader of the excellent cement marl of Staudach, near Marquartstein, of Hinterwessen, and of Schoffen, near Oberaudorf, among many others.

The contingencies which have co-operated in the origination of the intermediate rocks between the limestone, sandstone, and clay-slate, were the conditions of a multiformity in their appearances which sets at nought all limitation and description.



WIMBACHTHAL.

Even in the sandstones there are the greatest diversities in the size, substance, and colour of the granules. White or grey, sharply-edged or even-rounded, granules of that hard mineral which bears the characteristic name employed by the German miner, of "quartz," form the chief masses, more or less strongly cemented together by carbonate of lime, by marl, or clay-slime, or by the quartz substance itself. Rocks of the last kind belong to the most solid and hardest

of the whole range of mountains. The agglutinating medium itself shows now and then a reddish or yellowish brown colouring, which proceeds from some little association with iron. By the commixture of little grains of a peculiar dark green mineral are produced the green sandstones, as such occur in slight manifestation between Bichel and Tolz, on the western shore of the Tegernsee, between Breitenbach and Kaltenbrunn, at the Neureit, and in the Leitzachthal (Kaltewasser). If more clay is mingled with the sandstone rocks, they assume the laminated and slaty constitution of sandstone-slate, and finally pass over into sandy slate-clay and marl-slate.

By many rivers, moreover, as we have mentioned, might quartz (silicious) particles be added to the limestone formations, and being commingled in exceedingly fine distribution, they give to the limestones a greater hardness and sharpness, and finally, by a definite alloy of silicious substance, make them the valuable whetstone slate. On a small belt of this stone, which extends from Unterammergau towards the west, there are more than fifty quarries on the eastern continuation of the same towards Ohlstadt, and twelve quarries for whetstone, in activity, which annually supply over a hundred thousand whetstones. On the Besenbach, near Kochel, are found useful whetstone slates.

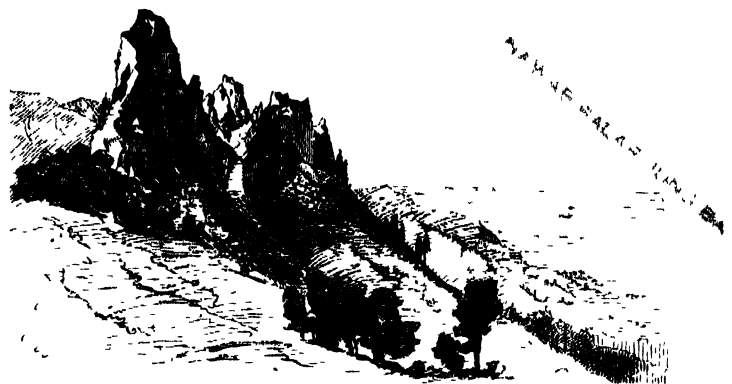
The greater the mass of the commingled finely comminuted silicious substance in the limestones, the harder they appear, and finally they form those sharp rocks which are constantly occurring in our mountains, which are characterized as lime-hornstone, or silicious limestone. On the disappearance or the withdrawal of the limestone true hornstones are produced. They strike sparks from steel, and have red, brown, and dark grey colours. Many limestone rocks contain the hornstone in roundish lumps, often marked with

variegated colours; others enclose sharp splinters of it, which, as the stone is weatherworn, come to the surface and give it an extremely rough indented face; here and there also are silicified mussel-shells changed into hornstone, and especially corals, which communicate to the limestones and marls that enclose them a similar appearance. Such are met with on the Barmstein, near Berchtesgaden ("Barmstein lime"), on the northern summit of the Hochfell. On the mountain-ridge which slopes down from Hirschberg to Ringspitz, on the Tegernsee, are found limestones which enclose a mass of fragments of hornstone. Similar depositions, and hornstone in general, are numerous in the district of Berchtesgaden, in the neighbourhood of Audorf and Bayerischzell, and at many other points.

Most of the limestones enclose small masses of magnesia; only a few are entirely free from it. A larger alloy of this material is the condition of certain peculiarities, which have obtained for the combination in question another name: this is the dolomite. It is frequently confounded with limestone, and *vice versa*, because the external differences are trifling, and only discoverable to the practised eye, and because the numerous intermediate stages, which may be designated as dolomitic limestone, have their limits undefined. On accurate investigation, however, there are usually found some characteristic indications in the genuine dolomite; such are the somewhat greater weight and hardness of the dolomite, and, above all, a crystalline structure which in the fractured surfaces reminds one of finely grained sugar. The colour of the dolomite varies from light grey, yellowish and brownish grey, to blackish; yellowish and reddish white varieties are most rare. By the action of the weather the colour is bleached, and therewith is associated a loosening of the surface, which causes the stone to feel rough, like sandstone, and, moreover, yields more sand-like products of disintegration than the limestone.

In general the dolomite is liable to crumble more easily than the limestone, on account of its disruption. But, especially if the dolomitic limestone and marl are classed with it, it will equal in amount the limestone itself, and it may be conceived that its influence on the plastic formation of the mountain must be very great. It makes itself felt in two directions; on heights which the protecting covering of growing grass cannot reach, it gives to their wildly rugged forms extravagant projections, columns, and needles, which everywhere tower aloft upon them, while on their slopes are strewn endless heaps of rubbish. The upper Wimbach, with its jagged, gravelly crest, with the Palfelhorn and with the streams of rubbish which slope down from them, gives a perfect type of the forms and of the destructions of the dolomite. If any one desires to compare others with them, let him range upwards from Weizbach on the Salach, to the "Schuttergraben"—it is not called thus for nothing—and over a saddle-back formation between the Steinbergs, towards Hochfilzen. There extend in all directions deeply-cut ravines in the dolomite heart of the mountains, pathless and full of rubbish. Even on the far more convenient road to the Mooswacht, at the Hirschbühel, there are the magnificent Steinmuhren, which, from the foot of the Mühlsturzhorn reaching down to the road, excite the astonishment of the traveller. In both places yellowish-white dolomite has set itself free from the substratum of the above-named mountains, and has poured itself forth in gigantic streams over forest and pasture.

We see the action of the dolomite in its greatest extent in the effect of a degenerate kind of dolomite, which bears the characteristic name of *Rauhwaacke* (coarse trap). It consists of a porous corroded dolomite mass, of a yellowish grey to brown colour, containing numberless cavities which are usually clothed with little dolomitic crystals, but frequently also are filled up with fragments of dolomite or earthy dolomite substance. Besides the ruined masses peculiar in the districts of the "*Rauhwaacke*," it deserves our attention on account of its association with gypsum deposits and sulphur-springs. Two small zones of *Rauhwaacke*, in many parts concealed by later rock rubbish and growing plants, extend on the northern extremity of the mountain range from the district of Ruhpolding towards the west, breaking out here and



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there in rough, rocky peaks, accompanied in certain places with a rich stratum of gypsum. Let him who desires to combine the study of the Rauhwaacke rocks with the enjoyment of the charms of scenery, leave the track at the Bergen Railway Station and find his way over the green meadows from Pattenberg to the Engelstein. He must scramble over the rubbish heaps towards a range of brown, weather-beaten colossi, the summits scantily overgrown with parched grass, here and there adorned with crystalline incrustations of brown calcareous spar. Towards the south are fragrant valleys with forest and meadow, above them the sides of the Hochfell; towards the north, the mirror of the Chiemsee in the misty level country. On the farther side of the Hochfell, we meet in the Keumalp with the second line of the Rauhwaacke; a deserted quarry, containing deposits of snow-white alabaster-like gypsum, indicates its vicinity. The gypsum quarries on the Steinbach, near Nuzsdorf; the Rauhwaacke which from the Schrofen, not far from Brankenburg, unfortunately poured itself over the fields of Gemeind, and is still always likely to produce new landslips, because the soft schists on which it reposes are constantly being undermined by the Schlipfbach; the sharp rocky crests which extend from Muhlau, in the Leitzach valley, over the Aurachstein, towards the south of the Schliersee, appear again at the Baumgarten Alp, and crop up in the Stinkergraben, near the Tegernsee, in association with gypsum and sulphur springs, belong to the northern line, which continues through the gypsum quarry on the eastern shore of the Kochelsee and over Wallgau. In the wilderness of rubbish of the Fauckenschluicht at Partenkirche, the southern chain ends with a characteristic form of Rauhwaacke, while the northern here and there emerges again in small masses in the west.

If the Rauhwaacke, perhaps, indicates remarkable, but proportionally only unimportant, isolated features in the physiognomy of the country, the dolomite and the dolomitic limestone furnish the massive contours. A group of rocks which came into existence, according to the testimony of their few organic remains, under tolerably equal conditions, and in the same period, consists chiefly of dolomitic Rauhwaacke and dolomitic limestone, and is on that account called the chief dolomite of the Alps. Among all rocks those of the chief dolomite group occupy incontestably the largest space in our mountains. An intrepid pedestrian, such as the Alpine Club produces, might make his way from the district of Reichenhall even into the streets of Partenkirche, and if it were not for the Loisach valley, might descend by Reuth into the Lechthal without coming upon any other tract of rock than that of the chief dolomite group, probably also without meeting with any great number of inns.

It is in the more central groups of the mountain range that the dolomite chiefly prevails; in many higher mountains, as the Watzmann, the Steirnerne Meer (Ocean of Stone), Untersberg on the Reiteralp, the pedestal alone consists of the stones of the chief dolomite group. Therewith are associated characteristic features which are rarely disguised. If the higher dolomite mountains are not distinguished for their wonderfully ragged rocky crests and peaks, or for uniformly picturesque beauty of landscape, the middle and lower dolomite mountains are also remarkable for a certain poverty of form only too evident. To the friend of the mountains we need only name a few more prominent familiar names from the region of the chief dolomite to prove that to him. Mountains such as the uncouth Ristfeuchtkogel, or the Hochplatte, near Marquartstein; the Geigelstein (or Wechsel), near Sacharang; the Hochrisz, the Kranzhorn, Jägerkamp, Wallberg, Wiesing, and Planberg, appear typical of the middle heights, which are composed of the chief dolomite. Long descending slopes of rubbish, cemented together again in process of time, and covered over with "Krummholz," or crooked-stem pines, or brown grasses, afford pasturage even on the summit of the mountains. The bottom of the valley and the mountain-top become linked together by long-drawn expressionless curved lines, and one seldom meets with the articulation, the delicate architecture which is peculiar to the limestone rocks over other formations; and even the colours, which are almost confined to browns and greys, add to the monotony of the impression produced. If exceptions occur—as, for instance, the boldly constructed range of dolomite which reaches from Sonntagshorn to the Wildalpenhorn, and over the Dürnbachschneide to the Schwarzlofer, the Schinder, the Herzogstand, or the Walchensee, and other stately mountains—yet the character of the chief dolomite districts is always the same, as we see between Bayerischzell and in the country on either side of the Brandenburg valley;

the Jachenau; in the Isarthal, from Länggries to Mittenwald; in the Sacharanger valley, from the Vorderriesz. The mountain forests which extend between Eibsee and Ammerthal, those which are reflected in the lonely Walchensee, the heights around Reit in Winkel, and those which attend the wayfarer in desperate monotony from Kössen to Erpfendorf, consist almost exclusively of rocks of the chief dolomite group. Of the origination of the dolomite less is known than of that of the limestone, but the relationship, the similarity, and the transitions between the two make the supposition probable that the dolomite also was produced directly or indirectly by the action of great floods. The *Rauhwacke*, on the other hand, may with tolerable certainty be regarded as a tufa formation corresponding to the lime-tufa formation.

Still more frequently than in the limestones there appears in the dolomite a varying alloy of carbonate of iron. If it attains a certain magnitude it may confer on the rock the value of an iron ore, which is fitted for working, especially if it is weather-worn into brown ironstone. Under the *Wendelstein* occur such iron dolomites at several points: for instance, not far from the *Dickelalp*, the utilisation of them certainly is lessened by local circumstances, whilst a similar deposit at *Werfen* is rather energetically worked. Moreover, the *Anzmoosalp* by its very name suggests the occurrence of such ores. The dark colouring of the dolomites, and also of the limestones and marl, is usually derived from the admixture of a finely divided residuum of animal and vegetable bodies, or from a product of their decomposition—the so-called bitumen. The presence of the latter is not unfrequently betrayed by the peculiar burnt smell that such stones emit on being rubbed or broken, and which has procured for them the trivial name of “*Stinkstein*.” In many marl-slates, especially from the group of the chief dolomite, the alloy of bitumen (also called asphalt and mineral pitch) is of such importance that it is worth while to submit it to a distillation in order to get the bitumen from it. At *Seefeld* in *Tyrol*, in the *Oelgraben* in the *Vorderriesz*, on the *Kramer* and *Griesberg* near *Garnisch*, and on the *Seinsbach* near *Mittenwald*, appear asphalt slates of the kind (oil-slates, bituminous slates), of which the first two yield considerable profit. The distillation, which is carried on upon the spot, supplies the asphalt of the *Munich* pavements, and liquid earth-oil, a kind of petroleum, the application of which, nevertheless, is limited to the fabrication of cart-grease and for consumption in the domestic dispensary of the peasant. Where such asphalt permeates the rocks in a sufficiently fluid condition, and the circumstances of the deposit are fitted for it, it may trickle spontaneously from the soil as the well-known *Quirinus* oil of the *Tegernsee*, which on the western shore of the *Finner* comes to light so plentifully, as a deep brown oil mixture of petroleum and asphalt, that nearly four hundred measures can be annually obtained. As the boring experiments which were then set on foot attest, it must proceed from a stratum of rock which is deeply entombed beneath accretions and later deposits. Along the whole western shore, as far as *Wiessee*, traces of petroleum show themselves. We can still the less doubt of the derivation of the asphalt from the bodies of preadamite animals and plants, for the numberless impressions of fishes that occur—for instance, in the slates of the *Oelgraben*, or the carbonized remains of plants in other formations—witness to it with sufficient plainness.

The material which the living activity of preadamite existence contributed to the building up of the mountains is generally more important and of greater extent than we are at the first glance disposed to believe. Apart from the compact limestones whose origination has already been discussed, many other kinds of rocks are met with which directly declare themselves as an accumulation of the remains of preadamite creatures. Among others must not be forgotten those remarkable limestone rocks which owe their existence to coral animals and their love of building. The petrified fragments of their dwellings, the coral ledges, are indeed less frequently met with in our Alps than in other lands, yet they are not wanting, and they appear pretty plainly, for instance, in the rocky masses of the *Barmstein* and *Eckerfurst*, in the *Gohlgruppe* and in the northern ridge of the *Hochfell*, as light grey limestone, whose weather-worn surface appears rugged and uneven in consequence of numerous projecting partially silicated coral remains. To this head, moreover, are to be referred the so-called *Lithodendron* limestones, a beautiful kind of rock consisting of a dark grey or red-brown mass of limestone interwoven with light cylindrical bodies in the same direction, which appear on a diagonal fracture as roundish spots on a dark ground, and are nothing else than the branches of coral changed into calcareous spar.

The beautiful marble already mentioned, which is found on the northern declivity of the Untersberg, belongs to the Hippurite or Rudisten limestone, a kind of rock sparingly distributed indeed, but very remarkable. It consists for the most part of the well-preserved tapering or seed-shaped dwellings of a perfectly extinct family of crustaceous animals, the hippurite, cemented by pulverized portions of themselves, and it extends from the well-known Kugelmühle to the Nagelstein on the Hallthurmpasz. Even on the summit of the Lattengebirg we find it again, certainly not in that distinctness which made the "Nagelwand" above the Ruins-Plain a true place of pilgrimage for geologists.

In much greater extent appear the so-called Nummulite limestones and sandstones, which likewise are conglomerations for the most part from the exuviae of animals. On the northern verge of the Alps numberless larger and smaller nummulites, of the form of flat lentils or little pieces of money (penny-stones), form the chief mass of these, mingled with grains of sand, clay, little dark green atoms of *Glaucorine*, and various fragments of mussels. In the Hollgraben at Adelholzen, at the foot of the Mariaeckberg at Bergen, they appear in easily accessible brittle rocky masses. On the crumbling of the rocks the nummulites, consisting of limestone, get into the sand and gravel, whereby they become so polished that the delicate architecture of their chambers comes forward in fine outline. In this condition the popular belief regards them as a remedy for the eyes, which, being introduced under the eyelid, attracts to itself foreign substances that are mischievous. Hence it is called also "Augenstein" (eye-stone).

In many limestones is observed, by means of some little attention, a round-grained arrangement of the parts, which suggests us the best comparison for it the roe of a fish. Numberless little globules of lime cemented by the substance of the limestone, or even by clay-marl, are found lying together, and form compact banks of rock, which are called "Rogenstein" (roe-stone) or oolite. In most of the oolites the globules vary in size, from a millet seed to a pea; in many they possess a hardly measurable circumference, in others they reach the size of a man's head; but in the last case they are generally only indicated in the surface of the rock by circular outlines. If the pellets are cut through, the centre is not unfrequently found, especially in the medium and small-grained oolites, to be indicated by a tiny fragment of a mussel-shell—a diminutive grain of sand.

Distinctly marked oolite limestones are met with in numerous parts of the mountain-range; among others, at the Roszstein near Kreuth, near Bergen, on the Hochgern, near the "Weber an der Wand," in the stone quarry of the Pichler near Innzell, &c. The oolite structure may easily be overlooked, especially in newly broken fragments of rock; but the action of the weather brings to light the granules on the upper surface.

II.

THE limestone rocks of our mountains came into existence neither in respect of time nor place in uninterrupted continuity. What may be concluded from the manner of deposition from the often repeated attenuation of limestone layers—layers of marl-clay and sandstone, from the animal and vegetable exuviae peculiar to each successive stratification—is that in different parts of the mountain land deep seas, tracts of coast, large, low river-flats, and continents followed one another in incalculable periods. Hence has been learned the method of distinguishing a great number of limestone formations of various age, which, in external appearance as to colour and structure, are often indeed so similar that without reference to the sequence of their petrification and deposition they must absolutely be confounded.

If we ask ourselves about the share taken by the several limestone rocks in the building up of the mountains, it will be found that only the few formative epochs attain to any influential development. Such a group of rocks we are already acquainted with—those of the chief dolomite of the Alps. Under the chief dolomite we meet in normal succession usually with a not very strong zone of marly and clay slates which are clothed with the richest vesture of verdure. They are called "Raibler" deposits. Under

these, however, are deposited immense ledges of a clear, close limestone, which has been called "Wetterstein lime" and "Hallstädter limestone," because in these places it develops itself with special distinctness. The Wetterstein limestone rocks are pre-eminently white, light yellowish, also indistinctly stratified, moderately sized, and very poor in petrification; the Hallstädter limestones are usually well stratified and rich in petrifications, and show prevailing reddish, yellowish, or spotted colouring, and not unfrequently contain enclosed variegated lumps of hornstone. The nature of the Hallstadter limestone is best seen in the quarries of the Kälberstein and Draxlehen near Berchtesgaden, where reddish and white strata of limestone are deposited with numberless petrified mussels, the quarries near Schellenberg, and finally the rocks of the Kapellehen near Hallein, which contain an abundance of ammonites and numerous scattered rocky blocks. Some mountain sides and tops of the Berchtesgaden district consist of Hallstadt limestones. In the Jenner it raises itself to a stately mountain crest, appearing always plainer and grander towards the east; in the west of our mountain range it is displaced by the Wetterstein limestone. A chain of mountains, whose beauty of form delights us, ranges from the Staufen near Reichenhall over the Rauschenberg towards the west, and is indebted to the Wetterstein limestone for the craggy, shining walls, which can be seen far away in the Chiemgau. The old master of landscape might well class them with the Greek and Italian mountains, so justly famous for their beauty of outline.

Rocky ledges of Wetterstein limestone forced upwards break through in the ragged Kampenwand, Gedererwand and *Ueberhangenden Wand*, near Aschau, in the loftily-reared Wendelstein and Breitenstein, Fockenstein and Geigerstein, in the Steinwand near Fischbachau, the Benediktenwand, and in the "Stein" on the Kochelsee, with the covering of more recent rocks; their names betraying to us their form and surface-constitution. Above all, however, glitter the towering white Wetterstein limestone masses of the Kaisergebirge, of the Unnitz and Guffert, of the many-crested threefold tops of the Karwendel chain from beyond the frontiers. They attain the greatest development in the group of the Wetterstein mountain range: Wettersteinwand, Wetterschroffen, Dreithorspitz, which, from base to crest, are almost completely built up of the rocks from which they take their names.

To the Wetterstein limestones and the adjacent rocks are closely joined, with the exception of the iron, those few and unimportant patches of ore which our mountains possess. The lead and zinc ores in irregularly scattered beds, on many points of the mountain range, were the subject of an extremely vigorously prosecuted mining enterprise. More than fifty drifts intersected the mass of the Rauschenberg in all directions; in every peak beneath the jagged crown of the Kampenwand some forgotten and half-blocked-up mine leads into the abyss, and a dozen old drift-openings are found in the Wetterstein limestone of the Loisach region. It was, however, but a deceptive treasure. Rich quarryings and brisk profits alternated with dead stones and loss. The final drying up of the "Moor of Ore," after a long struggle and repeated vain attempts, brought the working to a standstill, and the spots where in the olden time hundreds of busy hands were employed, are now deserted solitudes, the ruins of the old workmen's sheds alone telling of former activity, whilst upon the slopes grows the crooked mountain pine. It is the same with the old mines in the Staufen, in the Königsberg near Berchtesgaden, and in the Hollenthal near Garnisch. In them to the poverty and uncertainty of the beds of ore was added the inhospitality of Nature in those rugged mountain heights, which was such as only to allow the working to be prosecuted during a few months in the year. In general also the depreciation of the value of metals may have aggravated the ruin of mining speculations. Only at the "Silberleithen," near Bieberwier, and in several points near Nassereit, some little mining is still carried on.

Limestones, other than the Wetterstein limestone, would therefore in normal sequence of stratification be deposited beneath it, and play only an altogether subordinate part in the construction of our mountains. Where the valleys cut deeply enough into the mountain range, or where single portions of the shattered crust of the earth are pushed up sufficiently high, we usually strike first of all, under the Wetterstein limestone, upon dark-coloured clayey slate and sandstone with impressions of plants. There are the rocks through which the Partnach has had to force its way near Graseck in order to reach the valley basin of Garnisch. Above the narrow path which leads the wayfarer into the Partnach defile, the blackish, thin,

leaflike masses of slate are built up into crumbling walls. Their sombre colouring, which the sunlight touches with a strange, dim glimmer, their flat tops and rounded forms, with the dark green herbage clothing their slopes, make them a strong contrast to the bald, white, gigantic forms of the Wetterstein limestone, which gaze down upon us in a white circle when we step out of the twilight of the defile on to the sunny declivity before the forester's house.

Dark grey limestone rocks, mostly permeated by veins of white calcareous spar, usually underlie the Partnach slates; in the Grasecker gorge they alternate twice with the steep and erect Partnach slates; on the terrible southern precipice of the Zugspitze at Ehrwald they run up tolerably high above the bottom of the valley. To this limestone formation, but little diffused in our Alps, commonly called "Guttenstein limestone" (mussel limestone of the Alps), belong the black marble slabs from the quarries near Bach, on the Tegernsee Weiszach, the limestone rocks of Hohenwaldeck on the Schliersee, the northern declivity of the Aurachstein near Neuhaus, and other similar rocks of smaller magnitude and development. This, then, is about the oldest limestone of our mountains. It lies on a peculiar group of rocks, likewise but rarely and to a limited extent uncovered, concocted chiefly of red, violet, greenish grey sandstones and sandy marl slates. In the district of Werfen, however, they attain to a considerable development, and have therefore been named the Werfen bed. The petrifications which they enclose have a certain similarity with those of the variegated sandstone in the Vosges and on the Neckar, and they are therefore regarded as



WETTERSTEIN LIMESTONE

coeval with the latter, although it cannot be asserted that they appeared in absolutely the same millenary. More important than this question, at least from the commercial point of view, appears the circumstance that they embrace the most valuable mineral treasures of the Alps, the strata of rock-salt of Berchtesgaden, Hallien, and Hall. In the uppermost divisions of the group are found the grey or brown slate-clays, usually dolomitic, called "Haselgebirge," which contain the salt partly in fine admixture, but partly also, especially towards the bottom, in large masses. Side by side with it they also contain gypsum, anhydrite, and fragments of limestone, often of immense size, which latter may have been tumbled down when the whole mass was of the consistency of pap.

The salt is thus procured from the salt clay:—Spring-water is brought from outside and in large spaces—"Siukwerken"—it washes out the salt, and reappears as water impregnated with salt—"brine." In a few places brine-springs are found, the reparation of which is attended to by Nature herself in the salt-springs of Reichenhall. By the boiling of the brine in large pans the salt is obtained after the brine, by trickling through highly piled-up brushwood in the so-called drying-houses, has lost a part of its watery contents by evaporation. A portion of the brine is driven in pipe-channels, with the help of admirable force-pumps (Ilsang, Reichenhall), to Traunstein and Rosenheim, there to be boiled away. Besides these is procured in the lower parts of the mountains solid rock-salt of white, grey, brown, and red colour; as a rarity, portions of rock-salt are found that are distinguished by a beautiful blue colour. The most faithful associate of the rock-salt is the gypsum, of which graceful crystalline groups are found in abundance. The Berchtesgaden mines are distinguished for their excessive cleanliness and dryness; "Selbstwasser" are the chief foes of the salt miners. A visit to the mine is worth the while of the traveller. It even has its grand moments. A prodigious effect is produced by the thunder of a shot in the vast gloomy vaults; the earth trembles to its foundations to a great distance; and one involuntarily casts an inquiring glance to the roof.

In the Werfen beds we have reached the lowest limits of the familiar rock-deposits in our mountains, without having anywhere lighted upon the genuine rock of the primitive mountain. On clay-slates void of petrification is no gneiss or granite.

After having followed the course of the rocks from the chief dolomite downwards to the oldest deposits, we choose the same point of departure, as being the principal mass of the mountain region, in order to carry on our review of the order of formation of the rock upwards as it was built up in time.

The upper limit of the chief dolomite is generally indicated by light grey limestones, which, on account of their deposition in beds clearly marked off from one another, are called the slab limestones of the chief dolomite. Their stratification and constitution are nowhere better to be observed than in the upper quarries of the Wallberg, near Tegernsee. Already visible from the Rottachthal from the east, it develops itself, if the summit itself is reached, into a characteristic formation. Divided by deep ravines, the vertical surface rears itself upwards from out a countless number of white limestone slabs, which lie one over another like the bricks of a wall, and in part appear to be only loosely connected together. With somewhat more trouble, but with even higher recompense, the platten limestone may be followed up on the broad back of the Watzmann, which declines, arching, gradually towards the north, and in that respect generally follows the prevailing curvature of the stratification. On the east and west flanks of the mountain, which rigidly slope off towards the Königssee and Wimbachthal, the rent-off strata of the platten limestone express themselves in the numberless lines that run high up on the walls on both sides in a similar direction, and, by means of their staircase-like construction—especially after a recent fall of snow—stand out most plainly. They belong to the physiognomical features of this and many other mountains in our Alps, and, according to the position of the sun, develop an abundance of picturesque peculiarities. It scarcely needs to be observed that other deposits of rock besides the platten limestone present this peculiarity of form, only perhaps not in so expressive a manner.

The upper limit of the chief dolomite group is usually indicated by a system of grey marl ledges and clayey slates, which, indeed, only appear in small quantities, and therefore contribute but in a small degree to the characterization of the mountain lines, but in general by their weather-wear beget soft watery clay soils, and produce, according to the constitution of the mountains, either flourishing Alpine pastures or marshy mountain holes. In special places, where they are laid bare or cut through by mountain floods, a multitude of petrified Testacea have been revealed, which gave them among geologists a brilliant reputation. The Kothalp between Breitenstein and Wendelstein, the Eipelgraben, which reaches up from Staudach to the foot of the Hockgern, fringed with stately forests, meadow grounds, and rocky banks—the meadows of the Unken Henthal, the much-visited Himmelmoosalp, near Oberaudorf, and above all the gorge of the Schwartzlofer, near Kossen, which latter has given to the system the name of the Kossen deposits, are places which may not only reward the lovers of fossils, but even satisfy the mountaineer.

The next rock-deposit in order of time above the Kössen strata is formed of dazzlingly white, to grey, more rarely reddish, limestone rocks and ledges of marl, which have been named in accordance with the point at which they have been chiefly developed, Dachstein limestone. A peculiar bivalve mussel, the Dachstein bivalve, whose cross section on weatherworn blocks often appears as a heart-shaped outline, and grey or reddish Lithodendron limestone, symmetrically spotted with white spar, belong to the characteristics of our rock. In the east of the Alps, just as strongly developed as belemnite limestone and the chief dolomite, it fuses with these, by the shrinking together of the Kössen and Raibler deposits, into immense limestone blocks, in which the limits of the individual members of the rock can seldom be sharply defined. Hence the peculiarly magnificent development of mountain forms in the chain between Saalach and Salzach and farther to the east. These masses of limestone—strongly connected together—were too inflexible to be able to assume undulatory curvatures, and were therefore pushed upward, by the powers which in the Alps formed mountain and valley, in the form of immense slabs of rock, fractured and warped here and there. We see such formations in the Reiteralp, in the Untersberg, Lottengebirge, Gohl,



LIMESTONE OF THE WATZMANN.

Haagengebirge, and, above all, in the Steinerne Meer (the Ocean of Stone), near the Königssee. There may have been a time when the Watzmann, also the Hochkalten, and their southern neighbours, were connected with the great mass of the Steinerne Meer in one gigantic smooth dome. Yawning, upbursting chasms, gnawed out into valleys by the destruction of thousands of years, separate them now; the Wimbachthal, the Königssee, the gorge of the Schrambach, of the Funtensee, the ravines of Eiskapelle, and those between the block-like Gjaidköpfen. On their table-lands is diffused the Dachstein limestone, here and there overlaid by more recent red limestones in those immense rocky wildernesses which in the salt district are so significantly called "dead mountain"—in scientific language "Cartfields" (Karrenfelder).

It appears a pardonable endeavour to seek to retain a satisfactory representation of the grandeur of this Nature by pen or pencil: grey, bald, rocky ridges, deeply furrowed by the channels of snow and ruin-water, rise up by thousands in all directions, ranged one above another over a vast extent, with only here and there a scanty parched-up moss clinging in their crevices; fathom-wide fissures, plunging down into bottomless abysses; funnel-shaped, washed-out rocky basins; gigantic blocks, sharp-angled masses of rubbish, &c. Here towers a colossal mountain peak in daring profile, hiding its crest in the shadow of the low-lying clouds; there emerges, in some deeply-indented gap, a meadow of the most exquisite green, the "Schonbuhel;" there again we see a weather-beaten, dilapidated cabin, which can

scarcely be believed capable of harbouring a man for several weeks, and bears witness to the fact that the human species belongs to the most easily satisfied in creation. The ox, the goat, could not find subsistence here; and even the chamois forsakes this barren wilderness, in part perhaps driven away by the sheep, to which it appears to entertain an invincible repugnance. Let him who seeks cheerful pictures avoid these heights, for here there is neither beauty of colouring nor delicacy and richness of landscape scenery, but only the vast, lonely, desolate masses; these are the gigantic features of the countenance of Nature, the inanimate heights producing a petrifying terror, which the shuddering soul will never forget. The



DACHSTEIN LIMESTONE

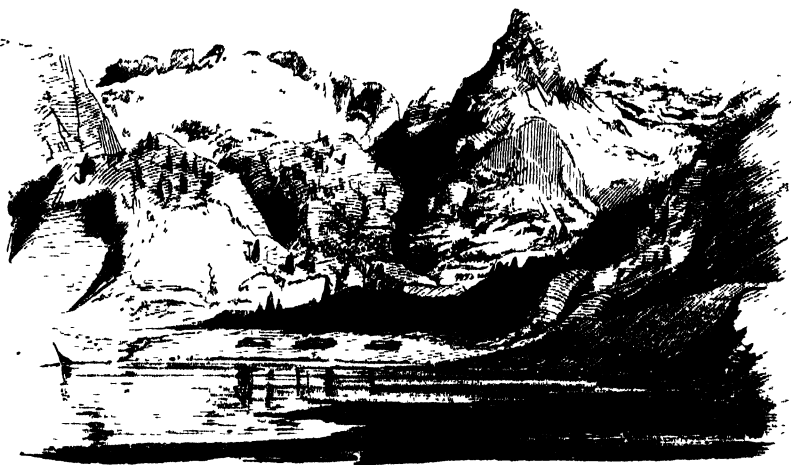
artist will not attempt to fix this upon his canvas; and yet the memory of the lover of mountain scenery will retain such pictures for ever, for they belong to the most magnificent in the domain of the Alps—whether the deep blue heaven expands over the wide solitude which glows and trembles in the sunlight, or whether the black cloud-shadows fly over it, or brown-grey mist-wreaths eddy from every abyss and hang on every crag; the whistling of the wind in the rocky walls, the shrill scream of a "Mankei," are the only sounds of these regions.

The question as to the causes of the "Waggon-field" formations (Karrenfeldbildung) is not to be exhausted in a sentence. Many circumstances tended to their magnificent combination. The forcing upwards of the immense masses of limestone, to begin with, originated a multitude of rifts extending in all directions; numberless slabs pushed themselves up above others which remained behind; the watery deposits of the atmosphere dug out for themselves wonderful furrows, till they reached the nearest fissure and plunged into the abyss. No herbaceous plant clings to the parched, soilless crags; and only where marly and clayey masses have floated together and closed up the clefts of the limestone can water remain, and in such places a growth of grass is developed which appears luxuriant when contrasted with the surrounding barrenness.

Beyond the vast districts occupied by the Dachstein limestone in the eastern portion of our Alps, its

appearance is limited in a westerly direction by the Saalach—except in the Loferer Steinberg—to several small parallel lines from west to east, which have generally found only slight elevations; yet even there the rock is mindful of its lofty Alpine nature, and bursts out into steep, rocky, erect rifts, which have all the more effectual an influence on the scenery of the mountains that they are better able to defy the action of the weather than the softer stones of the Kössen deposits, washed around as they are by water.

The northern precipice of the Hochstein with its coral formations, the white limestone rocks with which the foot of the Hochlerch near Marquartstein is welded into the valley bed, the “rough needle” near Oberwessen, the Spitzstein near Sacharang, the rocky crown of the Heuberg, the Brünnelein, the Bodenspitz, the great Roszstein, Leonhardstein, and Plattenstein, the Büerstling near Ammergau, and many other picturesque mountain-forms characterize the Dachstein limestone within the lines above mentioned. In rich succession are ranged more recent rock formations of all kinds, one above another; but in that part of the Alps now under review none of them has attained the majestic development of the high mountains, such as the belemnite limestone, the group of the chief dolomite, and the Dachstein limestone. There are, first of all, the red kinds of marble, so rich in ammonites, of Adnet and Hierlatz, which gave their names to the Rothwand not far from the Spitzingsee, to the Rothelwand near Wessen, to the Rothpalfen near the Hirschbühlerbach, and others; there are, further, the red Jura limestones of the Haselberg near Ruhpolding, Tegernsee, Weiszach, and the grey and spotted whetstone slates which are deposited thereupon, especially developed in the Ammergau. Then follow greenish sandstones, sandy marls, and limestone-slates; a smaller strip of this rock extends from Weghauskoehel in the Eschenloh Moss above Grub near Schweiganger, the Geistbühl near Bichel, to the Stallauereck near Tölz, and appears also in the east, here and there, in the mountain-spurs; for instance, at the Neureit and Gindelalp in the “Nase,” at the Jägerhaus near the Schliersee; they are designated as the older chalk formations (Gult, Neocom). After their deposition extensive changes must have taken place in



FUNTENSEE.

our mountain land in the arrangement of mountain and valley. For while they occur everywhere where they appear in harmonious deposition with the older series of rocks, it is manifest that the next most recent rocks—the breccias, the limestone conglomerates, marl-slates, and clay-marl of the so-called Eocene formation—are no longer embedded in conformity with, but altogether independently of, the stratification of the older rocks in their trough-shaped curvatures. The greatest part of the upheavings and depressions which are the original causes of our Alpine land may have taken place subsequently to the deposition of those green sandstones and marls. With this is associated the fact that they appear to be wanting in the west of our Alps. In the east, moreover, they occur only in a limited extent. To them belong the “Urschelauer” deposits near Ruhpolding, the celebrated cement marl of Schwaig near Kufstein, certain rock deposits on the margin of the Reichenhall valley basin, the southern declivity of the Staufeu, the Müllnerberg, and, above all, the already mentioned Nagelwand on the Untersberg (near Plain), &c.

The limestone and sandstone rocks rich in nummulites, following one another according to age, the clayey, sandy, and conglomerate-like formations which are attached to them, called “Flysch” by the Swiss, no longer upraise themselves above the present valley bottom; and, moreover, they prove, by their relative deposition, that the principal outlines of the mountains already subsisted at the time of their formation. Only here and there do we see the cloud-topped rugged chains of mountain-peaks, so numerous on the northern ridge of the high mountains. In the structure and formation of these rocks are found the conditions of life necessary to stately forests and luxuriant Alpine meadows; and the abundance of springs

and of lofty rounded hills which greet the mountaineer, like a crowned gateway, are due to the same cause. In this district we meet with the oft-recurring name of "Gschwendt," which signifies the rooting up of the forest and the common result of cultivation. Useful rocks contained in this strata also deserve mention. Besides the remarkable oolite-like iron ores of the Kressenberg, which are smelted in the Max smelting-houses near Bergen, we must not forget the granite, marble, and the numberless cement-stone, mill-stone, and building-stone quarries which are found in the nummulite and Flysch formations. From the circumstance that in the interior of the mountain land they appear but rarely and in small quantities, it is again manifest that the mountains that were upheaved at that remote time held back the waters from which the former were deposited like a wall; moreover, we here notice curvatures suggestive of a coast-line, such as in the basins of Reichenhall, Reit in the Winkel, Niederndorf, and Oberaudorf. At Haring these Flysch formations contain rich beds of brown coal or peat.

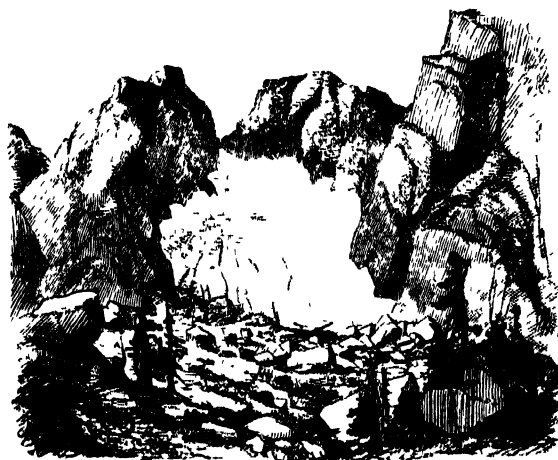
Where they slope down towards the frontiers of Bavaria, they are, for the most part, overlaid by "Molasses," as the rocks of the last (tertiary) formation are called, which were formed before the surface of the earth and its organisms received that configuration which in general they still retain. Here we find alternate marl and clay-slates, clays, sandstone, and pudding-stones in varied series, being partly formations of the sea, partly of great fresh-water lakes. Although they attain here and there an elevation of 3,000 feet, the upheavings of which they formed part, when compared with the lofty position of the land and of the Alpine chain, appear merely as hills. But what calls special attention to them is the occurrence of excellent brown coal (pitch-coal), which, as far as external appearance is concerned, cannot be distinguished from the genuine anthracite coal. Numerous, although often not very extensive, strata of pitch-coal are profitably worked near Au, Miesbach, and Tolz, near Penzberg, and on the Peissenberg, and along the whole of the northern mountain verge between Salzach and Lech are found traces of similar coal formations accompanied by sandstones and shelly marls, in which fresh-water snails play a prominent part.

And, finally, were deposited the masses of debris which cover the wide plains down as far as the Danube. This was the "Loess," the fertile loam to which entire provinces owe the blessings of harvest; and here were strewn the huge, mighty blocks of the primitive mountain-rock, which rise in scattered groups in the border provinces. Who is able to say how and whence?

It is conjectured, that in an epoch which lies proportionately near to the historic era, the whole of our Alpine land was to a great extent covered by immense glacial masses, probably sloping down into vast expanses of water. The giant foundlings floated down on their backs; but it remains to be decided whether they slid down to the solid earth, like the glaciers of the high Alps, or whether—borne up by huge slabs of ice—they floated forth to a distance, and finally sank down, on the annihilation of the support on which they rested. If the first supposition be decided on, there ensues the necessity of making the glaciers of that epoch extend over the Starnberger, Ammer, and Chiem lakes, and over the Innthal down as far as Attel. Everywhere are, or rather were, these stone-wanderers of the ice period to be seen; but on account of the poverty of the table-land in building-stones they are daily becoming scarcer; the dark greenish-grey colour, or the glistening crystal laminæ of the mixed varieties of stone betray their presence in many an old wall. The ice period ended with a depression of the Alpine district, which took place so suddenly, or at least in so short a time, that the enormous ice-masses were immediately dissolved. Everywhere vast deluges broke through the wall of the mountains, rolling with them millions of cubic feet of rubbish and boulders. The land was finally slowly once more raised to its present elevation. The waters subsided into the sea-basins which even to this day fringe the mountains, but the circumference of which was lessened even in the historical period. At the foot of the rocky peak on which is built the castle of Marquartstein some embedded iron rings are shown, which must have served in the remote antiquity for the making fast of ships, when the blue waves of the Chiemsee extended as far as this. We see that the ice also played no insignificant a part in geology, and therefore is rightly included among the forces which co-operated in the formation of the earth's surfaces. Probably the remains of the moraines may still be traced out which the gigantic glaciers of the ice period pushed before them, even

as at many points the traces of their onward gliding motion have been discovered in the so-called glacier-polish on the strangely worn-down rocky walls. At the present day, none but few and small ice-masses are found in the limestone Alps. In our district we see the well-known Plattach glaciers of the Zugspitze, the little glaciers of the neighbouring Hollthal, and the "Blaueis" (blue ice) in the Hochkalter, which, although only of small extent, yet, in beauty of the colouring of the blue-green rifts of the ice, rivals the glaciers of the Central Alps. A deeply rent ravine extends from the Hintersee upwards between the masses of the Hochkalter and the Steinberg, partly filled up with the forest débris. When the vast plateau of the Watzmann group split open, and the Wimbachthal came into existence, the rocky mass from the north-west side of the Hochkalter may have been set free, the fragments of which were flung across the Hirschbüchler valley and dammed up the Hintersee. The "Blaueis" is embedded in an immense cavity, protected by high rocky walls and a northern position against the sun's rays. It sinks abruptly down in a chaos of grey limestone blocks, vaulted in the centre, and at the lower and more precipitous end torn by yawning fissures, through which all are able to gaze into the blue crystal depth. The rest of the glacier, however, consists of smooth white ice, which can hardly be trodden upon by a foot not well protected.

After the ice period, the upheaving of mountains forming the earth's crust appears to have ceased. No investigations as to whether our mountains are still rising or sinking are being carried on; but it appears that the geological activity of the present time is limited to the continual but imperceptible advance of the levelling of the mountain range—the sinking of the heights and the filling up of the valleys and sea-basins. Yet there are not wanting vast new creations of rock which are coming into existence before our eyes, although but slowly. We have but to recall the formations of tufa, the masses of boulders and rubbish which are heaped up everywhere in the valleys. Floods, holding carbonic acid, and rich in limestone, percolate through them and gradually cement them together, and after a few thousand years they will perhaps appear as compact conglomerates and breccias.



BLUE ICE.

And so we may call up a picture before our minds of the great lakes of the limestone formations—the shores and the river deltas with their sandstone depositions of the olden time—and make to ourselves types of the gradual destruction of the rocks already formed, because the analogous events of the present day are familiar to us; but for the true estimation of the forces which lifted up the deposited layers of rock, folded or fractured them, which shoved over one another single slabs of the earth's crust, overturned them, or let them sink down, the standard is altogether wanting to us. From many indications, especially from the peculiarity of the pre-adamite organisms in the Alps, the conclusion has been come to that formerly an enormous mountain-wall extended from the Bohemian forests to the Bodensee, which separated the seas of the Alps from those of the middle and north of Europe. It has sunk down without a trace! When the mass of the Central Alps that runs from west to east was forced upwards out of the abyss, the strata of the Alpine rocks that were in the meanwhile deposited, held up from the one side and pressed forward by the other, must have been pushed up and folded together like wet pasteboard. Therefore most of the high ridges of the limestone Alps run from east to west, like the waves of a sea impelled by the south wind. The most magnificent instances of this are found in the Kaiser group and in the parallel ranges of the Karwendelgebirg. Only a few more important mountain ridges make an exception to this. Hence it is that many of our mountains which rear themselves up as broad masses if we approach them from the north, appear as sharp pyramids from the west or east. The Benediktenwand, with its broad northern declivity, characteristic of the Loisachthal; the long, extended Hochrisz, which runs alongside of the wayfarer from Nuzsdorf to Aschau in an almost uninterrupted line; the broad, rocky walls of the Schinder, of the Bernhardjoch, and of the Wettersteingebirg are not recognised again from any point situated in a western or eastern direction

—for example, from the Ratzinger mountain at Endorf—because their profiles emerge as bold peaks from the sea of mountain summits.

It will, however, appear surprising that the more important valleys do not follow the direction indicated above. On closer investigation, however, it will be found that there are valleys of eruption through which the Lech, the Loisach, the Isar, the Weissach, the Inn, the Prien, the Kitzbühler Achen, the Traun, the Saalach, and Salzach come forth into the plains, and that the deposits of rock continue on the one shore in the same stratification in which they broke off on the other. Much more numerous are the earth-folds of the direction from east to west; and if they appear to us unimportant, the reason is that in general they lie higher, and because for traffic they are of but small importance as compared with those which lead into the mountain range.

To the causes already enumerated of the mountain formation, which are found in their stratification and in their manifold curvatures, must be added the powers of destruction. If the effects of air and water even at the present day are sufficiently great to leave behind remarkable traces of their agency, they must needs—even if we are unwilling to conceive of them as more powerful in the earlier ages—have so accumulated in the course of time, that a larger share in the moulding of the Alpine land may be attributed to them. Many facts of this kind may be pursued in their causal connection; as, for instance, the formation of the rocky gorges of the landslips. High above, on the walls of the Unken gorge we see the trace of the waves, where, at the present day, a brook hurries forth from the depth of the rock; we still see the shores which formerly fringed the wide sea-basin of Kossen, and which fall off like a dam. Deeper and deeper the drainage eat its way into the rocks of the Klobenstein pass, till finally it sank beneath the level of the valley, and the lake was perfectly drained. We can explain the displacement of the Isar from its ancient bed, which led to the Walchen- and Kochelsee, by the masses of detritus which diverted it to the eastward, and in this recognise the traces of the landslip between Schlierssee and Valepp which compels the Spitzingsee and the streams of the Valepp to flow aside to the south. We shall be still more startled by the results of destruction if we do not seek counsel of the geognostic profiles, and with their aid follow out the process of the rock deposition. We find how the mightiest systems of stratification suddenly cease, and their expected continuance has abruptly come to an end, leaving no trace; and we are compelled to think of the movements of water which could carry away whole lines of mountain such as are constructed by the natural course of stratification.

It has been said of science, that it takes from things the charm of what is legendary, the breath of poetry. We submit the decision of the question whether this reproach extends also to the knowledge of the nature of the mountains to the judgment of any person who, high above on some lonely peak, directs his gaze over the Alps, over their glittering heights and their blue, hazy valleys, and, in so doing, remembers what these lines have related to him of their origin, of their seas and their inhabitants, of their earth-movements, and the whole of their prodigious past.



